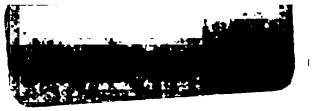

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November, 1903—April, 1904

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E. H. SOTHERN AS *HAMLET*.

American Stage Series. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

VOLUME LVII. NOVEMBER, 1903 NUMBER 1

THE NATIONAL LOBBY AT WASHINGTON

By THE EDITORS

This is the second in a series of conservative but illuminating articles on the political methods effectively employed by our great corporations.

SCANDALS which have been disclosed in the Federal Government have caused public attention to be directed toward Washington with unusual intensity. The robbery of the Treasury through bribery, blackmail and petty larceny in the Post Office Department; the illegal absorption of public lands, with the suspected connivance of officials now removed, and of members of Congress still in office; the defalcations in the Department of Justice and in the office of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia; the interest of Congressmen and Senators in glove and tombstone contracts—all these have created a profound impression that something is wrong with the basic principles of our government as it has been administered for a decade. Where lies the fault?

It lies primarily with the campaign contribution, the method by which the organized wealth of the country notoriously seeks to control the National law-making power. This places the responsibility directly at the door of the power so controlled—the Congress of the United States. A government is no better than the chosen representatives of the people who make its laws. No matter how honest and fearless a Governor or a President may be, if he has a Legislature or a Congress against him, controlled in notable instances by malign and unscrupulous influences, he is powerless to remedy the evil. He may hold jobbery in check here and there. He may whip a culprit to jail now and then with the scourge of the criminal law. But so long as the poison is in the veins of the men who are elected as the representatives of the citizens of the country, just so long will the government suffer.

This leads to the questions which have been stirring the public mind since this magazine began its exposition of the Great American Lobby. The Lobby of the Congress of the United States—of what does it consist? How is it constituted? What does it accomplish?

The Washington Lobby differs from the Lobbies in many of the State capitols. The sordid passing of $50 bills is a thing unknown. "They do things differently" in Washington, though the results accomplished are quite as satisfactory to the Great Interests which pay for them. The Washington Lobby comprises for the most part official representatives of Capital and Labor. The millionaire is his own agent. So is the head of each national labor organization. Here they wage the unceasing war between money and muscle—each striving to overreach the other—one using the coercive power of money, the other the coercive power of votes. There are a few men hanging around the Marble Room of the Senate and flocking through the corridors of the House of Representatives.

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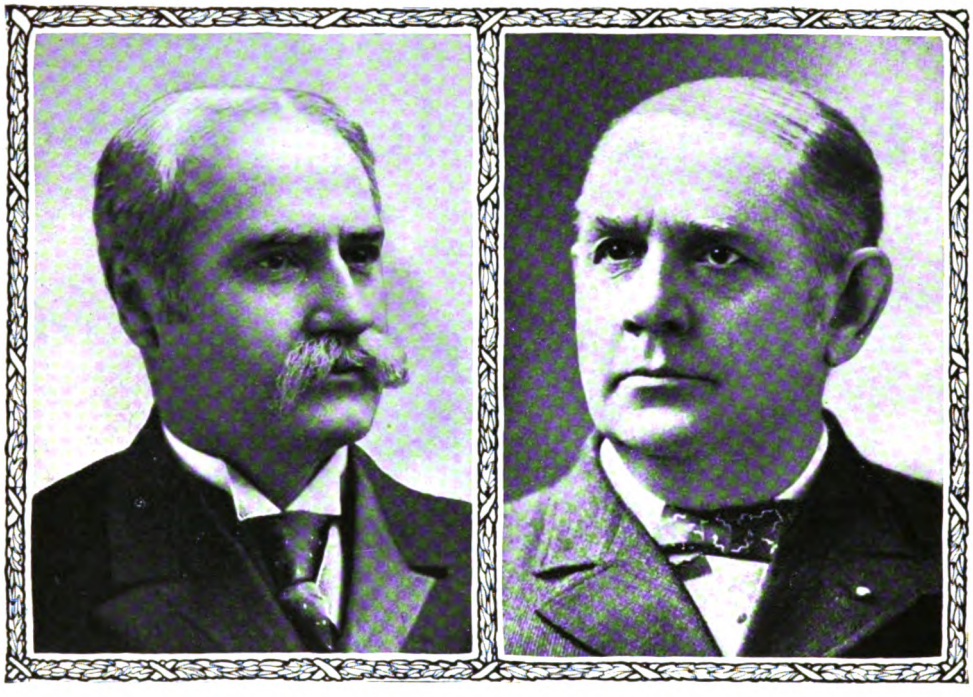
Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, the most potent influence in the Senate, and the prime mover in legislation favorable to corporations.

Senator Marcus A. Hanna, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and collector of the largest campaign fund in our history.



But they are not handling money. They are merely delivering messages or getting information for their employees. They are in no sense lobbyists, in the general acceptance of the term as laid down by Webster.

CONGRESS ITS OWN LOBBY

As a matter of fact the Congress of the United States is its own Lobby. In nine cases out of ten the lobbyist sits in the Senate with his State behind him, or in the House of Representatives with his district and his Senator behind him. Also in nine cares out of ten the Senatorial or Representative lobbyist acts and speaks for some great corporation which is seeking some vast special privilege which is antagonistic to the public interest and to which it has no moral right.

It is for the purpose of watching national legislation that several labor organizations maintain their national headquarters at Washington. The American Federation of Labor has its offices there, and Samuel Gompers and the general officers live in the District of Columbia. So, too, with the Knights of Labor. They have offices overlooking the Capitol grounds. The government printers, engravers, bookbinders and pressmen have a regular lobby to look after their interests. This lobby is composed of men employed in the Government Printing Office and in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It will astonish the outsider to know that the United States does not own a typesetting machine, and scarcely a small press that is run by steam. This is due to the influence of the unions. The printers in the government service are the old-fashioned "type stickers." Others in the pressroom see that by holding to the old-fashioned methods employment for more members of the union can be obtained. So the government of the United States is compelled, by the intimidative power of labor union votes, to use the methods of thirty years ago, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost each year because the government officials do not dare to introduce improved machinery. The great stir last summer over the dismissal of W. A. Miller, an assistant foreman in the bindery of the Government Printing

Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, leader in the fight against restricted immigration on behalf of the foreign steamship lines.

Senator S. B. Elkins, of West Virginia, who promoted the agreement between the Sugar Trust and Senator Gorman, later became leader of the beet sugar lobby.

Office, because he had been expelled from the union and his subsequent reinstatement by the President because his dismissal was unlawful, was due to the tyranny of the union composed of men who are on the United States' pay roll, who get thirty days' vacation, thirty days' sick leave and $4 a day all the year round! The union attack on Miller was based on his activity in introducing modern machinery and reducing the cost of document binding to the United States.

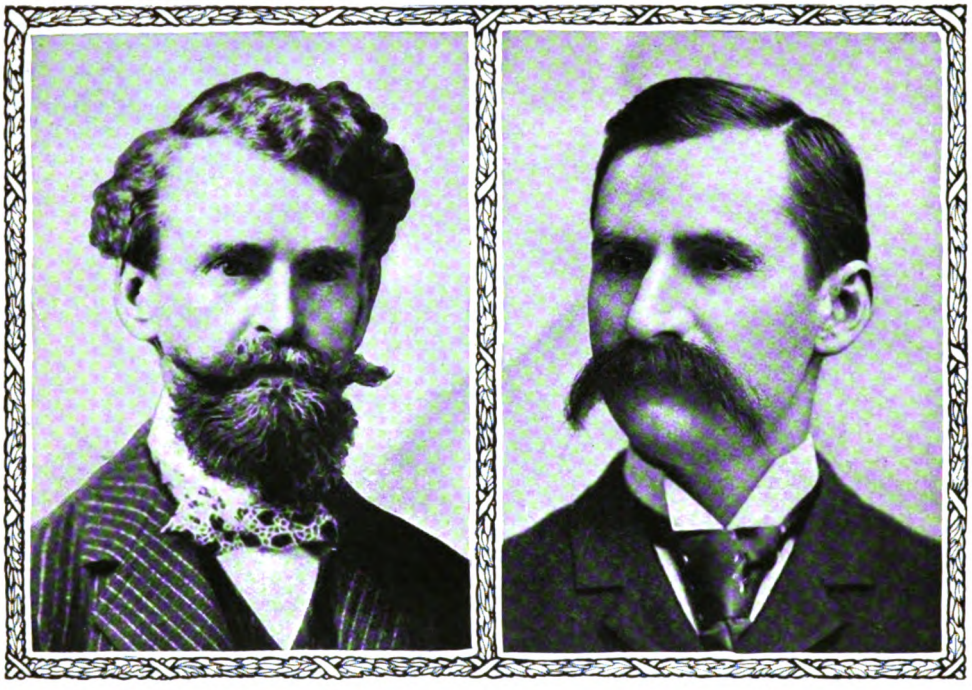
The great curse of national legislation is the campaign contribution. That has irresistibly resulted in the growth of the new system whereby Congress is its own Lobby. In a Presidential or Congressional election the great corporations pick the candidates and the party to whom they feel they can look for favors; then they contribute enormous sums to carry the election. Frequently a definite bargain is made with the National Committee that something shall be done or another one not done. It is a cold matter of business. Commercial Acumen which has built up vast fortunes in a generation or two, like those of "the Standard Oil crowd" or of Carnegie's coterie of young men, can usually pick a winner, or make a winner, in a national campaign. It did so in 1888, when it turned its back on Cleveland and contributed to the Harrison fund for M. S. Quay to spend. Again it did so in 1892, when it switched from Harrison back to Cleveland and gave the millions to William C. Whitney and Don M. Dickinson, with which they swept the country. It could not choose in 1896 and 1900 because William J. Bryan was running for President on a platform which made the corporations quake, so Commercial Acumen emptied a sum equal to a king's ransom at the feet of Marcus A. Hanna at the behest of such men as Cornelius N. Bliss, Senator Aldrich, Senator Allison and Senator Quay.

CORPORATION BARGAINS

The great interests which contributed in these four campaigns got what they paid for. Under Harrison they got the McKinley tariff law, with protective duties marked up sky high. Under Cleveland's second administration they

Senator W. A. Clark, copper king of Montana, and the possessor of 15,000 acres of timber land obtained from the public domain by roundabout methods.

Senator H. C. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands who reported against repealing the obnoxious land laws.

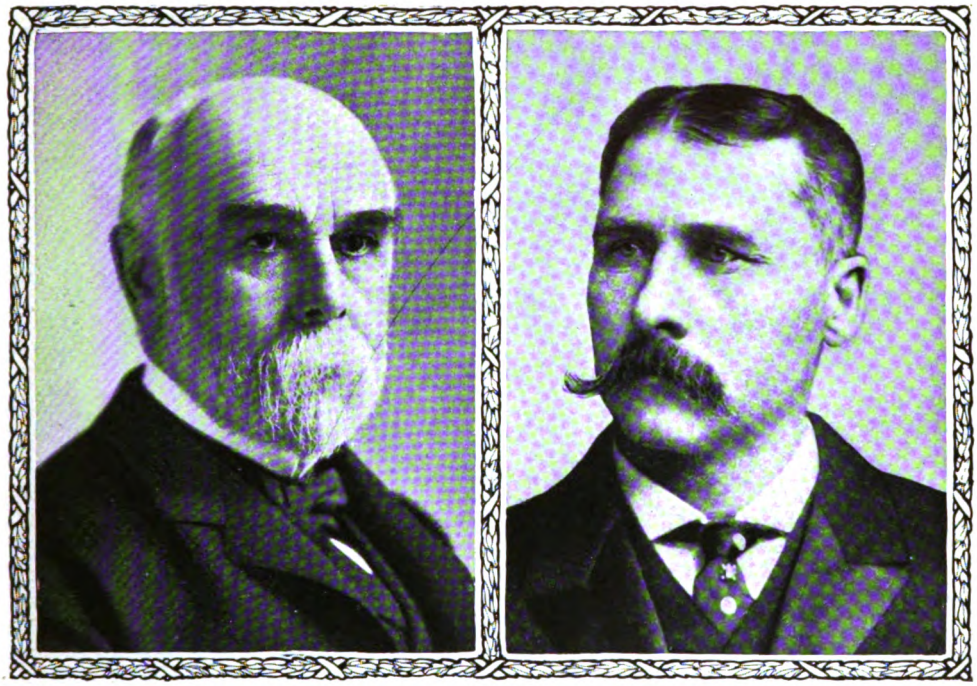


got exactly the schedules they had bargained for in advance. Under McKinley they literally lived in clover—the richest man in the United States has quadrupled his fortune in the last seven years.

Do you doubt that campaign contributions control Congress in its work? To prove it one has only to turn to the documentary record of Congress itself. The last investigation of a really great scandal in Congress occurred only a few years ago, and nearly all the men concerned in it are prominent in political or commercial affairs to-day. In 1894 a tariff bill was under discussion. It was the same bill which, when completed, Cleveland called the result of "party perfidy and dishonor." "The councils of the brave" were blighted "in their hour of might." A great movement in the stock of the American Sugar Refining Company, otherwise the Sugar Trust, was followed by wild speculation in those securities. Inquiry developed that there was some manipulation of the sugar schedule in the tariff bill. Severe criticism was made of the Hon. John G. Carlisle, then of Kentucky, now of New York, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, of the whole Administration and of a half dozen Senators. The Administration, Mr. Carlisle and these Senators were accused of favoring the Sugar Trust against the public interest, because the Messrs. Havemeyer had made heavy contributions to the Democratic national campaign fund in 1892, in return for which they were promised just such a schedule for sugar in the tariff bill as they desired. The bill as it passed the House of Representatives did not suit the Havemeyers. They set to work promptly to have it altered in the Senate. The sugar schedule had been reported by Senator Gorman from the Finance Committee with the objectionable schedule in it. At this stage Secretary Carlisle took a hand. He was not personally known to the Havemeyers. The story at the time was that one of them went to him with a letter of introduction from H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, and the Secretary of the Treasury wrote out a new schedule. It placed a high duty on refined sugar, a product of which the Sugar Trust had a monopoly

Senator J. H. Millard, of Nebraska, strong friend of the Beet Sugar Trust, and also a mainstay of the Union Pacific Railroad

Senator C. H. Dietrich, of Nebraska, one of the foremost upholders of "Beet Sugar," and protector of the present usurpation of public lands.



in this country, and made the duty low on the raw material, which was the Sugar Trust's unfinished product. It gave the Trust protection on refined sugar of about 65-100 of a cent instead of ⅛ of a cent a pound. This made a difference of many millions to the Trust. It was plainly an effort on part of the Administration to make the Trust a gift of dollars in return for contributions of cents to the National Committee's fund. Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, a Republican, brought Mr. Havemeyer and Senator Gorman, the Democratic maker of the tariff, together, and all would have been done with secrecy had not the newspapers ascertained that Senators had been speculating in sugar shares.

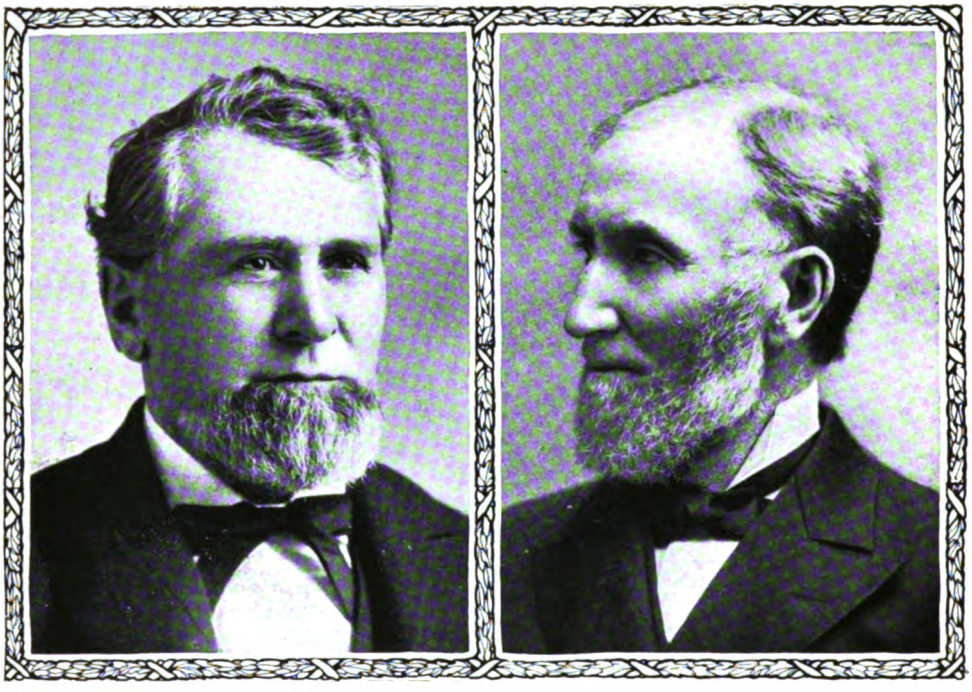
TAKING OFF THE LID

There was an investigation. Senator Gray, of Delaware, now U. S. Circuit Judge, was chairman of the committee. After a vain endeavor to confine it to the newspaper correspondents who printed the charges, the committee turned to the officials implicated and investigated Mr. Carlisle, the Messrs. Havemeyer and the stock-speculating Senators. It was in evidence that Cord Meyer, a sugar refiner of Brooklyn, who had gone into the Trust, had visited a member of the Cabinet who was the political manager of the Cleveland Administration, and asked him whether the pre-election promises which had been made to the Trust would be kept. The Cabinet minister told him that the Administration would live up to its pledges. More than this, Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, admitted that he had bought sugar stock, knowing that the promised legislation must enhance the value of the securities. He had purchased 1,000 shares, which he transferred to his son, and later 500 more. Senator Quay, always bold, owned up to gambling in sugar, and asked: "Whose business is it but mine?" Other suspected Senators denied the accusation.

It was charged that the secretary of the Sugar Trust, Mr. Searles, admitted he had given the Democrats in New York $250,000 or $300,000, and that Mr. Havemeyer had given one half of $100,000, which had been used to carry the State of Connecticut. In his ex-

Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, a Norwegian by birth, and author of the Department of Commerce and Labor Law.

Rep. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, former Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations and Speaker of the new Congress.



amination before the investigating committee, H. O. Havemeyer gave this testimony :—

Senator Allen, of Nebraska—Has the Trust ever given money to political committees other than national committees?

Mr. Havemeyer—Do you mean local committees?

Senator Allen—Yes; State, county and municipal.

Mr. Havemeyer—Oh, yes; we have given money to help along campaigns of that sort.

Senator Allen—To both parties?

Mr. Havemeyer—Oh, no. That would be useless. We give to the majority party always.

Senator Allen—Then, in the State of New York, you gave only to the Democrats?

Mr. Havemeyer—Why, of course. With a majority of 40,000 in that State why give anything to the Republicans?

The Havemeyer-Carlisle sugar schedule went into the tariff bill of 1894, and the bargain between the Sugar Trust and the Democratic Administration was kept. Only one Democratic Senator, David B. Hill, of New York, voted against it.

We have dwelt upon this dark bit of history, now almost forgotten, because it was the last time the lid was taken off the relations of Trusts to Congress, and because the condition which so shocked the sensibilities of the reformers who had put the Democrats into power a second time is being absolutely duplicated in the National Capitol. For the Democratic party read the Republican party. For Gorman, maker of tariffs, read Aldrich, of Rhode Island. For Whitney, collector of funds, read Hanna.

THE REPUBLICAN INNINGS

March 4, 1897, saw the Republicans back in power, and Sugar once more in the saddle. History repeated itself. An extra session of Congress was called to pass another tariff bill. The Dingley bill went through the House, and the Senate Committee took it. Now it was Senator Aldrich who took charge of the Sugar schedule. Once more there was a boom in sugar shares in Wall Street. Again they soared on advance information of something to be done by the Finance Committee of the Senate—because it had come to be accepted generally that the Senate Finance Committee was the final arbiter of Sugar

Rep. J. W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, and spokesman for the brewing interests.

Rep. J. W. Wadsworth, of New York, sent to Congress from an agricultural district, but the chief representative of the oleomargarine industry.

Schedules. With these events came stories of Senators speculating in sugar shares once more. There is no doubt that numerous Senators speculated in Sugar at that time. Then Senator Aldrich reported the tariff bill. The Sugar Schedule was a wonder. It outdid the Carlisle-Gorman schedule of three years before. It gave the company even more protection than the McKinley bill, which had admitted raw sugar free and imposed a duty of one-half cent a pound on refined.

Senators Aldrich and O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, who had denounced the Democratic schedule, now had their words quoted back at them, and could make no answer. Driven into a close corner the Administration devised a brilliant plan to distract public attention. It determined to unearth once more the old Democratic scandals of 1894. During the former investigation, H. O. Havemeyer, John E. Searles, of the Sugar Trust, and Elverton R. Chapman, of the well-known firm of Moore & Schley, the New York brokers who were reported to have been the agents of the speculating Senators when they gambled in sugar, had refused to answer plain questions and were declared in contempt of the Senate. All three were indicted and Chapman was actually convicted and sent to jail.

Havemeyer and Searles were released, the court (the late Judge Bradley) instructing the jury to acquit on the ground that the Senate of the United States had no right to inquire into contributions made by the Sugar Trust in a State campaign. The decision of the court was criticised, because as a result of the election in New York State in 1892, a Democrat, Edward Murphy, Jr., was sent to the Senate, and the Senate has a perfect right to inquire into political corruption affecting the election of one of its members.

The Sugar and all the other Trusts have simply followed the policy which Mr. Havemeyer so naïvely outlined, of being with the "majority party, always." Like the late Jay Gould, who told an investigating committee that in Democratic States he was a Democrat and in Republican States a Republican, they stand to win always,

Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, one of the leaders of the Beet Sugar Lobby, and violently opposed to reciprocity with Cuba.

Rep. E. T. Roberts, of Massachusetts, one of the principal spokesmen for the purchase of Holland boats by the Government.

so long as political committees can sell and deliver legislation.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF TRUSTS

The interests which require protection and special privileges at Washington are manifold. The Standard Oil Company, because of the enormous amount of capital it controls in its great monopoly, in the greatest banks and trust companies in the country, in railroads, in industrial corporations, and in mines, has more "vested rights" to be favored in Congress than any other. The trans-Atlantic steamships require careful attention. Those owned by American capital have ambitions which work in the direction of a subsidy. Those owned by foreign capital have interests which are opposed to any subsidy to American ships, and require liberal immigration laws. The great railroad systems of the country must be represented. The builders of battleships and cruisers are constantly on the lookout to manipulate appropriation bills. The Steel Trust, the Beef Trust, the Coal Trust, the Salt Trust, the Whiskey Trust and the thousand and one other Trusts must be protected if they are to continue in a more or less hazardous business. One group of capitalists requires one thing at the hands of Congress, another group has projects in a diametrically different direction. So each group will need some one to speak and work for it in the Senate and the House of Representatives.

ALDRICH, KING OF THE SENATE

Undoubtedly the most important man in the Senate is Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island. He represents more Great Interests than any other man in Congress. No lobbyist can hang around Senator Aldrich. He will have none of him. He deals only with the "Captains of Industry" and the "Colonels of Finance"—with the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the James J. Hills, the E. H. Harrimans, the W. K. Vanderbilts, the Schwabs, the Carnegies, the Armours, the Swifts, the Cramps. The list of interests that Senator Aldrich serves with his voice and his influence would be too long to print in an article so limited in scope as this. It

will serve our purpose to mention a few of the most important. First of all, Senator Aldrich represents more than any other man, in or out of Congress, the Standard Oil Company. The term Standard Oil Company here is used to describe all the enterprises in which Mr. John D. Rockefeller has united the greatest aggregation of capital in the world. Senatór Aldrich is just now representing the Standard Oil group and the J. Pierpont Morgan group in the proposed currency legislation. When Congress meets he will be found in the front rank pressing through Congress a bill to permit the temporary inflation of the currency so it may meet the demands which may be made upon it every time the speculators in Wall Street expand prices. It has been described as a scheme to make it easy for the banks to get money out of the United States Treasury so they can lend it at high rates of interest to speculators. Having a larger capital than any other group of banks, the Standard Oil banks want this legislation more than any other. But the J. Pierpont Morgan clique wants it, too. It will be strange if in the bill which is presented to Congress there is not what is described in State legislative parlance as a "joker." The currency bill, as presented by Senator Aldrich in the closing hours of the 57th Congress, was embellished with several "jokers." One was to permit banks to get the deposits of customs receipts on turning over to the Treasury bonds of railroads and bonds of municipalities instead of Government bonds as at present. Another "joker" was a provision that the payment of $40,000,000 to the Panama Canal Company for its property and franchises should be made, not directly out of the Treasury but by means of a bond issue. On these bonds the government should pay at least 2½ per cent. The $40,000,000 should be deposited in the banks which should pay the government 2 per cent. Thus the banks would borrow the $40,000,000 from the government at 2 per cent and turn around and lend the same money to the government for 2½ per cent!

Senator Aldrich also represents the Sugar Trust. He had a hand in making the McKinley bill and in making the Dingley bill, and in both measures the Sugar Trust got exactly what it wanted. He is one of the representatives of the United States Steel Corporation, and woe to the Republican member of either House of Congress who tries to change the iron and steel schedule! The Beef Trust, which has been found guilty in the United States courts of conspiring to raise the prices of food to the American people in defiance of the Sherman Anti-trust Law and enjoined from continuing its extortion, has an active friend in Senator Aldrich. When the bill to prevent the sale of oleomargarine as butter was up Senator Aldrich took charge of the fight in behalf of the Swifts, Armours and other members of the Beef Trust. He was routed, just as James W. Wadsworth, the representative of the oleomargarine makers in the House had been routed earlier in the session.

Senator Aldrich likewise represents the Anthracite Coal Trust. When an effort was made in the last Congress to pass a bill abolishing the duty on anthracite coal, in the hope that it would encourage the importation of Welsh coal and so relieve the fuel famine, Senator Aldrich, on the floor of the Senate, said that nothing in the Dingley law should be touched, and this should not be done. Public opinion and the eloquence of Senator Vest, of Missouri, tottering though he was on the verge of the grave, finally forced the other Republican Senators to desert him, and Aldrich was compelled to consent to the adoption of a resolution suspending the duty on anthracite coal.

HANNA'S RESPONSIBILITIES

Next to Senator Aldrich in point of influence as the friend of the great combinations of capital is Senator Hanna. Senator Hanna is the chairman of the Republican National Committee. In that capacity he collected in 1896 for the election of McKinley the largest campaign fund ever expended in the United States. Again, in 1900, he collected an enormous sum. This money came mostly from the Trusts, the great

financial institutions and the protected manufacturers. With these contributions came responsibilities for Senator Hanna. Not one of the men who gave their money gave it solely to insure their property against the loss which they feared if Bryan were elected. They all demanded something more. First of all they wanted a high protective tariff, and this they got in the Dingley bill. Rockefeller, Morgan, Hill, Harriman, all wanted to be let alone, and permission to go on with their Trust building. Griscom wanted a ship subsidy. The idea which Capital detested above all things was that which looked to the broadening of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Senator Hanna took the emphatic ground that there should be no more anti-trust legislation. In this position he had the hearty support of all the "old guard" in the Senate, consisting of Aldrich; Spooner, of Wisconsin; Quay, of Pennsylvania; Allison, of Iowa; Elkins, of West Virginia; Foraker, of Ohio, and Fairbanks, of Indiana. All these men can be classed as the defenders of the Trusts, and when they unite they can dominate the Senate. There were some astonishing developments in the last great Trust battle in Congress and it can best be told in narrative form.

THE LAST TRUST BATTLE

When President Roosevelt declared in favor of further legislation which would bring the great combinations of capital under the authority of the Federal Government, all these Senators lined up in opposition. Roosevelt had given a shock to Wall Street, and the men of wealth who had been buying protection and legislation from Congress by means of campaign contributions when he ordered Attorney-General Knox to proceed by a bill in equity against the consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads in the Northern Securities merger. This was enough. When he began to talk in favor of more legislation all these Senators protested. They might as well have talked to the wind. Wall Street in its burst of frantic passion over the institution of the suit against the Northern Securities Company had threatened to destroy Roosevelt. Morgan and Hill were specifically interested in the enterprise which the government assailed, but all the "boomers" of gigantic enterprises made common cause with them. It was a formidable opposition which met Roosevelt. He felt that he had to fight to a finish, and with all his natural energy he went to work to carry his point. Originally his scheme had been to pass a bill which would require all corporations doing an interstate commerce business to make public their reports, showing the intrinsic value of the business and its prospect of dividends, and thus enable the purchaser of their securities to judge for himself whether they were genuine or "wild cat." Later, however, under the advice of the Attorney-General, Roosevelt offered a compromise. This involved an amendment to the interstate commerce law by which the criminal clause was repealed, an abandonment of the publicity feature of the anti-trust bill, and the insertion in the bill, creating the new department of Commerce and Labor, of a section which made it the duty of the Commissioner to collect all this data, and the duty of all corporations to furnish it, this information to be made public or not by the President as he saw fit, and so be used by him in recommending legislation to Congress in the future.

REED'S FORLORN HOPE

Public sentiment was behind the President and Senator after Senator yielded. Some of the large corporations determined on a final stand. Thomas B. Reed, former speaker of the House, and then a practicing attorney in New York, went to Washington to work against any legislation which might be proposed for the purpose of curbing the Trusts. He worked just three days around the Committee rooms of the House and the Marble Room of the Senate. Then he was stricken with a fatal illness and died in a few days at the Arlington hotel. If he had succeeded in beating the anti-trust program of the administration and had lived, there is little doubt that the Trusts would have sought to beat Roosevelt in

the National convention of 1904, and run Reed for President. The death of Mr. Reed was the death of the cause of Trusts in the 57th Congress.

It would not be fair to regard Mr. Reed as a mere tool of the Trust. He was an ultra high protectionist. He was a believer in the modern Trust development. He was very powerful in opposing the Cuban reciprocity scheme, maintaining that it was an assault on the principle of Protection—an entering wedge as it were. His remarkable fling at Roosevelt's plan to regulate Trusts by further legislation as an effort "to compress the oak tree back into the original acorn" will live for many years.

Some Senators died in the last ditch, but they died there all the same, because they feared the effect their opposition to the President upon the elections in their own States on which their return to the Senate might hang. This was notably the case with Senators Aldrich and Hanna. It is interesting to observe that J. Pierpont Morgan came to Washington in person and accepted the compromise, being told that if he did not the next Congress might pass a law calculated to put Wall Street out of business. The program was agreed to and all the leaders were pledged to vote for the series of bills involved in the program.

ENTER STANDARD OIL

At this juncture, enter the Standard Oil Company. It seems that both Senator Hanna and Senator Aldrich had forgotten to tell Mr. Rockefeller what was going on. Be this as it may, suddenly one day just before the program came to be carried out messages flashed over the wires between the Standard Oil building in New York and the United States Senate. These telegrams said that the Standard Oil Company did not approve of the clause in the Department of Commerce and Labor bill which required corporations to make reports, and that it must not pass. Some of these telegrams were signed by John D. Rockefeller, some by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., some by J. D. Archbold, and some by H. H. Rogers.

The messages were received by Senator Knute Nelson, the author of the bill in question; by Senator Lodge, who knew young Rockefeller personally, Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island; Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania; Senator Kean, of New Jersey, and two or three others. Senator Aldrich had the individual honor of being called up over the telephone. Senator Lodge showed his telegram to the President, and Mr. Roosevelt, quick to grasp an advantage, caused it to be published that the Standard Oil Company was interfering with even such a moderate anti-trust bill as had been agreed on. This incident passed the bill. It showed the Standard Oil Company that even the Senate of the United States was afraid of public opinion, but this did not prevent Standard Oil representatives from returning to Washington within a month to urge the passage of the Aldrich Currency bill.

The Sugar Trust, at the beginning of the first session of the 57th Congress, discovered with a shock that it had a rival in the fight for special privileges at the hands of the national law-makers. The discovery came when the contest began over the bill extending the principle of reciprocity to Cuba, and it disclosed an entirely new and unsuspected Senatorial Lobby. The Sugar Trust wanted free Cuban raw sugar. The administration held that that was too much, and that a reduction from the present enormous duty to something between 20 and 40 per cent tariff would put Cuba on her feet and enable her to tide over her period of depression. But the American Sugar Beet Company, which was as much a Trust as the American Sugar Refining Company, and which had been fostered by bounties from Federal and State governments and wanted all the protection possible, declared that there should be no reciprocity with Cuba if Cuba starved for it. The Lobby for the Beet Sugar Trust consisted of eighteen Senators on the Republican side, just enough to prevent the Republicans from action, and the Lobby was headed by Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, and Senator Julius C. Burrows, of Michigan. Their lieutenants were

Senators Millard and Deitrich, of Nebraska; Burton, of Kansas and Perkins, of California. But for the aid which Elkins gave the beet sugar cause it is doubtful if Cuban reciprocity would have been beaten. Why he took an attitude of opposition to his old friends of the Sugar Trust puzzled many Senators until they learned that Elkins had fallen out with the Havemeyers after he had brought them and Gorman together during the Cleveland administration. Cuban reciprocity has been pending before Congress for more than two years and it is pending yet.*

The scandal which last winter surrounded the Lobby for the Holland Submarine Torpedo Boat is too fresh in men's minds to need recapitulation here, though the whole truth of that disgraceful episode has not yet come to light.

Many Western Senators and Representatives are interested either personally or in behalf of constituents in the seizing and holding of government lands. There has been a great abuse of the law in this respect. Within a year complaints came from homesteaders on public lands in Nebraska that they were refused access to their property. They found the land which they had occupied fenced in by Cattle Companies. When they were put in possession and the fences torn down, the fences were built again and they were forced to retire. This state of affairs got so acute that Col. John S. Moseby, an inspector of the land office —the same Col. Moseby, by the way, who headed the famous mounted guerillas during the Civil War—was sent to right the wrong. He was threatened with violence. When his report reached Washington Roosevelt said that those fences should stay down if he had to send a troop of cavalry to tear them down and guard the settlers in their rights. Senators Millard and Dietrich, of Nebraska, used their influence to keep the cattlemen in unlawful possession. The struggle is not yet over.

SENATOR CLARK'S INTERESTS

Timber is as essential to mining as dynamite. It is used for props, railroad ties and various other things. Indictments were found in 1901 against 102 persons for fraudulent practices in connection with the timber lands which had been owned by the government in Idaho and Western Montana. Officials of the Land Office in making their investigation had discovered that various persons had taken up the small tracts which they were entitled to under the law, and had disposed of them to the great miners of that country, W. A. Clark, then United States Senator from Montana, and to the Daly estate. Dressmakers, school teachers and others had taken up these lands and disposed of them to the Copper Kings. In some instances it was said that they got a big price for the land and a bonus of $100. In this way Senator Clark got possession of the title to a vast tract of 15,000 acres, worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The defense of the man who had notoriously bought his way into the Senate was that he had been the innocent purchaser, and the land must not be taken away from him.

When a movement was made to have some of the objectionable features of the land laws repealed, Senator H. C. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, made a report against it. Mr. Binger Hermann, chief of the Land Office, was dismissed from office for lack of zeal in preventing land frauds. He immediately went to his old State of Oregon and ran for Congress. Although his record was used against him he was elected by a much reduced majority. His course on the public land question this winter will bear scrutiny.

THE COST OF RAILROADS

The railroads of the country are well looked after in the Senate. Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, is the chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York Central and Vanderbilt system. Senator T. C. Platt is President of the United States Express Company. Both of these corporations

* It seems worth adding that a little later the disclosure came that the Sugar Trust had been using the Cuban Reciprocity bill as a club to hammer down the stock of the allied Beet Sugar factories and was buying a large interest in them. These tactics surprised no one familiar with the methods of the Sugar Trust.—THE EDITORS.

have large dealings with the government. James J. Hill looks after the interests of the Northern Securities Company himself. The Union Pacific Railroad turns to Senator Millard,* of Nebraska, when it wants anything done. Immediately after the death of the late Senator W. J. Sewell, of New Jersey, Senator Stephen B. Elkins was the great friend of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the floor of the Senate. He broke with it or it broke with him, when he gave encouragement to the Goulds to build the Wabash system to tide water at Baltimore via the West Virginia Central and the Western Maryland. Of all the Pacific railroads the Southern Pacific has been the one which most meddled in politics. The late Collis P. Huntington succeeded in killing, year after year, the Nicaraguan Canal project simply through electing a few Senators and liberally contributing to the campaign funds of the two political parties. It is suspected that transcontinental railroad influence was at work last summer in Bogota in an effort to defeat the Panama Canal treaty. The Southern Pacific Railroad still keeps a representative in Washington. He is Judge Fountain Peyton, former member of Congress from Illinois.

THE SHIPPING TRUST

Senators Hanna, of Ohio, and Frye, of Maine, are the champions of a subsidy for American ships. Senator Frye has advocated the building up of the American merchant marine for many years. Senator Hanna took up the cause soon after he entered the Senate. The great obstacle the bill met in the Congress was the objection, deeply implanted in the public mind, against a governmental subsidy for anything, and to the fact that persons in the States off the seaboard know little about shipping and care less. But the bill as originally brought in was not designed to build up an American freight-carrying trade, and would not have established new lines to ports where American lines do not now go, and it was subsequently discovered that the purpose of the bill had been anticipated by the International Navigation Company, so that it alone could take advantage of a retroactive clause. This gave ground for the argument that the measure was in the interests of certain capitalists who had been in long consultations over the bill.

The influence of these foreign steamship lines in Congress is so strong on questions affecting the government's policy on things touching the national safety as to cause at times the gravest apprehensions. They dictate the immigration laws of America.

The immigration trade, which each year empties out of Europe on the shores of America a million ignorant aliens, is very valuable to the steamships. Using as their plea the need for labor for great construction enterprises, a coterie of Senators have been able to keep the laws so that the flood of undesirable immigrants increases rather than diminishes. The Senators who are most influential in this are Quay and Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and Elkins and Scott, of West Virginia.

HOW BEER IS LOOKED AFTER

The brewing interests of the United States are represented by Representative Joseph W. Babcock, of Wisconsin. Mr. Babcock is Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, and the brewers contributed liberally to the campaign fund three years ago. The next Congress abolished the war tax on beer.

SENATORIAL MILLIONS

Most of the Senators who are engaged in shielding the Trusts and corporations that have so long dominated Congress are above the suspicion that they do it for pay. It is a surprising fact that most of them are millionaires in their own right. While they are actually the servants of the Trusts they are parts of the Trusts. Senator Aldrich is a very rich man, and his investments are largely in the great combinations.

* When the Republicans carried Nebraska, the Burlington & Missouri Railroad had a candidate for the Senate in the person of D. E. Thompson. He was bitterly opposed by the Union Pacific which seemed to fear his aggressive personality. After a violent struggle a compromise was at last effected by the choice of Mr. Millard, long a director of the Union Pacific, and of Mr. Dietrich a sufficiently colorless candidate—THE EDITORS.

Senator Depew probably gets no larger salary from the Vanderbilts because he sits in the Senate of the United States. Senator Hanna, before he went to the Senate, had made a very large fortune, and it is larger because he has gone into the Trusts. Senator Quay, when a Trust bill came up on the floor of the Senate, declined to vote because, as he bluntly put it, he owned stock in some of the great aggregations of capital which the legislation might affect. Senator Gorman, the leader of the Democrats in the upper House, is several times a millionaire and the bulk of his fortune, like those of other Senators, has been acquired since he became a member of that dignified body through investments and business opportunities. Senator Dryden is a director of the United States Steel Corporation. Senator Kean, of New Jersey; Senator Clark, of Montana; Senator Hale, of Maine; Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island; Senator Kearns, of Utah; Senator Warren, of Wyoming; Senators Elkins and Scott, of West Virginia, are only a few of the members of the Senate whose fortunes are written in seven figures. All these men would scorn to take a check from any corporation for something done in the Senate.

If this glance behind the scenes at Washington shows the bad influence which our system of legislation exerts, not only on the government service but upon our national life, it has not been taken in vain. The poison runs through the social fabric. Allusion was made at the outset of this article to the relation of the system of law-selling to the Post Office frauds. As a matter of fact a large number of Congressmen were morally *particeps criminis* with Machen and Beavers, the important rogues in the Post Office corruption. Either of these men was more powerful and potent in Congress than the Postmaster-General. Any Senator or Representative who wanted it had his son or brother or father appointed an inspector of rural free delivery routes by Machen. So, too, could any member of Congress have the salary of a postal official increased by Beavers. Congress arbitrarily increased the salaries of both men, despite the protest of the Postmaster-General at the last session of Congress. When Machen was arrested, one of the most prominent members of the lower House of Congress wired the arrested official words to this effect: "Stand to your guns. We are with you!"

THE FUNDAMENTAL EVIL

But Congress must not be written down as a body absolutely subservient to the power of aggregated capital and devoid of patriotism. Leave out the evil which is done by the system of paying for special legislation with campaign contributions and the great cause for criticism is removed.

Senators Gorman, Hanna and Aldrich are all men of great ability, and of wide public spirit. If some of them had devoted all their time to business instead of a part of it to politics, they would probably be far richer. Senator Aldrich, when the Republicans are in power, and Senator Gorman, when the Democrats are in power, have come to be regarded as the special representatives of great vested interests. They are the spokesmen of capital. Yet there are times when these very men hold the corporations in check. No one doubts that the Trust legislation would have been beaten last winter if the Rockefeller influence had had its way. No one doubts that an effort would have been made to legalize the Northern Securities merger if the big men interested could have influenced Congress. Senator Hanna, while he is written down as a Trust man, is also the friend of labor, and has rendered a real public service in the aid he has given to the cause of arbitration as the head of the Council of Conciliation of the American Civic Federation. Other instances of the same sort might be cited in connection with the men who speak for the Trusts.

These will serve to illustrate the fact that the great central reform needed in Congress is the eradication of the unrepublican and undemocratic influence of the campaign contribution.

DOMESTICITIES

Mrs. M'Crae has her Doubts

By JOHN JOY BELL
Author of "Wee Macgreegor"

"I ha'e ma doots, Mistress Murray, I ha'e ma doots," said Mrs. M'Crae, wagging her head solemnly.

Her visitor smiled placidly as she smoothed a crease from her best gown, which had wrinkled slightly at her knees. "Ye sud try anither dish 'o tea, Mistress M'Crae," she said kindly.

"I cudna tak' anither moothfu'. But yer ain tea's oot. Gie's yer cup. . . . . Ay, an' try anither biscuit. Thur yins is ower sweet fur me, but maybe ye like them."

"Thenk ye," said Mrs. Murray, helping herself. "Weel, ye wis sayin'—"

"I wis sayin' I had ma doots, Mistress Murray, I wis sayin' I had ma doots." And Mrs. M'Crae, having laid aside her cup, stood up and carefully shook the crumbs from her lap into the fireplace. Resuming her seat she raised the skirt of her dress, and plunged her hand deep into the big pocket in her petticoat. She produced an old-fashioned and worn bag purse, from which she extracted a small slip of pinkish paper.

"There it is!" she exclaimed mournfully, unfolding the paper. "There it is! Number —. Aw, ye can read the number fur yersel', Mistress Murray. I cud never thole feegures."

"Sax hunner an' forty-twa," said Mrs. Murray, when she had inspected the slip.

"Mphm? Sax hunner an' forty-twa. I daursay ye'll be richt. Onyweys, I gi'ed a saxpense fur 't; an', as I wis tellin' ye, if it wins the prize I get an organ."

"Weel, I'm shair I'll be rale gled if ye get the organ, Mistress M'Crae. An' yer man'll be prood."

"I ha'e ma doots, Mistress Murray, I ha'e ma doots. Fur I ken he's no' haudin' wi' bazaurs an' rattles."

"Raffles," corrected Mrs. Murray, mildly.

"Aweel, it's a' yin. But as shair's I'm here, I didna ken whit I wis daein'. I gaed to the bazaur on Setturday nicht, fur I wis tell't they wis gi'ein' things

"Ye can read the number fur yersel'."

"A rale saft-spoken young man, an' that genteel."

awa' fur hauf naethin', an' I wis wantin' to buy a bit coatie fur ma son John's wee lassie. Aw, ye never seen a bonnier wean! Aw, she's that like her fayther if he wisna beardit. Aw, she's jist like thon advertizement fur some kin' o' sape; naw, it's no sape, it's —. Aweel, I canna mind the noo, but ye never seen a bonnier wean, Mistress Murray."

"An' did ye buy the coatie?" inquired the visitor.

"That's whit I wis jist gaun fur to tell ye. I —" Here Mrs. M'Crae rose hurriedly and went to the window. A van was rattling down the street. "Na; it's jist a mulk-cairt," she said, half to herself, and with a sigh of relief returned to her friend. "Aweel, Mrs. Murray, I didna buy the coatie, fur the yin I wantit wis ower dear. It wis a' a big lee aboot them sellin' aff chape. But I bocht a pair o' wool booties wi' bew ribbons. My! they wis that tastey!"

"Wis they?"

"Ay; an' I bate the leddy doon ninepence."

"D'ye tell me that, Mistress M'Crae?"

"Ay; as shair's I'm here. Weel, efter I bocht the booties I thocht I wud jist tak' a bit dauner roon': an' roon' I gaed, an' priced a guid mony things, till I cam' to a place whaur lads wis tryin' fur to trim hats an' lasses wis tryin' fur to hammer nails—maistly their ain nails, I'm thinkin'—aw, I maun ha'e ma bit joke, Mistress Murray—in wudd! Sirs, the day! ye never seen sic a daft-like sicht, an' I lauched till I wis that warm an' short o' breith I cudna staun'. An' I had jist tooken a sate, an' wis settin' wipin' my broo an' pechin', when a vera respectable-lukin' young man cam' up to me an' says, quite genteel-like, says he: 'Wud ye like to buy a tucket fur an organ, ma'am?' Thae wis his vera words."

"An American organ?" put in Mrs. Murray.

"I dinna mind. Onywey, it wis an organ fur playin' on. Weel, the young man tell't me if I bocht a saxpenny tucket I wud maybe get the twinty-five pun' organ the bazaur folk wis rattlin'. An'—"

"Rafflin', ye mean, Mistress M'Crae."

"Ay; it's a' yin. . . . An' I says to the young man, says I: 'Whaur's the organ?' An' he tell't me it wisna in the bazaur, but he wud sweer it wis a' richt, an' if I bocht a tucket I wud ha'e as guid a chance as onybody leevin' o' gettin' it. He wis a rale saft-

spoken young man, an' that genteel, an' I wis that het an' wearit, an' afore I kint whit I wis daein' he wis awa' wi' ma saxpence, an' I wis settin' alane wi' the tucket. . . . An' I ha'e ma doots, Mistress Murray, I hae ma doots."

"Oh, but ye needna be feart, Mistress M'Crae. They'll no' cheat ye," said her friend soothingly. "The bazaur wis fur a kirk, wis 't no' ?"

"Ay. But that's no' whit's vexin' me. I'm no' feart o' bein' cheatit. They best no' try that gemm wi' me! Na! . . . But, ye see, Mistress Murray, ma man didna ken I gaed to the bazaur, an' I wudna ha'e been there if it hadna been I wis wantin' a coatie fur ma son John's we lassie, an' ma man's no' haudin' wi' bazaurs, faur less rattles, an'—an, oh! Mistress Murray, whit wud I say to him if they brocht the organ to the hoose?"

"Hoots, toots! Mistress M'Crae," said the other cheerfully. "I'm shair yer man's no' that parteeclar."

"Ah, ye dinna ken him, Mistress Murray. I never kent a man as stric' as hissel'. D'ye no' mind hoo he left Maister M'Cubbin's kirk twal' year syne because they wis gaun to ha'e a bazaur? An' ye never met a better man nor Maister M'Cubbin—never!"

"Ay; but yer man's maybe no' jist as strict as he wis, Mistress M'Crae?"

"Is he no'? I ha'e ma doots, Mistress Murray, I ha'e ma doots. Ay; an' mony's the time I've heard him say he wud as shin pit money on a horse race as intil a disruption sale."

"Subscription sale."

"Aweel, it's a' yin. An' whit's a rattle but a disruption sale? It's jist the same; ah, there's no' a hair o' difference 'twixt the twa. Oh!—oh, there a cairt stoppin' at the close!" And again Mrs. M'Crae hastened to the window to find that it was only the baker.

"Mercy me! ye're a trimlin'," said Mrs. Murray when her hostess returned to her. "Whit's ado?"

"I thocht it wis the organ," gasped Mrs. M'Crae. "Every cairt comin' alang the street gars ma hert loup to ma mooth. Ye see, the prizes wis to be decidet the day. Miss Paurley tell't me. Ma man's her fayther's foresman, ye ken, an' we a' gang to Doctor Jamieson's kirk. An' when we wis comin' oot the kirk on Sawbath she cam' up to me—fur she's rale nice an' free—an' she says, says she: 'I seen ye at the bazaur.' An' says I: 'Whisht, fur ony favor, Miss Paurley.' John was ahint me speakin' to yin o' the elders. An' Miss Paurley gi'ed a bit smile an' whispers: 'I hope ye get the organ, Mistress M'Crae. I'm on the commytee, an' the drawin' o' prizes is on Wensday, so I'll gi'e ye a ca' i' the efternune an' tell ye if ye've gotten it.' An' then she gaed aff, an' John cam' furrit. An' I cudna mind a word o' the discoorse fur thinkin' o' the organ."

"Oh, ye've tooken it ower muckle to hert, Mistress M'Crae! Efter a', ye'll maybe no' get the organ. I'm thinkin' it's a guid sign when Miss Paurley hasna came."

"Hoots, toots! Mistress M'Crae."

"It's no' vera late yet. An' she's maybe furgot to come, an' they'll send the organ wi'oot warnin'. An whit'll I dae? They'll pit the organ in, an' it'll be a judgment on me fur gam'lin'."

"Na, na. It's no' as bad as a' that—if ye get the organ. 'Deed, I wud be richt thankfu' to get an organ fur saxpence. An'—here! Listen to me, Mistress M'Crae," cried her visitor, struck by an idea.

"Eh?"

"Ye wudna need to tak' the organ in the hoose. Ye cud get them to tak' it back to the shope, an' ye cud sell it back to them chape, an' ye cud buy—oh, Mistress M'Crae, think whit ye cud buy fur yer son John's wee lassie!"

"Weel, I never!" gasped Mrs. M'Crae.

"Whit think ye o' that?" asked her friend gaily. "There a notion fur ye!"

Mrs. M'Crae's highly moral feelings were quite swamped by the flood of joyous possibilities. "I'll dae 't!" she cried at last, "I'll dae 't! When the organ comes I'll——"

"There somebody at the dure," said Mrs. Murray.

"It'll be Miss Paurley," cried Mrs. M'Crae, and fled to hear the news.

"Weel? Ha'e ye gotten the organ?" inquired Mrs. Murray three minutes later.

Mrs. M'Crae silently shook her head, choked slightly, and rubbed the back of her hand across her eyes.

"That's an unco peety," said Mrs. Murray, gently.

"Miss Paurley brocht me a rale braw shawl in a present," faltered Mrs. M'Crae, "but—but she tell't me a man in P—P—Paisley had gotten the organ. Sirs, the day! An' ma son John's wee lassie—."

Her friend looked sympathetic. "Weel, weel, it's a' by noo. An' we canna blame onybody. Thae things is aye dune fair, as fair can be, so we—."

"I ha'e ma doots, Mistress Murray, I ha'e ma doots," sighed Mrs. M'Crae.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE!*

THE PRISON WORK OF "THE VOLUNTEERS'

By MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

ONE day I had been presenting the cause of our boys in prison at a drawing-room gathering in a company of the rich and fortunate. After the meeting was over a lady made her way to my side and clasping my hand said to me very fervently: "I do thank you especially for one thought you have given me this evening. I have seen the outside of State Prisons and always regarded them as places full of evil-doers, and there, with me, the whole question has ended. I never for one moment realized that these men had wives, mothers and little children. Of course, if I had stopped to think I should have seen their side of it, but I never did."

Many, doubtless, if they confess, would say the same thing. This is perhaps the saddest side of the question. My own work has become doubly dear and sacred to me since I have realized that I could go to these boys as a representative of their mothers. Very grateful have I been for the name, "Little Mother," which they have given me for I feel that I go not to impress my own personality upon them, but to revive in them the sacred memories of the past and if possible to help in bringing the answer to many mothers' prayers that for so long have seemed fruitless of result. Many a time a young man in prison under an alias will

* Mrs. Booth's first article appeared in the October number of this magazine.

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confide his real name and give us the duty of breaking gently to his family the knowledge of his whereabouts. With others there was a feeling that long silence spoke of unforgiveness at home, and it was for us to try and bring about a reconciliation.

THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY

At the first meeting ever held in Sing Sing a little company of men took their stand for the new life and among them was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, whose deep emotion and evident sincerity very much impressed me. It was such a striking and earnest face that the chaplain also especially noticed him and found out his name for me. Shortly afterwards my mail contained a letter which brought me into closer touch with him, and then my interviews from time to time gave me his history, link by link, until I knew the whole. It was one that has a thousand counterparts. He was the only black sheep of a happy family, the youngest son and his mother's darling. Associating with wild companions he went astray, saddening and bringing constant trouble to his home. His mother and sisters clung to him and pleaded in vain. He went on in his wild course until he got into trouble in his own State, from the consequences of which his people saved him. Then he broke away entirely from home restraint and came East. One night he was arrested in a saloon with a gang that had committed a burglary and soon after found himself in State's Prison with a long term of years to serve, In that lonely cell a picture hung over his cot which carried his mind away over the country to the sunny California village where she whose face smiled down upon him still prayed for her boy, knowing nothing of this last disgrace. After enduring silence for some time his longing for letters from home compelled him to write, but he hid the fact of his imprisonment, giving the prison number of his street as the place where he was working. It happened, however, that a friend left their home village to visit in New York State, and he was commissioned by the mother to see her boy. Inquiring for the street and number in Sing Sing, he found the prison, so that sad news winged its way to the distant home. Through this trial the mother's love stood firm, and the most tender, helpful letters came month after month to the little cell. When this boy took his stand for God and became a Christian he wrote the news home and very soon after I received a long, loving letter from his mother. For two years we corresponded, and I had much good news to tell her of her boy's earnest, faithful life. Once I was resting between the meetings of a heavy program of engagements in San Francisco. The news came that two ladies wanted to speak with me, and I sent my secretary to explain that I was very weary and had to rest. She came back in a few moments to tell me their names, and at once I went to them realizing it was the mother and sister of that boy in Sing Sing.

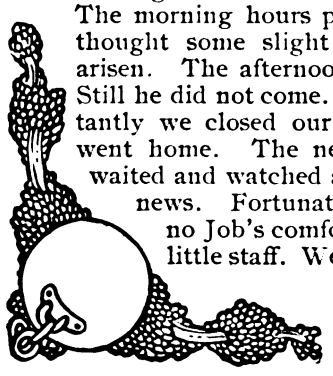
When I entered the room I found a truly beautiful young girl with a sweet, refined face and a dear old lady dressed in widow's weeds. As she rose to greet me the words died on her lips, and she could only sob: "Oh, you have seen my boy, my boy!" When she was calmer she told me that she had come forty miles that day to meet me, and as we parted she put her hands on my shoulders and kissed me, saying: "Oh, you have lifted such a heavy, heavy burden from my heart!" While his sister added: "There was an empty place in our home we have never expected to have filled again, but you have brought us the assurance that our boy will soon be there with us." As I turned back to my work I said to myself: "It is all worth while, if only to bring the grain of comfort to such loyal, loving hearts."

On his discharge from prison the boy came to us, waited at Hope Hall until

I could get his ticket, and then went back to the home, from which I received the brightest news of their happy reunion. During the late war he served under Dewey at Manila, and I have a letter written just before he entered into action—a letter full of earnest Christian joy and courage. Such instances as this add much to the sacredness of our work.

THE WAITING OF A MOTHER

I remember one young man in Sing Sing whose earnest effort to do right made him a very successful member of our League. Drink had been the cause of his downfall, as it is with most of the boys. "But," he said, "that is not my worst sin. What I feel most now is the wrong I have done my poor old mother. I have well nigh broken her heart and over and over again brought her sorrow and disgrace, but she has loved me through it all." Some time later the mother called on me. She came to tell me of her joy over her son's letters. He had told her that at last her God had become his God, and that at last her prayers were answered. No pen could paint a picture of that mother's face, transfigured with the Divine Love, as she told me all her son's good points and tried to make me see how well worth saving he was. On a Good Friday I saw him in prison for the last time. Very cheerily he greeted me with the news of his approaching release, and promised to come to our office the first hour of his arrival in New York. On my engagement list I entered the initials of his name that when the day came we might watch for his arrival.



The morning hours passed. We thought some slight delay had arisen. The afternoon went by. Still he did not come. Very reluctantly we closed our desks and went home. The next day we waited and watched and still no news. Fortunately there are no Job's comforters on my little staff. We felt sure all was well, and four days later the mail told the story. On reaching New York his brother had met him with news of his mother's illness and he had hurried at once to her side. The next day he had found work, and he added: "Now, Little Mother, I fear I shall not be able to see you, for I must work every day for my mother's sake, for you know what I have promised. I want to build up a home for her and make up for the sorrow I have caused her in the past."

Some days later the mother came herself to tell of her boy's home-coming, and the tears that fell were now tears of joy. The most pathetic part of the story to me is this: She said that as the time drew near for his home-coming the old dread crept into her heart. She had so often watched for him, not knowing in what condition he would return or whether he would come at all, that the habit of fear triumphed over her faith, and though his letters had been so different and his promises had been so earnest her heart misgave her. She said: "What do you think my boy did? The very first thing he went to the telegraph office and sent me this message: 'Don't worry, mother. I am coming.'" Ah, God grant that we may help to flash that message to the hundreds of sorrowing mothers whose hearts turn anxiously to these opening prison doors!

THE RECORD OF A DAY BOOK

Just recently a little Day Book came into my hands and, knowing what I do of the owner, its record is a very pathetic glimpse into a heart story. He was by no means a first offender, but an inmate of the prison of the old-timers, Dannemora. Burglary had been his special line, and he had started in it quite young. My first acquaintance with him was an urgent letter entreating me to care for his wife and baby, whom he feared were facing dire need. My interest in them evidently touched a tender chord in his heart, for he became one of my warm friends and champions, though at that time neither a Christian nor a League member. As time went on this man came more and more under the influence of the work

and began to weigh well his future. At last he took his stand with good determination for a new life.

When he finally became a member of the League I gave him this little book which all our boys are supposed to read together each morning and night. Five years afterwards it came into my hands by accident, and I read what he had written on the fly-leaf the day he had received it:—

"In accepting this little book I do so with the firm determination and promise to try and live faithfully a better and purer life, with God's help."

Underneath his name and number the words, "Seven years and six months," chronicled the length of his sentence.

Turning the leaves, I found one verse marked that had evidently proved his greatest comfort. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness, but is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance." Then came the record of the passing days and years marked off at the head of the different daily portions, blending the interests near and dear to his heart in the future with his daily devotions. "I am 29 years old to-day." On July 27th, "My wife is 23 years old to-day," and later, on the same page, three years after, he chronicled and wrote, "My wife is 26." In the shadow of that cell the baby face came often to smile upon him in fancy, and on one page we find "My little girl is two years old. 1897." In prison the days pass slowly. We find on another page, "May 2d, 814 days more." Further on, "572 days more." Then "365 days more," and yet again "270" is marked, and then the last entry, "I go home to-day. July 27th, 1901." So the little Day Book, his campanion and guide, held on its pages the record of the passing days in which he is preparing for the future. I knew something of the fierce struggle he had with old habits, evil temper, past memories and disappointments that had to be faced, for during those prison days I sometimes talked with him personally, but I also knew how he conquered and how truly he came out "A new man in Christ Jesus."

THE WOMAN'S PART

Entering my office one day I found a very young woman waiting to see me. She was clad in a cotton gown though it was bitter winter weather. She seemed to be numbed, not only with the cold, but with the awful lethargy of dispair. On her lap lay what looked like an old blanket, but as she talked the blanket fell back and disclosed the naked body of a tiny babe not yet three weeks old. It was blue with cold and cried in the weak, gasping way which speaks of starvation. "Yes, I suppose it is hungry," said the child mother, "but so am I. I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours." The father was in prison and her people had turned her out because they could not be burdened with the unwelcome baby. Another young woman came to see me, but she was quite another type. Not the helpless, apathetic girl whom sorrow robs of feeling, but a woman young, strong and beautiful but maddened by despair. As she pressed her tiny babe to her heart, she said, "What am I to do? We must live. I cannot see my baby starve, and yet I can't get work, for nobody wants me with a babe at my breast. It is a hard, hard path in this great city for the woman who wants to keep good and do right, but it seems for the one who goes wrong and does evil that there is plenty of good food, fine clothes and warmth and shelter. I don't want to do that. I can't sell my soul, so I was on my way to the river, which seemed the best place for baby and me." In just such cases as these a friend in the hour of need can save the misstep and point out the better, safer way to the weary, stumbling feet.

CHRISTMAS AND THE PRISONER'S FAMILY

Christmas is a sad season in prison, because it is of all days the one when thoughts most surely circle round the home and

when pictures of past happy days shine out in contrast to the lonely cell. Fathers in prison whose little ones are still very dear to them grieve much over their inability to do anything toward gladdening their children's Christmas. We have for years made our Christmas greeting to the families of our boys a special feature of our work. We have a big book in which a list of our families is carefully recorded, every child's exact age and so far as possible, its size, can be found therein. Our idea has never been to prepare a banquet for which the hungry are bidden for one good meal, but rather to make the home, poor though it may be, the center of rejoicing. We try to give each child one good suit of clothing and provide a supply of groceries, a turkey and money sufficient for fuel and vegetables. Some needed article for the mother is added and then toys and candies for the children. We could hardly send the mother instructions to hang up the stockings, for sometimes the nuts and oranges would drop through these much worn articles, and often there would be no stockings to hang up. We therefore buy stockings at wholesale and fill them at our office. Not only do we attach its mate to every well-filled stocking, but we add another pair so that every child may have a change. The girls of Vassar and Smith colleges have year after year dressed dolls and collected toys for us. Many children in happy homes and in some private schools have done likewise. We also raise a Christmas fund by newspaper appeal. Then I descend on the stores to amaze the sales girls with the size of my family, which proves a mystery until they find out who I am. Last Christmas in all the homes visited not one could boast of fuel or fire. It would have been mockery to give out the turkeys and chickens without giving the wherewithal to cook them.

Late one Christmas Eve, when the work of distribution was nearly over, the officer in charge of that duty for the upper part of New York climbed up the gloomy stairs of a great tenement and knocked at a rear door. All was dark and quiet. But when the knock was repeated she heard a child's voice answer, "Wait a minute, please." In a few moments the door was opened and in the light stood a lovely child. She was about six years old and clad in her little white night dress with the halo of her golden curls she looked like an angel. The child seemed surprised to see a visitor, but with much natural courtesy she asked her in, placed a chair for her and then with an "Excuse me, please," she flitted into an inner room to slip on her dress and shoes, explaining also that she must "see to the children." The bedroom revealed two other little ones, a boy about four and a baby whom the little girl tucked in again very tenderly after dressing her brother, with the instructions, "you must keep covered up, baby dear," then she returned to talk with the visitor. The mother, it seemed, was out trying to collect some money owed her for work. Did she know about Santa Claus? Oh, yes she knew all about him only mother said he would not call at their house this year. There was neither food nor fuel in the house, but it was scrupulously clean and the children's clothing which was very threadbare and much patched, showed that the mother's fingers had done all that could be done to keep them neat. Waxing confidential on the subject of Santa Claus, the little girl added: "Johnnie and I have been listening and we thought we heard him whistling down the chimney, didn't we, Johnnie?" Johnnie, round-eyed and wide awake by now, assented, and then the interest of both children was riveted on the visitor by her startling announcement that Santa Claus's wagon was down below in the street. On being asked if she would like a doll, could such a treasure

be found in the wonderful wagon, her little face lighted up with joy, and she cried impetuously, "Oh, yes," but immediately checking herself she added, "No thank you, ma'am, I think I am too old, but baby would like it." Poor, tiny mother, with the care of the children on her shoulders, she had already learned to sacrifice and to realize how short a childhood is the lot of the children of the poor. The scene can be imagined better than described when parcel after parcel was piled up on the table and the children, joined even by the baby, danced in an expectancy of delight. It was a happy Christmas after all, and the father in his prison cell heard the echo of it afterward. He has been at home now for some time and the little family is prosperous once more.

Near the top of a tenement of the west side of New York city I myself found a mother, two little girls and a tiny baby. No fire—two bare rooms, cold and cheerless. They all have scared faces. One can see they expect good from no one. After a little I gain the confidence of the poor mother. We bring out dresses, stockings, warm undergarments, things to eat, chickens, and besides that we leave some substantial help to warm the rooms, then the mother begins to cry softly, and the little girls were so wild with delight that, smiling through her tears, the mother tries to quiet them, saying, "Children, have you gone mad?" As I turned away from home after home they sent back the message, "May God bless Mrs. Booth, and may she never be hungry!" and wished for me the same good blessing. Never be hungry! That is the key note; the best thing these poor souls can wish to the more fortunate is that they may never be hungry. What a story there is in that sentence!

PUNISHMENT SHOULD REFORM

All punishment should tend to reform. The thinking world of to-day recognizes this, and the tendency in our own country is thoroughly one of advance. Prison reform is work that cannot be accomplished by outside agencies. It is a specific duty of those placed in charge of these institutions. My personal experience has made me admire the deep interest and earnest efforts of the wardens whom I have come to know, but I have often wondered if the public understands how much their work is often hindered by politics. It would be easier to get half a million dollars for beautifying some State building than $10,000 for the sanitary improvement of a prison cell house, yet in the long run the latter might prove a tremendous saving to the State. Then in every State throughout the country the appointment not only of the warden but of all officers in minor positions should be taken out of politics. In some States the appointment of chaplains has been political. What a travesty on the sacred office! There can be but one standard by which to choose the spiritual adviser of these souls in darkness.

Not so long ago many of the branding and degrading ideas were in existence even in this country. I can remember the time when men were hung up by their wrists for hours in torture for some infringement of prison discipline. The lock-step was at one time to be found in all our prisons. The short hair-cut and the hideous stripes were universal. In prison after prison now the lock-step is being abolished and a manly military march takes its place. Within the next two years it will in all probability pass out forever.

Do you know what the lock-step is and does? The shuffling column of men are not allowed to step or march with a soldierly swing, but are so near together that the arms of one man rest on the shoulders of the next, and they walk with the feet interlocked so that each step must be a sliding shuffle. Let

a man walk thus during the years of his imprisonment and there is not a detective who could not pick him out in a city throng, however well he might be dressed. People complain of the shifty eye, the downward glance of the man, whom they say betrays by it the fact that he cannot look the world in the face. Are we not taught that habit is second nature, and what is the habit in which these men have been drilled for years in our prisons? They are forbidden to look up from their work in the shops when any one passes through the rooms. In the corridor or yard they are to keep their eyes down if any one meets them. And then there is the dread, long silence in the cell and at their work. All these things should be remembered when we sit in judgment on the man returned from years of confinement. Only the other day I heard from one of my boys of two ways in which men have sought to save their reason when long in the dark cells for punishment. They are I believe, much practiced and well known in prison. One is to take a pin into the punishment cell with you. Then you divert the weary hours in that pitch darkness by throwing it up in the air and when it falls you hunt for it on hands and knees and thus give yourself an occupation. But alas the officer may know of this hunt for the pin and take it from you, so perhaps the other practice is more sure to keep the brain from madness. That is the spelling of words backward. I have at the present time in our Hope Hall a man who can spell anything just as quickly in that fashion as in the ordinary way, and when asked why he taught himself what seemed such a useless accomplishment he answered, "I saved myself from insanity by it." The greatest blessing to the man in prison is work. I had the opportunity of witnessing the cruel evils of enforced idleness at the time all work was taken from the men in State Prison in New York through labor agitation. A bill was passed for the purpose of protecting the outside market from prison-made goods. It was passed and suddenly put into effect without giving the prison officials proper time to prepare for the consequences. Three thousand five hundred men in State Prison were thus forced to sit idle in their narrow little cells day after day. Some lost their reason. There were several attempts at suicide, one man flinging himself from the sixth gallery of the Sing Sing cell house to certain death.

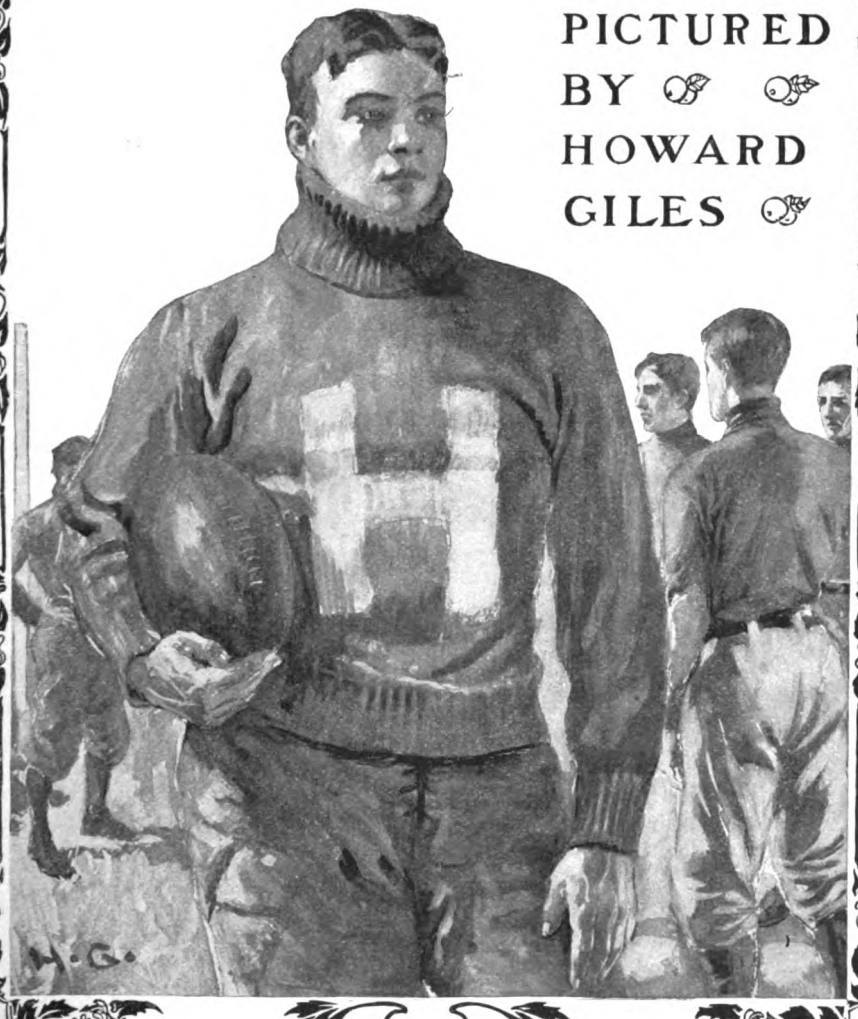
Good libraries and night schools instituted in many of our prisons are most important aids in reformatory influence. In some prisons very fine libraries already exist. To increase the facilities for teaching the men and to establish day schools and also to make it a part of the prison labor for all the uneducated to learn at least the rudiments of education would prove excellent economy in the long run and an inestimable benefit to the men themselves.

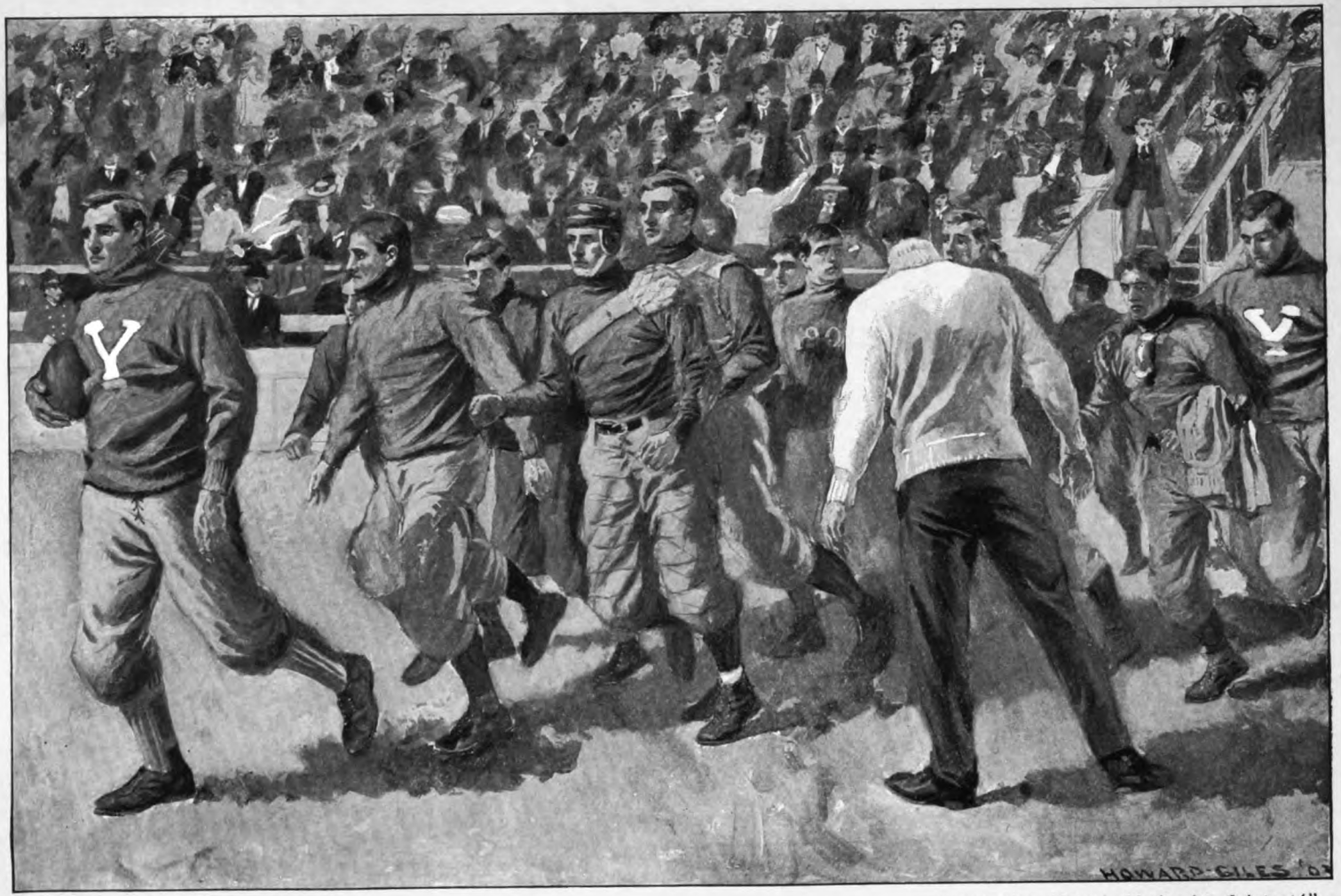
I believe I speak not from my own experience only but from that of many of our oldest wardens when I raise my voice against long sentences and in favor of a parole system. Wardens have often said to me, in speaking of certain men: "All the prison can do for that man has been done. He is as safe to go at large as he ever will be," and yet in the cases spoken of there were long years yet to be served.

My work has sometimes been called "Prison Reform" work. That is erroneous. Prisoner reforming would be more correct. I believe the wardens of this country are the right workers to advance the needed reforms and it is the duty of the public to stand by and help them, backing up the legislative methods they advocate as helpful to the men in prison, especially where they prove themselves earnest and faithful workers on the advanced lines of thought in criminology.

OUR COLLEGE EDUCATION

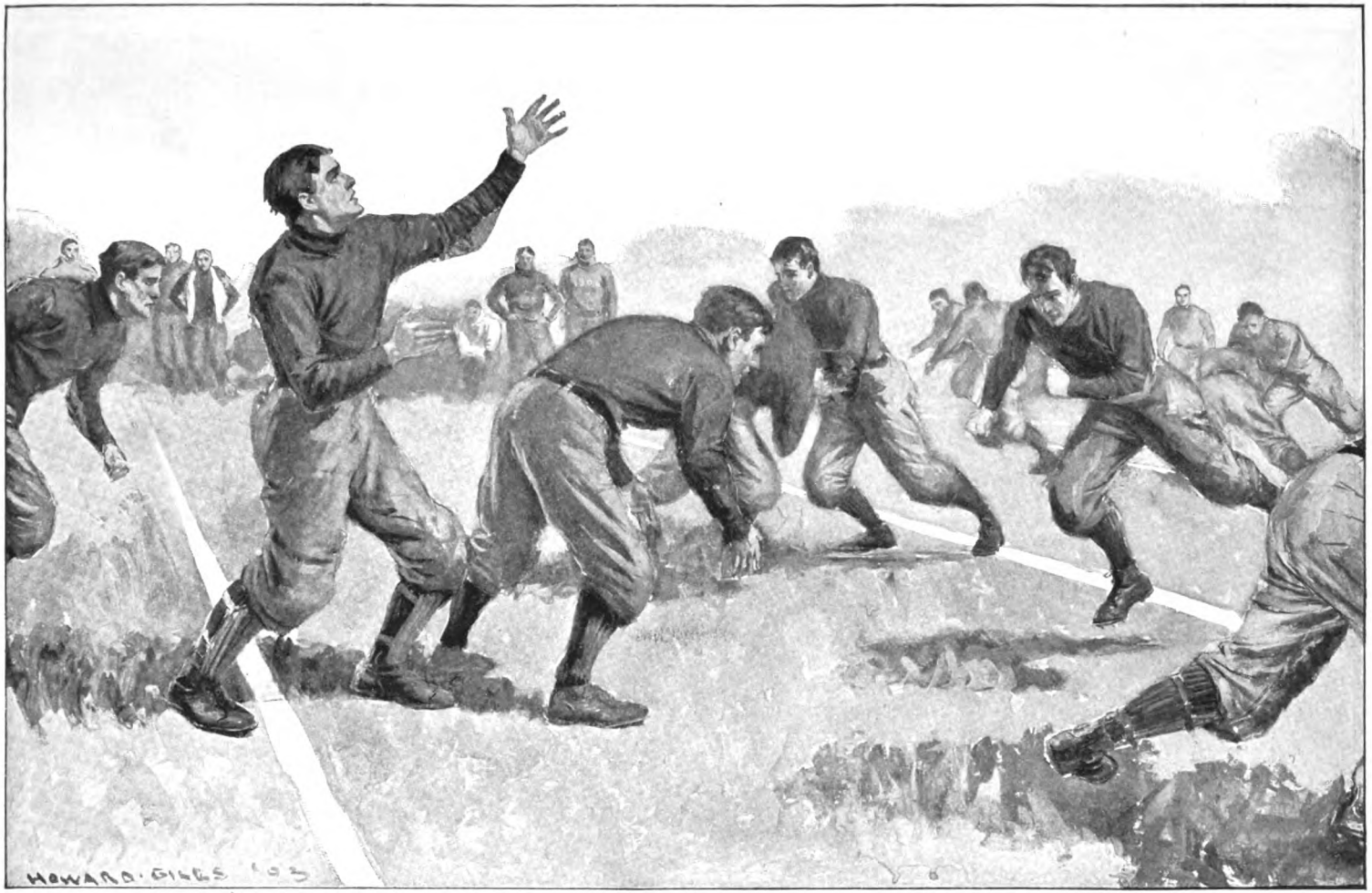
PICTURED BY HOWARD GILES





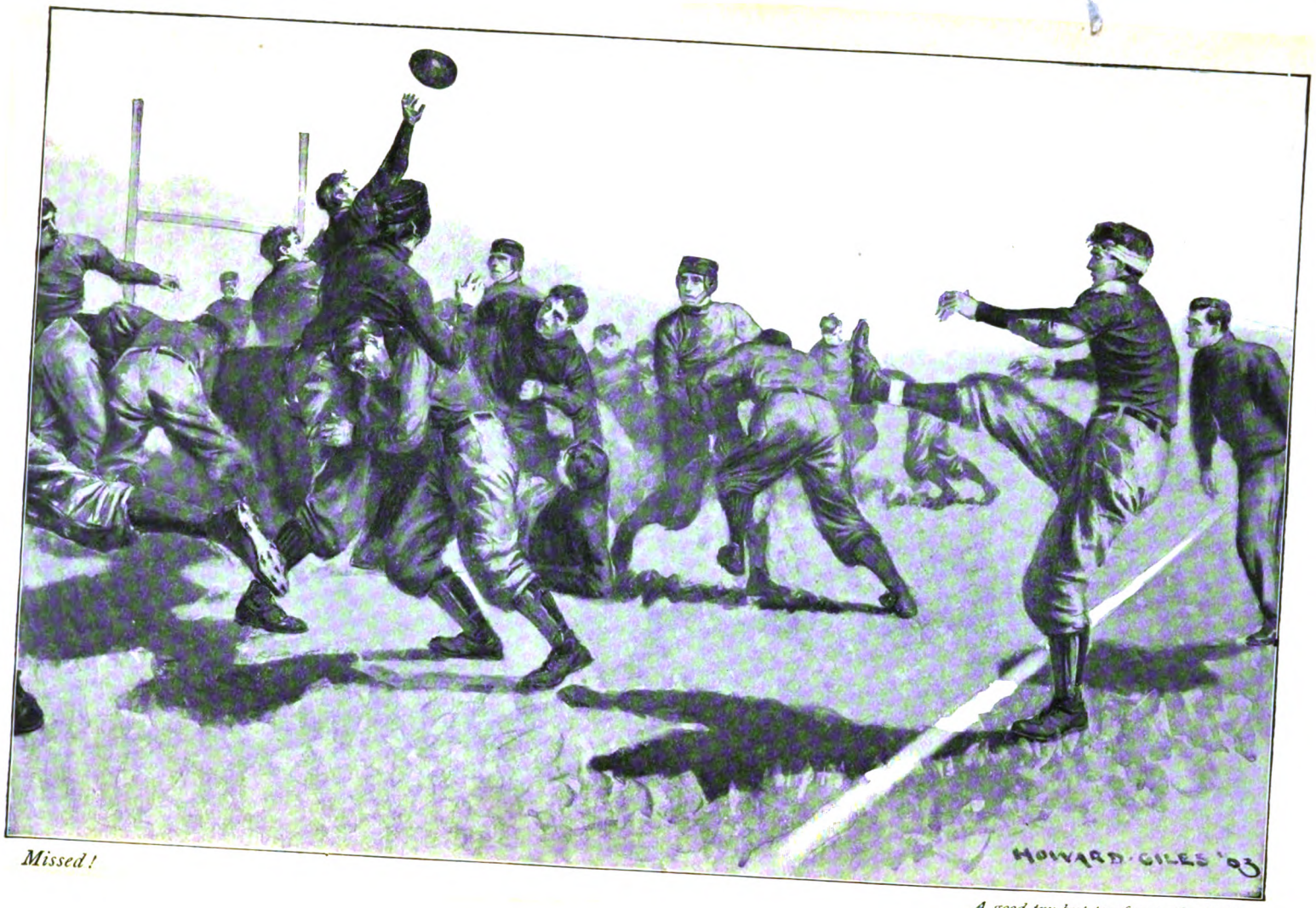
The Gladiators of 1903.

"Ave Alma Mater. Morituri te Salutant!"



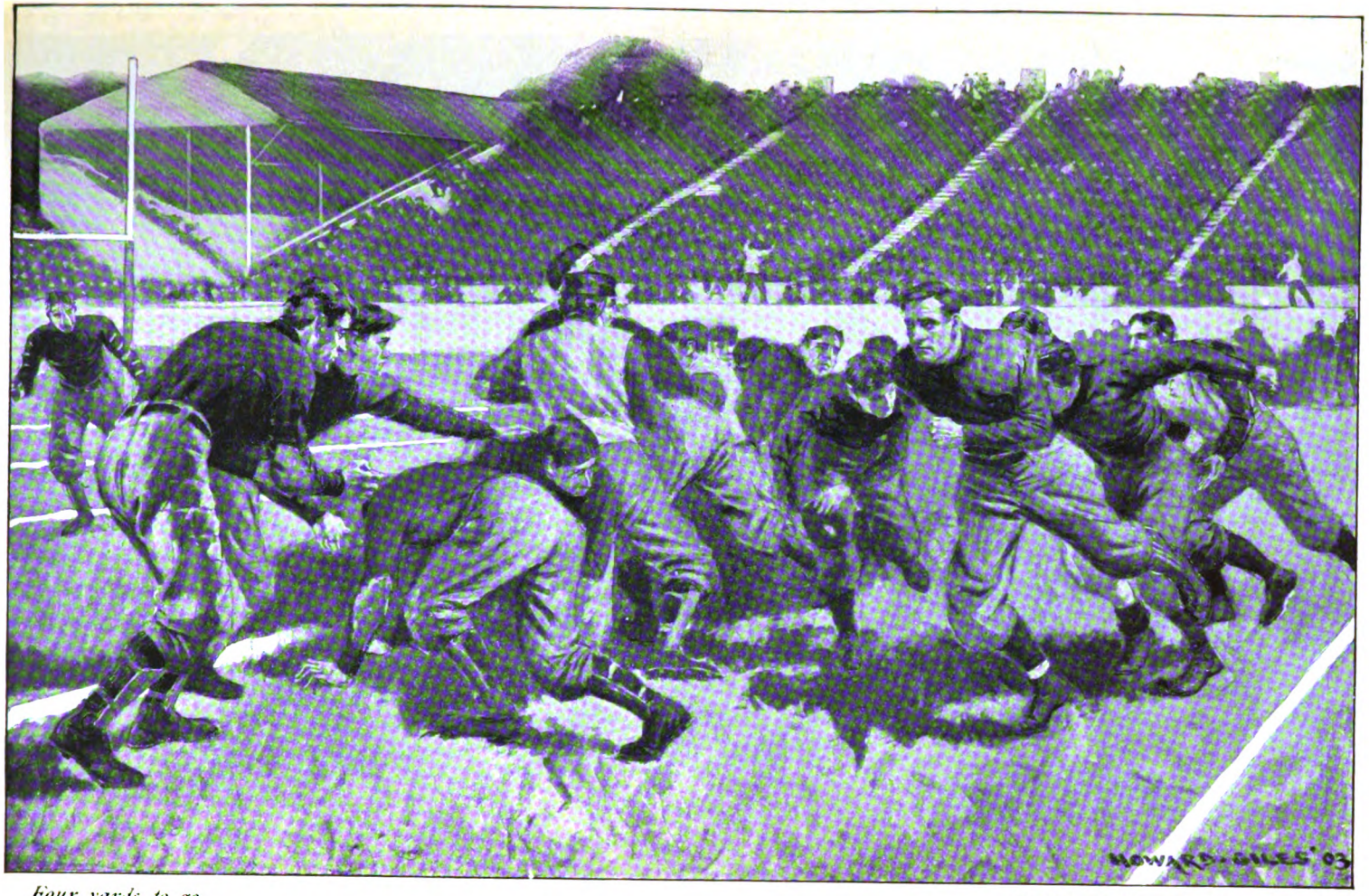
The Opening Play.

"Blocking" while the half-back catches the kick-off.



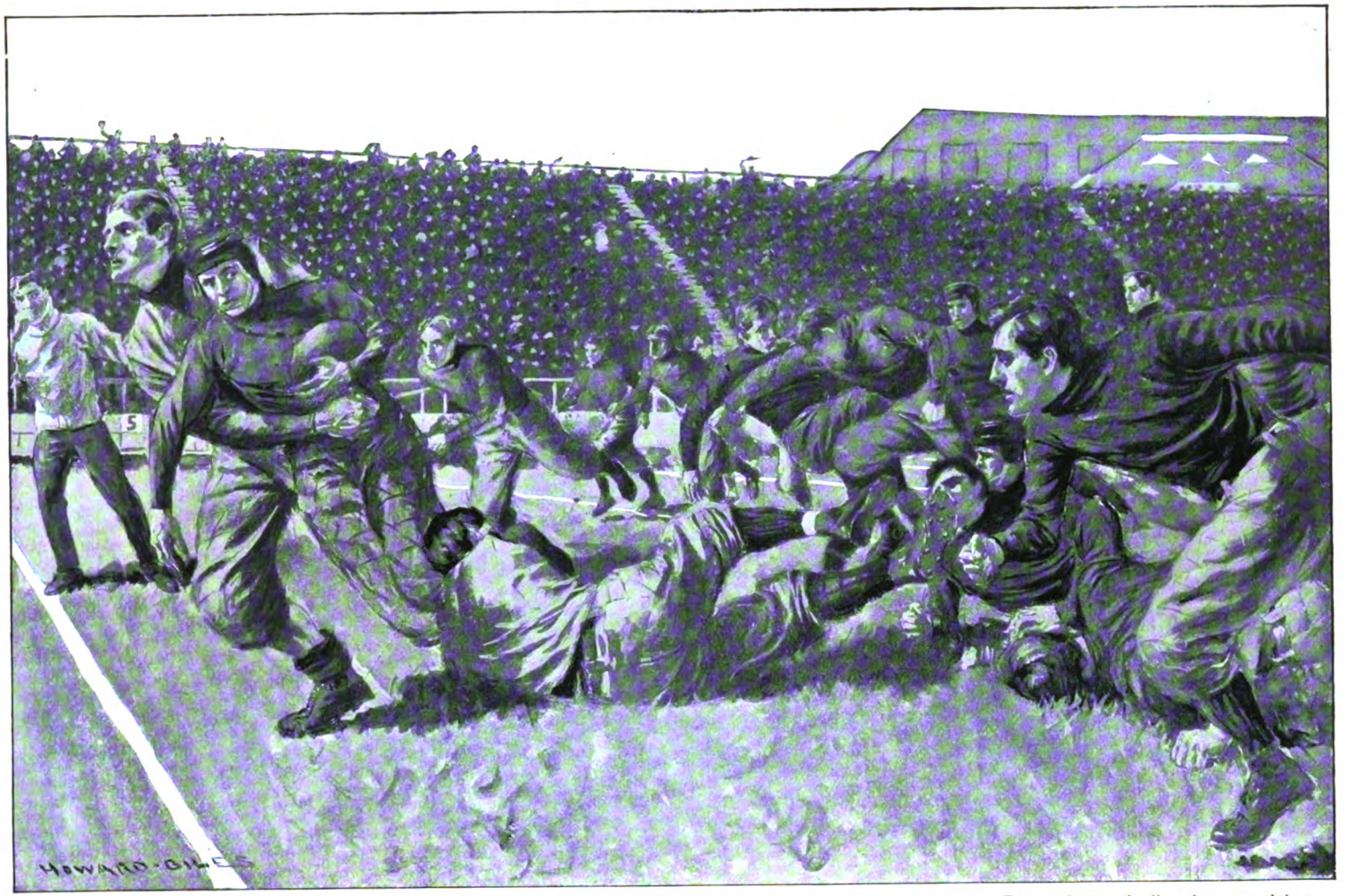
Missed!

A good try but too far to the right.



Four yards to go.

Driving a tandem play through tackle.



The Winning Points.

Dragged over the line for a touchdown.

MRS. HOLZAPPLE'S CONVICTIONS

By HELEN REIMENSNYDER MARTIN

With Drawings by ANNA WHELAN BETTS

I

"LEAVE us come out on the porch oncet, Lizzie. I got to speak somepin to you."

"Won't it do till I get through the dishes a'-ready, Dan?" Lizzie hesitatingly asked, pausing in her clearing of the supper table to glance up at her tall husband.

"Come out now," Dan said with a motion of his head toward the porch.

Dan was accustomed to being obeyed; he was foreman of a room in a cotton factory and those under him were wont to heed the mere lift of his eye. But by no one in his employ was his word, his look, his slightest wish so dutifully heeded as by the pretty young wife whom, with the devotion of a strong, deep and constant nature, he loved.

"The dishes can wait, Lizzie. I'll help you through with 'em then," he said, taking his hat from a nail in the kitchen wall and walking towards the door. "I got somepin to speak to you."

"She's gettin' so heavy."

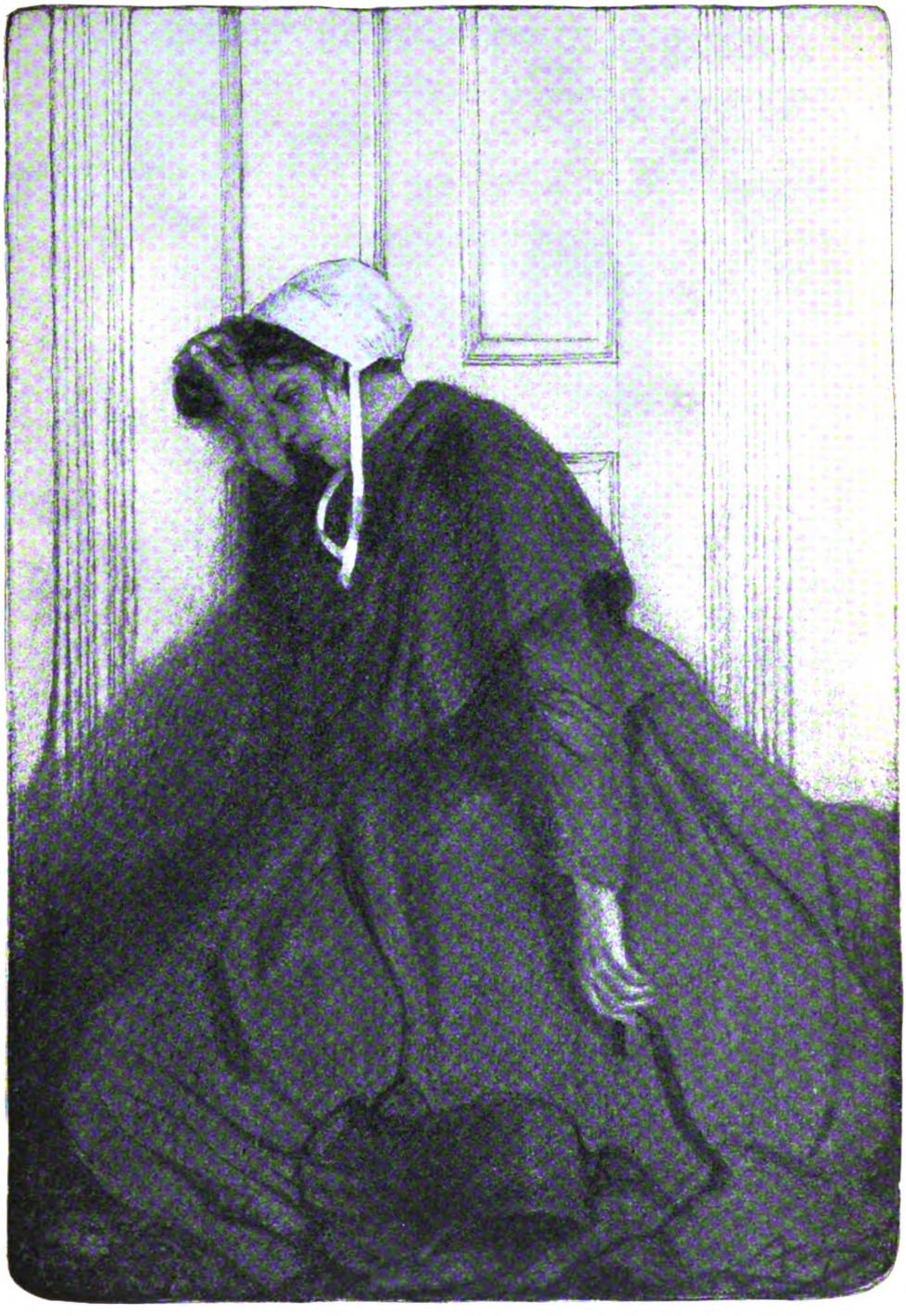
Lizzie's sweet face took on a look of faint surprise as, lifting their three-year-old little girl from her high chair, she followed him.

He turned about in the narrow passage leading from the kitchen to the front door, and took the child from her arms.

"I tole you I didn't want you to be carryin' the baby so much still (constantly)," he said in a gravely reproving tone. "Leave her walk oncet. It's too hard on your back, now she's gettin' so heavy. Now don't forget again, Lizzie, that I tole you; ain't you won't?"

"I won't," Lizzie meekly acquiesced as she gave the child up to him.

The little girl, in her big father's arms, laughed with glee and



He locked her in. (See page 38.)

patted his smooth-shaven face with a fearlessness that made her mother smile at the cunning audacity of the mite.

Dan perched her on his shoulder and when they came out from the narrow hall to the front porch he swung her up high before depositing her on the floor. She caught his trousers in her tiny fingers and looked up at him insistently. "Up high aden!" she demanded. "Up high! Betty want up high!"

He swung her up a second and a third time then, with a hug and kiss, again put her down. It was a never-ceasing wonder to Lizzie the way her masterful "Man" would obey the mandates of his tiny, imperious daughter.

This evening, however, as he tossed her "up high," the realization of her growing weight gave him an uneasy consciousness that he was being remiss in his parental duty in not taking some means, whatever they might be, for teaching this audacious baby some of the rudiments at least of respect for paternal authority. Why, she minded her mother better than she did *him!* He chuckled inwardly as the incongruous fact came home to him, though his heart to-night was not light enough to be much amused at anything.

"Now, Betty," he said to the child, "you run 'round the yard and play till I speak somepin to Mom."

"I'm afraid she'll pull them lilies, Dan," Lizzie anxiously suggested.

Dan's little home on the outskirts of the town was set back in a small "yard," and at the side of the house, just out of sight of the front porch, was a large bush of August lilies, now in full bloom.

Dan hesitated an instant, then a look of resolution settled about his mouth.

"Set down and wait fur me a minute," he said to Lizzie. "Come along, Betty."

He took the child by the hand and led her around the house to the bush of lilies.

"Now, Betty," he earnestly spoke to her as he knelt on one knee and held the little girl close to him, "you see this here bush?"

"'Ess," Betty answered with an uninterested air. "Want up high! Up high!" she clamored, trying to wriggle out of his arm.

But he held her firmly. "Look at them lilies. Now, Betty, I don't want you to touch one of them posies, do you understand? You haven't the dare to touch one of them," he distinctly and emphatically told her. "Now you mind what I tell you, baby, will you?"

"Betty want up high, Dan! Up high!"

"Will you keep your hands off them flowers"

"'Ess. Betty want up high!"

He tossed her up once more, and when he had put her down, with a parting warning against touching the flowers, he went back to his wife.

"I'm goin' to train her to listen without bein' watched," he said to Lizzie as he took a chair beside her, his air of determination sitting heavily upon him. "I explained to her she hasn't the dare to touch them flowers. She's old enough to understand and to mind. She's comin' four years old. She'll be four years old till September. Now if she does touch 'em, I'll have to learn her!"

"But that won't put the lilies back on the bushes, Dan, if she's pulled 'em," Lizzie again anxiously demurred.

"I can't help fur that. We got to begin with *somepin* to learn her to mind without bein' watched," he returned; and, as usual, his word was final and Lizzie, in spite of her uneasiness for her flowers, let him have his way.

"What did you want to speak to me, Dan? Is somepin the matter, or whatever?"

"Yes." He paused an instant, then doggedly added: "I've been set back by the Meetin'."

Lizzie and Dan were New Mennonites and wore the "plain" garb. To be "set back by the Meeting" meant to be suspended temporarily from church membership, this discipline not only being counted a disgrace among the Brethren, but involving domestic complications that were very embarrassing.

"You needn't mind, Lizzie. *I* don't mind!" Dan affirmed. He was so accustomed to Lizzie's minding nothing that he didn't mind, that it never occurred

to him she might have a personal and separate cause for distress in this matter.

"But, Dan, when was you set back a'ready? I ain't heard no one speak nothin' about it. O Dan!"

"Here about three weeks back don't you mind, Lizzie, three of the Brethren come to see me one evening? And I didn't tell you what they come fur, because I didn't see no use in your botherin' your mind with their foolishness."

"Did they come to reason with you? But, Dan, what can they lay to *you?* You're as consistent a Member as you otherwise could be!" she loyally maintained.

"You never heard such blamed foolishness as they spoke to me that evening! It's made me that put out with New Mennonites I'll never have nothin' more to do with 'em!"

Had a bomb exploded at her feet, Lizzie could not have been more startled and confounded than she was by this unusual language from her smooth-shaven New Mennonite husband. That he should say "blamed!" It was so nearly like swearing—and the language of New Mennonites is ever restrained and well-considered. And that Dan should "talk down" on his church—the true church of Christ! Lizzie's brain reeled as she heard him.

"They come to reason with me and give me warnin' I'd be set back if I didn't show I cared more fur the Lord than what I did fur my child, because they all seen how in Meetin', when Betty gets sleepy, still, I hold her on on my lap and leave her sleep and how I mebbe smooth her hair, still, or mebbe oncet or twicet kiss her yet! It was disrespec'ful to Almighty Gawd, they sayed, to set such affection on my child. They sayed when my child was with me the Lord wasn't paid much attention to, and if I didn't mind to myself better, He'd mebbe take my baby from me, they sayed. And I up and tole 'em they was a pack of fools. Then they spoke the Scriptures to me how you can read, 'Call no man fool lest ye be in danger of Hell,' they says. Then they went. And here the next week they come and reasoned with me again, and wanted to know did I repent of my intemp'rate language? And I sayed I was willin' to take half the blame if they'd take the other half fur speakin' such nonsense to a man like what they speaked to me—which it ain't to be surprised if it made a body mad. But no, they wanted me to take the *whole* blame, my half and their'n too yet! And that there," Dan stubbornly declared, "that there I wouldn't do! Half the blame I'd take. But the other half I wouldn't take. Then here this after, they come to the shop and tole me I was set back till I become conscious to myself I'd done wrong. I tole 'em I didn't do nothin' to repent. They sayed my deportment in life testifies I live carnal. Them was their words. I sayed, did I ever leave liquor boss me, or tobacco, or whatever? So I was that put out with 'em, I got rid of 'em as soon as I otherwise could. And now, Lizzie, to be sure since I'm set back, you'll have to come out of Meetin' too. Don't wait till they *set* you back—just you up and leave 'em know open, that you ain't no more one of 'em. I didn't tell you none of this before, but now since I'm set back, to be sure you had to know. Don't leave it bother you any. It don't bother *me* any. I was anyhow gettin' to feel that these here New Mennonites didn't suit me so wery good, with their claiming they're the only true church. There's good in all churches, I say."

"But O Dan!" wailed Lizzie, "the Lutheran religion or the Presbyterian or any of them churches which belongs to the World, them's no religions to *die* by, Dan! Think what it'll mean to *me* if you don't hold out in your profession—"

Dan had no time to express his surprise at this unwonted opposition to him and lack of loyalty to his side, for at this moment, small Betty appeared at the step of the porch, bearing an armful of long-stemmed August lilies.

"Betty picked 'em fur 'oo, Dan," she ingratiatingly lisped, gazing up confidingly into the non-plussed face of her father. "Pitty pothieth fur 'oo!"

Dan turned pale and the determina-

tion in the set of his lips became Bismarckish, as he rose from his chair.

"Dan," faintly cried Lizzie as she caught that look on his face, "what are you goin' to do to her?"

"I'll have to learn her, Lizzie," Dan's big, firm voice responded. "She's old enough to get learn't now and she ain't that dumb (stupid) but what she understood me when I tole her she hadn't the dare to touch them lilies."

Lizzie sank back in her chair, as usual acquiescing helplessly.

Dan took the flowers from the child's arms, his face growing a bit paler as she sweetly told him, "Betty picked 'em fur 'oo, Dan. Pitty pothieth!"

"But Dan tole you you hadn't the dare, Betty. You mustn't do what Dan tells you you haven't the dare to do. I'll have to learn you that."

He picked her up and carried her into the house and Lizzie, in dread of what was to take place, did not follow.

"It's time anyhow that he learnt her to mind," she tried to comfort herself. "But it goes wonderful hard with him. He'll do it, though, if he sets his mind on it. Dan is now, wonderful set, still, once he makes up his mind."

A great heaviness weighed upon her heart at the thought of how "set" Dan was. Would he ever humble his "high mind" to the point of "giving himself up" once more to the authority of the "Meeting"? She could hardly hope that he would. She would fervently pray that the Spirit might soften him—but oh he was "that wonderful set"! And what, if he continued obdurate, must be her course? Her flesh turned cold as she realized with prophetic certainty the impossibility of her yielding in this matter to her husband.

By the rules of the Mennonite faith, a wife can hold no communication with her husband while he remains either a backslider or an ex-communicant. She must assist the church in disciplining him by cutting herself off from all intercourse with him except what is unavoidable in the fact that they live under the same roof. She cannot sit at table with him or share his room. She is prohibited even from speaking to him except when it is absolutely necessary.

To Lizzie, the tragedy of being obliged to take this course with her devoted husband, the realization of the terrible strain her naturally yielding mind must bear in withstanding his strong will, made her very soul sick.

"He'll try to *make* me mind him; he won't leave no stone unturned to make me give in to him," she moaned in spirit. "And all our happy life together is spoiled fur us yet!"

Had her own soul's salvation been the only thing at stake, she would readily have sacrificed it and burned in Hell forever for the sake of her earthly happiness with Dan. But it was *his* eternal salvation, also, that was in jeopardy. Until he repented, humbled himself, and was again restored to the favor of the Meeting, he was "out of Christ" and lost. She *must* co-operate with the Brethren in their disciplinary efforts to restore him to the sheepfold.

Poor Lizzie covered her face with her hands and prayed passionately for strength to "hold out."

II

The next day was Sunday, and Lizzie dressed herself as usual for Meeting. On this Sunday, for the first time since their marriage, she would go to Meeting without Dan. The hands that drew the Mennonite white cap over her pretty hair were cold and trembling.

"Oh, Dan, Dan!" her soul cried out. "My heart will break! I'd stand by you against any one in the whole world. But I can't stand out against Christ. I *mustn't* give way!"

Dan came into the bed-chamber just as she was putting on her black sunbonnet over the white cap. He was carrying Betty on his back, his ears serving as reins for her "horsey."

He started in surprise as he saw Lizzie dressed for Meeting, Quickly putting down the child, he went across the room to the window where she stood. He was not prepared for her opposition. Indeed he had not conceived of the possibility of it. She had shared his room the night before and had sat at breakfast with him this morning.

But now, as his eyes rested upon the

pale face inside her black hood, there came into his own countenance the Bismarckish look he had worn on the previous evening when schooling himself to the ordeal of chastising his small daughter.

"Where you goin', Lizzie?"

"To Meetin', Dan."

She went to him suddenly and clasped her arms about his neck.

"Good-by, Dan!" she sobbed. "It's the last time I dare touch you or speak to you—except when I got to—till you've gave yourself up again a'ready!"

Dan laughed as he took her chin in his hand and turned her face up to his.

"I ain't leavin' you act like that to *me*, Lizzie! If *you'd* been set back instead of me I'd of left Meetin', you know I would. And when I'm set back, I expect you to come out from among 'em and stand by your husband."

"I must obey to the Rules, Dan," Lizzie faintly murmured.

"You must obey to me, Lizzie. Take off your bonnet."

"Dan, I must choose Christ before you."

"It's my opinion a woman ain't choosin' Christ when she's goin' back on her Man. Christ wouldn't want you to choose Him that there way, I don't believe."

"I must choose Him by obeyin' to the Rules of the church He founded. And I must obey to the Scripture. The Book says, 'If any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man and have no company with him. Receive him not into your houses nor bid him God-speed. He that biddeth him God-speed maketh himself partaker of his evil deeds.' Now, Dan, wouldn't I *be* biddin' you God-speed if I lived with you as your wife after you didn't hold out no more and was set back?"

"But if you're wantin' to mind every word where the Book says, you couldn't stay in the same house with me at all!" Dan indignantly retorted. "'Receive him not into your house!' You see, Lizzie, that contraries the whole thing yet, and *I don't believe it!* There, now, take your bonnet off. I ain't leavin' you go to Meetin' no more, Lizzie."

"Dan," Lizzie said with solemn resolution, "I'm not givin' way. I'm stickin' clos't to Christ. I'm not givin' way fur no earthly ties."

"I tell you," Dan sharply returned, "I ain't *leavin'* you go to Meetin' this mornin' nor never no more!"

"I can't help fur that. I got to go, Dan."

Something utterly unwonted in her voice gave Dan a sudden, unmistakable conviction that he had stumbled upon a hitch in his wife's character, the existence of which he had never known. He gazed at her for a moment with steely eyes. Love struggled in his breast with a cold-blooded impulse to crush, at any cost, this hitherto pliable will. A fierce jealousy of the Religion to which she adhered, rather than to her husband, burned in his heart.

"You—ain't—goin'," he slowly and with grim determination repeated.

He moved suddenly across the room to the door, went out and locked her in.

III

Two hours later, in time to cook the noon meal, Lizzie was released from her prison. She manifested no resentment for her morning's ignominious incarceration. Her long solitude in her room had only strengthened her resolution to "hold out," to adhere through every trial to the Rules of discipline of the Meeting, to be "faithful to Christ," though her heart broke in the struggle.

When dinner was ready she put the baby up to the table in her high chair, then gently spoke to Dan and told him to "come eat."

In pale, stern silence he came and took his place. Lizzie did not sit down. He looked up at her as she stood beside Betty's chair, ready to wait upon him and the baby.

"Set down, Lizzie."

She shook her head. It was forbidden that she should sit at table with her recreant husband or speak to him any unnecessary words.

"Set down!" he again commanded in a hard, cold voice.

She looked at him piteously, her lips quivering, and again shook her head.

" You shan't suffer no more."

" You set down and eat along, or I don't eat one bite !"

Lizzie's face grew a little whiter and her eyes more distressed. But she remained mute and resolute.

" All right ! If you want to make us both sick yet that's your affairs !"

Pushing back his chair he strode to the door. At the threshold he turned and spoke.

" It's easy seen you ain't got no love to me, or you couldn't act like what you're actin' !"

This was hard to bear in silence when it was out of love for him and concern for his soul's salvation that she put herself to this torture.

Dan went out and did not come home again until nine o'clock that night.

It was the first Sunday in their married life that they had not spent together.

He did not find his wife in their bedroom when he came in. Through the open door he saw that she was lying on the settee in the sitting-room. She was "holding out" in a way that even in his jealous, wounded wrath and pain made him marvel at her strength and courage.

And now began a period of their lives that in after years they did not like to remember. Through three long, weary months the sun in the heavens was for them blotted out. In all that time, though living under one roof, they were as strangers to one another, or worse. Implicitly, as of old, Lizzie obeyed her husband's least wish—save only when it conflicted with her church's discipline. But in her loyalty to her religious faith she remained immovable. Occasionally Dan would give vent to his feelings in an outbreak of bitter harshness toward her. But invariably he would repent him of this, for he could not be adamant to the powerful appeal of her evident anguish.

So the weeks moved on, filled with keenest suffering to both, and with no sign of yielding in either.

One day, when the sorrow of their alienation seemed greater than she could bear, Lizzie went to plead with the Brethren to reinstate Dan and thus lift the intolerable strain of her co-operation with them in disciplining him.

She pleaded his virtues.

"He never used me mean in his life, fur all he's so wonderful set about havin' his own way still. But Dan was never no rough speaker. He never was one of them to talk a little short to me that way, like some—any way, not till this trouble come on us a'ready. And he was always a wonderful good purvider, Dan was. He says he'll take a half the blame if yous will take the other half. That's all the farther he'll go. That other half he says he won't take and he's so wonderful set that way—"

Lizzie sighed in deep despair, as again she contemplated Dan's "setness" in the face of the hopeless obstinacy in the countenances of the Brethren.

Dan must humble his pride, was their verdict, and give himself up, or eventually be ex-communicated.

And so, in heaviness of spirit, she went home to the sorrowful life of alienation from the husband whom she loved.

Dan's bitterness grew upon him, as week after week she continued to "hold out." At last, one day, when she was taking her solitary meal in the kitchen, he came to her with a question.

"Lizzie," he said, speaking more gently than he had done for a long time, "will you answer me just one thing? How long will it go till you give in to me? I ain't standin' this here thing much longer Lizzie!"

So unswervingly had she hitherto adhered to her resolve to hold no unnecessary verbal communication with him, that he scarcely hoped for an answer to his inquiry. But this time she raised her sad eyes to his face and gazed at him steadfastly, as she replied, "Till you give yourself up again, Dan. I entertain a hope fur you. The Brothers and Sisters entertains a hope too."

Dan saw, with clear-eyed vision, as he met her transparent gaze, that never, never would she yield in this matter. If their old relation was to be restored, it would be he—great, strong, masterful Pennsylvania Dutchman that he was—who would have to give in.

And that was what he knew he would never do. Rather would he pack up, bag and baggage, and leave her to her Mennonite Brethren and her Rules—since she preferred them before him. He would not, he could not, give in to her.

But as he looked at her, suddenly for the first time he became conscious of the great change that had been wrought in her in the past months, a change that somehow made her appear remote and unfamiliar to his eyes. Her daily spiritual struggle had given to her countenance a look of other-worldliness, an exalted expression that seemed to see beyond the things of earth.

And there was borne in upon Dan's consciousness, as he continued to look upon this new and unfamiliar face of his wife, the realization of another change. His heart contracted with a sharp agony as he saw this alarming fact. How could he have been so

blind, he wondered, in all these weeks, not to have seen it coming on—her dreadful pallor and thinness and that frail droop of her whole frame?

"You ain't eatin' wery hearty, Lizzie," he tenderly said as he noticed the scant supply of food on her plate. "You're just pickin' a piece (mincing). Why don't you eat more hearty?"

Lizzie sipped her weak coffee and made no answer.

"I take notice your hands are gettin' so wonderful poor (thin), Lizzie," Dan went on in a troubled tone.

Lizzie said nothing.

"Why don't you take some spreadins?" he continued, pushing the butter and the current jelly within her reach.

She shook her head.

"Are you gettin' to feel sneaky (choicy) about your victuals?"

She did not reply.

"I take notice here fur a while back you keep yourself so strubbly. Is it mebbe that you're too weak to comb yourself?"

She raised her hands to her wavy hair and smoothed it back under her white cap, then again bent her head to sip her coffee from her saucer.

"Shall I get you a bottle of the Sanitive Compound or some pills or whatever?"

She gave him a look that expressed her thanks, but shook her head.

"Mom she took seven bottles of the Compound when she was feelin' mean and it set her up wonderful."

Again Lizzie shook her head.

"Where are you feelin' mean that you've got so poor lookin' at your face and hands? Is it your stomeek or what?"

Silence was his response.

"Damn it, Lizzie!" he burst forth in an agony of mind. "Answer to me!"

She sank back in her chair and stared up at him—and suddenly, her eyes rolled back in her head, her face turned marble white, her head fell forward on her breast.

Dan's heart stood still with terror. Was she dead? The blackness of the pit yawned at his feet. In an instant of horror he saw the lonely years stretching out before him without this dear companion.

"Lizzie!" he hoarsely cried. "Come back to me! Come back!"

She rallied from her faint as his warm arms clasped her. The color stole back to her cheeks and lips, her eyes opened naturally, and with a long, tired breath, she rested her head on his shoulder.

Dan trembled with the great revulsion of feeling that shook him. "Lizzie!" he whispered, pressing his lips to hers for the first time in three long months, his pulse bounding at the loved touch. "Lizzie! Lizzie! You shan't suffer no more!"

Weakly she lifted her white, thin hand and laid it on his neck, a look of infinite content stealing into her brown eyes.

"Do you mean, Dan, you're goin' to give yourself up again?"

"Yes, I do! Lizzie. There fur a minute I thought you was a corp! And my sins opened up before me that clear—I seen it was me killed you if you was dead!"

Her arm clasped his neck in passionate joy.

"And are you willin' now to take the other half of the blame, Dan?"

"Yes, I am! I'll go this self-same day and be made satisfied with all my enemies, Lizzie. And I'll get you a bottle of the Compound."

"O Dan, I don't need no Compound to make me well now!"

She laid her cheek against his and he pressed his lips upon it. It was like the days of their courting.

"I have even more love for you now Lizzie, than what I used to have, still, before I give way!"

"Let's always mind after this, Dan, them beautiful words they sung at our wedding out of our hymn-book. Do you mind of 'em, Dan?

She softly repeated them:—

"'Bless their united love and faith,
Thus keep them one in Thee;
Temptations never let take place
To make them disagree.'"

ON THE TAQUAMENON

By WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

THE NATURALIST AND THE LAND-LOOKER

IT was the season of the year when Shawondasee, the God of the South Wind, lit his tobacco and—

From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the air with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land.

The land-looker said that he must go out on the Taquamenon River and see if he could find some pine that would be a good buy, and the naturalist said that it was many moons since he had seen a deer in its native wilds, and he would like to go along. So on a bright, still morning three men paddled away down the stream—down the original "rushing Taquamenaw" of Longfellow, the very river on which Hiawatha first "launched his birch canoe for sailing."

The land-looker was a man of medium height, rather stoutly, though not heavily built, with a clear, blue eye, a pleasant, sunburned face, and a general air of knowing his business. He was one of those timber-cruisers who work for themselves and who scour the woods till they have found a goodly tract of pine, and then, like the man in the Scripture parable, straightway go and sell all that they have and buy that piece of land. Others there are who have nothing to sell and therefore nothing to buy with. These, when they have found pine, go to some lumberman who is in the market for stumpage and make him pay as much as possible for the knowledge of its whereabouts. Others work for hire by the month and all that they find goes to their employers, who often tell them where to go and what to do. But this man was no hireling and had none of the hireling's deliberation. He and his assistant, Joe, the French-Indian half-breed, industriously dug holes in the water with their paddles and hurried on down the river as if they meant to get somewhere.

It is in the autumn that the land-looker is in clover. Then mosquitoes cease from troubling and the black-flies are at rest. The leaves are down again and once more you can see your shadow under the maples and beeches.

The blackened burnings, which in midsummer were like ovens, and the thickets, where in June the air was so hot and close and damp, are all cool and fresh now; yet there is none of the searching cold of February which routs you out of your blankets to put more wood on the fire at all hours of the night.

Hour after hour they journeyed on with the tranquil current. The "rushing Taquamenaw" is not always rushing, especially in its upper reaches. Down below, toward Lake Superior, it takes to racing and hurdle jumping, but up here it slips quietly along under the shadows of the trees and across the broad, grassy marshes, steering a very crooked course, but seldom noisy or aggressive.

Thus the three men paddled on,

> * * Down the Taquamenaw,
> Underneath the trembling birch-trees,
> Underneath the wooded headlands,
> Underneath the war-encampments
> Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,

until, toward the close of the short autumn day, they found themselves near the boundary of Township 64 North of Range 7 West, and there they went ashore and made camp.

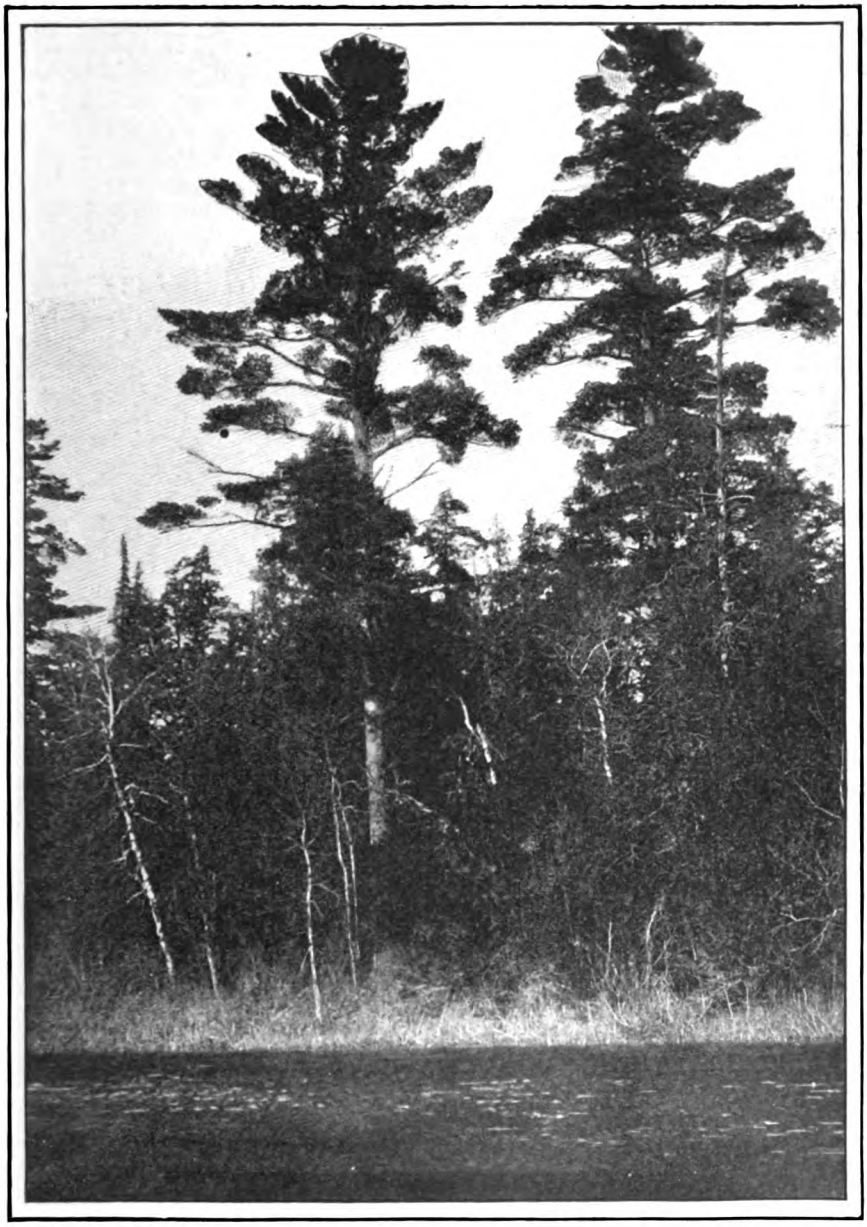
Now the camping outfit of a land-looker varies according to the times and the man. When my father went land-looking in Hiawatha's country, thirty years ago, he took no tent but a little square of cotton cloth, just large enough to be stretched across the head of the bed to break the wind and keep the rain from his face. Nowadays tents are almost invariably carried, folding stoves and telescoping stovepipes are not unknown, and I once saw a land-looker go into the woods with a mattress rolled up on a toboggan. As to provisions and their preparation, a certain old-timer, who, when I first knew him, had worked in the woods for half a century, boasts that he can get breakfast in seven minutes from the time he crawls out of bed, but his bill of fare consists of coffee, bread and salt pork—the last not always cooked. In these latter days of prosperity and high living there are probably not many men who would be content with that sort of thing, though if the land-looker is going on a long journey on foot he must often get along with it whether he is content or not, simply because he cannot carry anything more on his back. But if he travels in a canoe or a boat, and the distance is not too great, he can take heavier articles in as much variety as he pleases, from potatoes to salad dressing and sardines.

On this trip the land-looker had brought some canned goods, and canned goods are not to be despised, though there be those who speak contemptuously of them. There is more than one way of cooking beans, and expert campers will tell you how to boil them in the evening, while you sit by the fire spinning yarns, and then bury the kettle in the ashes and leave it there till morning. But the quickest, simplest and surest method is the one that the land-looker used on this occasion, for he put the tin can into boiling water, left it there a few minutes, turned it out on the ground, picked it up with the aid of a thick, blue, woolen sock, set it on a log, and tapped it gently with the corner of the axe. That was all. The beans were ready. Then there is the tomato Let others sing of the fragrance of coffee and bacon. I will not. Coffee and bacon need no praise from me. Their fame is secure, and has often been told in song and story. Rather will I write of the lowly canned tomato of commerce. A can of tomatoes is like a bear—you never really know what it is until you meet it in the woods. Then you get in from a hard day's

The "rushing Taquamenon" is not always rushing.

work, tired and hot and hungry and thirsty. You open that can with the axe and let the contents splash and gurgle into a tin pail, the outside of which is as sooty and black as the inside of a chimney. A few minutes over the fire, a generous allowance of sugar, perhaps a dash of spice and a quantity of broken bread, and you have a dish that is hot yet cooling and thirst-quenching, grateful and savory. It is a square meal in itself, and a good one, and when you lie down your sleep shall be sweet.

For a little while the land-lookers sat by the fire and divided their attention between the leaping flames, the dark river flowing silently down to Lake Superior, and a young moon that was trying to go to



Lifting their great, dark-green heads above the growth about them.

bed and had got badly tangled up among the branches of a pine tree. Suddenly there was a loud splash from the other side of the stream and the naturalist jumped and looked around, while visions of beaver and otter danced through his head. It proved to be only a muskrat, but it served to turn the talk to the wild animals and to all the things that they were doing in the Indian Summer.

How the beavers were repairing their dams and putting their houses in order for cold weather. How the squirrels and chipmunks were filling their pantries. How full the crops of partridges and spruce-hens always were in Indian Summer. How even the fox and the lynx and the weasel, who ate neither

nuts nor any other vegetable food, had reason to rejoice in this time of plenty, because their prey was plumper and juicier and better-flavored than at any other season of the year. How on moonlit nights the land-looker had often had rabbits jump upon his tent and slide down the sloping canvas, over and over again, as if they were doing it for the pure fun of coasting. (At this point the naturalist looked a little skeptical, but said nothing.)

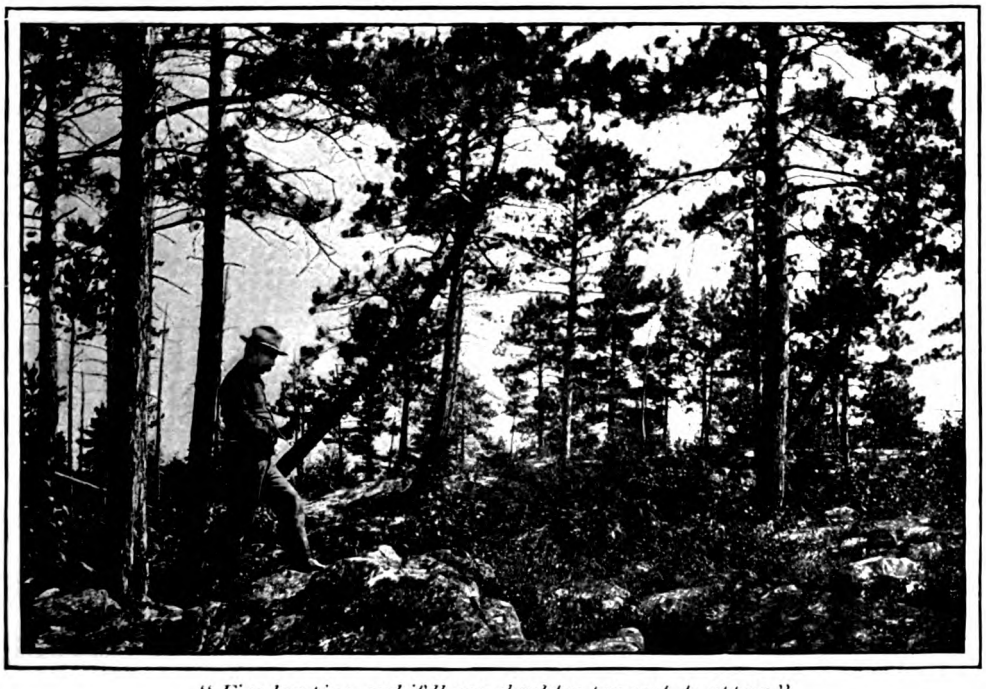
How he, the land-looker, had once wakened and heard some animal fumbling at the tent-flaps, and, having his boots on and supposing it to be a porky, had given it a kick, and it had grunted and gone away, and how, the next morning, he had examined the ground where it had stood and had found some very large bear-tracks. How, in late autumn, the bears were of a different disposition from that which they usually manifested. The deer were more timid in the fall than in summer, but with the bears it was just the reverse. While driving through the woods one autumn day a year or two before, the land-looker had taken a notion to walk ahead of the team a little way and had met a she-bear with two very large cubs, and she had behaved in a very unfriendly manner indeed, and had made him get right back into the wagon and go home. That, no doubt, was to be expected of one in her circumstances, alarmed for the safety of her offspring. But he went on to tell what happened to the judge. Did the naturalist know the judge? Of course he did. Well, the judge was out hunting in Indian Summer, and he came upon a bear sitting in the mouth

A can of tomatoes is like a bear. You never know what it really is till you meet it in the woods.

of a little cave or den of some sort, in which he was probably preparing to "hold up" for the winter. Now every well-regulated black bear unencumbered by children will run at the sight of a man. Everybody says so. But there is reason for thinking that in Indian Summer the bears are not well-regulated, especially those that have selected their dens and are settling down for a long winter's nap, and that do not want to be disturbed. Anyhow, this one sat still and allowed the man to come within ten or fifteen yards of him. In telling of it afterwards the

The sunshine fell in shifting flecks on dry, brown needles.

judge said he might have known that that bear would fight. Bruin must have seen the enemy coming, and he had had plenty of time to retreat if he had wanted to. The judge, on the other hand, did not see the bear till they were at very close quarters, and then, without much reflection, he lifted his rifle,



"Five-log pine, and it'll run about ten per cent. to uppers."

Two tall pines keeping watch over the white birches.

took a hasty aim, and fired. The bear was hit full in the face and lost a chunk out of his skull, for the piece of bone with hair still clinging to it, was afterward picked up just where he had been sitting. He sprang forward with a great cry of pain and rage, the judge dodged into a thicket, and the chase was on. Unfortunately for the bear, though fortunately enough for the man, he seemed to be partially blinded and unable to see straight. Possibly the blood was running into his eyes. At any rate, he didn't catch the judge, though for a while he had him circulating about among the bushes in a pretty lively fashion. All the time he kept up a loud grunting noise, not unlike that of a hog, and very different from his first outcry. The judge, meanwhile, fired every time he had a chance until his magazine was empty, and then managed in some way to get out of the thicket, leaving the bear still thrashing about in the bushes while he reloaded. With fresh cartridges in his rifle he presently returned to the fray and fired at the beast's broad side as he crossed a little opening in the thicket. That settled it, for this time the bear was so hard hit that he was knocked clean off his feet, and rolling completely over, like a dog at play, he jumped up again, made off into the woods, and was seen no more. Blood on both sides of his trail showed that the last bullet had gone clear through him.

So the talk went on, and the naturalist grew very enthusiastic and thanked his stars that he had been permitted to make this trip to the woods in Indian Summer. But presently there came a damper.

"You won't see much of the animals when you're out with me," said the land-looker.

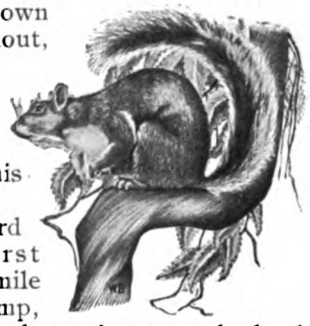
"Why not?" asked the naturalist.

"Because I haven't got time to fool with them," replied the land-looker. "I'm looking for pine, and when I go ramming around through the woods I make so much noise that they hear

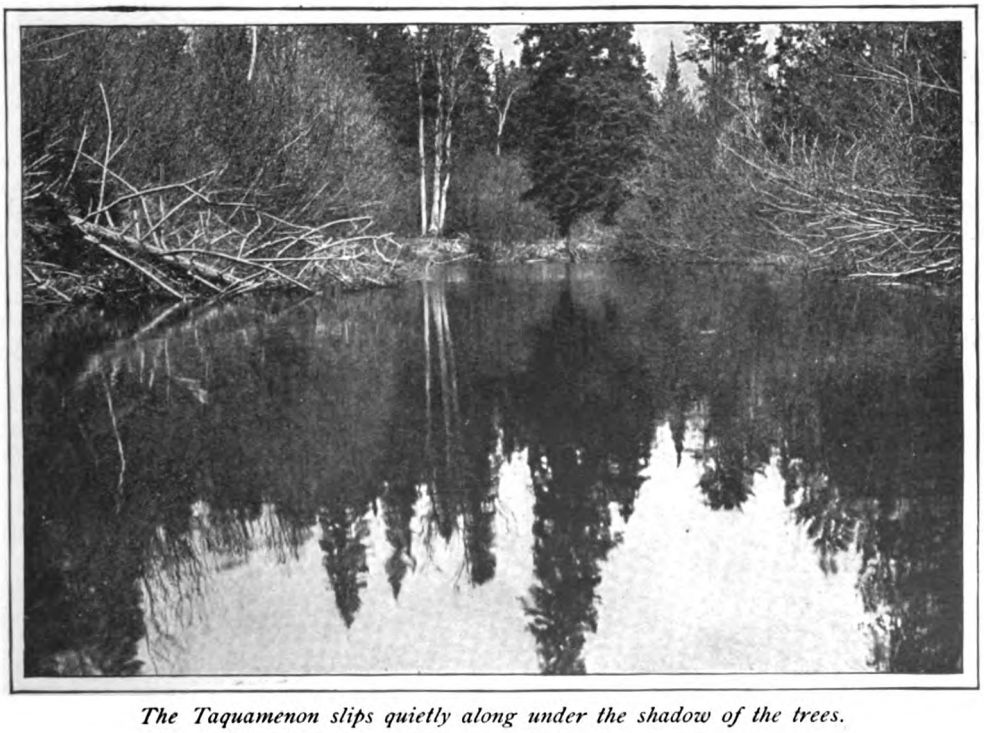
me coming and get out of the way."

The naturalist looked disappointed and a trifle wistful, but he went to bed in high spirits in spite of the land-looker's cold water.

The next morning a sharp frost had whitened the dry grass along the river bank, but the sky was clear and the sun was bright, and they were up at daylight making ready for the day's work. After breakfast the land-looker climbed a tree to have a look at the surrounding country! A view from a tree is sometimes deceiving, for pine-tops quite close at hand may be hidden by other trees or by intervening ridges. If you don't see anything it is no absolute proof that there is nothing there. But, on the other hand, if you do see something you are the gainer by that much positive knowledge. And this time, as it happened, there stood in plain sight, only two or three miles away, a broad belt of splendid pine-trees, lifting their great, dark green heads high above the deciduous growth about them. The land-looker took his bearings with his compass, scrambled down from his lookout, and started off through the woods with the naturalist at his heels.



It was a hard tramp. First came half a mile of cedar swamp, so thick and dense that even the land-looker could hardly see a rod before him, and after that a bit of old beaver meadow along a tributary of the river. Then a poplar thicket, whose saplings were so close that the men could hardly force their way through, and next a low hill, where the maples and beeches stood courteously apart to let them pass. Then a wind-fall, where they climbed laboriously ever tangled heaps of brush and trunks of trees. But the land-looker pushed on through everything, only pausing now and then to look at his compass and lay his course by some big tree as far ahead as



The Taquamenon slips quietly along under the shadow of the trees.

"A witness tree."

his eye could penetrate, and the naturalist toiled after him as best he could. Finally they entered another stretch of cedar swamp, and there, halting for a moment in a gloomy shade where the sunshine never came, they heard a low, pleasant sound—

. . . . a murmur
As of waves upon a seashore,
As of far-off tumbling waters.

The land-looker knew what it meant. A little breeze had come wandering through the woods, and a pine-tree had wakened and begun talking and singing to itself, never knowing that it was thereby betraying its presence to its worst enemy. A few rods more and they were out of the swamp, and all around them the great brown trunks were towering high into the air, upholding a wonderful roof of waving boughs and dark green foliage, through which the sunshine fell in shifting flecks of gold on a carpet of dry, brown needles.

The naturalist's face lit up with delight, and he forgot the thicket and his torn trousers and murmured something about God's first temples. But the land-looker was making a hasty estimate and did not hear him. It was fine timber and looked quite free from shake and ring-rot and punk-knots.

"Five-log pine," he said finally, "and it'll run about ten per cent. to uppers."

"What do you mean?" asked the naturalist, and the land-looker explained that the trees were of such a size that five average logs would make a thousand feet of lumber, and of such a quality that ten per cent. of that lumber would be first-class stuff and would bring the highest prices. It was no bonanza, but it was decidedly worth finding.

The next thing to do was to get located, and as the land-looker explored his timber further he kept his eyes open for the old blazes made by the government surveyors of half a century ago. Presently he found one, and on a tree a few rods to the west he found another, and then another, and another. He had struck the line that separated two of the thirty-six sections of Town 64, but which sections they were he did not as yet know. Down the line he went to the westward, until he showed the naturalist a maple whose trunk bore some curious scars.

"That's a witness-tree," he said.

Fifty years before, the government surveyors had established here a corner where four sec-

tions came together, and had driven a cedar stake into the ground to mark the spot. Then they had chosen four trees standing about, one in each section, and on each trunk they had carved the number of the section and the numbers of the township and the range. But fifty years is a long time—longer in the life of a maple than in that of a cedar or a pine, and fresh wood and bark had grown over the figures till they were quite illegible. As for the other three witness-trees, they had vanished entirely, and the stake had rotted away and disappeared. To the naturalist it looked like a hopeless case. But sometimes a maple whose bark has grown over an old blaze still carries the figures hidden in its flesh, and the land-looker took his little axe and very carefully chipped away the wood till he found the numbers of the township and the range, almost as clear as if written on a blackboard. But the number of the section was still unreadable, it looked like 5, but it also looked like 8. Perhaps the government surveyor, who had probably been in his grave these many, many years, had been a little careless with his carving. The land-looker thought it was 5, but he was not quite sure; and mistakes are not allowable in matters of this kind.

So he took out his map and examined it for landmarks. If this was 5, he found, then a little stream must cross the section line three hundred and fifty paces further west, and off he started to look for it, his legs working like machines set to make exactly two thousand revolutions to the mile. The naturalist followed, watching him admiringly. Over the clean, level floor of the pine woods it was easy enough, but presently they struck a swamp, and then a ridge, a ravine, and a thicket. How any man could measure distances by pacing while climbing up and down hill and clambering over fallen trees had always been a mystery to the naturalist. But the land-looker did it. By long practice he had grown so accustomed to making the necessary allowance for every short pace and every long one that he knew how far he had traveled almost as accurately as if he had chained it off. In his hand he carried a little twig plucked from a bush, and at the end of every hundred paces he broke it—not clean in two, but so that the fracture showed. Three times he broke it, and with another forty-eight paces he pushed through a clump of alder bushes and almost stepped into the brook before he saw it.

He was located, and from that corner, during the next few days, he followed the section lines north, south, east and west, running dividing and subdividing lines of his own here and there, wherever he needed them. Before Indian Summer was over he had a minute of the quantity of pine on every quarter-section, its quality, and its average size. When he came to buy that land he would know the value of his purchase almost as exactly as a man who buys a house and lot in town.

In the evenings he sometimes told the naturalist stories of old times, and particularly of his great race, in the days before the railway came, when he ran on snowshoes all the way from the Taquamenon to the United States Land Office at Marquette, more than a hundred miles, and beat the other man who was after the same pine and who had started two days ahead of him. Once he related how, in walking down an old, disused log-road, he had one day stepped on a big steel trap hidden in the loose snow. It was chained, of course, and as it happened the land-looker was alone that morning and had no axe with him, nor even a knife in his pocket. If its jaws had happened to catch him by the ankle instead of just grazing his toes and slipping off without taking hold, he would probably have stayed there till he died.

"Nowadays I take somebody with me when I go into the woods," he said with a glance at Joe, and then he told the story, which the naturalist had heard before, of a skeleton which, it was said, was once found in the Great Taquamenon Swamp with a steel trap fast to one of the leg-bones.

And there was the time when he had so narrowly escaped being killed by a dead limb which, without warning and apparently without reason, had dropped

from a tree and struck the ground so close to him that it had torn the hat from his head.

At times the land-looker appeared to find the naturalist's interest in wild animals somewhat amusing.

"I suppose you think you love them," he said one day.

The naturalist was a trifle disconcerted, but he didn't propose to back down and he promptly replied that he did. The land-looker grinned and said nothing.

That evening they forgot to set the provisions inside the tent before they went to bed, and during the night the porcupines ate most of the bacon and spoiled several loaves of bread.

"Do you love them now?" asked the land-looker.

"Of course I do," said the naturalist. "You can't blame the porkies."

But there came a night when he woke in the wee small hours with an uncomfortable feeling that somebody or something was walking over him. He stirred a little, and the land-looker whispered excitedly: "Keep still! Don't move an inch! It's a skunk!"

And for fifteen minutes the naturalist lay and felt a small, four-footed creature go wandering back and forth across the bed, and all the time he was wondering what it would do next. It finally slipped out by the way it had come, and the land-looker said: "Now do you love all the animals?"

"Well, nearly all," said the naturalist meekly.

I am afraid the naturalist was disappointed. Except the skunk and the muskrat, the only wild creatures he had seen were a spruce-hen, two red squirrels, a weasel, three porcupines, some water-fowl on their way south, and a few small birds. He had seen many and many a deer track along the edge of the water, and once they had come upon the trail of a bear, but the animals that left those interesting footprints had kept carefully out of sight. But on the very last day he untied the flaps of the tent and looked out just as the first sunshine glanced up from the river and there, not a dozen rods away, was a great buck, the biggest he had ever looked upon, plump and round from the eating of many beechnuts, and carrying proudly a pair of antlers that rivaled the oak-tree itself. Long the naturalist stood there drinking in the noble beauty of the picture until that fool land-looker asked him what he was staring at. The buck heard, looked around, and went sailing over the alders as if he were shot out of a gun. But the naturalist had had his day, and the trip was a success after all.

And so they lived happily ever after—the land-looker who had found his pine, the naturalist who carried away a beautiful memory, and, I am glad to say, the buck who had seen a man and had escaped with his life. But for the pine trees the ending is a different one. The warm sunshine of Indian Summer still fell upon them as the canoe vanished up the river. By night the moon and the stars kept watch over them, just as they had done for so many, many years, and when the wind blew through their branches they lifted up their voices once more in the old, old hymn that their family had sung through all the ages. The world was as beautiful as ever, and there seemed to be no reason why it should not go on so to all eternity. And yet—something had happened. Man, the great enemy of all pine-trees had been there, and though he had gone away he would surely come again. Sooner or later the lumberman follows the land-looker, and when the lumberman has finished his work the glory of the woods is gone forever.

A FEW REAL BOYS*

BEING THE CHRONICLE OF THE DOINGS OF PLUPY AND HIS FRIENDS

By JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE
Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy"

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

THE long vacation ended the first week in September, and the fall term of the High School opened. As early as half-past eight the "High Schoolers," as they were called, assembled in the big school yard on Court Street. The yard, so quiet during the long summer months, now resounded with shouts, whoops and shrieks, as the boys chased each other, wrestled, tussled, and in various ways sought to work off their superabundant spirits.

The incoming class was a large one, and was disposed to resent any patronage on the part of the next higher or third class. The second class was beginning to feel the dignity of its position, while the first class was composed chiefly of young men who had assumed the *toga virilis*, ordinarily known as the bobtailed coat, and who had forever discarded the false bosom for the complete linen shirt and paper collar of swelldom.

Between the members of the higher and lower classes there was good-natured tolerance on one side, and affectionate reverence on the other. Where were greater heroes in the eyes of the younger boys than Glynn, who threw Darlington the famous Academy athlete? Or Eastman, who could "plug" a hard rubber ball from the High School yard to the old Brewery on River Street? Or Fatty's brother Dan, who was supposed to be a knowing dog, and who drove fast horses and smoked real cigars? Or Jamieson, who was rumored to have had an unfortunate love affair with a prominent society lady, and who held himself apart from his friends and looked as one bereft of hope?

Between the members of the third and fourth classes there was but little love lost, for at least the first week of the term. Indeed, the recesses, and the morning hour before school, were taken up for the most part in trying the strength and skill of the new boys in "rasslin," knocking off hats, and punching with bare fists, "no fair hittin' in the face."

After these preliminaries had been disposed of, and before the usual subscription had been taken, time hung somewhat heavy on their hands.

It happened that the old town hall which stood on one side of the High School yard, was unoccupied. This venerable building, which had echoed to the eloquence of Webster, Butler, Jeremiah Mason and John Sullivan,

An unfortunate love affair.

* Copyright, H. A. Shute, 1903.

had been discarded by the town, and stood alone and neglected. One morning before school, Bug proposed to the boys that they should try and see who could throw a stone nearest the upper back window without striking it, and taking careful aim he led off with an excellent shot, perilously near the glass. He was followed by Fatty, who from prudent motives threw so wide of the mark that his attempt was greeted with loud hoots of derision.

Several others followed with but indifferent success, until it came to Plupy's turn. Now Plupy's ambition was to excel in every sport, but he was seriously handicapped by a lack of natural ability to accomplish his aim. He now saw a chance to beat Bug, and selected a missile with great care and let drive. Alas! it was a scaler, and after describing a beautiful curve went smashing through a different window than the one aimed at, with a crash and jingle of flying glass.

Warrants for the arrest of thirty-five scholars.

As Plupy, holding one leg in the air in horror, lifted it higher and higher as with bulging eyeballs he followed the deadly course of the stone, there was a silence of guilt, then a loud cheer.

Then Bug, not to be outdone, picked up a larger stone and hurled it through one of the lower windows.

At that moment the bell rang, and the boys trooped into school, casting curious and defiant glances at each other, as if they anticipated some stirring developments.

It is a curious fact that whenever a peculiarly inexcusable piece of mischief is done by a boy, at once every other boy in sight and hearing is possessed of the demon of mischief to repeat the act. Whether this is the result of heredity or of the inherent depravity of boys, rest assured that not once during the afternoon did the boys forget the rattle of glass or the fascinating excitement of doing a dangerous and forbidden act. While Puzzy and Tommy Titmouse were apparently engrossed in Hilliard's Sixth Reader, it is safe to say that they were mentally calculating the effect of particulary jagged stones they had in mind.

That afternoon before school several panes of glass were broken, and as nobody interfered the boys began to grow bolder. It was interesting from a scientific standpoint to see how smoothly and silently a small round pebble would go through a pane, and how small a hole it would make; and exhilarating to mark the results that could be accomplished with a well-aimed brick. For several days the mischief continued, and the boys began to use large stones and heavy clubs their aim being to see how many sashes could be broken.

But Nemesis was on their track, and if one could have looked in on the selectmen's room one evening they would have seen those three worthies in earnest conversation with the Chief of Police. The next day, after roll-call, there was a loud knock on the school door, which being opened disclosed the burly proportions of the latter gentleman armed with a bundle of papers.

There was an instant of horrified silence, and each guilty boy, with a gasp of consternation, buried himself behind the open covers of his atlas and studied frantically, as he mentally calculated the remote chances of escape, while the officer, after stating that great outrage

had been committed upon the town property, proclaimed that he had warrants for the arrest of thirty-five scholars, whose names he proceeded with painful distinctness to read. The suspense of this reading none of those present at that time will forget. The feelings of the boy whose name came last and who had been hoping, vainly hoping, that he would not be called for can well be imagined. It was Plupy —Plupy, who had only broken one window and that by accident. The school was at once dismissed, and the thirty-five delinquents, escorted by the police and accompanied by the High School teacher and several of the parents who had got wind of the affair, proceeded at once to the office of Justice Bell, where, more dead than alive, they were arraigned and forced to listen to the reading of the warrants, which stated the complaint with a wealth of repetition and innuendo, and a cruel adroitness of description, and a bewildering melange of unknown verbiage, calculated to strike immediate conviction to the hardest and most unrepentant heart.

The proceedings were somewhat brief, as all the respondents pleaded guilty, and the Court, after a sharp reprimand, fined them each three dollars, and gave all those who were unable to pay at once ten days in which to raise that amount. The culprits were then allowed to go to make arrangements for raising the money. The feelings of the boys can well be imagined. Bug was defiant, Puzzy depressed and Whacker deeply mortified, as his dignity had received an almost mortal blow. Plupy was led forth in an almost dazed condition, completely overwhelmed with the severity of the sentence and the certainty of paternal wrath and condign punishment. Fatty didn't care much, provided his mother didn't find it out. He knew he could borrow the money of Dan, for he knew some things about Dan which that gentleman didn't care to have come to the knowledge of the family circle, and he had, presuming on this knowledge, for some time past, exacted frequent though reluctant tribute from Daniel, and he reckoned with considerable certainty upon doing it once more.

He knew some things about Dan.

How the culprits finally adjusted matters with their parents is to this day not definitely known, but it was noticeable that for several weeks there were no more gatherings after supper, and that the Wednesday and Saturday half holidays were set apart by many of the boys for sawing wood, raking lawns, or working around yards and barns.

For about a fortnight after the day of trial glaziers worked industriously in replacing the three hundred and fifteen broken panes. In spite of the severity of the lesson, it was evident that the authorities still distrusted the boys, for the windows were for complete security covered with a wire netting, which, after so many years, still remains in place.

WAR TIMES

The following Saturday afternoon Brigadier Fatty Gilman sat in his headquarters dictating dispatches to the members of his staff, Aids-de-Camp Billy Swett, Dutchy Seamans and "Parson" Otis, who galloped furiously on foaming chargers, carrying orders that the battalions form for an immediate assault on Lookout Mountain (Jady Hill), and that the commander "expected every man to do his duty."

Instantly the drummers sounded the long roll, the war-worn and battered veterans sprang to their places, the artillery limbered up. A brief inspection and the command. "Battalion, attention! Right, forward —fours—r-i-g-h-t, mar-r-c-ch!" And the battalion, with drums beating and

Brigadier Fatty Gilman sat in his headquarters.

flags flying, marched down the turnpike, and after a brief skirmish crossed the bridge to Roanoke Island, which they reduced, and having stationed a guard there pushed their way across Harper's Ferry (String Bridge) through Frederickton to the edge of the plain surrounding Lookout Mountain.

Here a halt was made, a line of pickets thrown out, and a hasty meal of coffee and hardtack eaten. Cartridge boxes were filled, belts tightened, and all put in readiness for the assault.

General Gilman himself addressed them. He told them, with voice trembling with emotion, that he could not close his eyes to the sad and solemn fact that war did exist, that the government must be maintained and its enemies overthrown; that the more stupendous their preparation the less the bloodshed, and the shorter the struggle. That it was a sad task to discuss questions as fearful as civil war; but that, sad as it was, bloody and disastrous as he expected the war would be, it was his conviction that it was the duty of every American citizen to rally round the flag of his country. That should he perish in the glorious struggle — as perish he might — his last feeble and lingering glance might behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored through, ah,—through, ah,—through, ah,—and that if Plupy Shute didn't stop laughing he would punch time out of him in two minutes.

At the conclusion of his speech the soldiers cheered vigorously, and loudly resolved to give no quarter and to accept none.

At this moment the sound of rapid firing was heard, and the pickets were slowly driven in. "Advance, batteries, to line of wall, and unlimber and give 'em canister!" roared General Gilman.

It was the sight of a lifetime to see the batteries dash forward, unlimber, and amid a storm of bullets pour volley after volley of grape into the ranks of the enemy, who charged again and again, only to fall back riddled with grape, torn with canister, shattered with chain shot.

As they retreated, General Gilman issued the famous order, "Forward the Light Brigade, charge for the guns," he said and the noble band of six hundred, each man with his reins in his teeth, his revolver in his right hand, his sabre in his left, spurred reckless to the charge, led by the heroic Fatty, notwithstanding the historic inconsistency of the appearance of this famous military company.

On they went, cutting their way undauntedly through the massed forces of their foe, cutting, yelling, shooting,

and being shot.

"Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Then they rode back
But not, not the Six Hundred."

To another order by the gallant General, "En avant les gants glacès"—which he pronounced "Enn eevant less gants glacies"—the pick of the French army, another slight incongruity, was dispatched to carry the redoubt, and recoiled after prodigies of valor. As Grouchy was confidently expected with reinforcements of sixty thousand, the Imperial Guard was formed into an attacking column, and under the leadership of the great Napoleon himself, who had just departed this life as Captain of the Light Brigade, swept in a compact, irresistible mass upon the enemy. Men dropped from the ranks singly, in dozens, by the hundreds, only to pick themselves up, run to the extreme right or left, march, fight and fall again. Napoleon fell, mortally wounded, and was carried from the field. Human nature could do no more, they bolted, wavered. "The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the Imperial Guard was driven back; Waterloo was lost!" But, no! Spurring down the long, dusty road from Winchester, his black horse gray with foam and dust, his eyes aflame with the light of battle (the horse's, not its rider's), waving his sword (the rider's, not the horse's) and firing his eighteen barrelled navy plug Colt's revolver (also the rider's) into the ranks of the enemy, came General Fatty Sheridan, crying "Rally, my brave men! One more charge, and little Round Top is ours! One more advance, and we plant the glorious stars and stripes within their battlements!"

"One more charge and Little Round Top is ours."

An exultant cheer broke from the ranks of the confused rabble of fugitives.

"And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
For the sight of the master compelled them to pause."

Springing from his exhausted charger, by the simple expedient of letting fall the richly caparisoned corn-stalk which he bestrode, General Fatty Sheridan reformed the lines, threw up breastworks, unlimbered batteries, threw out a line of skirmishers and also his chest, and himself led the assault.

It was sublime. At the very first volley General Sheridan was for the third time mortally wounded and carried from the field, shortly to reappear as Stonewall Jackson. At this the harmony of the occasion was broken.

"Aw, now! Fatty, whatyer talkin' about?" shrieked Puzzy. "Stonewall Jackson was a rebel."

"No, he want neither," roared Fatty. "Leave it to Dutchy."

"Aw, Puz, if I didn't know more'n that!" yelled Beany. "That was Andy Johnson."

"Huh, Beany, you don't know nothin' about it. Andy Johnson, aw!" sneered Bug, for once sustaining Puzzy.

"I leave it to Potter, anyway," said Puzzy.

"Puzzy's right," decided Potter, promptly. "Stonewall Jackson was a rebel. Of course Fatty can't be a rebel."

"Well, I can be General Debility," said Fatty. "He was a Union General."

No one being prepared to gainsay this statement, no objection was made.

"Anyway, I ain't goin' to play any more if Fatty gets killed again. I ain't goin' to keep luggin' him off to die. I 'bout broke my back now," complained Plupy.

"And so have I," "and I," "and

me too," chimed in Pile and Pop and Diddly.

"All right. I won't get killed again," asserted Fatty, who feared defection in his ranks. Then raising his voice, he roared: "The foe, they come, they come."

"Yet my last thought is England's fly," bawled Whacker, unmindful of punctuation, rallying the troops in the right wing.

"Edmunds is down, my life is reft," groaned Bug falling headlong from his horse with a cannon ball in his brain. and immediately becoming, by a process of metamorphosis peculiar to the occasion, Black Darnley.

"I'm Bill Biddon, the Trapper," stoutly vociferated Pewt, kneeling and sighting the enemy across the barrel of his trusty rifle and bringing them down by dozens.

"Remember the Alamo!" roared Cawcaw.

"Abolsum, Abolsum, my son!" wailed Beany, innocent alike of impiety and pronunciation.

Thus encouraging each other with warlike cries and boastful demonstrations they again charged up the hill. They gained the wall, leaped over the ramparts and drove the enemy helter-skelter from their guns, across the open field to the river bank, where, they shot hundreds of fugitives struggling in the current. Sad it is, as General Fatty Napoleon Sheridan Balaclava Gilman said, to discuss a question so fearful as civil war.

At dusk that evening, when the mere remnant of the noble band that hours before had marched proudly to the fatal field had quenched their thirst in bumpers of sweetened water provided by their noble General, that illustrious warrior himself appeared in the doorway of the spacious kitchen of his mother's house and delivered himself of these pregnant words:—

"Hi, fellers, all those who haven't drank, come and drank."

In the December issue the 'Few Real Boys' fall into a few very real troubles.—The Editors.

E. H. SOTHERN

By JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY

With portrait of E. H. Sothern drawn from life by JOHN CECIL CLAY, and printed in colors as frontispiece to this magazine

THE heredity of talent is perhaps as often shown in the families of actors as in the families of those who follow the flags of other arts. We think at once of the Mathews, the Keans, the Vandenhoffs, the Farrens, the Booths, the Drews, the Salvinis, the Boucicaults. There is no more striking example of this artistic descent than the case of the two Sotherns. The fame of the elder Sothern was gained in two continents; at present the fame of the younger Sothern has been gained only in one, though report of it has reached the other often enough to excite the liveliest curiosity in all who love the stage. But the field in which the younger Sothern has sought and found fame is a wider field than that in which his father reaped his honorable rewards. The record of the elder Southern shows him to have been essentially a comedian; if he enhanced the gaiety of nations he seldom solicited tears, less seldom still played upon the heady passions. Yet the great humorist who made the English speaking race ache with laughter over the absurdities of Lord Dundreary had a strain of romance in his composition. His David Garrick is said to have been as appealing in its love and in its courage as in its wit; the great mirthmaker could woo with the voice of a poet and fight with the arm of a soldier.

Such unexpected assertion of the romantic spirit is made often enough by the humorists of the pen. Are not the "Tale of Two Cities" and "Barnaby Rudge" among the best of Dickens? Is not "Esmond" of Thackeray's best? There is a little tale of Dickens about the breaking of swords on Ludgate Hill which has the true

romantic spirit; there is Thackeray's "Notch on the Axe" which has it too. Thackeray dreamed of writing a story about Henry V. and the fight at Agincourt; perhaps the elder Sothern would have liked to drape himself in a Spanish mantle or bare a Gascon blade.

If the elder Sothern might have been a great romantic actor the younger Sothern is a great romantic actor. The term "romantic actor" has been much abused. It is not enough for a player to garb himself in doublet and hose and to carry a sword as long as that of Captain Spavento; the trappings of the Paladin sit most ungainly upon many shoulders, and there be raw, modern voices which utter very uncouthly the glowing speech of the heroes. "He who would understand the poet," says Goethe, "must wander in the poet's land." The true romantic actor must have wandered in the kingdom of romance, have seen with living eyes the castle of enchantment and have brought back from his adventure some of the magic gifts that are only conferred in fairyland. It is the possession of these gifts that place Mr. Sothern in the front rank of romantic actors.

I had heard much of the acting of Mr. Sothern before it was ever my good fortune to see him. Tales came to me from across the Atlantic of a *Rudolf Rassendyl*, who informed the bright romance of Zenda with the high passion of a Master of Ravenswood and the gallant humor of a *Mercutio*. I heard of a scene with a rose which was said to be one of the tenderest, most exquisite love-scenes known to the modern stage. I could only hope some day to be able to see and to judge for myself.

Fate in time took me to New York again, and one of my first thoughts was to satisfy my curiosity as to the young American actor. He was announced to appear in a piece called "A Colonial Girl," and I was present on the first night. I can recall no occasion in all my experience of the stage in which I felt a livelier interest in what I was about to see. I hoped; I feared; my anticipations of pleasure were tempered by apprehension. I dreaded, as I suppose one always does dread on such occasions, the possible disappointment.

I recall very distinctly the suspense with which I waited for the appearance of Mr. Sothern; I do not very clearly recall the play. I know that it dealt with the American struggle for Independence, that it was peopled with wicked men in red coats, with gallant spirits in blue and buff, that for some reason or other the hero concealed himself in a clock-case, and that the whole ended in a wild blaze of Liberty Boys and the triumph of the Declaration of Independence. But the play might have been a much worse or much better play than it was and have left as little impression on my memory. I had come to see a praised and famous actor and found he deserved all his praises and all his fame.

I was so fascinated by the player that I found it hard to analyze my fascination. Partly, it was plain, the charm he exercised was due to his possession of that quality which, for the want of a better word, we call magnetic—a quality given now and then to some few statesmen, to some few actors, and which of its own force must compel attention and conquer the spectator's senses. But Mr. Sothern's natural magnetism was, as I found in pursuing my analysis, allied with an admirably mastered method and a reasoned art. The acting was as admirable as if the actor had to combat with all the resources of his craft an unappalling personality instead of employing them to support one of the most appealing personalities that I had ever seen upon the stage. Nothing that had been said in his praise had overpraised him; rather I found him better than the best I hoped from enthusiastic testimony.

Still this was but one play and one part; what I had next to learn was whether the delightful personality of one play would be just the same delightful personality in another play, with a difference of costume, a difference of environment, but no difference of individuality; whether in fact Mr. Sothern could create and personate or be always and ever himself.

The next piece that I saw him in was a dramatic version of that splendid epic, "The Three Musketeers." Many actors have essayed to play *D'Artagnan;* few have come with laurels out of the adventure. For the most part they make the great Gascon a mere swagger-

ing Jack, a vaporing braggart with a catchword, the conventional machine-made crackpate of a thousand dead and damned melodramas. Mr. Sothern's Gascon was very differently forged and tempered; here was a true and human *D'Artagnan*, whom one could behold unpossessed by the wild desire to fly from the theater and seek oblivion from affront in the pages of the great Saga. Here again I felt the influence of that magnetism which had so swayed me in "A Colonial Girl," but here the magnetic force was directed in a different channel and for a different result. The actor had moulded his personality anew; he had created a new type, and that type was as near to a dramatic presentation of *D'Artagnan* as one may ever hope to see. The youthful shyness, the Gascon pride, the high courage, the inflammable heart, the ambitious spirit, the soul made for faithful friendship, all were here. The *D'Artagnan* of the play, the *D'Artagnan* that Mr. Sothern was given to interpret was not the *D'Artagnan* of the immortal book. Dumas himself failed wistfully to transfer his greatest hero from the fable to the stage, and none have succeeded in an enterprise which baffled the greater adventurer. But Mr. Sothern seemed to me to read into his part the vital spirit of the great romance, to bring as his own gift the essence of seventeenth century chivalry, punctilious, jesting, self-confident, the qualities that were to make possible "Twenty Years After," the fantastic battles of the Fronde with its amazing Amazons and gallants.

My next experience of Mr. Sothern's art was still more intimate, for I was privileged to follow step by step the process in his creation of character, from the first discussion to the final delineation. The more I studied the artist's method the more I admired the artist. An actor to be a great actor must carry within himself the potentialities of many individualisms, must be, as who should say, a quiver stocked with many arrows. He must have the mind of a poet, the heart of a hero; he must be a philosopher, he must be a humorist, he must possess limitless sympathy. I have often envied the actor for the way in which he multiplies his life, being year in and year out for some glowing hours of every day himself a freeman of the kingdom of dreams, king, soldier, jester, adventurer, lover, laugher, defying the drive of years. But it is only the great actors who convince their happy spectators of the irresistible reality of their make-believe. And this can only be when the actor has the power to understand all passions, and, understanding, to interpret them with never failing freshness which makes it ever appear that he is living his mimic life for the first time, that the things which appear to be happening to him are happening to him unexpectedly, and find him as they would find him, unprepared. It is the possession of this power which makes Mr. Sothern one of the foremost and one of the noblest masters of his craft.

In so short a space as this anything like a detailed biography of Mr. Sothern would be impertinent. A few brief notes, however, may be of service to show the paths by which Mr. Sothern has traveled to his present pre-eminence. He was born in 1859, and went on the stage in 1879, beginning his dramatic career betimes. Mr. Sothern's earliest successes were obtained in parts that might be said to belong to the same *genre* as those in which his father had made his name. "The Highest Bidder," "Lord Chumley," "The Maister of Woodbarrow," come very early on his list of achievements. "The Dancing Girl" struck a stronger note, and in "Captain Letterblair" he played an Irish part which lives in the memories of those who saw it as one of the most gallant and delightful of its gallant and delightful kind. In "Sheridan" he began that series of romantic creations of which the most notable are the misogynist of "Lady Ursula," the adventurous hero of "An Enemy to the King," the memorable creation of *Rudolf Rassendyll* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the ever-young, ever-preposterous, ever-attractive *Claude Melnotte* of "The Lady of Lyons." In producing "The Sunken Bell" Mr. Sothern realized a long cherished ambition to appear in purely poetic drama. Hauptmann's beautiful play gave him a great opportunity, of which he availed himself greatly. "The Sunken Bell" was the stepping-stone to "Hamlet."

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CAPTAIN PIKE'S LITTLE RINKTUM

By GEORGE S. WASSON

Captain Gilbert Pike.

IN the good packet schooner *Jane*, old Captain Gilbert Pike had for many years made somewhat irregular trips between Killick Cove and the small city of Bayport. Invariably on the night after his return to the Cove from such voyages, he was besieged in Captain Roundturn's store by numerous inhabitants anxious to learn the price of fish and other commodities in the metropolis, as well as to hear any further items of interest he might have to impart, it being commonly understood that Captain Pike seldom failed of having some unusual experience to recite as a result of his brief visits.

"Git holt of anything anyways noo and interestin' there to the city this trip, Gilly?" asked Captain Roundturn one night, after listening attentively to the usual account of the market.

"Wall no," said Captain Pike, "No great sight, without it was a little kind o' rinktum I seen there to the head o' the dock last Friday noon time.

"Seems 's though there was one o' these ole farmers from clean away out back here somewheres had went to work and fetched in a great big overgrowed load o' hay to sell, and he stopped her up jest abreast of the very place I was standin' to on the sidewalk.

"Jest takin' his comfort."

"'Twas drawin' 'long towards noon time, ye see, so he turned to and give his hosses their fodder, and commenced to mug up in good shape hisself outen a big basketful o' grub.

"Jest then I seen this here tall, nice lookin' gent, all togged out fit to kill he was, standin' in a doorway close to, kind of eyein' ole farmer consid'ble sharp like, but I nacherly s'posed likely he done bus'niss in there, and never paid no attention to him at the fust send-off. But ye see the thing on't was, seem's though he turned out to be one o' these here proper banjo—vanjo—what-ye-call-'ems anyways; them that can turn to and heave their v'ices chock into most anything they take a notion?"

"Oh," said Asa Fairway, "'Vangelists, prob'ly you mean, Cap'n. There was one o' them kind to the fair last fall, and sich works you never see the beat on. I like to died a-laughin', and that's the fact."

"'Vangelists," repeated Captain Pike, nodding his head approvingly at Asa. "That's *jest* what this feller made out to be, and a reg'lar-built, out-and-out smart one too, I cal'late. Ole farmer he sot up there atop of his load o' hay, kind o' layin' back like, eatin' away and jest takin' his comfort complete, when all to once Mister 'Vange-

list turned to and hove his v'ice chock into the middle o' that tormented great jag o' hay, for all the world same 's ef there were some person kivered up inside on her, and like to stifle outright! Set-fire, you, 'twa'n't no time at all scursely afore there was a crowd commenced to gather 'round in good shape.''

"It's some queer how slick them 'Vangelists 'll work it, now ain't it?" said Asa Fairway.

"It does beat the Dutch all holler,"

boy nor nothin' else inside her!' s' he, but I'm tellin' ye the words wa'n't much more'n offn his tongue 'fore the shindy commenced ag'in inside there jest about double and thribble as bad as ever she was, and ole farmer he turned to a-runnin' 'round and 'round his load a-punchin' and pokin' of her with his fork handle, and gittin' more het up every minute.

"'Won't nobody please turn to and resicue me 'fore ever I stiffle chock to death?' hollers this here feller inside,

"Keepin' this here pore boy shet up inside that there load o' hay."

assented the Captain. "Pooty quick down comes ole farmer to see what about sich a racket anyways, and set-fire ef Mister 'Vangelist don't step up right away and says to him perlite 's ever you please, 'My good friend,' s' he, 'May I make free to ask jest what your pertikler objic' is in keepin' this here pore boy shet up inside that there load o' hay so-fashion?'

"'Boy be jiggered!' says ole farmer, right up-and-comin' in a minute, he was. 'Talk some kind o' half sense, wont ye?' s' he. 'I never shet up no

a-beggin' and coaxin' the wust ole kind o' way all the time till, true as ever you set there, I did act'lly cal'late there was some pore creetur a-stifflin' un'neath that load o' hay spite o' fate, and all the way ever I found out any diff'rent was jest then along come a chap I was some acquainted with that works in a ship-chandler store close to. Way 'twas with me I kind o' commenced to feel jes' though somebody 'd ought to take holt someways, but this young chap he gimme the wink and says to jes' leave ole farmer be, clip and clean.

" 'Cordin' to this feller's tell this here 'vangelist was one o' the smartest doctors ever struck there to Bayport yit, and this here rinktum was jest only one o' the pranks he was allus and forever tryin' on so 's to raise a crowd and git red on a dozen or two bottles o' med'cine, like 's not. 'Twas seldom ever but what he'd make a grand good thing, too, says this feller to me.

" Wall, sir, fin'lly ole farmer he took and clim back atop on his load fast 's ever he could scrabble, grabs his fork and turns to, same 's ary crazy man, a-heavin' overboard that hay for all he was wuth, till the sweat fairly dreened offin his chin in a stiddy dreeble, but soon 's ever he found there wa'n't nobody there after all you can bate there was consid'ble sayin' over and no mistake."

"Not a mite to blame, neither!" cried Asa Fairway. "In room o' sayin' over, though, it's a meracle he didn't turn to and knock that 'ere 'vangelist galley-west! How 'bout him, anyways? I s'pose likely them med'cines went off same 's so many hot cakes, didn't they?"

" That's jest where you're mistakened, Asy," said Captain Pike. "Godfrey mighty, I cal'late ole farmer would jabbed that fork o' hisn chock through the feller ef only he could once got a-nigh so 's to had a good fair h'ist at him, but I noticed Mister 'Vangelist figgered 'twa'n't no sich a favor'ble day for bus'ness after all, and took pertickler fine care to skip out, bag and baggage, while he had a whole hide onto him."

" Wall, wall," said Captain Roundturn philosophically. " It takes all kinds to make a world, as the ole feller said, and I guess likely he had the rights on't fast enough."

TAMMANY'S NEW LEADER

CHARLES F. MURPHY

By WALTER L. HAWLEY

LEADERS of the political organization called Tammany are not elected. They grow into the place or force themselves in by physical or intellectual power. During the one hundred and fourteen years of its existence two men have ruled Tammany by force of intellect combined with perfect mastery of the art of political cunning or trickery. Those men were Aaron Burr and Fernando Wood. The other leaders have been men of brawn and some brain and most of them ruled by the force of a strong right arm. A Tammany leader must be a boss, a dictator. He must order and be able to compel obedience. When a follower can question his orders his power over the organization is gone.

Aaron Burr made Tammany a political organization and a partisan power in the city and State. He was never a member of the Society and there is no authentic record that he ever entered the rooms of the organization, but for years he ruled it as absolutely as did Tweed, Kelly and Croker in later years, and every brave spoke of him as "our chief." Burr's chief lieutenant was Matthew L. Davis, many times Grand Sachem of the society. By direction of Burr, Tammany began the system of issuing addresses or resolutions on political questions, a custom followed to this day. The addresses, prepared by Burr, were adopted by Davis and two of his friends and then spread broadcast as the utterances of the Tammany Society.

The Tammany Society was founded as a workingman's or poor man's organization and a protest against the Society of the Cincinnati and against all aristocracy. To this day the underlying spirit of hostility to social classes based upon good birth or inherited wealth is as strong in the organization as it was in the days of Burr. The man who leads

or rules the organization must recognize and foster that spirit. That is why the man who rules direct must have brawn as well as brains.

Immediately after the funeral of the late John Kelly a prominent Democrat, not a member of Tammany, asked of a district leader of the organization: "Who will succeed Kelly as a leader?"

"Dick Croker," was the reply.

"What! The leader of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel gang?"

"Certainly. He is the strongest man we have. Why he can knock down and drag out any half-dozen of the other leaders."

The prediction was speedily verified. With the shoulders of a giant and the stride of the trained athlete, Dick Croker, who had led a gang and fought his way to the front, walked into Kelly's office and sat in Kelly's chair and none said stay, and none asked why. The great physical strength dimly revealed in every step and movement appealed to the rank and file of Tammany, and the elements of population that constitute its voting force rallied to Croker. The same elements would have trampled upon a weak man. Croker was above the mass of his organization only in physical strength and for that they respected and admired him. He fitted into the situation and completed it. The theory of Tammany is that the rewards of politics and the honors of public life are for the men who fight for them.

Charles F. Murphy, the new leader of Tammany, came to the chair of Kelly and Croker unbidden, but he came with the stride of an athlete and sits with the pose of one who has come to stay. Like his immediate predecessor, Croker, he is the personification of the ideal in the Tammany estimate of leaders. He has worked and fought his way up from the bottom. Murphy is six feet tall, his arms are long, his shoulders are broad, but bend or stoop a little as he walks. The same stoop is in the shoulders of Fitzsimmons, Corbett and many other prize fighters. His physical courage too, is known and recognized by his followers. He can say no and mean it. He can say yes and keep his word and can listen and say nothing.

A sketch or history of the life of a man dead or living is, in the office of a modern daily newspaper, classed as a "Morgue obit," meaning a biography hurriedly written from records kept in a receptacle called "the morgue." There is no "obit," of the new Tammany leader worth the writing or the reading except as a study of the political organization of which he is now dictator. His life story might be summed up in the phrase, "He was a typical Eastside New York boy." In Tammany that would be a passport to power.

Charles F. Murphy was born in East 20th street on June 20, 1858. The story of his parents is a familiar one. They were poor, but honest people. That is the whole of their biography. The future leader of Tammany inherited no rare or peculiar traits or gifts. He was a strong, healthy child, played in the streets and as a boy attended the public schools and obtained a fair English education. He was never a book worm and his chief reading has been a hurried glancing over the daily newspapers.

As soon as he left school young Murphy went to work. He never served an apprenticeship and learned no trade. His work was anything that came to hand. At nineteen years of age he was driving a street car on the Twenty Third street cross town line and worked seventeen hours a day for $2. Then he worked in the shop of a tin roofer, but not long enough to learn the trade. From the time he was old enough to enter the public school Murphy had been interested in athletic sports and soon developed strength and talent as a baseball pitcher. In the early eighties, when the game had become a craze all over the country, he organized an amateur team of which he was captain and pitcher.

Murphy called his baseball team "The Senators" because he had begun to take an interest in local politics and had attracted the attention of the late Senator Hogan, who was for years Tammany leader of the famous Gas House district. The Senators played match games with other amateur teams

in all the principal cities of the State and won most of them. They also played several exhibitions games with the best professional teams and were several times successful in such contests. The young politician who was captain and manager of the team made a reputation as a pitcher and a manager. The success of his baseball team made him a popular hero in the Gas House district. A popular hero in that territory must not long plod as a mere laborer.

Every boy born in the district over in the bend of the East river where the gas houses are is supposed by his fond and proud parents to be born into politics. In that territory there are two short cuts to political success, the athletic track and the gin mill route. Murphy traveled both and distanced all competitors. After his success as a baseball player he opened a saloon. He had made a reputation as a young man of some force of character, an athlete and a man of few words. In the liquor business he succeeded from the start, for every gas-house man and boy felt some local pride in "Charley," pitcher, captain and manager of the "Senators."

Murphy had done local political work in a small way before he was old enough to vote. After he opened a saloon he became an election district captain. His liquor business prospered and he soon opened two more saloons. Then he was a political power in the district. He had an older brother nominated and elected Alderman and then he was recognized in the district as second in command to State Senator Hogan, the Tammany leader. His advancement in politics, while rapid, was along the regular lines of Tammany organization, spirit and tradition. He was in a district of rough and turbulent men. He could handle those men because they knew that in physical strength he was their superior, that he could whip them if he tried and would do it if necessary.

Ten years ago Senator Hogan died and Murphy succeeded him as leader of the Eighteenth Assembly district. There was no election, no orders from above. The Tammany workers of the district knew that Charley Murphy, young, strong, quiet, but aggressive, was the man for the place.

The first words spoken by Murphy, after he became a member of the Committee, that attracted attention to the man from the Gas House district were few, short and ungrammatical. Another leader, one of some power and influence, had a resolution he intended presenting at a meeting. The tenor of it was contrary to the policy of the organization. Its presentation would have been in the nature of a protest against the dominant boss power. The leader who proposed the resolution was soliciting votes for it in advance of the meeting in which he expected to declare his independence. He approached Murphy. "Don't talk to me. I'm agin' ye. I'll vote agin' your resolution," said the man from the Gas House district, and the old-time men of the ranks who heard and understood said, one to another, "Charley's all right." From that hour he was a power in the Committee.

Under the Tammany system of organization and centralization of power no more than three or five district leaders have influence or effective voice with the man who leads or rules. The others are less than figure heads. They are mere pawns, or units in the game. They obey orders even to minor nominations in their own districts. Murphy, always quiet, but ever firm, soon won the attention of Croker. He was one of the few who were consulted, and in his own district he was supreme.

Early in his career as a district leader, Murphy in a quiet way made it clear to the police and the citizens of his district that he was master there. The district is one of homes, and Irish Catholics are in a measure dominant in purely local affairs. To them the home is something sacred, flagrant vice something to be kept out of the territory. One night Murphy sent for the police captain of the precinct to come to his Tammany club house. The captain came.

"Captain, what is the character of the tenants in —— street; the people who moved in to-day?" Murphy asked.

"I don't know," said the police captain.

"I'll give you twenty-four hours to

put them out of this district. Good night."

Murphy then held no city office. He was merely a Tammany district leader, but next day the objectionable tenants moved out of his district and they did not return. News of the incident spread and the power of the new leader was doubled. A pool room opened in his district and a woman went to Murphy and complained that her husband was losing all his wages in the new gambling place. The Tammany leader went to the police captain and said: "There is a pool room at —— street. Put it out of my district." The place closed that day and did not reopen.

One police captain, Smith by name, with some record for his independence of politics, once defied Murphy and lived to regret it. The captain arrested Murphy, and the arrest of a Tammany district leader was then a serious matter. The first Sunday after the Raines Liquor Tax law went into effect Murphy's three saloons were all thrown open. No liquor was sold, but soda water and lemonade was served free to all comers. The purpose was to test the section of the law requiring all doors to be locked, while window shades must be raised to reveal the interior of the saloon.

Captain Smith ordered Murphy to close his places. The district leader refused and was arrested. When Tammany came into power on January 1, 1898, Murphy then appointed a Dock Commissioner, went to the Police Board and said :—"Put Smith on the boat and keep him there. I want him right under my window, where I can keep my eye on him."

Command of the police steamboat Patrol is a detail never sought by captains. The boat ties up at Pier A and the offices of the Dock Board are on that pier. Smith was sent to the Patrol and kept there under the eye of Murphy throughout the four years of the last Tammany administration. The present Police Commissioner made Smith an inspector.

Murphy served four years as a Commissioner of Docks, the only city office he has held. With the defeat of Tammany in 1901 he dropped back into the quiet leadership of the Gas House district.

A number of years ago a Tammany politician holding a city office, of which the salary was $8,000 a year, resigned to accept office as a Dock Commissioner at a salary of $5,000 a year. When a friend asked him why he made the change he said: "In the Dock Department most of the work is done under water."

As a Dock Commissioner Murphy was little known to the public until long after he was out of office. But contractors and politicians knew him, and all persons having business with the department soon learned that the square-jawed, silent man who was always on duty was the man to see, that he was in fact the "Board." He was treasurer of the department and in that capacity signed orders for work and supplies when it was necessary to make contracts or purchases without advertising for bids. These orders aggregated several hundred thousand dollars a year. A new corporation, the New York Contracting and Trucking Company, obtained long leases of docking privileges on the city piers at low rates of rental. It has since developed that a brother of Murphy was treasurer of the Company and the Alderman from his district, President.

When these facts came out a year or more after the leases were made the present leader of Tammany said: "Why certainly; everything being equal for the city I always favored my friends."

That is the political creed of Tammany in a sentence. That sentence did more to make Murphy popular in his organization than any other speech he ever made. It disclosed him a true Tammany man.

Murphy also said later on that he courted the fullest public investigation of his official acts. He was dangerously ill when some of the leases were made, but not once has he pleaded that as excuse or defense, and this refusal to dodge also strengthened him with his followers.

The record of the Tammany Dock Board has been under special judicial

Specially taken for LESLIE'S MONTHLY by N. Lazarnick.

Charles F. Murphy.

investigation, but so far nothing against the Tammany leader has been made public that will impair his power or popularity in his own organization.

Croker, the defeated boss, preparing for a long sojourn on his estate in England, attempted to defy Tammany's unwritten laws. He named a man as leader and sailed away. Croker's man, or substitute, Lewis Nixon, could build ships, but he could not steer Tammany.

Tammany men were divided in opinion as to the intentions of Croker. Some thought he expected to return, and they wanted the leadership kept open for him. Others wanted him out of the organization for good. Both factions made matters unpleasant for acting leader Nixon and he resigned. Then as a compromise the Executive Committee appointed a subcommittee of three to manage the political affairs of the organization. Murphy was placed at the head of that sub-committee and in a short time, in a quietly aggressive way, he was leader. The subcommittee dissolved. It had to because Tammany is and has always been an organization to be controlled by one man or not at all.

At first there was doubt of Murphy and threat of plots to overthrow him. He sent for the plotters and they surrendered. His first important move of a general political character was to bring back to terms of truce with Tammany a number of rich and prominent Democrats who had voted against Bryan in 1896 and 1900. He went to these men or sent for them and induced them to serve as delegates to the Democratic State Convention of 1902. Then the rank and file knew that Tammany was again its old self. It has always been the policy of Tammany to keep in its membership a few men of ability and prominence, in brief to bid high for outside votes and influence.

Murphy had studied the history of his organization. He knew the power of physical force and courage, but he did not for a moment underestimate the importance of keeping on good terms with those members of his party who do not believe in sand bag and slung shot methods in politics. He kept out of the organization and out of the State convention forever, Chief-of-Police, W. S. Devery, who was classed as a fitting representative of the thug element. While the State convention was in session, Murphy skilfully appealed for the commendation of the better element of his party by open and seemingly fair and mild opposition to Devery, but all the time he had two hundred stalwart men bunched in the convention hall with orders to throw Devery and his delegation into the street if necessary.

Murphy not only succeeded in bringing back to the organization many Democrats who left it in 1896, but he encouraged the popular feeling of dissatisfaction with the city administration in power and the result was a Democratic vote in 1902 large enough to convince the doubters among his followers that he was a success as a leader.

The new leader lost no time in following up his advantage. He changed the rules of the Executive Committee so he might remove any member of that committee at his pleasure. Again keeping close to the methods and traditions of Tammany of old the new leader has revised and stimulated the style of oratory known as spread eagle. For the last Fourth of July celebration at the wigwam Murphy produced orators warranted to make the "welkin ring."

Inside the organization there is now but one opinion of Murphy as leader and that opinion is that he has come to stay and cannot be disturbed until he loses two elections. Tammany will endure anything save four consecutive years out of office. As a political organization it lives on patronage and thrives only on success. The city election this year will be the first serious test of the new leader. If Tammany wins he will control the government of the city absolutely. He is typical of Tammany and the majority of its leaders of the past in all things. He drifted into politics, made politics the real business of his life, worked and fought his way from the bottom to the top, and to the average Tammany man his life history is one of glory—a tale of success.

"*Bottle. Say 'bottle.'*"

THE UPBRINGING OF THE LAST

A Story of the Pettisons

By MARION HILL

With Drawings by E. BENSON-KNIPE

IT is a crime to bring up children. Or, if not a crime, it is a huge mistake. At any rate, it is the biggest waste of time in the world, for, if left properly alone, children will come up by themselves quite as well as any one can bring them.

It's something like swimming. So long as the would-be swimmer fancies that he has to perform all the work, his kicks and splashings simply sink him; but when he realizes that the water will do the supporting if he vex it not too much, he goes ahead beautifully.

The Pettisons brought up their first three children with such a terrific expenditure of force all round, that, when brought up, the brought as well as the bringers were prematurely old. They let the fourth child alone; not because they believed it best, but because *she* did. Moreover, by then, the parent Pettisons were awfully tired.

Not too tired, however, to retain the grip they had upon the older three. No indeed. They practiced upon that luckless trio to preserve the balance of power. When the youngest Pettison flew too high, the older ones had their wings clipped closer. It was a wonder they loved Pink as they did; they ought to have hated her.

Pink was the fourth Pettison's name, —and wasn't. Had she been a boy and received the name of John Ernest, after a wealthy English cousin, she would have received also the heirship to that cousin's property. Making the best of

a woeful business, her father and mother named the baby Johanna Ernestine,—which was worth just a hundred dollars,—that sum to be hers upon the cousin's death. He was a healthy man, too.

For some reason or other, Johanna Ernestine decided that her name should be pronounced Pink. And she succeeded. It took her years to make her name good. But a little matter like a fight was nothing at all to Pink.

She had been a fighter since infancy, in her fifteenth month undermining the sternest bulwark in her mother's stronghold of education. If there was one thing Mrs. Pettison would *not* tolerate it was baby talk, so when Pink christened her milk-bottle, her "billie-boggin," the trouble commenced.

"Bottle. Say 'bottle,'" commanded Mrs. Pettison, forensically.

"Bottle," murmured the baby tentatively. "Bottle!" she repeated curling her lips in disgust. "Billie-boggin!" she announced, in a firm shriek.

"Bottle!" insisted the mother, aghast at the rebellion.

"Billie-boggin," persisted the infant, and the matter was settled.

Not knowing it to be settled, Mrs. Pettison sought to starve the refractory one into obedience.

"It is more than a matter of a mere silly name," she explained to her husband. "It is a whole principle. Moreover, if I allow her to have her way in this instance, each succeeding conflict of authority will be made more difficult. I *must* conquer now."

"You *must*," agreed Mr. Pettison, equally solemn, equally aghast.

So, to Johanna Ernestine was offered a "bottle" at her next feeding, which upon being hailed as a "billie-boggin," was promptly removed. Pink went empty,—and kicked and screamed. After another three hours—hungry, rebellious hours—the bottle was hailed still more violently as a billie-boggin. Again it was removed. Being emptier, Pink kicked and screamed more furiously. A third attempt was no less a failure. When the time came for the fourth feeding, what with hunger and passion the baby had worked herself into a fever and was raving for her billie-boggin in real delirium.

Not being a monster, the heart-broken if fad-ridden mother gave in.

"Here is your *bottle*, dear," she whispered.

"Oh billie-boggin," muttered the baby, clutching it ravenously. For a quarter of an hour she imbibed, sanity and peace returning in measure as the milk disappeared. When finished, "Take billie-boggin," she commanded, poking the article into her mother's hand. Then she sank into a long and victorious sleep.

Outsiders who heard the Pettisons requesting the nurse to prepare "Pink's billie-boggin" never dreamed of the frightful struggles the words inferred.

There wasn't a nurse after a few years. Poverty was another factor which aided in Pink's liberation. The Pettisons came down in the world. Not everybody knew it, because Mrs. Pettison believed in putting her best foot foremost—as she expressed it; and that foot was so much in evidence even after the crash came that neighbors contented themselves by merely wondering how in the world the Pettisons got along as they did, and Mr. Pettison out of his job, too.

For a fact, they did not get along; but, just as stars apparently shine for thousands of years after they have died in heaven, so can a family, though socially and financially extinct, manage to twinkle along for quite a time on the reserves of the attic trunks and the contents of the kitchen cupboard and the root cellar.

Mrs. Pettison being obliged to look after her house, had very little time for personal encounter with her youngest —which kept Pink's disposition in a pleasant and unruffled condition. The child's insides profited, too. There was no money to buy thrice cooked cereals and predigested foods; consequently Pink had to do her own digesting—something none of the others could. The third Pettison was especially weak in this regard, being a semi-invalid. Pink said it was her name—Constantia. Constantia herself said it was her liver. She referred to herself sighingly so often as

a "perfect wreck" that Pink heartlessly dubbed her "the P. W." but evened up by giving her a world of affectionate care.

Who says that thirteen is not an unlucky number? It was when Pink was thirteen years old that the final crash came, and the last savings of the family were swept away in a bank failure.

No one seemed to appreciate the gravity of their need except the youngest. The others were stupidly hopeful over nothing. Mrs. Pettison was to rent rooms; Rex was to enter the ministry; Regina, his twin sister, was to sing in the choir; while Constantia was to attend to the housekeeping. Mr. Pettison would *have* to get something to do soon. But—the pride of none of them could stand advertising their rooms; Rex loathed the ministry; Regina was too miserably shy to ever open her mouth in a public place; Constantia was always too busy massaging her liver to have any time or inclination left for housekeeping; and, saddest of all, Mr. Pettison, in his weary middle age, was merely the clerk that he was when a youth, and to every position open to him there were hundreds of high school boys ready and able to take it at a few dollars a week. The mental worry of all this slid from the others like water from a duck's back, and settled in lines of anxious care on the small, pale face of the youngest. When she could stand it no longer, she wrote this letter:—

Dear Cousin John.

I am the one who is to get a hundred dollars when you die. I hope you won't die, but will send my mother the money right away. I'll call it square. Dad's in a hole all right. The dinky old wolf is howling at our door to beat the band. Don't tell Ma I wrote this. I get jawed at enough as it is.

Yours very kindly
PINK PETTISON.

(The only comment to be made upon this letter is to state that Mrs. Pettison tabooed slang more rigorously, if anything, than she did baby-talk.)

Naturally, Pink was the least surprised of the family, when, later, a letter came from Cousin John stating that owing to a business trip he was in America and would call upon his relatives at a stated date, and since their interests were always his, although his home was remote, he would be happy if they would allow him to serve them in any way.

"That sounds as if he were going to do something for us," said Mrs. Pettison wisely. "It would be just like him to offer to send Rex to college, and give Regina a musical education. I shall accept both offers. But we must not appear to him to be in destitute circumstances. We must appear prosperous. Nothing succeeds like success. We must put our best foot foremost."

With these axioms and others, to be found in copy books where they ought to be left, Mrs. Pettison prepared a brave front to greet the strange relative. The house was put in its best order; the family was arrayed in its best garments; cake and wine were on the side table. At least, it would have been cake and wine had Mrs. Pettison been built on those lines, but she was a pure-food follower, so the cake was a sort of predigested biscuit looking as if made out of sun-dried angleworms, and the wine was unfermented grape juice.

At the hour set for Cousin John's arrival, Pink took up her station by the window.

"If he is old and red, thin, fierce-looking, and all off on top, he's here," she announced, critically.

"All off on top—" hazarded Mrs. Pettison blankly.

"Bald," said Rex laconically.

"I forbid these unladylike expressions, Miss? how often have I—"

"That's true, you know 'tis, Johanna," chirupped Rex.

"If you keep chewing the rag, Rex, you'll have lint on the lungs by the time Cousin John gets in," volunteered Pink. "He's on the steps now."

Mrs. Pettison just barely managed to choke off her ire, when Cousin John entered and all were soon shaking hands and exchanging greetings together.

"Which is Pink?" he demanded.

"This is Johanna," said Mrs. Pettison, waving towards her youngest, and managing to convey to that youngest, and to her alone, that the little matter

"If you give us the shake, we're up against it for sure."

between them would be taken up later.

"Pink?" insisted the new comer.

"Pink," said that damsel, briefly, taking his outstretched hand.

They looked at each other oddly as they shook hands, and, without a word being spoken, Pink received assurance that her secret would be kept and that her family was to be helped. *She* saw a very strong old man, with beetling brows over piercing eyes, a chin that looked determined, and a stern but not unkindly mouth. *He* saw a tall and slender child, with a sleek, brown head, like a deer's, and with eyes like a deer's, too, for they were at the one time both frightened and fearless. If he wondered how so spiritual a form could go with so careless a tongue, he was not the first.

Satisfied that all was to be well, Pink withdrew to a corner and became a fascinated listener.

Of course a lawless amount of time went in accounts, biographical and funereal, of several thousand relatives and friends, and it was not until the visit was practically over, and Cousin John was actually on his feet to go, that he said:—

"By the way, if this young man here, Rex, wants to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work his way up, I can get him a smallish position immediately."

"Indeed?" remarked Mrs. Pettison.

Pink's heart beat very faintly. She knew that voice.

"Yes. A manufacturing friend of mine wants me to find him an extra hand or two. There's not much in it to begin with, but there's always a chance for promotion. What say you, Rex?"

"You are very kind, sir, I want to work," began Rex manfully. Then he caught sight of his mother's outraged face, and faltered and flushed, "but if possible—I should like to procure—perhaps—a position—more compatible—with dignity—than—" Words shriveled on his tongue, burned to a crisp by the baleful fire in his cousin's eyes.

"I hope you may find it, sir, I hope you may find it!" snarled the old man.

"Mine won't go begging, I assure you."

"There are some things more important than money," began Mrs. Pettison sagely. "It won't do to deny that we *need* money, perhaps—"

Cousin John cut her short.

"How much?" he demanded, adding rather sarcastically, "I am not so poor myself as not to be able to share a little with a relative in need."

"You are mistaken, indeed," cried Mrs. Pettison, bridling at once," if you think we are ones to impose upon our kin! Not while my children can work for me—"

He interrupted her again, by pointing to Regina, and demanding.

"Is *this* the one who will work? We'll soon see! Young lady, I happen to know in your town a woman who wants a refined girl to be nurse and governess to her little child. I said I'd see you about it. Is the position compatible with *your* dignity?"

Letting her good judgment go to the winds, Regina stepped into the boat with her beloved twin brother.

"It is not," she said calmly. It was at this juncture that Pink leaked from the room. She did not see the final wind up.

"May I offer you some refreshment, Cousin?" inquired Mrs. Pettison, haughtily putting an end to further benefit.

He lowered his glasses and looked long and earnestly at the proffered dainties.

"*Refreshments?* Ha! Thanks very much? Not any! Good day!" With this he slammed on his hat and shot from the house.

At the first corner he met his would-be namesake. She stopped his furious course by standing squarely in front of him.

"Cousin, if you give us the shake, we're up against it for sure," urged Pink, wringing her hands, real desperation in her eyes.

"*Shake?* 'up against' what?" he demanded, turning upon her angrily.

"Now ple-e-ease come off your perch! you can catch on like a bird, if you only want! I know there is an Eng-

lish half to you but there's an American half, too. Won't you give the Englisher a day off and let the American play ball! won't you?"

His eyes grew less angry as he realized her evident suffering, but he still spoke hotly.

"How can I help people against their will? You heard how they turned me down!"

"*Did what?*" whispered Pink.

He broke into a laugh, and caught her hand in his and patted and petted it while he talked.

"Little girl, you seem to have two ideas in your head—if you *are* a Pettison!—now, if you see a path for me, point it out."

"Well," suggested Pink, hopefully, "Rex is not the chump he looks."

"You mean—?"

"Go ahead."

"—that left to himself he would accept an inferior position rather than remain idle?"

"You're there."

"Very good. I will keep this one for him. Tell him to see me about it to-morrow."

Gratitude and relief sent a brilliant color into the girl's face, but she said nothing, contenting herself by squeezing the great hand which covered hers.

"Is there anything else?" he asked.

"Regina thinks Rex is the whole thing. She's a great deal of a copycat. If he goes to work, she will."

"Then I am to tell my friend that her little boy is to have his governess?"

"Wouldn't be scared to risk it if I were you."

"Good again. Is there anything else?"

"Dad's on the bargain counter, too," offered Pink, with the nonchalance of extreme need.

"God bless my soul! you don't mean it! *How* have you managed to live!"

"On our uppers," said Pink. She looked back over the near past and her face paled. Humiliation and want generally go hand in hand.

"Your father unemployed! Dear, dear, dear! Here is where I am powerless I am afraid. I know of no position—"

"Couldn't invent something?" asked Pink, guilelessly.

"Invent? Well, well, well! Perhaps I might use a secretary—"

"Perhaps *nothing*!" sang Pink, joyously. "You bet you'll use one! and in a blooming hurry, too! May I tell Dad?"

"Tell him. Is there anything else?"

"No. Except—except that I think you *are good*!" said Pink, growing whiter with suppressed feeling. Again she wrung his hand.

"I want a daughter!" he cried explosively. "I want you! I am an old man, my dear, childless and lonely. If you come back to England with me there's not a rational wish you can form that I won't gratify! If you want learning, pick out your seminary! If you want travel, off we go! If you want society, I'll buy it for you!"

Every variety of expression, delight, amusement, excitement—all danced over Pink's transfigured face as she listened. But finally she shook her head.

"Too sudden," she said. "I'll be a sister to you. And stay here."

"Won't come?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Well, because," here she waved her hand towards her home—"I'm rather useful around the menagerie. I know how to ease the P.W.'s liver, for one thing. For another, I know where to oil the running gear of the Poor-but-Honests when it gets out of fix. And—it's always too tough for me when it comes to cutting the gang."

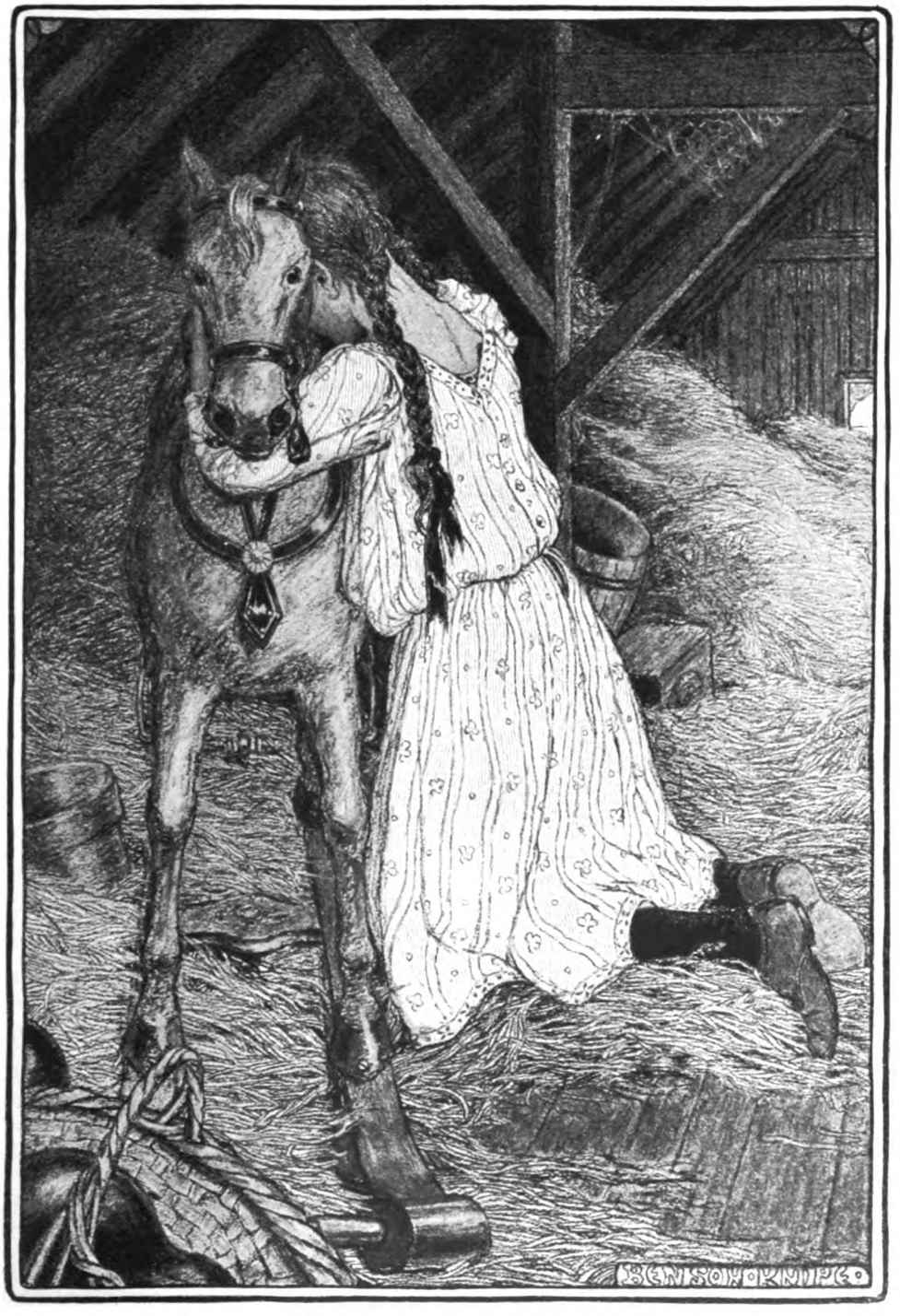
"*Tch! tch!* my dear!" he fumed, frowning at the expressions.

"Sure *mike*, 'tch' or no 'tch'," she continued, unabashed. Suddenly the color rushed again to her face and she flung up her sleek head shy and deer-like once more, radiant with a new idea.

"Could you stand the P.W. in England for one year?" she demanded breathlessly.

"No!" he thundered.

"Oh, you must! you must! She's



" There's no one else to be sorry—just you, Bruno."

not half bad! Her liver's mostly a fake. Ma and Dad just pick her to death. Now, if you'll ship her to England for a year, chipped as she is, and send her back mended, I'll, I'll—I don't know what I wouldn't do for you!"

"I know what you wouldn't do for me," he observed gruffly.

"What?"

"What I just asked."

Pink reflected, and the unchildish pallor and gravity came back to her.

"All right," she said, and he did not notice the weariness. "Cure the P.W. and I'll come over for keeps."

"You will?"

"Sure's shooting."

"Shake."

The two looked keenly into each other's eyes and gravely shook hands. Then he raised his hat and she went to the house to impart her various news.

She found the family in extremest dejection. Mrs. Pettison, no longer putting her best foot foremost, had that foot and the other too, limply disposed upon the sofa where, of course, the rest of her was. And she was crying. Rex was helplessly beating the devil's tattoo upon the window. Regina had her dark eyes fixed upon him, pityingly and frowningly. Constantia, a victim of an acute attack either of liver or sympathy, was weeping with her mother.

"Oh, turn off the water-works," exclaimed Pink irritably. Then she told.

It was as if she held them all in the palm of her skinny little hand; one by one she stood them on their feet, while tears, poverty, illness, melancholy, all took flight.

Indeed, the Pettisons, reviving like hollow-stemmed plants after a rain, cheered too much and too immediately.

"Rex," demanded his mother, sitting up capably, numberless possibilities in the way of health-foods glittering in her eye, "come back here, take a pencil, and write out an order I shall give you for the grocer."

"Yes, mamma." He had been intending to hunt for his father, but obediently turned and sat down at the desk.

"And Regina—" she went on.

"Yes, mamma?"

"(I must insist that you conquer this incessant frowning.) Look over this pattern book with Constantia. You will both need new gowns immediately. Constantia particularly."

"Yes, mamma."

"And, Johanna—"

"Excuse *me*!" said Pink curtly, heading for the door.

"What, Johanna! Can you not evince the slightest interest in our affairs? You will please me by remaining to rejoice with us awhile at our brighter prospects!"

"No 'rejoice' in mine to-day, thanks," said Pink, airily, opening the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Pettison, her next remarks to be—"What are you going for?" and "How long are you going to stay?" Pink knew them by heart and resolved to cut all but the first:—"Where are you going?"

"Out!" she cried, disappearing immediately, and slamming the door behind her.

She fled to the friendly barn and climbed up into the loft where years ago she had dragged Bruno, the old rocking-horse, to be a comfort in hours of just such distress as this. The loft was dim and close and dusty—a strange place for the Angel who guards the childishness of unchildish children, but there the angel was.

"Be sorry for me, Bruno," pleaded Pink, kneeling upon the floor, clinging to her wooden friend and hiding her face in his scanty mane. Her deer-like head was low enough now, her sleek hair ruffled, her insolent voice as gentle and mournful as a dove's. The tears raced through her fingers, but she was not conscious of them. "Be sorry for me, dear. I have become a *beggar!* I begged, Bruno. It was for the others—and they needed it—but I begged. And I sold myself away from home. Bruno, dear, be sorry—there is no one else to be sorry—just you, Bruno—I begged—and I think my heart is broken."

THE INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC EXCHANGE

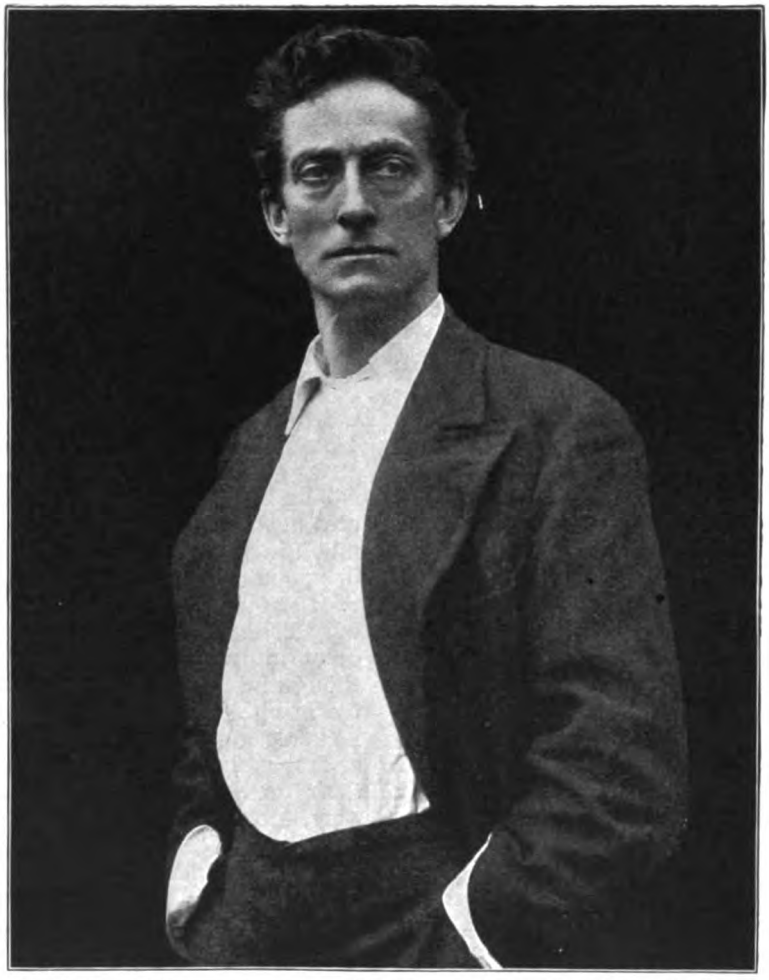
By F. ELDERKIN FYLES

PAUL M. POTTER was quoted, on his recent return from Europe, as sympathizing deeply and in an effectively quivering voice with the English dramatists and actors who, he said, were being crowded from their own capital by the American invaders. All of which, on the part of the American dramatist, was commendable for its patriotism rather than for its commonsense. During the last ten years, since the much-paragraphed American invasion of theatrical London began, all of that city's leading actor-managers, with a single exception, and several distinctly "unleading" players have toured our country, for whom, in exchange, we have sent Mrs. Leslie Carter, Nat Goodwin and William Gillette for two engagements each, and Miss Annie Russell for one, with a negro entertainment and some Casino burlesques as the entire rest. And as for the exchange of dramas, half the plays of any Broadway season are of foreign make, while the most boasted year has introduced no more than half a dozen American pieces to London. But these words are not to discuss the international exchange of plays but of players, and a glance back at last season shows seven stars and as many starless companies from England arrayed against one troupe of unbleached American cake-walkers sent abroad by us. After all, though, but for patriotic pride, are we not the gainers—we who revel in the uninterrupted possession of art such as that of Maude Adams, Margaret Anglin and Richard Mansfield, and add to that frequent views of Sir Henry Irving and Mrs. Patrick Campbell? It rather looks as if we are the winners in the International Dramatic Exchange.

The newly-started season, which Mr. Potter hails as America's own in London, will send them Mabelle Gilman and *announcements* of the coming within a year or two of Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, Maude Adams, Grace George and Mrs. Carter. In exchange we have Sir Henry Irving, Tomasso Salvini, Mrs. Langtry, Marie Tempest, Martin Harvey, Charles Warner, Charles Hawtrey, Charlotte Wiehe, Vesta Tilley, George P. Huntley, Kyrle Bellew and Mr. and Mrs. J. Forbes-Robertson among us, with promises by Mr. Frohman of the imminent importation of H. Beerbohm Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham, George Alexander, John Hare, Ellen Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

The English actor knows that a success in America means almost twice as much in financial gain as a corresponding popularity at home. That is *with* the right play. Sir Henry Irving is the only British player who can draw us in great multitudes in the old repertory, though he makes assurance doubly sure by bringing the new "Dante." The Kendals and Mrs. Campbell succeeded at first as fads, without new plays, but their prosperity was not lasting, and they, too, wait now for novelties.

J. Forbes-Robertson, Martin Harvey, George Alexander and Arthur Bourchier form a group of London actor-managers, allied in other things beside their popularity and prosperous leadership in their capital. America knew all four in their days of pre-historic fame when they figured as "supporting" actors, and the best one of them as a leading man. Now, well established in British actor-management, they have for many years cast longing glances U. S.-ward. But the play? Almost ten years ago Mr. Bourchier, who had reason to believe he had gained a following as John Drew's successor in Daly's company, came here as a star, bringing his wife, Violet Vanbrugh, and her since brilliantly sucessful sister, Irene Vanbrugh. But his plays, "The Chili Widow" and "The Queen's Proctor," were slender farces that only a familiar and favorite personality could have borne to success, and Mr. Bourchier returned to London town a poorer but a wiser man. His failure and the



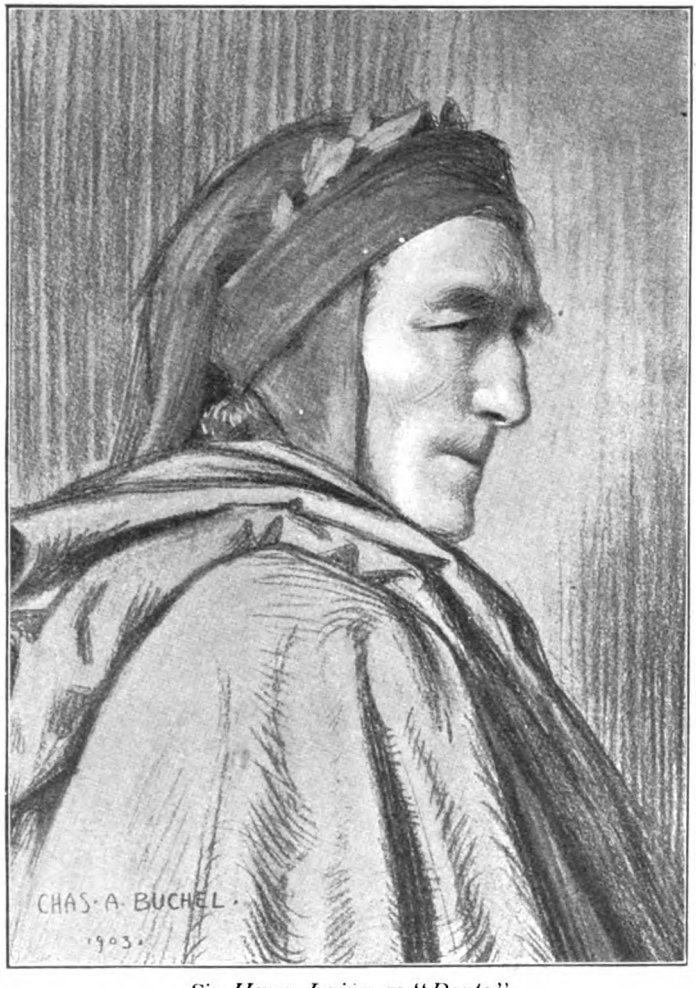
J. Forbes-Robertson as "Dick Heldar," in "The Light that Failed."

fate of Beerbohm Tree, who, rich in art but bankrupt in novelty, was making his second unlucky effort to establish himself among us at that time, have stood as an amalgamated warning to the English star who would lay siege to American dollars without a strong, striking and unfamiliar play. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Alexander heeded the warning. Mr. Alexander's case is odd and leaves reasonable room for doubt as to whether his exact position could be uprooted from its London ground and transplanted to a foreign land that would give to it the same rich soil from which to draw life and luxuriant bloom. He is no uncommon actor, as people who saw him here with Irving and Terry may recall. An uninspired impersonator of such simple and unexacting roles as *Bassanio* in "The Merchant of Venice" and the title part of "Faust," was the American estimate of him, and his art has not appreciably expanded. Yet his eminence in London is second to none. A reputation reared on a truly remarkable gift of discovering, in manuscript, plays from good to great—(it was he who found and gave to the world such masterpieces as Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Princess and the Butterfly," Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Lady Windermere's Fan," Esmond's "The

Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson) as "Maisie" in "The Light that Failed."

Wilderness" and Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca")—a faultless production of these dramas; a prodigal generosity in the making up of casts; a nice understanding of a gentleman's comfort in a theater; and withal a social position that makes his personality a factor in the lives of the people he entertains; these things might vanish into air on a transatlantic voyage, and leave the uninspired Mr. Alexander a strange actor in a strange land. Therefore he has repeatedly sold the American rights in his plays at a handsome profit! But temptation grew too strong, and a year ago he announced his coming next month, setting the very evening in December when he would produce "Paolo and Francesca" at the Knickerbocker Theater. Apparently Prudence has overtaken the sprightly spirit of Adventure, as the Alexander announcement has been quietly withdrawn, and he has joined the Wyndham-Hare-Tree army who are "coming next season."

Unlike Mr. Alexander's reputation, that of Forbes-Robertson's and that of Martin Harvey's grew up from personal art rather than professional sagacity. This and the fact that they are newer in stage leadership, made it necessary for them to sell the American rights in their plays to add money to the required sum for London production. Thus Mr. Harvey found himself with an inclina-



Sir Henry Irving as "Dante."

tion for a tour but without "The Only Way," and postponed from year to year positively announced visits, testing, in the meantime, available plays to take its place. Only his personal art and admired use of Shakespeare kept Forbes-Robertson in prosperity till he staged "Mice and Men," and when he offered to buy the American rights from the author he found himself "too late by a week." Mr. Frohman was already engaging actors to "support" Miss Annie Russell in it. Thus these two London players waited year after year, until the restless Mr. Harvey, forgetful of Tree's fate and Bourchier's, crossed the seas without a novelty—and with a wife. Now, though it be a digression and ungallantly so at that, in the record of the London actor-manager in America the wife must be mentioned as playing an unfortunate and inglorious part. Beerbohm Tree had to leave Mrs. Tree at home on his second tour, so unflattering was our opinion of her. The frigidity of our first welcome may be imagined when I quote a conservative critic as writing of her most serious effort, "Mrs. Tree played *Ophelia*, and she ought never, never to do it again." Mrs. Harvey, unfortunate in introducing herself in a part formally invested with the splendid art of Margaret Anglin, was, in her inadequacy, instrumental in the utter failure of the Harvey tour. Mrs. J. Forbes-Robertson we

The latest portrait of Mrs. Langtry.

know of old as one of ourselves, but should the reports of that beautiful young woman's improvement in art since she ceased to be Gertrude Elliott be untrue, we are likely to be grieved again by the blight of domestic affection on professional common-sense. Forbes-Robertson in retaining the rights in so successful a tragedy as "The Light That Failed," brings himself before us on his first stellar tour as a powerful actor and the bearer of a tremendous message from the master novelist, worthily arranged in dramatic form by the clever woman who desires to be known as *George Fleming*.

Miss Marie Tempest comes back to prove the justice of London laudation, even as Mr. Harvey showed us that his sudden advancement from playing the page of Ellen Terry in "Charles I." to stardom—in a single night—had more reason than the bank account of a friend. Miss Tempest endeared herself years ago to this public as a comic opera singer, and as such she became beloved of London in "The Geisha" and "A Greek Slave." But in her most vocal moment it was with histrionic art that Miss Tempest triumphed. She is probably the most discreet singer on the stage. It is her uncommon knowledge of what not to do quite as much as her admirable accomplishment that puts her among the foremost comediennes of our day. It was as *Becky Sharp*, in a play

made from "Vanity Fair" by her husband, Cosmo Gordon-Lenox, and Robert Hichens, that this young woman forsook music for comedy. But Mrs. Fiske and Miss Gertrude Coghlan had for the time exhausted the value of the character here, so a tour could not be made at once. Nor did a great success in "Caste" further this ambition, although Miss Tempest holds out hope of a few performances of *Polly Eccles* during her tour in novelty, just as Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Harvey promise to appear as rival *Hamlets*. But it is in "The Marriage of Kitty," adapted from the French for her by her husband, that we will renew our acquaintance with the one-time Casino singer.

Of the importation of London stars Mr. Frohman says: "With a strong play to carry them, yes; with a repertory, no." But woe betide the actor who lets Mr. Frohman get the American rights in his forthcoming production! Sir Charles Wyndham, H. Beerbohm Tree, Irene Vanbrugh, John Hare, Ellen Terry and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry have long been on Mr. Frohman's waiting list, bound to him should they have a play he could not get without them, or one that he felt particularly required their services. He brought Mr. Hare and Miss Vanbrugh to us in "The Gay Lord Quex," and will probably bring them soon again, the former in the newest Barrie comedy and the latter, as a co-star with H. B. Irving, in Pinero's "Letty." Mr. Hawtrey is now so surely one of us that we may expect him almost every year, if he can secure the plays, and this season he has apparently found one in "The Man from Blankley's."

After all, the whole matter of the American touring London actor-manager is summed up in the experience of Beerbohm Tree, who, by the way, is in fact Herbert Beerbohm, and a brother of the satirical critic and novelist Max Beerbohm. No actor, barring only Henry Irving himself, ever came from England so gloriously heralded, and none, considering the expectations, failed so miserably. As to his art, opinions differ. In London the mention of his name inspires emotional awe, his presence is greeted with hysterical joy, the progress of his performance is attended with hushed dismay and stifled rapture, and the conclusion celebrated with irresponsible ecstacy. From this altar the London Idol stepped down to the stage of America, where Dan Leno, Irving, Hawtrey and the rest started on a common level until their art or lack of it had raised or lowered them in our estimation. Critical opinions varied as to Tree, though far more than one pen denounced him as utterly commonplace, a condemnation that but one man in London dared to voice, the brave and brilliant Gilbert. In speaking of Tree it seems impossible, particularly from the American point of view, to avoid quoting the famous though familiar Gilbert estimate of his art. It was after his first London essay as *Hamlet*, and, as is the custom among the better fed and wealthier bohemians of Britain, a general state of hysteria led to a congratulatory supper. Speech-maker after speech-maker had flung himself into oratorical ecstacy over the "greatest of *Hamlets*," when the dean of London critics, sitting at the tragedian's right, leaned across him, and, controlling the emotion of his voice, said: "We have all told of our admiration of Mr. Tree's performance,—surely you, Mr. Gilbert, have a word of praise." "Indeed," replied the author of "The Mikado, "I think Mr. Tree's *Hamlet* is very funny and not a bit vulgar!"

The American public agreed with our critics as to the London idol's worth. About one-eighth of our playgoers was divided against itself in enthusiastic praise and condemnation, and the other seven-eighths utterly disregarded his presence. Since that year this excellent player has never come to us and I doubt if he ever will. From time to time circumstantial reports of his coming are circulated, and when Clyde Fitch's comedy of "The Last of the Dandies," cost him a small fortune by failing in London, it looked as if he would bring it over seas to this country. The "inside story" was that Mr. Tree was willing to thus devote six perfor-

H. Beerbohm Tree as "Ulysses."

mances a week to money-making, but insisted on a seventh pledged to art and to the introduction of Stephen Phillips' "Herod." Mr. Frohman stuck to the "one-play" theory, and Mr. Tree insisted on a repertory, though he would not take the risk. So the matter dropped, to be taken up again when he did "Ulysses" in London, and then to be dropped again.

Tomasso Salvini's return will be a fitting introduction to an Italian season arranged for 1904. A summer will divide the appearances in April of the older tragedian—who will act in "Othello" and "King Lear," and the coming of his young rival, Ermete Novelli. Not only will this actor, whose reputation has traveled further than himself, appear in Shakespeare and the moderns, but Eleanora Duse will return, glorious in her emancipation from the D'Annunzio repertory. And that year, besides the Frohman promises from England, will bring us Gabrielle Rejane and Jane Hading from France. But why look so far ahead for reason for congratulation when we are well started in a season with Irving, Salvini, Marie Tempest, Hawtrey, Langtry and the Forbes-Robertsons and a dozen lesser lights. After all, though we will glow with pride when Adams, Marlowe and Sothern have familiarized London with the American art, from the selfish point of view, sitting comfortably at home and having cast at our feet the best the world's stage has to offer, we in America are the gainers in the International Dramatic Exchange.

Lying about in the warm sunlight telling stories.

THE LABORER'S HIRE

By BAYARD VEILLER

ADVENTURES IN TOIL

SUNDAY morning, after a late breakfast, seven o'clock seeming almost luxuriously late to us, Harrison and I walked into Laramie.

After the hard work of the previous week the twelve mile walk was nothing to us. Our road lay past half a dozen other camps. At each of these we were asked to stop for dinner by the men and to stop permanently by the bosses. It gave me a feeling of absolute independence to know that there was all the work I wanted ready to hand.

I had always known Laramie as the place Bill Nye came from and almost my first visit was to the *Boomerang* office.

I found the paper, once the most widely quoted journal in America, housed in a narrow two story brick building two doors from the hotel. Since the days of Nye the publication has prospered. Tramp printers no longer find work there, instead two union men run the regular linotype machines, while a small perfecting press runs off the edition of nine or ten thousand copies in a little less than an hour.

Laramie was already in its usual Sunday paroxysm of gaiety and debauchery. The streets were crowded, for every ranch and mine and labor camp within fifty miles had its representatives in the crowds which moved from one drinking place to another or stood about the street corners.

The town was not "wide open" by any means, for there was no public gambling, as there was at Cheyenne or Ogden or Salt Lake City. Still there was a good deal going on, for there was a "show at the theater," and as we walked down Main Street we saw the male members of the troupe grouped in glittering uniforms, playing the popular tunes of the hour on brass and wind instruments. The company traveled in its own car, in which the members lived, the expenses being paid by the owner. They remained a week in a town as small as Laramie, and played a new piece every night. Their prices ranged from ten to thirty cents, and their plays from "Lost in New York" to "As You Like It." All the men in the company were required to dress gaudily, and to play in the daily street parade. The manager of the troupe was a resplendent person. He wore striped trousers which literally hurt the eyes, a brilliant red waistcoat, white plug hat, and long plaid frock coat, and carried a heavy ebony cane with a gold handle. I wish I could reproduce his voice, but his patter was something of this sort,

repeated without pause or stop. "Don't forget the big show at the Oprey House to-night. The Metropolitan Stock Company di-rect from New York, in a repertoire of the greatest successes of the year. See our great star, Miss Minnie Carstairs. Frohman tried to get her for his best company, but I had her pinched by a long time contract. Every play produced with a wealth of scenic investiture that dazzles the eyes, bewilders the mind and satiates the artistic senses. The greatest organization of the kind west of the Rockies, ladies and gentlemen! Don't forget now, the Oprey House to-night, the best show ever given in Laramie."

Then the actor band struck up. The music was weird and wonderful, but it attracted a crowd, and that was all that was desired. Later in the day I drifted round to the car owned by the company, and had a long talk with the manager. An old time barn-storming actor, he was now on the high-road to a moderate fortune. There were ten members to his company, and one man in advance of the show. The advance man was paid twenty dollars a week, out of which he paid his board, but not his traveling expenses. These were little or nothing, however, for the roads, in consideration of the contract for hauling the private car, gave the agent free transportation. His work was personally to put up the gaudy bills of the company, and to make whatever contracts were necessary for hauling the scenery, lighting the halls or theater, arranging for newspaper advertising and last, but not least, it was his place to secure as much free advertising in the reading columns of the papers as he could possibly get.

The actors received from ten to fifteen dollars a week and their board, and one of them did the cooking for the company. It will readily be seen that with expenses that averaged about two hundred and fifty dollars a week, the manager made money when his receipts averaged nearly four hundred.

Old Jimmy the cook.

Late in the afternoon we returned to camp. The men were lying about in the warm sunlight, for cold does not come until the sun has been down an hour or more. Some were sleeping in their bunks, eight or ten men in our tent were playing poker, a few were writing letters, others were telling stories. I took a seat near one group, was welcomed with a nod from the speaker, and listened while the others talked.

"I was workin' in Minnesota that winter for MacArthur Brothers," one man was saying. "They were building the road that they call the Great Western now; in those days they called it the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City. It was a single track line running from Chicago to St. Paul, with a branch to Kansas City."

"I wuz on that work too," interrupted one of the men. "Whitey Sullivan was the boss of the gang."

"'Tis of him that I'm telling ye," said the speaker, "him and meself."

"D'ye remimber the fight he had with Mike the Dago?" said the other.

"'Twas the grandest fight I iver see, the grandest," said the first speaker.

"Mike drew his gun," he went on, after giving the unimportant details of the origin of the row; "an' just as he was going to shoot Whitey kicked him full in the stomach. He wint down like a log, but came up like a rubber ball. I niver see a man git up so quick. This time he niver bothered about a gun, but came at Whitey with a knife about a foot long. Whitey grabbed his arm with both hands and broke it at the elbow. 'Twas the left arm, and Mike never said a word. He let out a groan for a second, and then come back with the other gun.

One bullet took Whitey over the eye and glanced. His face was red with his own blood; he was a terrible sight, and he wuz jest crazy with the fight. I've seen many men like that, but none so bad as Whitey. He wuz quiet too, but suddenly he jumped for the Dago and caught him under the ear with his fist. The fellow jest rolled over like he wuz dead. Whitey jumped on him then, and kicked in his face till ye couldn't tell it from raw beef. Then he broke near all his ribs with his boot-heels. 'Twas a grand fight."

No one asked the fate of the Italian, no one seemed to care.

"'Twas that fight brought on the trouble me and Whitey had next winter," the story teller went on. "The men were working along the Mississippi river that time, and there was one place where it widened out till it was like a lake. They called it Lake Pippin, I guess. Well, the Dagos hadn't been paid off for two months an' I wuz sent down with near ten thousand dollars in bills. Mike, who was well then, but a sight with his broken nose and one ear gone, put up a job to steal the stuff, thinkin' it would send Whitey to the crib. We took a short trip with the money, goin' down the lake on the ice, and when we was two miles from the shore, near two hundred Dagos come after us. We found out afterwards Mike had told them we was skipping with their money. Well, we lit out for the shore and got there four minutes ahead of the gang. We was both armed, and I shot the first feller that tried to come into the empty old house we had taken refuge in. Then we pushed a lot of barrels over against the door, and went upstairs to the second floor. I walked across to look out the winder, and some one in the crowd shot off my hat. Then Whitey tried to get to the winder and tell the men the truth, but they shot at him every time he showed his head. We finally had to lie down on the floor. It was the only way for they kept shooting through the windows all day. It was cold as Greenland too, and we couldn't move to light a fire. I had one ear frozen bad that time.

"Along about dark Whitey said he was going out. I told him we'd be killed, but he said he'd just as soon as be froze to death. So we made a sneak for it. We dropped out of the windows at the back of the house and it was lucky we did for half an hour later they set fire to it.

"Then they got on to our skippin' and come after us, but they couldn't follow our tracks long in the dark, so we got away with the money, and went back to St. Paul with it. The men had to come up there for their money, but we never seen that Dago Mike after that. I heard he had a talk with the boss that scared him most to death."

After supper, bed was what I wanted more than anything else. I climbed into my bunk at once, but most of the others took that hour for the week's wash. Metal pails filled with water had been placed on the big stove, and as soon as it was heated, the men proceeded to wash out their underwear. They hung it to dry on lines strung across the tent, and the atmosphere of the place was soon as moist and heavy as a Turkish bath.

Monday morning brought a change in my work. I did not ask for it, and never found out why M'Clure forced me to it. When I reported to him after breakfast he told me to take out a team of mules. This was quite beyond my power, for the brutes refused to lower their heads, and I could not have reached them to adjust the bridle without the use of a step ladder. I begged for my old team, but the Scot was obdurate. Then I wandered out of the stable, wondering what I was to do next. I had lost all fear of being idle, for I knew by that time that there were twenty camps in the vicinity at any one of which I should be welcomed.

I was picked up in less than ten minutes by the timekeeper. He laughed when I told him why I was idle. M'Clure was a known eccentric, but he was too valuable a man to lose, and he was allowed full control of the stables, and of the men who were driving. I was sent to Dan Mulrooney, three quarters of a mile away, to work on the rock pile which was being used for ballast-

ing the track. I found about twenty men at work there under the cruelest man I have ever known. He took a violent dislike to me from the moment I walked into his camp, and for three days he made my life miserable. At first my work was to shovel or to lift the broken rock into a cart. In my eagerness to do the right amount I filled my shovel each time. It made a very heavy load, and occasionally I stopped

shtones in yure shovel aich toime," he ordered, "an shovel slow. Phawt's th' use in workin us all to death? We ain't in no hurry to end this job."

After that I "sogered" with the best of them, but I could not win the fellowship of the men. They regarded me with distrust, and nothing I could do would change their attitude towards me. Finally Mulrooney took my shovel away from me, and gave me a fifty

My work was to lift the broken rock into a cart.

to breathe, missing just one shovel full in the chorus of labor. This brought Mulrooney down on me, at once. He swore like a pirate, and wanted to know if I came there to work or to sleep. I told him I was throwing twice the weight of rock of any man in the gang, and was entitled to a little rest now and then.

"Rist, is ut, ye dom fule," he cried, while the men howled with amusement, "Rist, ye dirthy lofer? Ar-re ye thryin ter ruin all the bhoys? Put a few

pound sledge, and orders to break the heavy slabs of rock. It was the proper sort of work for a two hundred pound man, not for one who tipped the scales at a hundred and fifty, and was so short that he could not lift the hammer to a fair height. I got along all right for one day with that sledge, but I shall never forget the horror of it.

Tired and stiff as I was from my day's work with the fifty pound sledge, the next day found me working the drill.

This was imposition, for the work was skilled labor and done by that class of workman known as a "rockman and driller." There were very few of these men on this particular job. They were all employed further along the line near the Aspen tunnel, which was an engineering feat of no small magnitude. Still with no experience whatever I was put on the drill and kept at it until my head reeled and my hands and arms were numb with pain and fatigue.

The noon hour meant little to me that day for I was too sick and dizzy to eat. I began to understand how men get to the point of murder, for Mulrooney stood over me nearly the entire day, jibing and swearing at me until I longed to drive a knife into him.

When the order to knock off work came at six my temper was about gone, and I turned on the bully. I didn't swear. I was too mad for that. I was so angry that I believe I lost my assumption of a dialect, and my "r's" were lost to sound and my "a's" broadened in a remarkable manner. The men looked at me aghast, and Mulrooney grew purple.

We had a glorious fight. He was a hundred times stronger than I, but he had not the most rudimentary idea of fighting. I landed one punch in the pit of his stomach. I won't talk of the solar plexus and all that nonsense, I hit him full in the pit of the stomach, and he howled that he was murdered. He came well forward from that blow, and I hit him on the jaw with a heavy left swing that put him out of business. It was a good five minutes before he regained consciousness. As soon as he could walk he came up and shook me by the hand.

"Ye little divil!" was all he said, but his tone was almost affectionate. After that I had no trouble.

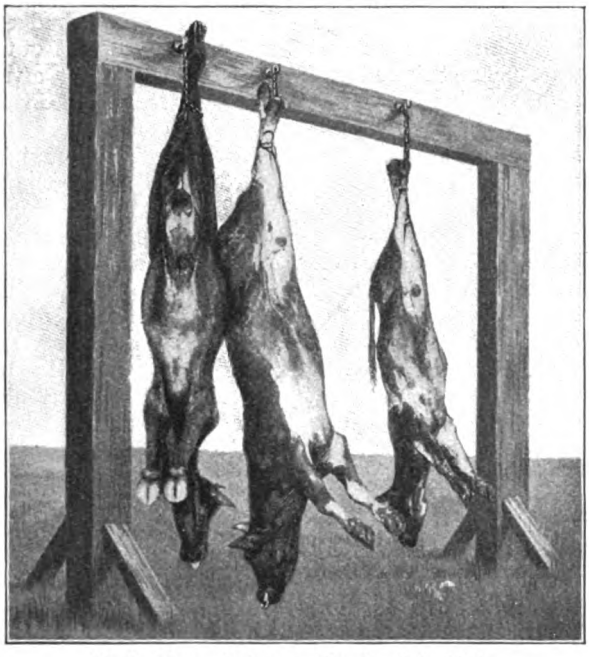
All this time Harrison, who was now working on the rock pile close to me, had been importuning the timekeeper for a job as flunkey and finally secured one. His defection from the rock pile affected me more than I could have believed. I felt alone and was seized with unrest. One night I heard the timekeeper say he had to go to Laramie for a butcher. I told him I'd like that work. You are never asked if you can do anything in the labor camps. It is taken for granted that if a man asks for a certain line of work he is able to do it. If he is not he is put at something else. Butchery was an old story to me. For two years I had played in the woods of Maine, and every bit of meat that I ate I killed and butchered for myself.

The internal economy of a cow and a deer are not very different, and I went at my work like an old hand, at least no comment on my method of cutting up the meat was ever made, and I kept that job as long as I wanted it.

I did not have to kill my meat. The huge carcasses were brought to me cleaned, but with the hide and hoofs, and head and horns still on. My butcher shop was the desolate plains. In front of the cook camp was a scaffold some twenty feet high. From this hung a block and tackle. A short bar of wood was thrust through the heavy tendons in each hind leg of the bullock, and

I was kept at it until my hands were numb with pain.

to this was attached by a heavy iron hook the block and tackle. In this way I was able to raise the carcass to any height I wished, and my work was made very easy. Meat is always kept in the open air on the plains, and if hung out of reach of coyotes and covered with cheese-cloth to keep out the flies it will remain fresh indefinitely in the rarified air of those altitudes. I have seen and used meat that had hung for six months and it was as fresh and sweet as any ever served by Delmonico and certainly quite as tender.



My butcher shop was the desolate plain.

I made it a rule to keep the meat I gave out to the cook two weeks before serving, and the men all commented on the improvement in it. Up to this time the meat had been delivered only as it was needed, and a bullock butchered on Wednesday would be served as food on Thursday. I ordered ten bullocks at once and hung them all on my scaffold to the great amusement of the men. After that one bullock a day was delivered at the camp, for that was our daily allowance of meat.

As for the cutting up, the method was not much different from that employed by regular butchers, except that we had little demand for what are known as "fancy" cuts. I did cut off a few porterhouse steaks for the head men, and I always used one prime roast a week for the sub-contractor. He, of course, had the best of everything.

After skinning the carcass and removing the hoofs and horns and head, I cut up the rest in quarters. The forequarters were used for stews, for roasts, and for steaks. The hindquarters, with the rumps, made roasts and steaks. The liver was used for frying with onions, and the kidneys I was allowed to reserve for a private stew of my own which Jimmy the cook allowed me to make whenever I wished. None of the other men would touch kidney, so this was not an especial privilege. The refuse from the butchery belonged to the cook as did all the fats. These he sold every week and added probably forty dollars a month to his income. I do not believe, however, that the boss had any idea of the value of the stuff he thought was either thrown away or buried.

While I am on this topic I want to say a few words about the cleanliness of the camps. Nothing was thrown away or allowed to accumulate. The refuse from the tables was cremated, that from the stables sold to ranchmen who came miles to buy the manure. The tin cans, and we used dozens of them every day, were kept in a huge pile and were ultimately sold. This money, at least in these camps, all went to the cook, whose income must have averaged two hundred dollars a month.

He was a very good cook and baker as well, and one of the quickest-tempered, kindest-hearted old Dutchmen I ever met. The man who had preceded me as butcher had refused to cut the meat in small enough portions to suit old Jimmy, neither would he trim off

the fat in the desired method, and there was constant warfare between them. I made it a point to give the old man just what he wanted, and peace reigned and I fed on the fat of the land. I was always given a freshly-cooked tenderloin steak for my breakfast, for I ate after the men now—with the flunkies, the timekeeper, the cook himself, and sometimes the contractor, too. Jimmy always took great pride in this second breakfast. It was his one real chance to show that he was more than a mere camp cook, and if the other men could have seen our bills of fare there would have been a riot.

I had now been in camp nearly four weeks. My muscles were hard as any man's and I really enjoyed my work. I clung to my place as butcher, for it was easy, pleasant work, that gave me a good deal of time to myself. This I spent with Jimmie in his kitchen, for I was anxious to know more of the culinary art. Jimmie was a cook because he loved the art; he was a camp cook because he loved money. I cannot reproduce his dialect, it was not Weber and Fieldian, it was even funnier than that. "I cook because I love the art," he said to me one day. "Here there is no chance, but I make more money. The old man (the contractor) is very fond of me. I have been cooking for him this five years. I own two houses in Denver, and I have six thousand dollars in the bank. He does not know how much I make from what he thinks we throw away, and he pays me sixty dollars to cook. I make a few little artistic meals for you and that keeps me in practice. For the rest, they are cattle and I feed them. You, my friend, know how to eat; it is an honor to cook for you—but what a fortune you must have spent in learning to eat so well!"

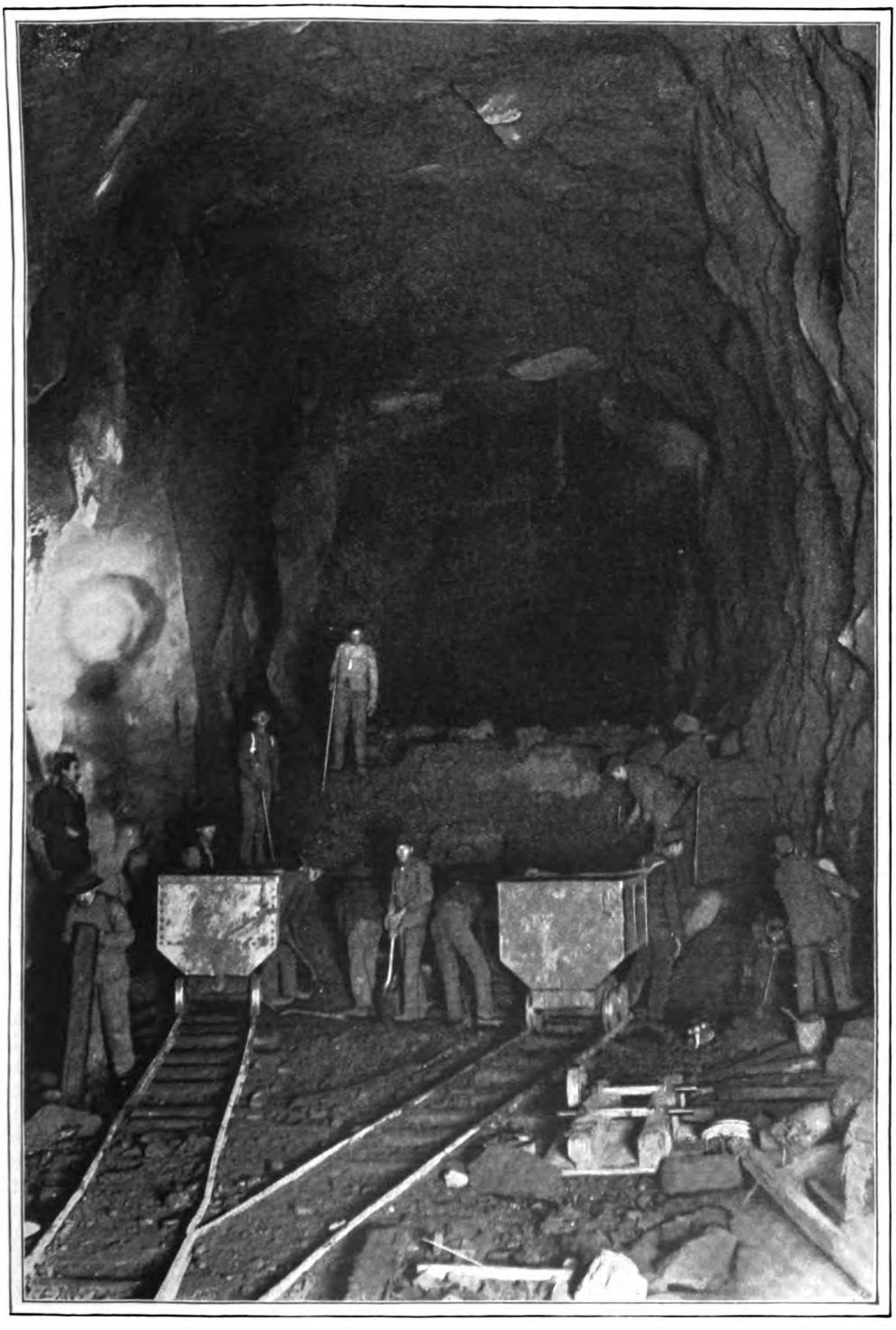
One more week and my first month in the camp was at an end. With the other men I walked to the timekeeper's office and was paid in good gold and silver coin. During the month I had spent fifteen dollars, and all that I had to show for it was a half-worn pair of boots, two old towels, some empty tobacco pouches and some alum I had used to harden my hands and feet.

With forty-five dollars, the hardest earned money I had ever possessed, in my pocket I stood outside our sleeping tent that Saturday after the noon meal.

It was less than fifteen minutes after we had been paid and already there was a stream of men making their way toward that little town of tents and wooden shanties, eight miles to the east of us, where sin and shame and crime lay in wait for all who cared to purchase.

Fully two-thirds of the men from our camp visited this place on pay day. Most of those who went did not return until just before the breakfast hour on Monday morning. Some did not return at all, but wandered off to other camps. All this was taken quite as a matter of course. These men worked any where from ten to thirteen hours a day at the severest kind of manual labor. They had no relaxation of any sort from month end to month end. No liquor was allowed in camp, indeed a man found carrying drink into camp would have been turned out at once, and things would have gone hard with him, for the news of such misdoing travels fast and he would not have found work at any of the camps within a distance of fifty or sixty miles. The nightly poker games in the sleeping tents gave some slight relaxation, but nothing in comparison to the needs of the men. The monthly debauch served admirably. The men rioted for two days and then returned penniless to camp ready for another months work. They called this having a good time.

The City of Sin lay close by the main line of the Union Pacific railway, some eight or ten miles to east of our camp. I followed the line of men. Some walked alone, others in little groups. Harrison came running after me and begged me to leave my money with the timekeeper, at camp. We finally compromised on his going with me to "take care of me." I found the little group of shanties and tents crowded to its capacity, for half a dozen labor camps had emptied themselves here. Every saloon was filled. No mixed drinks were sold, there was not time to make them and all drinks were fifteen cents each. Beer in kegs had



An engineering feat of no small magnitude.

been sent up from Cheyenne, the only point within several hundred miles where draught beer was to be obtained. But draught or bottled the price was the same, fifteen cents for a small glass.

There were no women in the saloons, but this was the only part of town they were not to be found. In the gambling places they were nearly always seated near the faro tables, begging the men to stake them to a "stack of chips" or even to play the gold coin on some "play" they regarded as certain.

In the dance halls—there were but two—a tin pan like piano ground out rag time dance music, which was drowned by the cries of the women and the drunken men.

In the gambling places the men were robbed openly. None of the games was "on the level." I stood by the poker table for a few minutes, but I was there long enough to see one of the men using a hold out machine while his "pal" operated a small "mirror."

The roulette, twenty-one, craps, Klondyke, and chuckaluck games were all of a similar degree of unfairness. Men were encouraged to play until they were cleaned out. Then they were thrown into the street. In no instance was the play very high. Five cents was of course the smallest chip, just as it was the smallest coin, and the average bet was from ten to fifteen on each card. This was the case at the ordinary games. At both the poker and the stud games the bets were higher and the play stronger. I saw no heavy winnings, and of course no very heavy losses. I presume the average loss was twenty-five dollars to each man. This represented probably about $5,000, taken from our camp alone.

What money the gambling places and the saloons did not take the dance halls and the women acquired. As fast as a man was cleaned out he was thrown out.

This made small groups of penniless men, who stood about the places in the hope that some one richer or more fortunate than they, would lend them enough money to continue their carousal. Just here was the chance for the bosses who were short of men. For a five dollar advance in wages they would induce men to leave their camps and go to the new. This was regarded as an obligation of honor, and oddly enough among a class of men to whom a promise means nothing at all, these pledges were invariably kept.

Harrison and I found our way back to camp in time for supper. The place was strangely deserted and quiet. Out of our equipment of nearly three hundred men less than fifty were in camp that night. This does not mean, however, that all those absent were on debauches. Many men went into Laramie in order to send their money to their families. It was not possible to determine this number accurately, for these men are secretive about their personal affairs, but I think a conservative estimate would place the number of such men at fifty. Other men kept their money in camp, some leaving it with the time clerk, others keeping it under their trunks, where it was quite safe. I do not think that these men were especially honest, but I know that the theft of money is almost unknown in the labor camps. Detection would have meant lynching of course, and that may have a good deal to do with the honesty of the men.

Sunday morning a few stragglers returned to camp. Harrison and I walked into Laramie again and on the way out we were stopped at the camp of McDonald and Son. They wanted a flunkey, wanted him at once, for the flunkey of the camp had thrashed the cook and walked out, knowing that no boss would discharge his camp cook because of a row with a flunkey, no matter how right the flunkey may have been. Harrison would not touch the job, but I was anxious to make a change. I took the offer, and ten minutes later found me at work as flunkey in McDonald's camp of sixty men, not counting the bosses, the cook or myself, with a salary of forty dollars a month and board. They said the work was easy. It would have been for three men.

HOUSE BILL No. 29

By EDWIN OVIATT

"MY offer for your county votes," said Mason, the attorney for the trolley roads, looking quietly at Tompkins, the little member from Tompkinsville, out of the corner of his eye, "is one thousand dollars."

Tompkins, his little, weak, watery eyes blinking at the throng passing back and forth in front of him in the House corridor, tilted back in his chair against the marble balustrade of the lobby. All about him were members of the House, standing in corners, leaning against the wall; some, their hands in their pockets, flipping the ashes from their cigars; others, smoking with lazy ease, listening to nervous individuals, whose eyes darted to other groups as they talked, their fingers tapping the chests of the men in front of them. Over all hung a blue haze of cigar smoke, through all rose a rising hum of men's voices.

"You know, of course, Mr. Mason," said Tompkins, looking thoughtfully at the end of his cigar, "that the county is already pledged to Williams to vote for the Interstate Railroad Bill."

"I understand that," said Mason.

"And that it's going to be a pretty hard matter to get any of them to vote for you and the trolley opposition now."

The other nodded.

Tompkins puffed a ring of smoke at the ceiling and took his cigar from between his lips.

"How much—" he said staring shrewdly at the lobbyist for the trolley roads beside him—"how much did you say you would give if I were to bring my county around from Williams and the Interstate Railroad to you?"

"One thousand dollars," said Mason.

"I will think it over," said Tompkins.

And he was thinking it over as he went to his seat in the House, and later on left the Capitol for his hotel and sat in his hotel corridor smoking a cigar. It was the fourth day of the last debate of the session—the contest in which he had taken sides at the start with a promise to Williams, the Boss of the Lobby (who made his fifty thousand dollars a session carrying through the Interstate Railroad bills), to support with his county vote the bill to equip the B line of the railroad with a third rail. And he had carried out his promise. Through all the excitement of the session, through all the attempts of the trolley roads to bring his county into line against the bill, until now he had remained firm, true to the twenty members of his county who had agreed to vote with him for Williams and his bill, true to Williams, who had promised him five hundred dollars when it passed.

And yet—for weeks he had wished that he had not jumped so quickly at Williams' offer. He might have waited, seen what the trolley road would do, might have asked Williams for a little more. And day after day, when the trolley road lobbyists had called on him, stopped him in committee rooms, in the hotel corridors, in the lobby of the House, he had wished it even more. All around him he heard rumors of money offered and taken, of bigger sums

than Williams had promised him. And now Mason, the leader of the trolley lobby, had come to him with his offer of a thousand dollars—just twice as much as he could hope to get from Williams—if he would bring his county around against the bill.

Why couldn't he?

His little, shifty eyes blinked rapidly, as he sat in the hotel lobby that evening staring at the floor. He could do it. He had not risen to be a county leader for nothing. He knew his county to a man. They would do what he asked them, what he paid them to do. Why should he, with twenty of his county votes in his control, as they had always been, let Williams pull him off with less than other members of the House were getting? The figure of the Boss of the Lobby, the powerful Attorney for the Interstate Railroad Company came up before him, thin-faced, silent, with steel-gray eyes and square jaws that were always working. While he had promised to vote his county for the bill—for five hundred dollars—he hated him with the shrewd, cunning hate of the little man who feels the iron grip of the strong one on his soul.

And that was why, as he nodded to a group of his county members passing him in the lobby, he suddenly sat straight up in his chair and stared out over the heads of the men in the corridor, through the open doors of the smoking-room, at the twinkling lights in the night outside the hotel window.

Why couldn't he raise the offer of the trolley road opposition, and then go to Williams, tell the Boss of the Lobby himself that he was not paying him enough, and that he could swing his county against the bill in spite of his promise, if he did not come up with the money.

He got up from his chair in the hotel corridor and walked rapidly up the winding stairs to his room. There he rang the call bell, impatiently.

"Tell Mr. Mason," he said to the hall boy, "to come to my room at once."

Tompkins, the member from Tompkinsville.

"Mason—" he said, when the trolley lobbyist had shut the door and stood before him, with quick, questioning eyes,—"you spoke this morning at the Capitol of a certain agreement which you would make if I would bring my county over to the trolley roads from Williams."

He glanced at the lobbyist out of the corner of his eye as he spoke.

"Well—" said Mason, the trolley road attorney.

Tompkins blew a ring of smoke at the ceiling and paused. "Things are a little different now from what they were this morning," he said. He looked

again at Mason, with his little, snifty eyes.

"Well—" said Mason again. "What is your proposition?"

"I have decided," said Tompkins, studying the ash on the end of his cigar, "that I can hand my county over to you, twenty votes, and my own, day after to-morrow, if you care to pay for them."

Mason turned sharply and looked the little county leader in the face.

"How much do you want?" he said. His voice was cold.

"I want," said Tompkins, "two thousand dollars."

"Two—thousand—dollars!" said Tompkins. He took out his watch.

When he looked up Mason stood before him, his face flushed, an angry look in his eyes.

"I will pay it, Tompkins!" he said sternly. "Because I've got to. But I want you to know that I consider it pure and simple blackmail. I will not state my opinion of you. But I want it understood that there is to be no monkey business. You understand?"

Tompkins nodded as Mason opened the door.

"I understand," he said.

When he had shut the door he walked

Mason, the leader of the Trolley Lobby.

"That's a good deal of money, Tompkins," said the trolley lobbyist, slowly. "You must see that it is a good deal more than I am prepared to pay."

Tompkins grinned shrewdly, and flipped the ash from his cigar.

"Is it?" he asked.

"How do I know you'll do what you say you'll do?"

Mason's voice was suddenly angry, low, cutting.

Tompkins ignored the question.

"I repeat," he said, coolly, "that if you want my county to leave Williams and the Interstate Railroad and come over to the trollies, that is my price."

"I will compromise on fifteen hundred dollars," said Mason, angrily,

to the window of his room and stood there for a moment looking out into the city below, where the lights twinkled in the streets. Then he smiled and took out his watch. It was nine o'clock. He still had time to see Williams and ask his price, and then—. He smiled again, shrewdly. Mason had come up to the scratch like a man, had promised him two thousand dollars, the biggest sum of money he had ever hoped to get out of his county vote. Now he would see Williams. And then—

He entered the hotel of the Boss with a light-hearted step. He stopped a hall boy in the brilliantly lighted corridor of the hotel, sent his card up to Williams' room, and walked into the

smoking-room, where he lit a cigar and sat down, with a shrewd, exultant look coming into his eyes, to wait for the Boss.

When he had waited a quarter of an hour and no answer came, he sent up another card. But Williams was still "busy."

And a half hour later, with an impatient order to the hall boy, he tried again.

And still the Boss did not reply.

He was angry now. He sat down at the broad writing table and drew a piece of the hotel paper towards him. He had long ago lost any early feeling that he might have had that this sort of thing was dishonest. What if it was? Lots of other members of the House were doing it all the time. It was only the Sunday School people, the members with the idea that the public had any rights outside of paying the bills, that neglected their opportunities. He would show Williams that he was something after all. Until now he had been content to take little ten-dollar bills from young attorneys, and fifty-dollar checks from big corporations, and one-hundred-dollar bills from Williams himself, for a few paltry votes in the House on minor matters. That was like boy's play now—like building sand houses in a kindergarten. He would make Williams come up to Mason's bid, raise it even, show Williams that he could not afford to trample on him like that.

He wrote two curt sentences on the hotel paper and sent it up by a bell boy to Williams' room.

Now he'd see if Williams could afford to ignore him that way, whether he could kick him out without a hearing, even if he was Boss of the Lobby, and had bought him and his county for five hundred dollars. He would see about that, too. He could play the game a little bit himself.

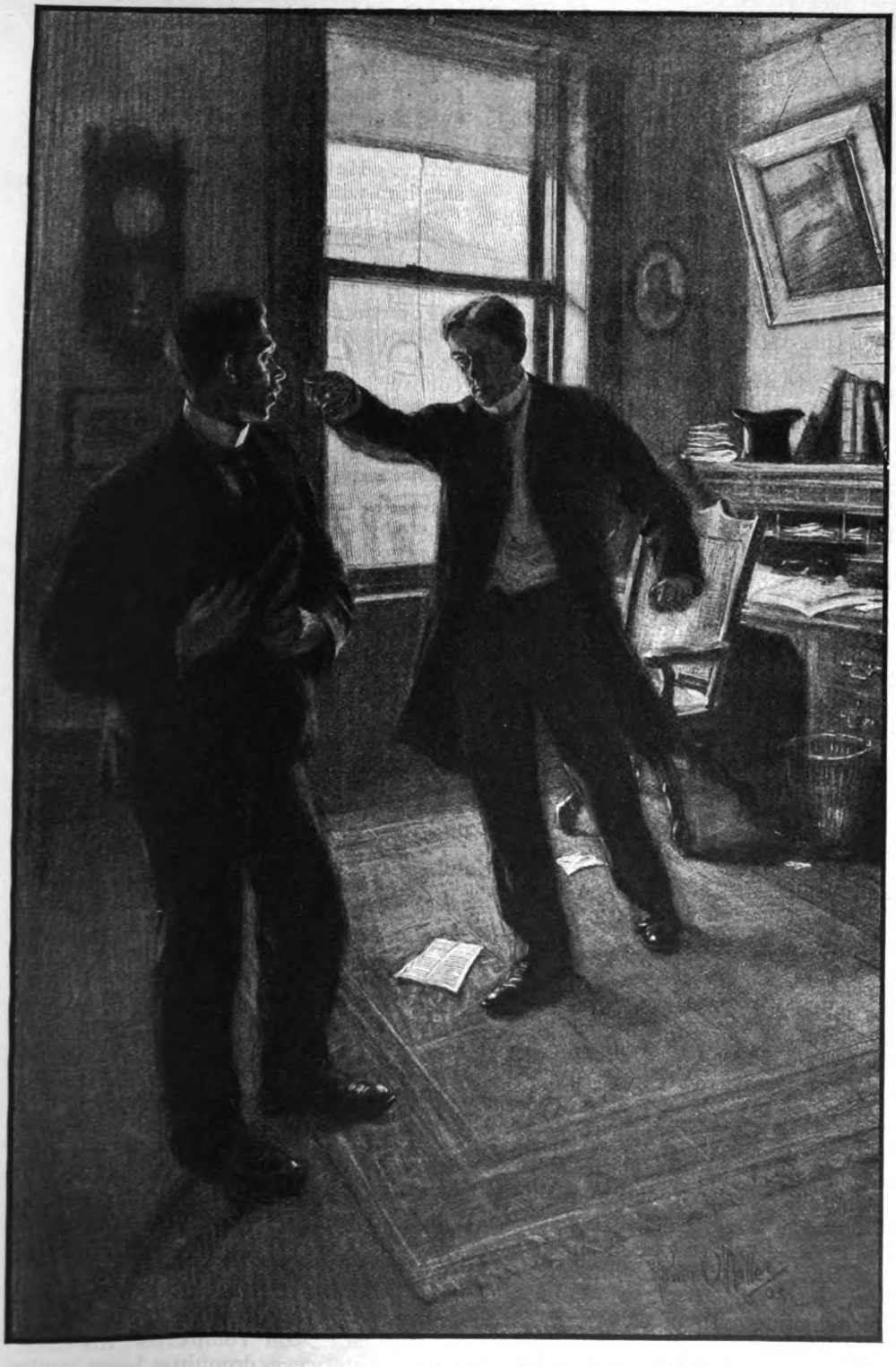
He went across the city, angry, to his own hotel. He passed Mason coming out of the hotel corridor as he entered, and nodded at him, smiling. Then he sent for his county members, calling them by the bell boy, one by one, and told each of them that Mason, for the trolley road, was willing to give them fifty dollars for their votes if they would leave Williams, and that he wanted them to take it. And when the last one of them had shaken his hand, and said he would, and gone out and shut the door, Tompkins leaned back in his easy chair, with his feet on his table, and lit another cigar, and smiled again. He would give Williams a day to meet his price —and then—. When the night clerk passed his open door two hours later the county leader was still in his chair, thinking he had tricked the Boss, with a cigar between his lips and a smile playing across his shifty little face.

It was a drizzling rain when Tompkins woke, late the next morning, and walked up through the wet streets to the Capitol. He had taken the step—pitted himself against Williams, done what few members of the House had ever dared, alone, to do. And now it was up to the Boss. He held his head back on his shoulders and laughed complacently as he thought of it. If Williams sent for him that day he would have to put his bid at a figure that he had never paid before. He had seen his county, knew what they were going to do. Twenty of them, whom Williams had counted on, were to vote the next day for Mason. He laughed again, complacently.

The House was in session as he entered the lobby, but he only glanced through the doors as he went to his customary seat in the corridor and lit a cigar. He would give the Boss until the next morning.

A member from another county hurried through the lobby in front of him. Tompkins' eyes followed him absently. A group of men were standing in front of him. One of them went up to the House door, looked in, said something to the others, who walked rapidly away in opposite directions. A newspaper man whom Tompkins knew rushed by him, pad in hand, calling hurriedly to a member down the corridor.

Tompkins, still smoking idly, wondered what the unusual interest was about. His eyes were on the staircase, where every minute he expected to see Williams, silk hat in hand, on his way to his office.



" You will go back into that house and vote my bill !"

A member from his own county came out of the House, looking up and down the corridor. When he saw him he came over hurriedly.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do—about what?" said Tompkins.

"About the bill—House Bill No. 29—the B Line Third Rail—Didn't you know about it!—What?—Didn't you know that Williams has sprung the vote—a day early—that he was here this morning—that the county is in a panic—that he will win his bill!"

Tompkins, his hands shaking so that he could hardly hold his derby hat, stumbled to his feet. What! The vote was on! His county panic-stricken! He rushed to the House doors through a crowd of men. The clerk was calling out, in sing-song, monotonous tones:—

"House Bill No. 29—Being an Act—to permit—the Interstate Railroad Company—to equip its B Lines—with third rail!"

A messenger, seeing him, slipped a note in his hand.

"Here?" he shouted to his county member, "Hold them? Delay the vote—do anything!"

He opened the paper nervously. He read:—

"I rely upon you to vote for the bill. Williams."

He left the House on the jump.

"Where's Williams!" he said, catching by the arm a man who was hurrying in the opposite direction. The latter shook his head. "Up there!" said another man, pointing up the lobby to the Boss's office on the floor above.

He rushed headlong up the marble staircase into the presence of the Boss.

"Here Williams," he cried, impetuously, "What do you mean by springing the vote on me this way!"

The short, thin-faced man with the steel gray eyes and the square jaw swung round in his revolving chair, coolly.

"What do you mean by it?" said Tompkins, stepping up to him, his voice shaking with anger.

"Well," said Williams calmly, "It ought not to make any difference to you. Your county's solid, isn't it?"

He was looking at the little member from Tompkinsville through half-shut eyes that had a dangerous, red, angry gleam in them which Tompkins didn't notice. He was tapping the desk beside him with one hand as he spoke.

"But I'm not ready—I haven't had time—I can't go back into that House and vote now!"

"Oh yes, you can," said Williams, "You can do just that."

Tompkins stepped toward the Boss of the Lobby fiercely. He had seen his county, he knew what they were going to do. He had the whip hand now, himself.

"I know your tricks, Williams," he cried. "You think you've got me. But I'll tell you something that perhaps you don't know. In three minutes from now I'll—"

"*What will you do?*"

The Boss had risen from his seat, his jaws working. He advanced a step toward Tompkins, menacingly. He opened his watch with a sharp click.

"In three minutes from now," he said, and there was not a break in the even, angry rise of his voice, "in three minutes from now you will go back into that House and vote my bill!"

"Look here!" said Tompkins roughly. He had shrunk back against the door as the Boss approached. Now he stepped forward himself angrily.

"Look here!" he said, and there was a sneer in his voice. "Perhaps you don't know, Mr. Williams—"

"Perhaps I *do*," said the Boss. He stepped close to Tompkins, his fingers twitching, his jaws working, his face livid with sudden anger. He shook his fist in the little man's face. "Do you suppose I don't know *you*," he said—"that I haven't followed you ever since you came to this House and began your little caucus politics tricks, that I didn't know just exactly what you wanted last night, that I didn't do just what I've done in cases before like yours—throw you overboard and catch my fish myself? Your—county—to a man—will—*vote—my—bill!*"

"What!" said Tompkins, his little, weak, watery eyes dropping back under the savage, hard gaze of the Boss.

"Bought—every one of them—bought back again this morning," said the Boss.

He hardly glanced at the little, shrinking form in front of him.

"And *you!*—" the voice of the Boss was again cold and sneering. "*You* will vote it, too; not because you are going to get even the little that your county members will get from me. You're going to vote that bill because I tell you to. You won't, eh?"

He tore an envelope from his pocket and shook it at the little member angrily. "See that! Can you read your own handwriting? Nice thing that was to do! On hotel paper, too! '*For $2,500 I will hold my county in line. I will give you until to-morrow night to decide.*'" The Boss laughed again scornfully. "Thought you had me sure, didn't you? Walked right into the trap. '*Until to-morrow night!*'" He laughed and glanced at Tompkins, who had shrunk back against the wall, his eyes staring at the paper in Williams' hand, his dry lips opening and shutting. "Now do you see why you'll vote my bill?" said Williams. He turned on his heel and putting his hand on his chair swung it around. A half-laugh escaped him. Then he turned again quickly toward the cringing little form whose face was drawn, pale, as if in physical suffering, whose eyes were fixed on him with the quivering fear that every man had felt who had ever been cornered by the Boss, whose right hand crept up to his throat and fell back again.

"*You*—go!" he said.

Out through the silent aisle, down through the crowded rear of the House to the floor, dodging the angry figure of Mason, the trolley leader, Tompkins found his way to the lobby. He had voted for Williams. And his county had voted with him, for Williams, too, just as Williams had said they would do. The end had come. His card house had tumbled down about his ears. He stumbled through the lobby brokenly. Members passed him, looking at him curiously. The reporter with the pad went by. A long line of men sat against the marble balustrade of the lobby smoking, just as they always had done, as he had done before he had tried to trick the Boss. One of them laughed jovially. But he did not see or hear. Before him was the angry, flushed face of Williams, the Boss of the Lobby; he could hear his voice, cold, menacing: "Nice thing that was to do. On hotel paper, too." He had played and he had lost, he had made nothing from either side.

A confused murmur came from the House. Then a faint cheer and the sharp, quick thud of the Speaker's gavel. Then another cheer, and the doors opened, letting out an excited, cheering throng into the lobby.

He tottered and half fell. His hand groped for the wall. He crept close to the marble walls of the corridor, choking back a quick, passionate sob, down the floor of the lobby, his derby hat jammed over his head. He found the staircase, and slowly, numbed, broken, the great marble halls of the Capitol strange to him all at once, passed down to the corridor below and so into the rain-swept park.

He hardly noticed the man in the high silk hat, with the buoyant step and the cheerful laugh, who pushed by him on the lobby stairs, shaking hands with a crowd of men. Standing miserably on the Capitol steps he only saw the carriage, when its door had shut with a slam, and its driver, after leaning over in his oilskin coat, had straightened up with a quick snap of his whip, roll rapidly, with a hard, grinding, crunching sound of its wheels in the gravel, down the Capitol Hill.

DENIS DENT*

A NOVEL

By ERNEST W. HORNUNG
Author of "The Amateur Cracksman"

CHAPTER XXVI

HOMEWARD BOUND

THAT very month of May saw Denis deep in an orderly determination of his Australian affairs. These were in a state scarcely credible but for the fact that his case was not unique. Denis was not the only lucky digger of his day; but perhaps there were few who made so much of their good fortune. Half the blood in his veins was averse from squandering, but every drop was on fire for his reward. Suffice it that the sweat rolled off him until he had his ten thousand safe, and enough over to carry him home; there followed civil strife between the two distinct natures whose union in one body made Denis what he was. He must sail by the first ship. He must stay to set his house in order. He could not do both. Yet half the house was his, however come by, and it went against his Yorkshire grain to give it up altogether. The claim was still paying handsomely. A second tunnel had been driven north; and it was to be a longer tunnel, for that good neighbor with the black beard had pegged out on the northern boundary of the claim, to obviate a hostile encroachment back and front, on the very natural understanding that he should join Doherty when Dent was gone. And yet Denis was loth to go.

It was not for the financial sacrifice, though he was sufficiently alive to that. What was ten thousand pounds to take to Nan? It seemed almost criminal to go to her with so little when in a few more months he might have doubled it. Yet there might be more to urge on the other side, and it was not the gold that he was grieved to leave. It was the work of his hands. The claim was largely that; the two tunnels were that and nothing else. Much had been given him, but it had been given into the right hands.

The others realized how much was due to the outgoing partner, and it was they who first begged him to retain a share. At first he refused. "Very well, mister. Then I come with you," said Doherty; and that was an argument; for Denis did not want the lad in England, just at first, strongly attached as they had become. He had to listen after this, and at last consented to reap a small profit till the year's end, "in case," he said to Doherty's new mate, "things are not as I expect to find them in the old country, and I should want to come straight out again. Then I should be back for Christmas, and it would be like coming home." He said it with a smile, yet it was significant that he did not say it in Doherty's hearing; and the mere possibility of the thing he voiced, however remote, turned him sick at heart at the very time when Ralph Devenish was most confident in London.

His arrangements were concluded with some abruptness; but they showed a sound foresight in every detail. He had a draft on Rothschilds' (from the Montefiore then in Melbourne) for his entire savings of nearly eleven thousand pounds; one duplicate he took with him in the ship; another was to follow in the next vessel carrying mails. And there was now no dearth of them; and Melbourne in these seven or eight months had emerged from the colossal encampment into the rudimentary city.

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Doherty saw him off in tears; but Denis already had his eyes fixed on the old world, and his chief trouble was the time that it must take to get there.

"I'll follow ye, dear old mister!" sniffled the lad. "I'll be after you in no time—unless you come back!"

He stood on the key, but a ragged young boor—unlettered child of felons, unshriven son of the soil—yet worth twice his weight in gold in all senses of the homely phrase. And the troubled face, with the tears rolling grotesquely over the tan, was the last that Denis looked on in a land as rich in all such contrasts as in the precious metal itself.

The voyage took a hundred and thirty days, and was the longest Denis had ever made.

The trip was quite uneventful, but of petty incident there was the usual supply. The ship was full of returning diggers, mostly unsuccessful, and discontent in the steerage was fomented by the harsh treatment of offenders upon whom the irritated skipper wreaked insensate vengeance with the irons which are a snare to so many of his kind. It was Denis who remonstrated in the captain's cabin and reasoned between decks, and it was Denis who forthwith initiated the various interests which redeemed the remainder of the voyage. Here, however, he received valuable aid from a hard-bitten old sergeant of the Black Watch named Thrush, who had thus far been an unpopular advocate of steerage discipline. From organized games these two worked up to a daily drill, with an ostensible eye to the pirates with which the seas were still infested in those days, and a real one to the valuable money prizes which Denis put up. This passed a lot of time. The captain looked on approvingly from the poop. Sergeant Thrush bellowed and swore in his old element. Denis drilled humbly with the rest. In the Channel he was thanked by the captain in a public speech, and so cheered by every throat on board that he must have stepped ashore in a glow, even with no Nan Merridew in the world.

As it was he was naturally anxious, more nervous than he could have believed, yet full of simple, honest faith and trust. God had been very good to him—disloyal and impious to anticipate aught but goodness at His hands. And yet—it was eleven long months and more! And yet—not a letter from his love in all that time!

This, however, was his own fault rather than hers; there had been no time for answers to the only letters he was justified in hoping she had received. No one, therefore, was to blame except himself. But yet, much—only too much—might happen in eleven months.

Denis went straight to Rothschilds' (for it was a Saturday morning), presented his draft, and was still wise enough in his excitement to open an account there. Fifty pounds he drew in cash, and the business was concluded in ten minutes; but it took Denis some hours, driving about in a cab, to render himself temporarily and approximately as presentable as he burned to be, and the afternoon was advancing when he stopped the cab on a country road to jump out a new man, whose beard was trimmed beneath his changeless bronze, but all else about him only too fresh from the shop.

In his heart he regretted his comfortable rags, his old hat, his easy boots, even his flowing beard; but he felt it would have been the greater affectation to go out to Hertfordshire just as he had left the diggings, and so you see him well upon the road, yet with a five-mile tramp still before him, deliberately chosen to calm his soul.

It happened to be the last day of September. The countryside lay peaceful under a delicate film of mist and chastened sunlight. Trees showed to less advantage in the limp leaves of the lack-luster shade between the living green and the dying glory, but to Denis the hour was still worthy of his dreams—it was for him to prove worthy of the hour.

Presently a village—a village so utterly English in its great length, its red roofs, and the signs and archways of its many inns, that Denis could have tarried there merely to gloat over his native land. But he only inquired the name of the place, and was off with a nod on hearing it was Edgware. It

could only have been Edgware; he knew where he was to a mile and less, though he had never before been there in the flesh. The spirit had atoned. Was it not Nan herself who had taught him the road she knew so well? Had she not told him exactly how to come, the very next time he was in docks? Ah, that was in the early days, in tropic nights on the *North Foreland*, yet how well he remembered one and all! How he could see the fresh young girl, so far from her home, but so full of it! Not Nan to him then—only Miss Merridew! It seemed a very long time ago.

But she had told him how to know the house, by its porch and its dear red bricks; she had prepared him for the first sight of the sacred spot, the line of trees to be seen against the sky from a certain dip and sudden bend in the road.

Somehow his legs carried him up the last hill, and so to the low wall which made no pretense of shielding the front of the house from the road. Of course it was the house; the old red brick glowed as softly as in his dream, the distinctive porch reflected a gentle sunset with all the sharp fidelity of plate-glass. Denis was glad to lean on the old wall, to peer through the shallow shrubbery on its inner side; he felt as though the muscles had been drawn out of him.

But as he leant the reflected sunset was momentarily disturbed, and the next moment a figure stood in the doorway, gazing toward the east itself. It was Nan. The sunset lit her ringlets to warmest gold. It gave her some color, too, yet still her face was paler than of old, as it was certainly far thinner and older; its appeal to Denis was all the more potent and instantaneous. His muscles tightened almost with a twang; no running round by the gate for him! He vaulted the wall, burst through the bushes, and stood panting at her feet.

Nan's hands clutched post and door; the sunlight turned ghastly on her face; but she could look steadily down on him from the step, she was so much the calmer of the two.

"I have been expecting you so long!" she could say with but a break in her voice. "Oh, Denis, Denis!"

And her right hand lay cold in his.

"Come in!" she cried, wrenching it from his lips; and something rang on the flags of the porch as she pushed him before her. "No, no, through into the garden," she went on. "It's stifling in the house."

"I found the house in a minute," he went on as they trod the soft sods together. "We only got ashore this morning, and I drove out nearly all the way, but I felt I must walk the part I seemed to know so well. This time yesterday we were off the Isle of Wight. Such a voyage, a hundred and twenty-nine days from pilot to pilot? I'd have given a thousand pounds to knock off the twenty-nine!"

That was his only allusion to his success, and it was unintentional. She was sadly embarrassed; he saw it with some pain, but supposed it natural after so long a separation. After all, they scarcely knew each other; they only loved; but Denis was not going to force the love upon her all in a moment. His instincts did not fail him in his great hour. He would not even ask if she had got his letters; it was not his place to remind her of anything that had ever been, to take the continuance of anything for granted. He might have to begin all over again. That was nothing. In less than a minute he was resigned to that.

"And I seem to have found you alone!" he exclaimed at last. It was his first wistful word.

"Papa is remaining in the city," replied the girl. "He has been asked to the Sheriffs' Dinner at the London Tavern. So I suppose I am alone."

She glanced over her shoulder at the firelit windows overlooking the lawn.

"That avenue!" cried Denis standing still. "It was my first landmark, as you said it would be. You might let me see it before it's dark!"

Nan pointed to the screen of trees beyond the kitchen garden.

"There it is. You do see it."

"But properly!"

"Very well."

She led the way. His voice trembled,

a deep compassion softened hers. In a minute they were in the avenue. It was narrower even than he had thought. The trees in their autumn tatters still met above their heads. But it was a place of premature twilight, where faces were already hard to see. Figures are often more eloquent. He stood in front of her with his arms unconsciously flung wide, and she stood drooping just beyond his reach.

"Nan!"

His voice choked with doubt and apprehension.

"Yes! I suppose you may call me that," she said sadly.

"Call you that? Call you Nan?" His arms flew round her at last; but the bright, bowed head forbade a kiss. "My darling, what in the world has happened?"

An alien voice came from the hidden lips.

"I am not your darling, Denis."

"No; that I have seen!" he cried bitterly, releasing her. "You don't love me any more. I saw it in a moment. . . . Is there anybody else?"

No answer.

"Are you engaged to some one else?"

"No—no."

"I must have the truth."

"I dare not tell you the truth."

"You have nothing to fear, Nan."

"Then—I am married."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE GREAT GULF

The words died away in the still air; they had been but faintly whispered, and now for many moments there was no sound at all in the quiet shelter of the trees. Then for a little the absolute silence was broken by short and labored breathing through clenched teeth; then it became absolute as before. Denis was mastering himself as best he might; his whole being was as a knotted muscle; but by degrees that also relaxed, and he stood once more like a thing of flesh and blood, only swaying a little on his feet.

"Devenish, of course?" he said at last, but so hoarsely that he had to say it twice.

It was worth the effort. It made Nan look up; it brought her back to life.

"Yes!" she said in simple horror—"I am married to that villain!"

Their eyes met through the dusk, as in a lane of light. His face reflected the horror in hers. Yet already some bell was ringing in his heart.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I loathe him?"

"Yet you are married?"

She spread her hands in a gesture that was no answer to his incredulity. Quick as thought he caught her left.

"Where's the ring?"

"Yours is quite safe."

"But the wedding-ring—your wedding-ring?"

"I took it off the moment we met. It dropped in the porch. I didn't want you to find it out that way."

Her hand dropped also out of his. He turned heavily away from her. It was as though for a moment he had cherished some mad hope; now he stood broken and aloof, shaken with sobs that never reached his throat; oblivious alike to the rustle of the silk dress behind him, to the fluttering featherweight of her hand upon his arm.

"Oh, Denis, Denis, if I could die—if I could die! It is worse for me; you are not married, you are not tied for life; but I deserve it all, all, all . . . . There's no excuse for me, none; but there is some explanation, poor enough, God knows! Won't you listen to that? Won't you listen to me at all?"

He turned round slowly and looked upon Nan with the unseeing fixity of the blind. "Go on," he said. "I am listening, and I will listen."

"He cheated me!" she cried passionately. "He took your letters, and he told me lies! But I allowed myself to be cheated," she added, miserably, "and I believed the lies; and I deserve this, Denis, I deserve it all. . . . If only, only I could die!"

He soothed her as best he could, taking her hand in one of his and stroking it mechanically with the other. The action might have reminded them of something long past; but the present absorbed both their minds. It was all

that they would have together. It was their life.

"Don't tell me unless it helps you," he said, gently, "I begin to understand. And it was my fault—mine—for leaving you as I did."

"Your fault! Yet if you had written, if you only had written!" she cried, loudly exonerating him in one breath, softly reproaching him in the next.

"I know. That was pride," he said bitterly. "I was so desperately unsuccessful up to Christmas! I did write in November, but I was always afraid that letter never went."

"I never got it. Not a word of any sort, dear," she said simply, "did I have from you till nearly May. And then—"

"And then?" he repeated as she paused.

"Have you no idea what I am going to tell you?" she asked, a new twinge in her tone. She could scarcely have explained her feeling; but the least inkling in him would have implied some slight excuse for her, would in any case have helped her to confess the climax of her late credulity.

"None whatever," said Denis.

"Yet it was your writing. I can show it you, for I have it still."

"What writing do you mean?" he inquired, quite in the dark.

"The address on the parcel."

"What sort of parcel?" he exclaimed as the truth flashed across him. "Quite small? Brown paper? Quick, quick, I want to know!"

"Yes, yes—and you don't know what was in it! Oh, Denis!"

"I know what should have been," he said grimly; "my first nugget, according to promise; but it was stolen, and afterwards found."

"And you don't know what was put in instead? Did you lose nothing else?"

Denis stood stock-still in the deepening dusk. No; he had never thought of that; even now his simplicity could not credit it until he had drawn every detail from Nan's lips.

"You have indeed been cheated," he said, bitterly. "Yet to believe me capable of behaving like that without a word! To have known me and trusted me as little as all that! Why, there was trickery in the face of it. I begin to see the whole thing. Do you remember when we said good-bye on board your ship?"

"As if I could forget it!"

"It was then you gave me what I wore night and day until it was stolen and sent back to you."

"Oh, Denis!"

"And it was then you made me promise to send it back to you if ever—oh, what a fool I was."

"It was my doing all; you didn't want to promise; it vexed you and hurt you, and it was all my fault."

"But I promised, and I was overheard by the villain who is gone," said Denis; "he was in my cousin's cabin at the time, for I distinctly remember seeing him there as we went on deck. And he repeated every syllable to a ten times greater villain than himself, who is alive to answer for his crime!" and he ground his teeth, little dreaming that he had done the living criminal a double injustice in one breath.

"I am not sure that he is alive," faltered Nan, above her breath, but that was all.

"You are not sure?"

"I have not seen him since our wedding day!"

Denis was dumbfounded, but enlightened.

"So you found out just too late!" he groaned.

"Yes; and the hard part was that I might have found out in time!" she said sadly, but only sadly, as if telling of some other person. "There were such a lot of letters for me that morning," she went on, "and there was so little time. I didn't even look at them; I said I would read them in the train; but after all I looked through the envelopes as they were dressing me to go away."

He heard her shuddering, and his lips moved. It was black night in the avenue now, and deepest twilight through the trees on either hand. So he never knew how meekly she stood before him in this bitter hour; even the striking humility of a voice so memorable for its spirit was lost upon a mind

too absorbed in the sense to heed the sound.

"Your letter was among them," she went on simply. "Which letter I cannot say; it was the first that ever reached me; and I was in two minds whether to read a line of it or to tear it up unopened, but I could not bring myself to do that, nor resist just looking to see what you said. And there in the first lines I saw it was but one of many letters that had gone astray! It was the letter in which you began by saying how often you had written lately, though you had never yet had a single word from me. But how could I have written when I never had a line to tell me where you were?"

"I don't blame you for that," said Denis. "I never blamed you in my life before to-day; when I know all I may not blame you yet. I understand nearly everything as it is." There was a slight emphasis on one of the last words, but it was very slight; in this common misery he was now as unemphatic as she.

"It was the letter," continued Nan, "in which you told me how splendidly you were doing, and how soon you hoped to sail; I think it must have come in a much quicker ship than yours; but it was a long time before I read that part. I nearly fainted—not quite—but they sent down stairs for our doctor. It was a very small party—everything was hurried and quite private—but he has known me since I was born and fortunately he was there. I told him everything, and what I suspected in a moment. He tried to talk me over, but I refused even to see my husband until my suspicions were set at rest, and appealed to him to stop a scandal. He did so—there is no public scandal to this day. He went down stairs and declared that the hurry and excitement had proved too much for me; that it was nothing serious, but I could not possibly go away that day. That emptied the house, and gave me time to think. But they all pressed me to see Captain Devenish, so at last I did see him. And in my misery I came down to his level, and pretended not to care if he would only tell me the truth."

"And did he?"

"How can I tell? He told me a tale and he brazened it out. I believe it was the truth. The fraud was not begun by him, but first he countenanced it and then he had to carry it on. He had taken your letters systematically for weeks; whenever a mail came in here he was, on the spot, and ready for the worst. He boasted of it, gloried in it, said he would play the same game again for the stake! That was the end. I never looked at him again, though he stayed in the house a week to save the appearances that were so dear to him and to my father; but I really saved them, little as I cared. Next day I was really ill, and before I came down again he was gone."

"Gone where?"

"To the war, with a draft of the Grenadiers."

The war! Denis had never heard of it until the night before when the pilot came aboard his ship, and since landing, his own affairs and his own anxieties had filled his mind down to this cruel culmination.

"Now you have told me everything," he cried. "I can understand all but one thing. I can understand your disbelieving in me, your resentment of my silence, your failure to see that what you received without a line of explanation could never have been sent by me. It was your idea that I should send you back your ring if I changed—if *I* changed! What I cannot and never will understand is how you flew round the compass and married that fellow within two months!"

What had Nan to say! She had long been utterly unable to understand it herself. Ralph had never seemed so *nice;* she herself had been wretched, reckless, wounded, numbed. Oh! she had been wicked, wicked; but see her punishment! See the shipwreck of her whole life! He who understood so much—Denis—dear Denis—could he not forgive the mad sequel?

"Forgive!" he laughed out harshly. "Oh, yes, I can forgive you; but that's the end. We must never see each other again. This is good-by, and the sooner it's said the better for one and all."

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He was actually holding out his hand. Nan caught it and clung to it with both of hers.

"Good-by?" she almost screamed. "You are not going away like this? You wouldn't leave me more desolate and desperate than I was before? You'll stay or come back to see my father—to see me?"

Denis did not hesitate for a moment. "No," said he firmly; "no, it's not a bit of use my staying to see anbody or any more of you, and the sooner you let me go the better and easier for us both."

"But where will you go?" she asked, partly to gain time; yet the desire to detain him was not greater than the dread of sending him she knew not whither.

"God knows!" he answered. "Not to my death, if I can help it; but very likely back to Ballarat. I was making a small fortune there. I might go back and double it, or lose it all. What does it matter now?"

Even while he spoke the vision of his mates on the claim in Rotten Gully rose warmly to the mind, and yet, even before he ceased speaking, he knew that he could never go back to them now.

"Don't go!" she urged piteously. "Denis, Denis, don't leave me so soon! You are all I have to look up to in the world; stay and help me, be my friend. Oh, Denis, you once saved me from the sea. Stay, do stay, for God's sake, Denis, and save me from myself!"

It needed a heart of flint and will of adamant to resist so wild and touching an appeal; but Denis had soon formed his own conception of his duty, and every moment since he had been subconsciously hardening himself to its performance. All his character came into his resolve—strength, promptitude, unflinching courage, undeniable obstinacy, withal a certain narrowness, a matter of upbringing and of inexperience, in questions of right and wrong. She had married another man; there was an end of it, and let the end come quickly! So he had argued in his heart; so he answered her now, kindly, tenderly, with much emotion, but with more fixity of purpose and finality of decision.

"But it isn't the end!" cried Nan wildly. "It's only the beginning, because I was cheated into marrying him—and because—*I love you, Denis—and only you!*"

It was long before Denis remembered how he broke away from her; how and where he left her came back to him slowly after hours. It was in the house. He had carried her there. She loved him. He could not leave her out there, to creep in through the dark alone, even if she could have crept half the way unaided. But the struggle came before all that, and the rest made no immediate impression on his mind—he was a mile on his road before his brain began to clear, on the crest of a hill where a sudden night wind searched his skull. Every now and then there was a rattle of parched leaves, as if the quiet earth stirred in its sleep; for some minutes Denis also heard his own heart beating from the speed with which he had come so far, and as this abated, somewhere in the nether distance, on the way to London, a clock struck seven.

CHAPTER XXVIII

NEWS OF BATTLE

It was the Saturday night. Edgware Road was a trough of stalls and barrows, lurid with naked flames, strident with hoarse voices, only Denis was not Londoner enough to know that it was Edgware Road. He had the vaguest ideas as to where he was until, on asking his way to the London Tavern, he was advised to take his choice between the glaring illuminations of several London taverns before his eyes. After that he applied to a constable, and next minute sat cooling in a hansom cab.

"London Tavern, sir," said a voice overhead.

Denis dismissed the cab and found himself confronted by an overpowering Cerberus, who desired to know what he could do for him; but Denis scarcely knew himself. His impressions in the cab had been superficial but acute. The mind's core was still stunned. He had to think hard in order to recall the resolve which had brought him hither; a wild burst of applause through the

tall lighted windows came to his aid in the nick of time.

"I want to see a gentleman who is dining here."

"What, now?" sniffed Cerberus.

"Before he leaves."

"I could take in your card," condescended the other, who had probably heard the thanks which Denis had earned from his cabman, "when the Lord Mayor's said what he 'as to say, if it's anything very important."

"To me it is," said Denis, "and I pray that it may prove equally so to him; but it will be time enough after the banquet, and I can take care of myself meanwhile."

And he crossed the street slowly, pondering his resolve, which was simply to impress his daughter's despair upon John Merridew's mind; to implore him not to leave her too much alone, but to find her some bright companion without a day's delay, to keep watch and ward over her from that day forth.

But he was distracted from all his thoughts by soul-stirring bursts of cheering from the great hall across the road. This was no ordinary after-dinner enthusiasm.

"The Lord Mayor's there," said a voice near Denis. "He came on foot not five minutes ago. It's something worth hearing, you mark my words!"

"Here he comes back again!" exclaimed the same excited voice. "That's his wusship him, in the gold chain! See the papers in his hands; see the face on him! It's a victory, boys, and he's going to give us news!"

The Lord Mayor wore a frilled shirt-front behind the massive chain of office, and between its tufts of whisker his well-favored face shone like the sun. But he did not deliver his message from the steps of the London Tavern; attended by one or two members of his household, he led the way on foot towards the Royal Exchange. A handful of the diners were at his heels, and the gathering street-crowd at theirs.

The Lord Mayor climbed the shallow steps, and took his stand under the grimy portico, behind the footlights improvised by half a dozen policemen with their bull's-eyes.

"Fellow citizens and gentlemen," he cried, "I have to announce to you the intelligence of a splendid victory obtained by the allied forces over the Russians in the Crimea!"

A wild roar rose into the night, and the speaker himself prolonged it by calling for cheers for the Queen before going any further.

"I will now read to you," continued the Lord Mayor, "the letter with which I have been honored by the Duke of Newcastle. 'My lord,' he writes. 'I have the honor and high gratification of sending your lordship a proof copy of an extraordinary Gazette containing a telegraphic message from her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, by which the glorious intelligence of the success of the allied arms in a great battle in the Crimea has been received this morning. I am, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant, Newcastle.' And this, fellow citizens," the Lord Mayor proceeded in higher tones, "And this, is the text of that message: 'The intrenched camp of the Russians, containing 50,000 men, with a numerous artillery and cavalry, on the heights of the Alma, was attacked on the 20th inst. at one p. m., by the allied troops, and carried by the bayonet at half-past three; with a loss on our side of about 1,400 killed and wounded, and an equal loss on the side of the French. The Russian army was forced to put itself in full retreat.'"

There was perhaps one instant of utter silence.

"Fourteen hundred!" said an awed voice.

And then arose such a storm of shouting and of cheering as Denis had never heard in all his life; but in the first pause another voice said: "Fourteen hundred," and the figure passed below the breath from lip to lip, and some one exclaimed, "The poor Guards!" Thereat the creases cut deep across Denis' forehead—so deep you might have looked for them to fill with blood—and he asked the man next to him if the Guards were in it.

"In it?" cried the man next Denis. "In the middle and the front of it, you may depend!"

(*To be concluded.*)

Drawn by W. L. JACOBS

THE ADVENTURER IN SPAIN*

By S. R. CROCKETT

CYRILLA

THIS is the story which a little Hunchback told me, lying on his couch of heath and juniper, under the shady eaves of a cane-roofed hut whence his eyes could take in the green haze of woods, with beyond them the gray and purple hill-side quivering through the heat of noon.

My father (said the Hunchback), who was a cultivator near Ripoll, just where you trench the hills to descend into the valley—they have made a road that way now—died when I was but a boy of fourteen, and, with little money left me one treasure to look after—this little Cyrilla, my sister.

Yes, a strange name, and an uncommon—but beautiful and suitable for her. She too was of a loveliness—yes, and winning all the days of her. I was but a child when my father died. And—I had this between my shoulders. True they did not then call me "The Devil among the Stones." But they called me—other things which hurt even more. But though no other girl would look at me, she loved me, this little Cyrilla, and was nowise afraid of me or of my looks.

And one day Señor Valtierra saw her, when I was out at the goat-herding on the scanty pastures my father had left me. And as she ran this way and that, chasing a butterfly and screaming for

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the joy of being alive, Señor Valtierra turned to look after her. He was on horseback, and he looked long, as a man of forty may look at a little maid of six or seven—thoughtfully, pondering on the things which ten years may bring her.

And—at any rate, "Miguel Toro," he said, "your father being dead—how do you expect to educate that girl?"

"That," I answered, abashed, "is as God wills. He it is who opens up the way for us poor folks. But if I can keep goats and make cheese to some purpose, I may surely hope to feed and clothe this my sister!"

He pondered, the Señor, watching her from his saddle, while she tried to make a riding horse of Ramon, our great wolf-hound. Then he rubbed his grizzled cheek. "I am old," he said, "and have the name of being rich. As a man you know me, Miguel! Or at least your father did. Give me your sister that she may be educated along with Juaña, my daughter. She is pale and—perhaps, who knows, this wild goat of the hills may lend her some part of her life. Never have I seen a child in whom the blood runs so fast. Come hither, little one!"

So, giving up the chase after her butterfly, and her teasing of Ramon, Cyrilla came, but even then, none too willingly. And I think that, smiling behind his big beard, Don José Lopez thought none the worse of her for that. Aye, even when she was but a little child, there was no one like my Cyrilla to draw the eyes of men. They pondered upon her. They watched her—good men too, wondering, as did the Señor Valtierra, as to where she would arrive.

At last, I made up my mind to let her go with Juaña Valtierra—it was only to a school in Tarragona—with the Good Sisters to teach these two. But when she came back the first time, telling me that she too was going to be a nun, and that she had already chosen her name—Sister Incarnation it was—I declare I laughed aloud. For you see, she had grown beautiful—Señor. The red blood kept coming and going as she spoke, in her cheeks, and when she pouted her lips (which she did often) they were red as the blossom of the wild poppy out on the *campo* yonder! And once I caught the little witch biting them to make them redder.

Thus things went by. Then one day as I came down from the mountain with my flock, lo! at the door, gloved and veiled, with a dress the like of which I had never seen, stood a lady—a young, very young lady. But Señor, when I tell you that she might have been the princess—the king's own daughter—I tell you no lie—save in this, that I very handsomely flatter any Bourbon that ever lived. For compared with *my* Cyrilla, they are all as the commonest of kitchen-wenches.

Nevertheless Cyrilla it was. And she laughed with glee at me standing stupidly there on the pasture edge, and especially at my taking her for a young señorita. Then she pulled off her gloves and put away her hat in one of her mother's presses on the top of the old linen that smelled of lavender. Afterwards she rolled up her sleeves, caught her new, pretty skirts with a nurse's pin, and so fell to the sweeping. Hardly had she done this when in came young Adan Blasco. Fate it was—yes, hard fate for him. For had he trodden on a poison snake he could not have gotten a greater surprise. Because, if Cyrilla looked beautiful before, in her veil and pretense of city ways, she looked ten times more so now—especially when, having flown to explore the contents of the larder, she rolled her sleeves yet further up and set herself, like her father's own daughter, to the bread-making.

And as she worked she glanced up at Adan. She glanced up once and then again at Adan, that wicked Cyrilla. And I could have told her that there was not the least need to make hay of the heart of poor young Adan Blasco, who was a shepherd and (at that time) had a heart as soft as that of the youngest, prettiest lamb in his flock. But for all that, she would not let him go. Then she came over to me, putting her arms (all floury they were but of the mould

of a goddess) about my neck and rubbing her cheek against mine, complaining all the while of the bristles!

Yet it seems strange to me that when, the next day, there came her friend Juaña Valtierra, that was a señora in deed and in truth, because her father was a great proprietor, lo! she had none of these ways at all! Indeed, she was pale and sapless as a willow six weeks cut and laid in the sun, and her lips—why, they looked as if they had never been kissed once in all her life.

Well, the two girls went about our poor little place and laughed and whispered, and seemed greatly pleased with each other. Then nothing would do the pair but I must take over word to Señor Valtierra, that his daughter would stay all the night at our house, sleeping in one bed with my Cyrilla.

I found the Señor Valtierra among his vines, watching his people driving the grapes to the vintage houses and passing them through the presses till the vintagers were dyed purple from head to foot. And all the time there was laughing and great merriment.

But when I told Señor Valtierra that his daughter would remain for the night at our poor house, promising that I would guard her well and bring her back the next day, instead of being angered he laughed aloud.

"Guard her safe!" he cried clapping his hand repeatedly on his thigh. "I'll wager she is safe, if that sister of yours—the Señorita Cyrilla, I mean—has her under her care. God forbid that I should be the man to bring to those black eyes of hers the anger-flash. They would be more deadly than any knife of Albacete! Indeed, such a man might chance to get the knife in him, too. I tell you she is any man's handling—that maid of yours!" Then he added: "What may you be going to do with her afterwards, Señor Toro?"

So I answered him that I had not yet decided. At which he laughed again.

"My friend," he said "I would be in no hurry to decide, if I were you. Why, that Señorita Cyrilla can set up my monkey against her own father. And between them they get what they want. I would not give one poor, brown Perro Chico (half-penny) for your chances of managing her—who are only a brother, at the best!"

"She affirms that she is going to be a nun," said I, "she has even chosen her name—"

"What is it?" said he, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Sister Incarnation," I answered him simply, for I did not approve of even Don José, my good master, laughing at my sister, my father's daughter.

But I think he saw that, and checked himself—though doubtless on the borders of a great shout of laughter.

"I know," he said, soberly enough, "my monkey told me a week ago that *she* was going to be a nun too! And her name is, Sister Candida!"

But he laughed at that, heartily enough, the girl being his own daughter.

"Candida, indeed, and Sister of Innocence—that is very well," he continued, "I hope I am a good Christian. But the priests are not going to get the money I have worked for, through my daughter—except, that is, enough to pay for some few masses on behalf of my poor soul. No, no—Juaña is a good girl. She shall marry Arturo Bringo, when the time comes. And then, before I am too old to take pleasure in it, I shall hold my grandchildren upon my knee. For after all child-bearing and child-rearing are the best of all sisterdoms of mercy and good works—at least, when there is but one girl in a home—as in yours and mine!"

And if you will believe it, the very next morning, Don José Lopez Valtierra rode over himself to bring back his daughter, a herdsman with a saddled mule following behind him. He was more carefully dressed than usual. And it was a great honor—in vintage time and all!

Not that Cyrilla was grateful! Not a whit.

For when Don José Lopez came into the yard of our little farm, what did Cyrilla do but pretend to kneel and kiss his hand mockingly. And the great, big full-aged man, mounted on a horse that looked as noble as himself, blushed

and would have whipped his fingers behind him, like a child taken in a fault. Whereat Cyrilla laughed like bells in peal. The very syllables of her name as she pronounced them, after I cried out shame upon her, seemed to sound a carillon of scorn.

"Cyrilla! Cyrilla! Cyrilla!" she cried, picking up her skirt a little and dancing out at me, provokingly, as in the balancing cadences of Andalucia.

Such a vintaging and such an after vintage time as we had that year with Cyrilla at home have I never seen. Aye, it was gladsome too. I think I was never so happy. That was when Cyrilla bloomed like the opening of a pomegranate flower. And when, at last having been schooled with Don José's Juaña, she returned finally again to the mountains, where the like of her had never been seen—no, nor ever will be seen again.

For one thing, there was poor Adan Blasco always at hand to try her tricks upon. When the days were fine she would go and sit by the wayside with a book, or making believe to knit. Then she would see him work the flock round the hill and round again, always edging the sheep nearer, till, with snap of finger and click of tongue to his dogs, he had brought them nigh to the place where sat our Cyrilla. Then as like as not, when he was within the matter of fifty yards or so, Cyrilla would gather up her wool-cards and sewing-things, or as it might be her papers and books—making no haste, but rather as if she had never once seen poor Adan—and so she would betake her back to the house.

Then his flock, left without their master's care, would be seen straying along the wayside, or nosing and shouldering along the hot slats and stones of the bridle-paths. For Adan was far behind, walking as in the valley of the shadow, absorbed in the thought of the beautiful, cruel Cyrilla.

So much so that it became a jest—indeed an excellent jest—at which the very children of the village would cry aloud. "Yonder goes Adan's flock up the waterside—but where is Adan? Let us ask of Cyrilla Toro!"

Yes, doubtless it was cruel. But, you see, the girl had no desire to marry, nor indeed vocation therefor, declaring always that she would never be any man's slave—that is, she would add, with her arms thrown about my neck, "except the loving servant of this dearest Miguel here, who is all the world to me!"

Well, it could not last, as you know. Of a certainty the pitcher would go too often to the fountain. And so one day when the din of Carlism made all the north a valley of tears, sending half the women desperate for want of lovers or husbands or fathers, this our Cyrilla, going one day through the woods, found a stranger stretched out—a young man beautiful of countenance. It was, as I tell you, in our old house, and accommodation was ampler and more fitting there than in this house. So he had Juaña Valtierra's bed—the one she slept in when she came.

This fellow gave out, truly enough, that he was a wounded Carlist. He did not tell that he had been shot down for treason—or at any rate upon the suspicion of it—by his own people while they were carrying him off to be tried by a headquarter's court-martial. However, being unable or unwilling to face the court-martial, he tried to escape, but a bullet overtook him and he was left for dead.

Thus, so strange are the ways of things—so exact the fitting of the joints of Providence, that our proud, man-contemning Cyrilla, in a traitor left for dead in the forest, found her fate! Ah, señor, and at the same time, even as she nursed him day by day back to life, she found something else, too.

Señor, what good will that do, if I answer your question? But, since you will know, while the young man abode with us he called himself by the name of Don Alonso, and gave himself the style of the nephew of the Count of Miranda-Aran!

Four months and four days he abode with us, this Don Alonso, if that were indeed his name. And though I noticed nothing, the life went gradually out of our Cyrilla. The glad readiness faded from her tongue. The

spring was no more in her instep. She cared not to tease poor Adan, nor even to rally Don José, sitting erect on his great horse. She would turn away with her head down and the tear in her eye.

What gave him the power? I know not. But one night she came in late, from off the *despoblado*, where across the torrent bridge begins a very desert of heath and thyme, even at our father's boundary stones. And at this I spoke somewhat sharply to her. She did not answer me—not a word, which was by no means her way—the way of Cyrilla Toro, my sister.

But in the morning she was fled—she and the young Carlist, he who called himself Alonso, the nephew of the Count of Miranda-Aran!

The little hunchback shaded his eyes with his fingers, deep in thought. Great indigo-blue bumble-bees, booming and dunderheaded, drove in and out of the caña hut, growing hotter and crosser all the time, perhaps to find that so large and black a flower held so little honey. The leaf-thatch above our heads crackled in the hot sun, and a supple blade or two pulled itself loose with a dry swishing rustle within the cane-brake. And through it all, I heard the sound as of a human sob. I made haste to say something then.

"Did you never hear from her again?" I asked, "there was the photograph, was there not, and a letter?"

He mastered himself by an effort of will which lasted for just as long as a chaffinch without sung without stopping.

"Yes," he said, "I heard. She wrote me that she was married. She was living in France and very happy. But though I answered her, writing many times by means of the curé down at the village, and even by Don José—to whom I told all, saving the picture and the one letter, never have I heard another word of my Cyrilla from that day to this! So because of that, I know—I have long known—that Cyrilla is dead. She would never have left Miguel, her sole brother, Miguel Toro, so long without news of her, that is, had she been alive."

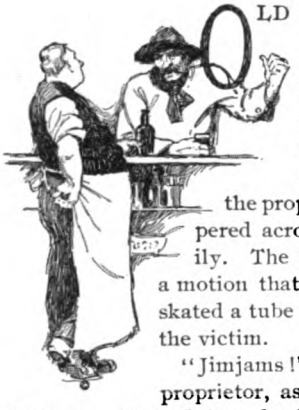
With a kind of gasp, I awoke as from a dream. The hunchback knew nothing then, after all! Nothing of all the Count of Miranda—Aran had told me of his nephew and this same Cyrilla—nothing of how she was betrayed—nothing of the fatal Frenchwoman's pool—nothing of the death grip of these pretty hands of Cyrilla's which had so often been round his neck, upon the weeds and stones at the Ebro bottom!

Of a surety He had spared these things to the poor man with the Burden upon his Back. Had it been otherwise, it might have been more than he could bear.

Working the flock round the hill.

THE PARSON

By NORMAN H. CROWELL



OLD SAM POTTER slid inside the door and sidled up to the rail shamefacedly. He cast a hang-dog look upon the proprietor and whispered across the bar huskily. The proprietor, with a motion that defied the eye, skated a tube of poison before the victim.

"Jimjams!" suggested the proprietor, as Sam put down the glass and licked the suds off his moustache.

Potter eyed the questioner solemnly while he loosened his belt and tucked in the sag in his shirt front. Then he bit off a chew and heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Bill," said he, as he juggled the cud on his tongue lovingly, "I ben up agin th' fiercest propersition I ever tuk holt uv."

"Eh? How so?"

"I wuz betrayed, Bill."

The proprietor glanced over his shoulder quizzically.

"Bill, I'm a-goin' to 'lucerdate th' hull thing, cuttin' out all frills whatsoever. 'Twuz this way. Ye see, th' preacher—whoa thar, d' I say preacher? Hurry, Bill—anuther."

"I mought ez well own up, Bill," resumed Potter, as he dragged his belt a notch tighter, "I ben out fer a hull week along with a parson. Seven days uv oncontamernated solertude with a preacher an' a thirst thet wuz like an ol' broom full uv cobwebs."

"Who're ye runnin' a wheezer on now, Sam?" said Bill.

"Dead straight, Bill. I wuz flim-flammed to a gnat's eye-whisker, I tell yuh. But I didn't hedge—no sir—I tuk it like a leetle tin sojer, Bill. An' say, d'ye ever git yer goggles on a rale jinooine soft-corned tenderfoot, Bill? Naw, ye aint—nuthin' like th' parson—thet air feller wuz th' most unbustedest broncho thet ever jumped through a collar.

"This individool I'm speakin' uv cum over t' my place last week an' he opens up by suggestin' what wuz I named.

"'Samyool Potter,' I says, thinkin' mebbe I'd saw th' feller somewhar an' he knowed me.

"'Yooreeky,' says he, an' he grabs me by th' fingers an' agertates 'em same's though I'd ben a long lost sister what wuz et up by a tiger in '63. Oh, he wuz blame fermiliar, Bill.

"'What kin I de fer ye?' says I, arter lookin' th' critter over clusly.

"'Hem!' he says, 'Yer duties will consist uv convoyin' (aint thet a good un, Bill?)—convoyin' me into th' heart uv th' game region in th' shortes' possible space uv time.'

"'I aint no guide,' I says. But he hauls out a letter from ol' Blum, th' p. m., as says Sam Potter is th' rip-terrinest individyool fer game-findin' in th' hull Rocky Mountain system an' he had me hackamored right thar.

"Arter we'd paraded er long a few hours pard he releases t' me th' fact thet his 'peeple' hez gin him a gratooitous (thet's pooty steep fer ye, aint it, Bill?)—gratooitous vacation an' he hoped as how he cud lan' a few pelts fer a vestry rug. Not knowin' eggzactly what brand uv a rug thet wuz I inquired an' he says a vestry wuz a piece uv a church an' thet he wuz th' parson uv th' same.

"Seventy-five pounds of live dynamite with its back humped up."

"Waal, I looked hard at it, Bill, but it wuz sober an' I jest laid back my years an' tuk my med'cine like a two-year-ol'.

"Arter we'd rid about ten mile I says:—

"'What sorter animal wud ye like t' go up agin fust?'

"'Anything,' he says, 'Grizzlies preferred.'

"'Hev ye any petikeler way ye want 'em slaughtered?' says I, arter I'd skinned my eye aroun' t' locate 'is weepins an' seed none.

"'No, thank ye, Mister Potter,' says he, 'I'll atten' t' my own killin'—I've a method uv my own,' he says, drawin' in like a clam.

"I stood it long ez I cud, then I says:—

"'How's thet?'

"'With my bare han's,' says he, spreadin' out a set uv water-lily fingers thet ye cud blame nigh see through. Fer th' next few minutes I thunk pooty gosh-awful peart but I hed t' gin it up an' fin'ly I says t' him:—

"'Wud ye mind 'lucidatin' thet air bear-butcherin' scheme uv yourn a leetle more?'

"Th' parson turned roun' at me an' drawed down one eyelid till he looked wiser'n a brace uv hootowls.

"'Frien' says he, 'Did ye never hear uv th' sci'nce uv hypnertism—th' power uv th' human eye—th' magic force uv will?'

"He wuz solemner than a weddin' on a ferryboat.

"'Not to no extent,' I says.

"'It s true, neveryettheless,' he says, 'It's a amoosin' an' fascinatin' sci'nce,' says he, 'yer humble servant is an adep' at th' art.'

"'Ye've worked it on bear, I reckon?' says I.

"'No, not ez yet,' says he, 'Thet's why I'm out here. But they can't be no failures,' he says.

"'I'm glad t' hear thet,' says I.

"'Why?' says th' parson, lookin' at me.

"'Oh, jest becuz,' says I, 'an' besides it allus did go agin my stummik t' sepperate a preacher from a bear's insides.'

"'Hev no' trippidation, my frien',' says he, 'I'm ekal t' all occasions.'

"Waal, we jogged along a mile er so when scat!—ol' Maje hed a thumpin' big wil' cat up a tree quicker'n chain-lightnin'. I pulled Bones to a stan'still an' reached aroun' fer my gun but th' parson stops me.

"'Hist!' says he, an' I histed.

"'Thet's an oppertunity I must embrace,' says he.

"Don't git too fermilliar with thet oppertunity,' I says as he clum outen th' wagon. 'It may hev feelin's.'

"'Don't move a mussil till I call ye—then cum an' help skin th' critter,' says he.

"Waal, Bill, ye mought be able t' imagine my feelin's settin' there a-knowin' th prob'ble consequences, but I guess ye're too igno-

runt. Arter a spell I seed pard's head loomin' up above th' bresh, then his shoulders, an' fin'ly his laigs. He wa'n't so slow on th' climb an' it wuzzent long afore he got t' th' fust fork. Then he leaned out an' hollered.

"'Is thet dawg uv yourn vallyble?'

"'He's wuth any two hosses in the State,' I says.

"'He jest bit me,' says he, goin' higher.

"Pooty soon pard he got out on th' same limb th' cat wuz stickin' to an' I tell ye my hair fairly riz. Thar wuz thet fool preacher edgin' up onto seventy-five poun's uv live dynamite with its back humped up like a rainbow. I oughtent to 'a' done it, Bill, but I cudden't stan' it no more. I waited till my hair pulled so 'twuz liftin' me right off th' seat an' then I bored Mr. Cat whar it seemed to do th' parson th' most good. But I wuddent do it agin—not if the cat was a she-tiger with a buck-jumpin' toothache—no, sir. I know when I'm called down proper, an' th' way thet parson shook th' hull English langwidge afore my face wuz shore scan'lous.

"'Ruined!' says he. 'Calk'lations upsot—sci'nce hampered—amazin' success nipped in th' bud. Potter, th' trouble with you is ye're too impulsive,'' says he.

"'Reckon I saved yer bacon,' I says.

"'Base, uneddicated child uv th' jungle,' says he, 'I had th' critter's eye—I saw it shrink—'twuz quelled, controlled, conkered by my hercoolean will,' says he.

"'Tame, wuz he?' I says.

"'No doubt uv it. Anuther minute and he wud hev follered me like a puppy.'

"'Maje thar wuz jest a pup onct,' I says.

"Waal, he made use uv a lot uv onnecessary talk, but I jest kep' hackin' away at th' critter's pelt. Bimeby I slings it aboard, wakes up Bones an' agertates him ahead. We hit track of a bear not fifty yard from camp, an' th' parson wuz in fer follerin' him to onct.

"But I fin'ly held him while I got most uv his duds onto him an' some feed into his manger an' then we lit out. Parson was mad when I offered my spare gun—said 'twud ruin all his chances—but I got him to carry a huntin' knife so's he cud start in skinnin' soon's he hed hypnertized his victim t' sleep.

"We kep' goin' an' th' tracks kep' gittin' bigger an' fresher an' fiercer. I cud skassly keep in sight uv th' parson. Bimeby I runs bang-slap into him an' he grabs me an' says 'hist' again. I wuz perfectly willin', Bill.

"'He's behin' thet big boulder thar,' says th' parson, pintin' up the ridge.

"'Jest whar I kin climb up an' shoot him from above,' says I.

"Parson he looked at me kinder sorrerful an' shook his head. Then he went t' tip-toein' toward the boulder an' I dug my hoofs immejit an' clam up th' ridge to th' top uv th' rock. Sure enough there wuz th' snortenest, biggest ol' reperbate uv a grizzly thet ever chawed veal—he wuz about th' size uv a cattle-car.

"I run my neck out till she onjinted an' I see th' parson cum roun' th' rock. He'd tucked th' knife into his belt an' hed pulled up his coat-sleeves exposin' 'bout two foot uv white cuff. He 'peared like he wuz goin' to try th' bear best two out of three in ketch-ez-ketch-kin.

"Parson he crep' erlong till he wuzzent more'n ten foot from th' critter, then he lets out a holler thet wuz worse than a lunatic yellin' into a rain barrel.

"'Turn aroun',' says th' parson, cold ez ice.

"'Twuz amazin' t' see how spry th' ol' raskil done what wuz asked uv him. Then parson he steps up till he cud a-picked th' critter's teeth with a goose-quill-a-movin' his han's an' snappin' his fingers like a bad case uv deliryum trimmin's.

"'Ah-h-h-h-h-ah-h-h-h-ye're sleepy—slee—ee—eepy—awful sleepy—they's no resistin' my power—sleeps onto ye,' says th' parson, wavin' his han's at th' bear. 'I command ye,' says he, 'to sleep—to snooze—to slumber—yer dizzier than—'

"Waal, I haint a-goin' to tell ye jest eggzactly how it wuz, Bill, coz I cant. Anyhow, th' parson wuz about an inch to th' good when they went roun' th' boulder an' ol' Eph a-gainin' at about two to one. Only thing saved th' preacher wuz a big root thet got in Eph's way good an' hard an' rolled him. Preacher he went up-hill past me so fast he sounded like 'scapin' steam an' at top he tried to climb higher. I calmed him ez much ez I cud—tellin' him grizzlies had no wills wuth mentionin' t' work on.

"'But,' says he, 'I hel' his attention. I had him goin'.'

"'Yes, I seed him,' says I, 'He wa'n't fur behin' ye.'

"Waal, Bill, I put in a hull week an' got back alive but jest crawlin'. Parson got his vestry rug—killed by lead an' skun by hypnertism an' a jack-knife. Say, Bill—three fingers uv thet red pizen if ye aint busy."

An Embarrassing Ordeal

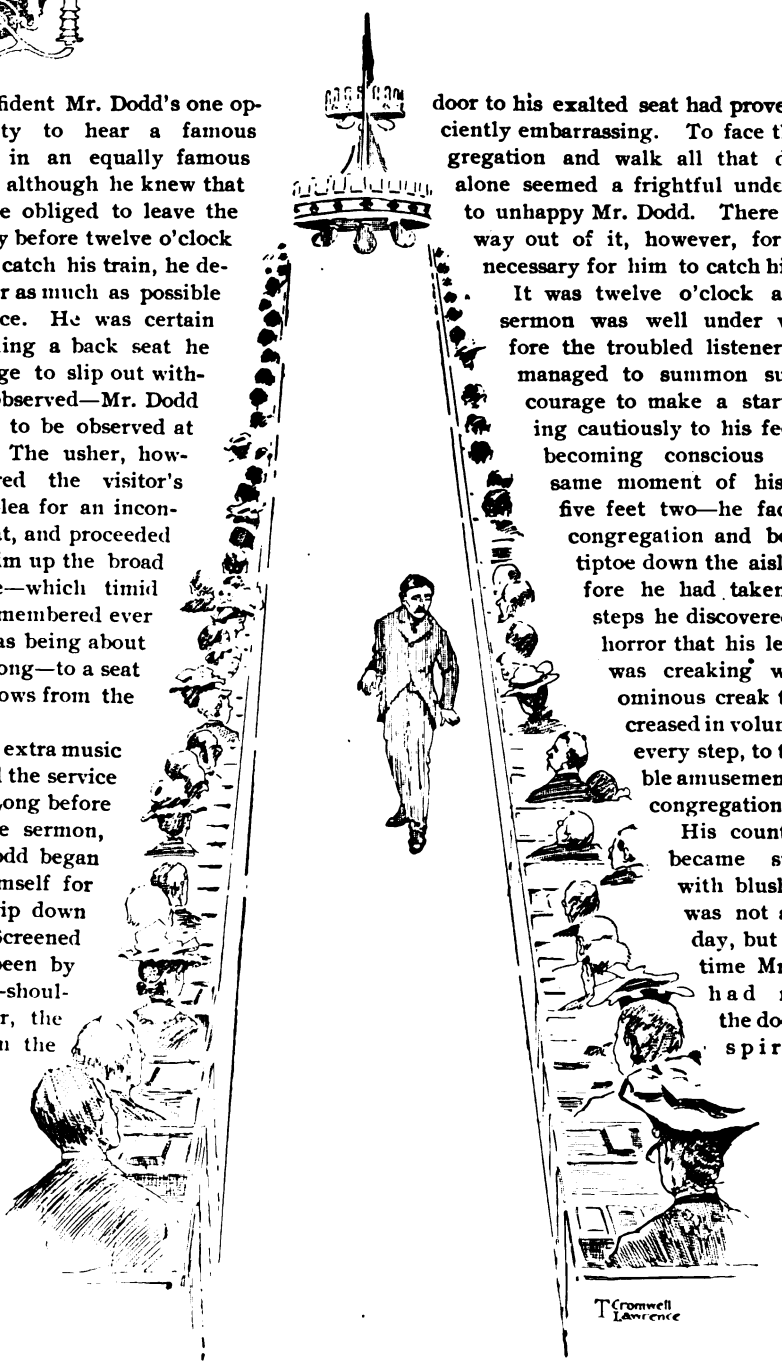
BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

IT was diffident Mr. Dodd's one opportunity to hear a famous preacher in an equally famous church, so, although he knew that he should be obliged to leave the place shortly before twelve o'clock in order to catch his train, he decided to hear as much as possible of the service. He was certain that by taking a back seat he could manage to slip out without being observed—Mr. Dodd did not like to be observed at any time. The usher, however, ignored the visitor's whispered plea for an inconspicuous seat, and proceeded to escort him up the broad center aisle—which timid Mr. Dodd remembered ever afterwards as being about four miles long—to a seat only three rows from the front.

There was extra music that day and the service dragged. Long before time for the sermon, poor Mr. Dodd began to nerve himself for the long trip down the aisle. Screened as he had been by the broad-shouldered usher, the journey from the door to his exalted seat had proved sufficiently embarrassing. To face the congregation and walk all that distance alone seemed a frightful undertaking to unhappy Mr. Dodd. There was no way out of it, however, for it was necessary for him to catch his train.

It was twelve o'clock and the sermon was well under way before the troubled listener finally managed to summon sufficient courage to make a start. Rising cautiously to his feet—and becoming conscious at the same moment of his entire five feet two—he faced the congregation and began to tiptoe down the aisle. Before he had taken three steps he discovered to his horror that his left shoe was creaking with an ominous creak that increased in volume with every step, to the visible amusement of the congregation.

His countenance became suffused with blushes. It was not a warm day, but by the time Mr. Dodd had reached the door, perspiration

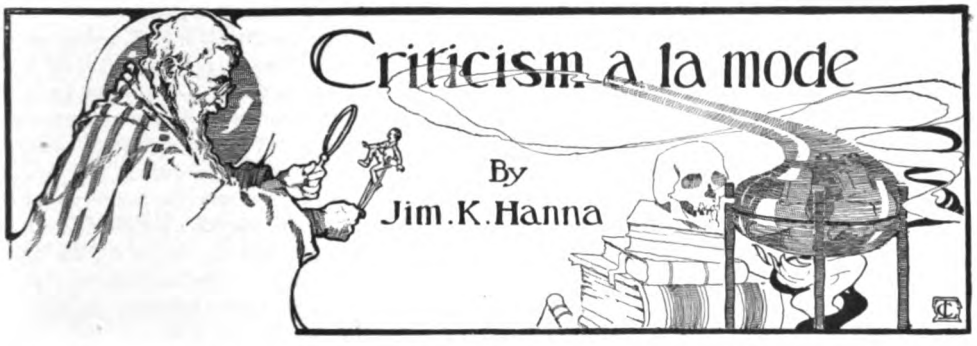


stood in beads on his forehead, and his collar showed signs of wilting. As the door closed behind him he gave a long sigh of relief and unburdened himself to a loiterer in the vestibule.

"'By the Lord Harry,' he exclaimed, as he mopped his crimson brow, 'I wouldn't do that again for a thousand dollars!'

"But he had to do it for less than that. The very next moment the color receded from his countenance and he turned pale green.

"'By Jove!' he groaned, 'I've got to go back after my hat!'"



I HAVE a confession to make. This is the day of shocking exposures. The startled but calm public reads in the magazines of great municipal grafts, rings and buncoes and cries aloud for—more of the same. The doughty special writer whacks the bloated trust with his snickersnee and exposes the corrupt action of the said trust's liver and other vitals, at which the public smiles and murmurs, "Oh, mamma, isn't it just too awful for anything!" Nothing is sacred to the wild men of the magazines. Business secrets that have been guarded for years are ruthlessly laid bare. We have the romance of the Cheese Factory, the Guilty Secret of the Cod Liver Oil Business, and the Epic of the Breakfast Food. Exposure and Confession are the order of the day. I, too, have an exposure and a confession to make. I must confess or burst. The evil has gone far enough.

Do you ever read the book criticisms in the daily papers, literary magazines and reviews? Have you wondered at the vast difference of opinion expressed regarding some book? Have you been surprised when the book that one paper praised to the skies was laughed to scorn by another journal? Have you waded conscientiously through a long, dry critical review of the same book in a monthly review? And have you glanced at a two line notice in a "literary column"? Have you thought of the wonders of modern criticism? Then prepare for a shock.

Eight years ago I left college, a poor but honest young man. I knew the difference between a Greek root and an Irish potato, and I could tell by internal evidence that a Kipling ballad was not the work of Robert Browning, but aside from that I was not what might be termed a literary gent. My college life had been strenuously athletic, and my first position after leaving my Alma Mater was on a street car. I have always been absent-minded, and it seems that I must have frequently forgotten to ring up fares, for I found myself dishonorably discharged. In my distress I went to a college chum who was then editing a literary monthly.

"I have a bit of work," he said, "for which you are the very man. Here is a novel based on foot ball. The publisher does not advertise with us. Read it through and roast it. Point out all the mistakes and show the public that the author is a fake."

My criticism was a success, and that success was my downfall. From being a comparatively honest street-car conductor I became a critic. I became infatuated with the work. I hungered for books to criticise, and when I had several on hand I would sit up all night, joying in my work. It became a disease with me. When my editor had no books to give me, I would steal a book from the bookstalls and criticise it for the mere pleasure it gave me. Like a drinker who begins with a champagne appetite and sinks to the state where the vilest rum and gin are as welcome as the finest wine, I developed a taste for all sorts of criticism. To me Webster's

Unabridged, a popular novel, or a scientific treatise were all one—merely material to be criticised, and to praise or to blame was the same to me. I became that most wretched of all things—a modern professional critic.

As my appetite for criticism increased, I found that my friend could not supply me with a sufficient number of books, and when I had no criticising to do I fell into deep melancholy. It was in one of these fits of woeful feeling that the devil suggested a method of satisfying my vice. Alas! I fell!

Putting on a false beard and a pair of blue glasses, I went to the office of the Weekly Repeater. The editor was in, and I told him I was a critic. I gave him an assumed name and a false address, and he promised to give me an opportunity to show my critical prowess. He did so, and in a month I was doing all his book reviews. Once having taken a step in duplicity, my ravenous appetite made the next step easy. I began a life of the utmost fraud and dishonesty. One by one I secured the criticism business of the New York publications until I had them all. I had forty-eight names under which I worked. I schemed like a Jekyll-Hyde to avoid detection. In two years I had made contracts with every publication in America. Every book review, criticism and literary note that has appeared in America in the past five years has been written by my hand, and four months ago I was about to sail for England to make contracts for criticisms for the English press, when a thing happened that wrought a change in my life.

I had become an expert in criticism. I could do the "knock," the "boost," the "roast," the "puff," the "long dry," the "personal," the "yell," and all the other current modes of criticism as no one else could do them. With only a hasty glance at a book I could "boost" it, "roast" it, give it a "long dry," or a "paragraph." My method was to glance through a book quickly, and then write forty or fifty criticisms of it, from all points of view. Only by doing this could I supply the immense demand for criticism. Of course, the most of it was pure rot—if you have read it you will admit I am right in saying so—but it satisfied my craving to a certain extent, and nobody seemed to care for anything better.

In my lucid intervals I shuddered at some of the stuff I had foisted upon the public, but my lucid intervals were rare, and in them I forgot my critical appetite altogether. I was another man. I was a Jekyll-Hyde in real life.

In my lucid periods I was, I may say, an ordinary man. I had no consciousness then that I was the writer of the awful stuff that I read in the critical pages of the publications. In these periods I devoted my time to a gentler work. I composed a novel. The title was "Zeg the Assyrian," and I published it under the pen name of "I. Rotit." It had in it the elements of a popular work, but I had it published by a comparatively unknown house.

The day my novel issued from the press, I went on one of my periodical criticising sprees. "Zeg" was out, and every editor wanted a criticism. For days at a time I neither ate nor slept. I saw the name of the publisher was unfamiliar, the author was new, and I waded into a sea of abuse. I laughed and hooted at the unfortunate "Zeg" and the foolhardy I. Rotit.

The first copy of the book was from the "Weekly Report." The editor said briefly, "Knock this." I began:—

"'Of making books,' saith Solomon, 'there is no end,' but if we are to have many more like 'Zeg, The Assyrian,' we shall oppose the liberty of the press. The press, when it takes such liberties as printing books like 'Zeg,' needs suppression. We shall not say that 'Zeg' needs suppression. It will never rise that high. It is flat."

For the "Moon," I wrote:—

"In this book Zeg is the hero. He loves Dooda, the daughter of King Nepo, of Assyria. Vargus, the Chamberlain, also loves Dooda, and plans to win her by killing the old king. Zeg arrives from Egypt at the critical moment, slays Vargus, and weds Dooda. The plot is hackneyed and the style stilted. The author, who is evidently very young, tries to supply the missing interest by bringing in a number of Biblical characters, who seem ridiculously out of place."

For the Torch-Light I wrote:—

"I. Rotit, the author of 'Zeg, the Assyian,' has mistaken his calling. He should have turned his hand to the composition of circus posters. His novel is loud, coarse, and while it sometimes shows evidence of undeveloped talent, it is too blatant."

To the Weekly Wheel I sent:—

"In 'Zeg, the Assyrian,' by I. Rotit, there is not the least evidence of talent. The book throughout is weak, effeminate, and reminds one of an anæmic tadpole. Its only recommendation is a handsome cover."

In the Diurnal I wrote:—

"For the climax of bad art and ugliness commend us to the cover of 'Zeg, The Assyrian.' It is in the coarse style that some young designers affect to-day, and its only excuse is that it is better than the matter it enfolds. Of the story we can only say one good word,—while it lacks vital interest, it is correct historically."

For the wise old "Owl" I did the following:—

Mr. Rotit speaks of a *ziggurat* as an underground dungeon, whereas all authorities agree that the *ziggurat* was a tower common alike to Assyrian and Babylonian temples. This appears to have been always built in stages, which probably varied in number,—etc., etc."

At the request of several papers for personal items about I. Rotit, I sent them such stuff as these:—

"I. Rotit, the author of 'Zeg, the Assyrian,' is a native of Dingbat, Illinois. He spent eight years in Assyria looking up data for his novel, and is still in that ancient land. He had better stay there."

"I. Rotit, whose book, 'Zeg, the Assyrian,' is just off the press, was born and bred in Lexington, Ky., and has never been outside of that State. This accounts for the lack of fidelity to fact in his treatments of Assyrian subjects."

"I. Rotit, who has written a book entitled 'Zeg, the Assyrian,' makes his home in New York City, where he was born. Like Stephen Crane, who wrote his 'Red Badge' without having seen a battlefield, Mr. Rotit wrote his Assyrian story without having seen Assyria. Unlike Stephen Crane, however, he has made his ignorance apparent to the most casual observer."

When I had done a thousand or more of these I came to my senses suddenly. A lucid spell came upon me at the moment my hand was half way down a page of criticism of my own book. I read over the silly stuff. I shuddered at its total lack of true critical quality. I almost wept at the reckless manner in which I had slashed the work of the better part of me. I reflected that I, a mere fool compared to many writers I tried to criticise, had been daring to dictate to the public.

My book was killed. It was murdered by the very hand that had penned it. I swore an oath that I would never criticise another book. I resolved to expose the criticism graft. I have done so.

P. S. I have another book on the press. It is called "Toth, the Babylonian." I trust I am not prejudiced, but I think it is a great work. It will probably be harshly criticised. *If it is, remember what I have said about the methods of critics. The book will be* **$1.50** *at all news-stands.*

J. J. BELL, the author of "Wee MacGreegor," is the latest literary celebrity on the other side of the water, and his fame has spread almost as rapidly in this country as it has in Scotland and England. He followed up his first success by his novel "Ethel," and now by another series of short domestic sketches called "Domesticities," which will begin next month in this magazine. Short stories of his have been appearing on every hand and have made his name well known in record time. He is a friend both in literature and life of Robert Barr, at whose place in Woldingham, Surrey, his photograph in the illustration on this page was taken. His work in England goes largely to the "Idler," the new magazine which Mr. Barr is rushing along to success, at the same time that his work "Over the Border" shows his abilities as a novelist at their best.

That a tiny volume, crudely illustrated in colors, should make its way into edition after edition and should be adopted by numerous primary schools throughout the country, is at least deserving of comment. Helen Bannerman, whose book, "Little Black Sambo," has accomplished this, has prepared a close companion to this curious little work for children and has called it "Little Black Quibba." This new book is to be published at once.

Apparently the directness and simplicity of Mrs. Bannerman's work have again proved the power of these qualities. "Little Black Sambo," with its four tigers, was a sort of cousin of the ever-living "Three Bears," and "Little Black Quibba" is to provide thrills for the small child in *Quibba's* adventures with an elephant and a snake.

An interesting feature of book-selling is that there always seems to be room for a new volume of stories of the intelligence and sagacity of the lower animals. Another candidate for favor in this field has just been prepared by Arthur H. Miles, and is to be published under the title of "1001 Animal Anecdotes." One of its strongest claims for attention is based on the fact that it is to contain a very great number of excellent illustrations in black and white.

An intimate glimpse of the late Wilbur J. Chamberlin is shown in the reproduction of the kodak picture showing him at work at his desk in the office of the New York *Sun*. Mr. Chamberlin was greatly beloved by his *confreres* on the *Sun* and by his fellow war correspondents and newspaper workers in general, who recognized his remarkable ability and his many delightful and genial qualities, and his untimely death as the result of his arduous labors in

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bell and Robert Barr.

China has not ceased to be regretted by them and by many others.

Mr. Chamberlin's book, "Ordered to China," recently published, is perhaps more valuable because of its "inside view" of a prominent newspaper man's life and thought, with the records of a very remarkable personality, than because of even the new and unconventional pictures of great events in China presented by him.

The late Wilbur J Chamberlin.

Mr. Chamberlin came of a well-known newspaper family. His brother, E. O. Chamberlin, was one of the best managing editors in New York, but died from brain fever brought on by overwork during the Spanish War when he was in charge of the *Evening World*. His sister, Miss Georgia L. Chamberlin, who prepared his letters for publication, is the secretary of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, of Chicago.

He himself was connected with the New York *Sun* for about fifteen years, and was one of the best of the many good reporters on that paper. As his superior used to say, Chamberlin always brought back the news he was sent for—no matter how difficult it was. Part of his duties was to report all the National party conventions.

Arthur W. Marchmont.

The charm of his letters is, however, that they were intended to be private, and that they are entirely fresh and original and, moreover, extremely witty. One reader, who urged their acceptance, said: "The book is full of stories which it is not extravagant praise to say are better than anything in 'David Harum'."

Anne Story Allen, whose short stories in this and other magazines have already made her well known, is to bring out her first book this fall. The title is "Merry Hearts," which she takes from the "Winter's Tale."

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

Miss Allen, like most people who live in New York, was born in New England, at Manchester-by-the-Sea, but her stories are written generally about New York, and very good stories they are.

Arthur W. Marchmont's methods of work are about what his books would suggest. Having secured his plot and assimilated his material—a process often involving long thought and deliberation—he weaves the general scheme. This again is all thought over and over, drafted and redrafted, until completed to the author's satisfaction; the parts of the characters being clearly defined and harmonized, until all is ready for writing. Then his aim is to let the story tell itself in the most direct and least verbose way. Once the main hypothesis of the story is granted, all the rest must follow as the direct consequence, or be discarded.

Anne Story Allen.

When once the writing is commenced it is done quickly—often at fever heat. He suffers nothing to interfere with the work which is to him, for the time being, the one absorbing occupation of every available hour. It is almost a passion. Everything else gives way, and even recreation is for the time almost

abandoned. And not until the end is reached, the last word written, and the whole manuscript revised with scrupulous care and despatched to the typist, is the strenuous effort abated.

Then he rests—sometimes energetically, although he claims that he can beat the laziest lounger at lounging. It used to be cricket, then tennis and cycling; now it is golf chiefly. Then in the middle of his lounging, perhaps, he chances upon the subject which he thinks he can turn to account—perhaps a paragraph in a newspaper, or a reference, or a mere chance scrap of gossip; but he seizes on it and is not satisfied until he has investigated it fully, notebooked it and weighed the results to determine whether it may offer the material he seeks. Many are the cases where weeks have been occupied in this process of investigation, to yield no fruit other than the experiences gained by the travel or the research involved.

Mr. Marchmont has his home at Hove, the younger sister of Brighton, the great sea resort on the Sussex coast, within an hour's run of London. He lives in what we should call an apartment—they call it a flat over there—and is so close to the sea that in heavy weather the surf washes right up to the doors of the building. He declares that the moods of the sea make the finest orchestra in the world for him, and that the drawing of the surf on the pebble beach is the most marvelously harmonized monotone in nature. He loves it, but he has never written a story of the sea—yet.

Sincerely Yours
R. F. Outcault.

R. F. Outcault, like Carl E. Schultze ("Foxy Grandpa"), is interesting because of the hundreds of thousands of children who watch every week for his humorous pictures in color.

Among the numerous creations of the brush of the newspaper artist "Buster Brown" and "Foxy Grandpa" stand preeminent.

Mr. Outcault is the inventor of the mischievous *Buster*, a young man who is determined to make people laugh even if he gets a whipping every day—as he generally does. His experiences are original. Each whipping makes *Buster* form a new resolution—each one different from its predecessors and every one amusing.

Mr. Outcault is a keen student of humor, and he never draws a picture that his audience will not understand at once. He has gathered together a large number of the best of his pictures, and they will be published in time for the holidays under the title of "Buster Brown and His Resolutions."

WHAT DO SHEPHERDS THINK?

By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

When shepherds, o'er their fluffy sheep,
Through long, long hours their watches keep
And see the little lambkins leap,
O, what do shepherds think?

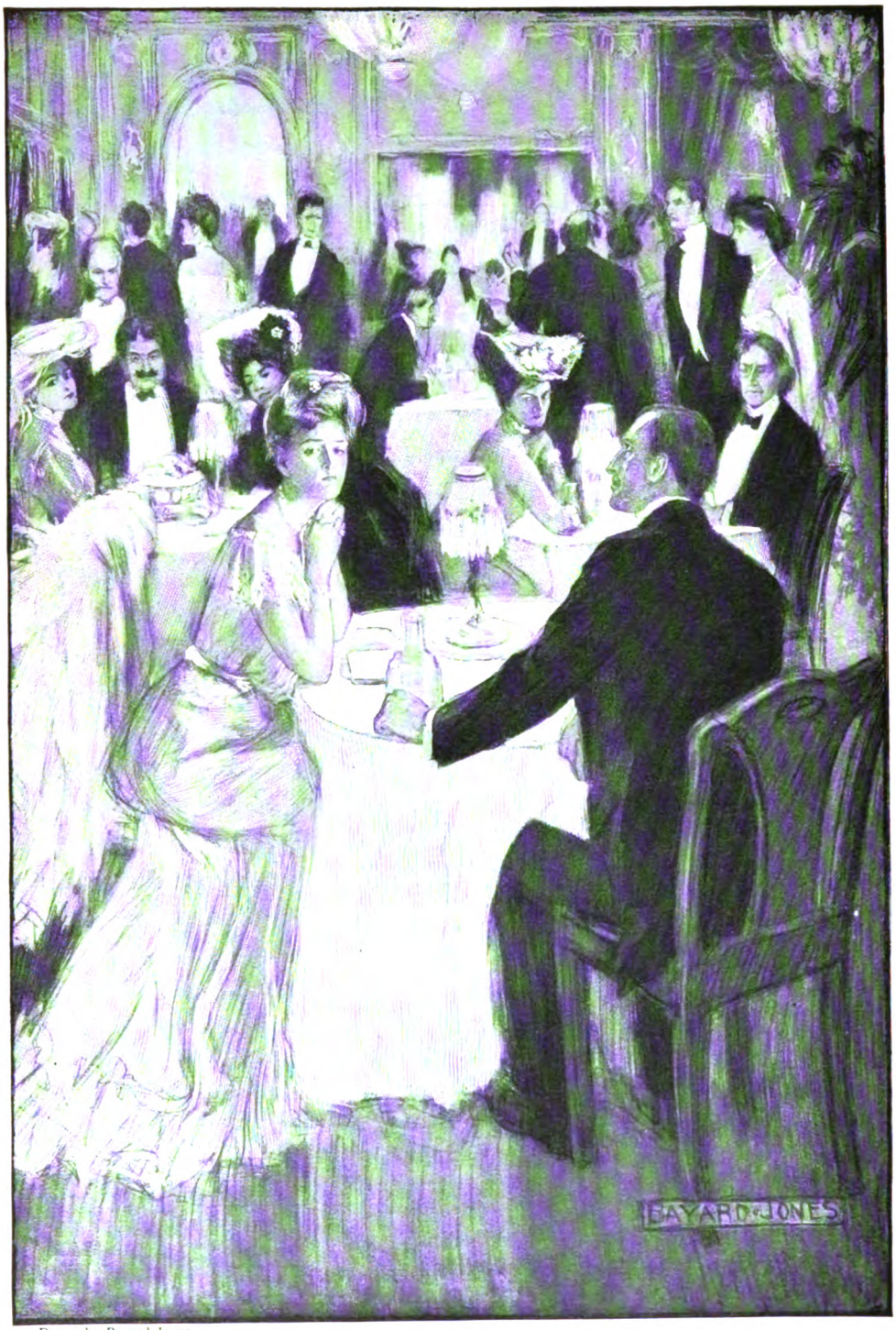
Out where the bees in blossoms hide;
Where soft grass grows on every side,
And where the sky is—O, so wide!
O, what do shepherds think?

Where little birds sing all day long
The very sweetest kind of song;
Where all is good, and nothing wrong,
O, what do shepherds think?

And when the stars shine out so bright,
With such a silvery sort of light—
Out in the dewy fields at night,
O, what do shepherds think?

Do they think how, once, long ago,
Those other shepherds saw the glow
That led them to that Manger low—
Of this do shepherds think?

And are they glad they're shepherds, too,
Out in the fields the whole night through,
And do they love that Baby true?
O, what do shepherds think?



Drawn by Bayard Jones.

"I should imagine the creature comes here every night"

See "A Disciple of Prince Florizel."

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

VOLUME LVII. DECEMBER, 1903 NUMBER 2

THE STORY OF ROSE FORTUNE

A NEW YORK WORKING GIRL

"ROSE FORTUNE" was the alias she assumed at the box factory when the girls asked her why she kept her own commonplace name when there were so many pretty ones to choose from. Her story is the true chronicle of the struggles and compensations in the life of a country girl who goes to a big city in search of bread, butter, and a place to sleep. Each chapter will form an episode complete in itself.—THE EDITORS.

ONE bitter cold morning in February I awoke to find myself in a strange room, lying in a strange bed, and mechanically staring at a patch of daylight that was trying to penetrate a small aperture in the ceiling. I lay there for a few moments trying to realize my situation,—an unskilled, friendless, almost penniless girl utterly alone in the world, and a stranger in the mighty City of New York, which I had not yet even seen by daylight. Here I had come to live and to toil, out of the placid monotony of a country village, into the storm and stress of the wide, wide work-a-day world. I jumped out of bed on to the cold oilcloth and touched a match to the pile of paper and kindling wood in the little stove. Before I had put the finishing touches to my simple morning toilet, the discordant jangle of Miss Jamison's breakfast bell called me basementward.

Miss Jamison was a short, plump blonde lady in the middle forties, to whose boarding-house hospitalities I was recommended upon application to the Young Women's Christian Association, the night previous. Her good-natured face and air of motherly solicitude were masks behind which dealt a shrewd, exacting, penny-for-penny and dollar-for-dollar business woman. Five years ago Miss Jamison had come into this shabby, though eminently decent neighborhood, with what we country folk would call a very slim "flitting." Her bureaus and bedsteads were sufficient, however, to furnish one of the old-fashioned, three-story and basement houses whose brick fronts enclose the street in long, prison-like walls. Within a stone's throw, and almost diagonally across the street from the new boarding-house was a large edifice, originally designed for a skating rink, but since transformed into a church, where a popular divine expounded a popular gospel to immense congregations, recruited for the most part from that transient element of population which lives in lodgings. Into this sanctuary the lonely young man or girl of a church-going temperament, in fact all strangers of a more or less harmless nature, were almost sure to drift sooner or later during the probationary period of strangerhood. Quick to see an op-

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Mrs. McGinniss' flat was redolent of soap suds and boiled cabbage.

portunity of utilizing the homeless sojourner to her profit, Miss Jamison dedicated her house to the founder of the faith preached across the way, and his name, memorialized in black letters on a glaring brass sign, soon became a veritable magnet. Miss Jamison's fortune was as good as made, right then and there. Her house overflowed with guests. Before many months she was obliged to rent the houses on either side, and her dominions have kept increasing until she is now the proprietress of six consecutive numbers, in which one hundred and twenty-five people find lodgings, and more than two hundred and seventy-five are fed.

Here, in the aerial seclusion of the tiny skylight bedroom in which I awoke to find myself, for the first time, face to face with the problem of existence, I spent my first week in New York. To a girl born and bred in a country village, the prospect of earning her living in a great city is brimful of happy anticipations. So, after the first pangs of homesickness began to wear away,—homesickness for something which, alas! no longer existed—it was with a comparatively light heart, a hope born of youth and inexperience, that I turned systematic attention to "HELP WANTED Female."

I will own that at first I was ambitious to find only what I choose to esteem as "ladylike" employment. I

Mrs. Cunningham was affable, calling me Dearie throughout the interview.

had taught two winters in the village school at home, and was naturally anxious to do something in which I could use my tongue, my wits—anything, in fact, rather than my hands. The advertisements all held out promises of genteel or semi-genteel nature—ladies' companions, young women to read aloud to blind ladies and invalid gentlemen, assistants in doctors' and dentists' offices and for the reception-rooms of photograph galleries. All of which requested answers in "own handwriting, by mail only." I replied to scores of such with no success.

Meanwhile I did not sit idle waiting for replies. As soon as each day's grist of Wants was sifted, and a certain quota disposed of by letter, I set out to make personal visitations. This was an even more discouraging process than the epistolary one, as it was bitterly cold and the streets filled with slush and snow. The distances were interminable, and each day found my little hoard dwindling away with frightful rapidity into innumerable car-fares and frequent cups of steaming coffee at wayside lunch counters. I traveled over miles and miles of territory, by trolley car, by elevated train and ferry boat, to Brooklyn, Harlem, to Jersey City and Newark—only to reach my destination, cold and hungry, and to be interviewed by a seedy man with a patent stove-lifter, a shirt-waist belt, a contrivance for hold-

ing a lady's train, or a new-fangled mop—anything, everything that a persistent agent might sell to the spendthrift wife of an American workingman. On one occason, after a ten-cent fare to South Brooklyn, discouragement and disgust gave way to humor, when a gentleman with a wooden leg and a large wen offered me fifteen per cent. commission for peddling an ingenious contraption, designed to do double duty as a flap-jack turner and automatic baby spanker.

After some days of this discouraging work, Sunday, my first in the metropolis, comes to give a needed interval of rest. That morning I join the crowd of strangers in the church across the way. The auditorium is packed. The crowd is not of fashionable New York, but it is neat and well dressed. Many of the faces look as sad and lonely as I feel. I am too tired, too discouraged even to hear what the earnest-voiced preacher is saying. My ears are attuned only to the persistent monody of the fugue which has haunted me all the week, "*Work or Starve. Work or Starve. Work or Starve.*" I rouse myself and try to become interested in the sermon, to which all are listening with rapt attention. It is about the Good Samaritan. I hear a few sentences, and then the preacher's voice is lost once more in the reiteration.

The forelady off duty.

LANDLADIES AND LODGINGS

Monday morning begins my search for a cheap boarding-house. A Mrs. McGinniss, who advertises herself as a respectable widow, offers to an equally respectable young lady all the comforts of home for $3.00 per week.

Wedged between a paper box factory and a blacksmith shop I find Mrs. McGinniss' number. It is a five-story, red brick tenement, like all the others that rise above the stoop line of this poverty stricken street. A soiled scrap of paper pasted beneath the button informs possible visitors that Mrs. McGinniss lives on the fifth floor, that her bell is out of order, and that one should "Push Guggenheim's."

The Guggenheims respond with a click from above. I ascend a flight of dark stairs, at the top of which there is ranged an ambuscade of numerous small Guggenheims, who have gushed out in their underdrawers and petticoats. Their mother, in curl papers, gives explicit directions for my guidance upwards.

"Is this where Mrs. McGinniss lives?" I inquired of the dropsical slattern who responds to my rap-

"I'm her."

Mrs. McGinniss' manner is aggressive. Conscious of her bare, sodden arms and dripping gingham apron, she evidently supposes I have mistaken her for a laundress, instead of the lady of her own house, and she shows her resentment by a chilly reticence.

"I don't run no boarding-house, and I don't take just any trash that comes along, either."

I agree that these are excellent qualities in a landlady, and somewhat mollified, she leads the way through a steamy passage into a stuffy bedroom. It had one window, looking out into an airshaft filled with lines of fluttering garments and a net-work of fire escapes. A slat bed, bureau, a wash stand with a noseless pitcher and a much spotted Brussells carpet completed the furnishings, and out of all exuded ancient odors of boiled cabbage and soap suds.

Rose Fortune, "105."

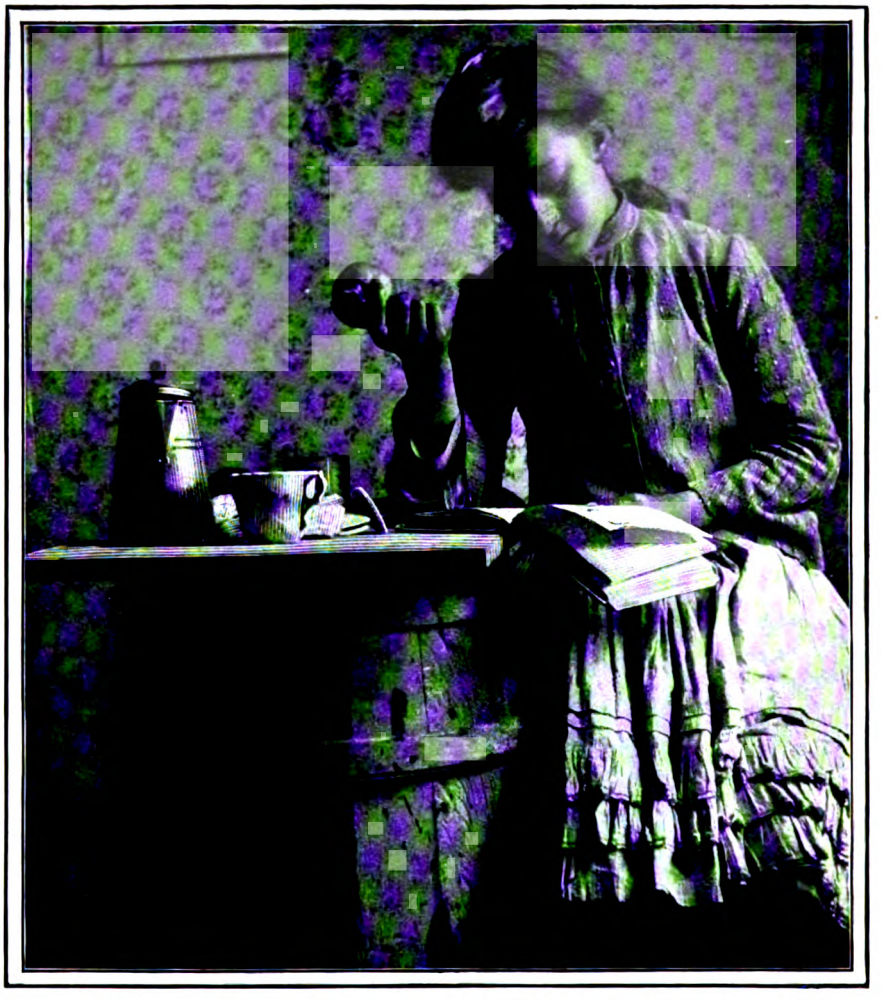
"There's one thing, though, I won't stand for, and that's cigarettes. I've had the last girl in my house that smokes cigarettes I'm going to have. Look at that nice Brussells carpet! look at it! all burned full of holes where that trallop throwed her matches."

I hurry away with a polite promise to consider the McGinniss accommodations.

The abode of Mrs. Cunningham was but a few blocks away. Mrs. Cunningham did not live in a flat, but in the comparative gentility of "upstairs rooms" over a gaudy undertaking establishment. She proved to be an Irish lady, with a very bad breath, which not even the fumes of frequent nips of gin could dissipate. Her eyes were blue and bleared, and looked at me in kindly fashion. She was affable, and responded to my questions with almost maudlin tenderness, calling me "Dearie" during the interview. Her little parlor was hung with the chromo reproductions of great religious paintings, and the close atmosphere redolent of the heavy perfume of lilies and stale tube roses. Remarking the unusual prodigality of flowers, the good lady explained that the undertaker beneath was in the habit of showing his esteem by the daily tender of such funeral decorations as had served their purpose. Mrs. Cunningham's accommodations at $4.00 per week were beyond my purse, however, but as she was willing to talk all day, my exit was made with difficulty.

The remainder of that day and the next were spent in interviewing all manner of landladies, all of whom were, like Mrs. McGinniss' bell, out of order,

The breakfast of a factory girl in her $1.00 a week room.



either physically, mentally or morally. At last I compromised by taking a small room at $1.00 per week, taking my meals at a dairy lunch.

THE FACTORIES, THE LAST RESORT

The third week of March passes. I have been in New York almost a month, and have not yet found a job that will enable me to live. I have only two dollars left. It is impossible to reduce my living expenses further. Even the little dairy lunch room has become a luxury to be indulged in only for an occasional hot stew at the end of the weary day. My breakfast of rolls and coffee, boiled on the landlady's kitchen range, is eaten from the top of an empty flour barrel, which, under a cretonne cover, masquerades as a washstand. With breakfasts at an average cost of three cents each, and dinners at fifteen cents (I now forego lunch entirely), I figure that a perfectly healthy, normal girl can keep body and soul together, at least for a time. For me, however, that time is fast drawing to an end. I have not yet suffered from actual physical hunger, but from something even worse, the growing fear of hunger. This terror of ultimate starvation begins to haunt me day and night, and sends me at last, panic-stricken and desperate, all silly pride cast to the wind,—to the factories.

The foreman of a cigar factory wants

bunch makers, but he will have none of me. I am not experienced, and he says he isn't running a kindergarten.

"Girls wanted to learn binding and folding—paid while learning." This address takes me to Brooklyn Bridge and down a strange, dark thoroughfare towards East River. Above hangs the great bridge, etherial, fairy-like, in the morning mist. I toil up a narrow, zig-zag alley that wriggles through an arch, into a world of book binderies. I hurry along a street filled with moving cart-loads of yellow backed literature. The superintendent tells me to come back Monday and bring a paper cutter with me. I accept the job at $3.00 a week, but as this is only Thursday, and not yet 9 o'clock, I hope to find something better.

A Brooklyn merchant wants two salesladies, "experience not necessary." A trolley car swirls me across the river, now glistening in the Spring sunshine. Fifteen minutes, half an hour, three-quarters, and we are still hurtling down interminable vistas of small shops, always under the grim, iron trellis of the elevated railroad. At the end of an hour I enter the "Majestic," a small store stocked with trash. After much dickering Mr. Lindbloom and his wife decide I'll do at $3.50 per week, from seven in the morning till nine in the evening, Saturdays till midnight. I agree to report for duty Saturday, and depart with the vow that if I must work and starve it shall not be in Lindbloom's.

Five cents gets me back to Cortlandt street, in Manhattan, where I call upon a candy manufacturer who wants bon-bon makers. The French foreman, in snowy cap and apron, receives me in a great room dazzling with white tile walls and floor, and filled with bright-eyed girls in snowy caps and aprons, working before marble tables. The Frenchman is polite, apologetic, but "they never hire any but experienced workers."

It is half past three, and I have two more on my list. Rosemaking sounds attractive, and I walk up all the way to Bond street. For the very reason, no doubt, that it is so filthy, this street has of all others been selected as the forcing ground or nursery of artificial flowers. Its signs, on both sides, even to the top floors, proclaim some specialization of fasionable millinery—flowers, feathers, aigrettes, wire hat frames. On the third floor, rear of a once fashionable mansion now fallen into decay, I stumble into a room radiantly scarlet with roses. The jangling bell attached to the door arouses no curiosity whatever in the white-faced girls bending over these gay garlands. It is a signal, though, for a thick-set, beetle-browed young fellow to bounce in from the next room and rudely demand my business.

"We only pay $1.50 to learners," he replies, smiling unpleasantly over large, yellow teeth. I flee in dismay. Down Broadway, along Bleecker and up squalid Sullivan street I rush to my last chance, a paper box factory.

The office of E. Springer and Company is a pleasant contrast to the flower sweat-shop, for all its bright colors. So, too, is there a grateful comparison between the Jew of the ugly smile and the portly young gentleman who sits behind a glass partition and acknowledges my entrance by glancing up from his ledger. The remark he makes is evidently witty and not intended for my ears, for it makes the assistant lady bookkeeper and the two lady typewriters laugh and crane their necks in my direction. The bookkeeper climbs down from his high stool and opens the glass door. He is as kind now as he was formerly merry. Possibly he has seen my chin quiver the least bit, and he knows I am almost ready to cry. Anyhow he is very kind as he listens to my stereotyped request for work, and he calls the superintendent—a shrewd, keen-faced, elderly woman in spectacles. Yes, there's a job for me. One-hundred-and-five didn't ring up that morning and I can have her key. The pay is $3.00 a week, but Miss Price, the superintendent, thinks I can learn in a week, and then I'll be able to make $7.00 or $8.00 on piecework, "if you hustle," adds the young gentleman who enrolls my name, while Miss Price shows me how to ring in my time on the register at the foot of the stairs. The young gentleman then gives me a key stamped

105, and he tells me good-humoredly that I shall thenceforth be known on his books as "105."

I thank him in as steady a voice as I can command, and reach the street door on the stroke of six, just in time to hear my shopmates of the morrow laughing and scrambling down stairs in their mad efforts to get away from that which I have been trying to attain for so many weeks.

The street I step into has been transformed. Behind my blurred vision, as I hurry along, I see no squalor, no wretchedness now. Through the tears the houses, the street and the hurrying people are all glorified, all transfigured. Everything is right—the whole world and everybody in it. The old reiteration, "Work or Starve," has turned to a joyous quickstep, which my hurrying feet beat out to the rhythm of "One Hundred and Five, One Hundred and Five, One Hundred and Five." The whole street takes up the refrain. The hand-organs grind it out in melody; the sightless accordion player draws it forth from his wheezy instrument; the newsboys and the banana vendors cry its words—"One Hundred and Five! One Hundred and Five! One Hundred and Five!"

BUILDING CARDBOARD CASTLES

Early, very early, the next morning I start out to my first day's work as a paper box maker at Springer's. But none too early, for it is a long walk from my tenement lodging-house over by East River—nearly the breadth of Manhattan—and it lacks but a few minutes of eight o'clock when at last I turn into the squalid street where the factory stands, like a gaunt, ugly, unkempt hag, now grinning seductively over toothless gums, now frowning between bleared eyes, beckoning, coaxing, commanding me to enter her awful house. Timid, almost terrified, I would run away did not the old monody that had so long run in my ears chant its warning, "Work or Starve," and in another moment I have passed into the factory.

"The better the day, the better the deed," Miss Price remarks as she conducts me aloft, referring to the fact that I am beginning my job on a Good Friday. I respond a little doubtfully that I hope so, but the words are drowned by the bedlam noises of the "loft" where I am ushered into the presence of my prospective forelady. My escort raises her shrill, nasal voice:—

"Miss Kinzer! here's a lady wants to learn. You'd better put her on table work," and she darts away leaving me to the scrutiny and cross-questioning of a rather pretty woman of twenty-eight or thirty.

"Ever worked in a factory before?"

"No."

"Where did you work?"

"I've never worked any place before."

"O-h-h-h!" There is obvious interest in the exclamation. The forelady straightens up from the rude desk where she has been bending over a pile of slips and work checks. She is now all attention.

"Where do you live!"

"Over on East Sixteenth street."

"Home?"

"No; in a room," I reply. Then, reading only too quickly the meaning of her uplifted eyebrows and the unpleasant curiosity mirrored in the brown depths beneath, I add hastily: "I have no home. My folks are all dead."

What impression this bit of information made I am unable to determine, as I follow her slender, slightly bowed figure across the busy, roaring work room.

"Be careful you don't get hurt," she cries as we thread a narrow passage in and out among the stamping, throbbing machinery, where, by the light that filters through the grimy windows, I get vague, confused glimpses of girl faces shining like stars out of this dark, fearful chaos of revolving belts and wheels, whence, above the bedlam noises, come girlish laughter and girlish song.

"Good-morning, Carrie! Good-morning, Carrie!" one of them sings out as she espies the "new girl" in tow of the forelady, and the whole room takes up the burden of the song. "Don't mind them," my conductor says. "They don't mean anything by it—watch out for your head and arm, that's a dangerous place"

Safely through the outlying ramparts of machinery we enter the domain of the table workers. I am turned over to Phoebe, a giggling girl, in tortoise earrings and curl papers, who is to "learn" me in the trade of "finishing." Somewhat to my surprise she assumes the task joyfully, and with alacrity helps me off with my coat and hat. From the loud-mouthed tirades anent "Annie Kinzer's nerve," it becomes evident that the assignment of the job of learner is one to cause heartburning jealousies, and that Phoebe, either through some special adaptability or favoritism, gets the lion's share of novices.

"That's right, Phoebe, hog every new girl that comes along!" amiably suggests a bright-faced, tidy young woman answering to the name of Mrs. Smith, and who works as briskly as she talks. To this and other similar comments hurled by her companions, Phoebe, never once losing her poise of perfect good nature, replies with a musically intoned "Hot Air!"

"Hot A—I—R! Hot A—I—R! Hot A—I—R!" The high, clear notes of Phoebe's soprano set the echoes ringing all over the great workroom.

"Hot A—I—R! Hot A—I—R!" Every few moments, all through the day, Phoebe finds some occasion to sound the magic call. And it is a retort equally effective for every emergency.

"Yes Annie Kinzer does give me a

lot of learners, because I'm easy to get on with, I suppose, and don't play no tricks on them!" Phoebe explains, dragging a box from beneath the table. "Here put your hat and things in here with my lunch. Them girls is apt to do most anything to a new girl's duds if you hang them in the coat room."

"Why do they all want to teach the new girl?" I ask.

"Learn her, you mean? Why! because the girl that learns the green hand gets all her work checked on her own card while she's learning how. You've never worked in a factory before, have ye?" I shake my head.

"I 'spose not. Well, box making's a good trade. Have you an apron?"

As I have not she commands me to turn my skirt, thereby to receive the inevitable coat of glue and paste on its inner rather than its outer surface. I gently demur against this slovenly expedient. My plea that of the two evils I should prefer being glued on the exterior rather than the interior of my garments, is not convincing to Phoebe, however, who is inclined to feel injured at the rejection of her expert advice.

"Well, call it hot air if you want to," tossing her curl papers with lofty indifference, "I suppose you know better than me. Most learners do think they know it all. I've been here six years and learned lots of new girls, and never one has kicked about turning her skirt. Most of the ladies I'm used to be with want to walk home looking respectable, no difference what they are other times."

With the respectability of my lady-hood thus impeached, and lest I infringe upon box factory etiquette, there is nothing to do but yield. I drop my skirt to the floor as quickly as possible, glad to do anything to win back the good will of Phoebe. She is instantly all good humor, delighted with her easy victory over my prejudices.

"There's one thing you must always remember," she goes on earnestly, helping to adjust my reversed skirt, "always do as the other girls do, or you'll never get along in a factory. If you don't they'll get down on you, and they'll make it mighty hot, with complaining

Three little maids from the mill.

to the forelady. And she'll get down on you after a while, too, and won't give you good orders to work on, and —well, it's just this, a girl musn't be odd."

"Hot air!" chants Mrs. Smith, who has been listening to these instructions.

"No, and it's no hot air I'm giving you," continues Phoebe. "I'm only telling it for your own good, because I like to see any girl succeed that's got to work."

nestle underneath; four pieces of gay paper lace to please Madam's eyes when the lid is lifted, and three labels, one on the bottom, one on top, and one bearing the Fifth Avenue modiste's name on an escutcheon of gold and purple.

The job as it progresses entails ceaseless shoving and shifting and lifting. In order that we may not be walled in completely by our cumbersome materials, every few minutes we bear tottering piles across the loft to the "strippers." These, with their machines, cover the

"Stripper" and "Turner-in."

Continuing her philosophy of success, Phoebe proceeds to initiate me into the first process of my job, which consist in pasting slippery, sticky strips of muslin over the corners of the rough brown boxes that are piled all about us in frail, tottering towers that reach to the ceiling, trellised all over with electric wires and steam pipes. Two hundred and fifty of these boxes remain to be finished. Each must receive eight muslin strips, four on the box and four on its cover; two tapes, inserted with a hairpin through awl-holes; two tissue flies to tuck over the bonnet soon to sides with glazed paper and toss the boxes to the "turner-in." The latter, a smaller girl "turns in" the overlapping edge of the strip, after which the box is ready to come back to the table for the next process. Each little turner-in must now manage that the particular "stripper" to whom she is helper shall not be overtaken by the prison fate which a few moments before threatened us at the tables. And so, from time to time, she drops her sticky cloth and falls to the clearing away process. With her short, thin arms she picks up the pasteboard pyramids and, stagger-

ing under their weight, bears them back to the table workers for the next process.

By ten o'clock, with Mrs. Smith's gay violet boxes and our own bonnet boxes we have built a snug bower all around our particular table. Through its pasteboard walls the din and the songs come but faintly. It is an ideal nook, a psychological moment for gossip, and my mates' tongues fly as fast as their fingers. The talk is chiefly devoted to clothes, Phoebe's social activities, and the evident prosperity of Mrs. Smith's husband's folks, among whom it appears she had only recently appeared as "Jeff's" bride. Having exhausted the Smiths, she again gives Phoebe the floor by asking:—

"Are you going to-night?"

"Well, I guess! Don't I look it?"

To determine, by Phoebe's appearance, where she might be going would be an impossibility to the uninitiated, for her dress represented the extremes of wretchedness and luxury. A woefully torn and much soiled shirtwaist, a gorgeous gold watch worn on her breast like a medal, a black taffeta skirt which, under the glue-smeared apron, emitted the unmistakable frou-frou; three Nethersole bracelets on her wrist, and her feet encased in colossal shoes broken and stringless. The latter she is now explaining to Mrs. Smith.

"I just swiped a pair of Paw's and brought them along this morning, or I'd be dished for getting into them high heels to-night. My corns most killed me yesterday—they always do break out bad about Easter. My pleasure club," she explains turning to me, "my pleasure club, The Moonlight Maids, give a ball to-night." Which fact likewise explained the curl papers as well as the slattern shirt-waist, donned to save the "elegant" evening bodice now tucked away in the big box under the table.

A whole side of our pretty violet-sprinkled bower caves in, as a little "turner-in" lurches against it. Through the opening comes a chorus of voices singing "The Fatal Wedding."

"Hot A-I-R!" Phoebe intones derisively. "It's a wonder Angelina wouldn't get a new song. Them strippers sing that 'Fatal Wedding' week in and week out." We work steadily, and as the hours drag on I begin to grow dead tired. The awful noise and confusion, the terrific heat, the foul smell of the glue and the agony of breaking ankles and blistered hands seem almost unendurable.

But at last the hour hand stands at twelve, when suddenly, out of the turmoil, a strange quiet falls over the great mill. The vibrations that have shaken the whole structure to its very foundations now gradually subside; the wheels stay their endless revolutions; the flying belts, now limp and motionless, hang from the ceiling like long, black ribbons. Out of the stillness girl voices and girl laughter echo weirdly, like horns blown in a dream, while sweeter and clearer than ever rings Phoebe's "H-O-T A—I—R! H-O-T A—I—R! Hot Air!"

A DISCIPLE OF PRINCE FLORIZEL

By HARRISON G. RHOADES

THOSE who are familiar with Robert Louis Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights" will remember that the adventures of Prince Florizel of Bohemia took place, not in the capital city of his own land, but in the great town of London. Since this accomplished creature of Stevenson's imagination, who "gained the affection of all classes by the seduction of his manners and by a well-considered generosity," was not far from being the ideal of Mr. Charles Edward Austin, it is not strange that the metropolis of Britain has always seemed to the young American a richer and more promising field for whimsical adventure than New York.

This story begins with a conversation upon the possibilities of finding romance in modern life. It took place in a box at a London theater in which young Mr. Austin and a friend found themselves one June evening. The period is that which Charles Edward is pleased to term his unregenerate days, meaning by this the time before he was married.

By the time the curtain had fallen on the second act of the adventures of a hero in doublet and hose, Mr. Austin had decided that it was a very dull play he was seeing.

"This," said Charles Edward, "is not romance."

"Perhaps not," replied Paul Cary, "still it's got something of the feeling. It's better than if the hero wore a frock coat, don't you think?"

"Rubbish," said his friend decisively. "Evening dress and an opera hat are the costume of adventure, and London in this year of grace is far more romantic, to my mind, than Paris in the middle ages."

"I don't think I see it that way. What for example, Charles Edward, would be your idea of an adventure for to-night? If this were mediævel times we might have our swords out three or four times on the way home. A lovely lady might signal to us from a lofty balcony—"

"Oh, all the corresponding things could happen to-night. You remember the Stevenson story where a young man comes out of a London theater. Near the entrance stands a neat little brougham with a coachman in sober blue livery. As the young man passes by a small hand gloved in white makes the quietest gesture of beckoning to him, while he catches a glimpse of a lady in a white cloak with a cloud of lace enveloping her head and partially concealing her face. Unhesitatingly the young man advances to the brougham, opens the door, and springs in. There Paul—there's adventure for you."

"Ah, well, if that's all! It seems to me the sort of thing not unheard of, though perhaps sufficiently vulgar as adventure. I daresay—"

"Pardon me, I don't mean that. If you notice the brougham you will see a crest upon it, perhaps even a coronet."

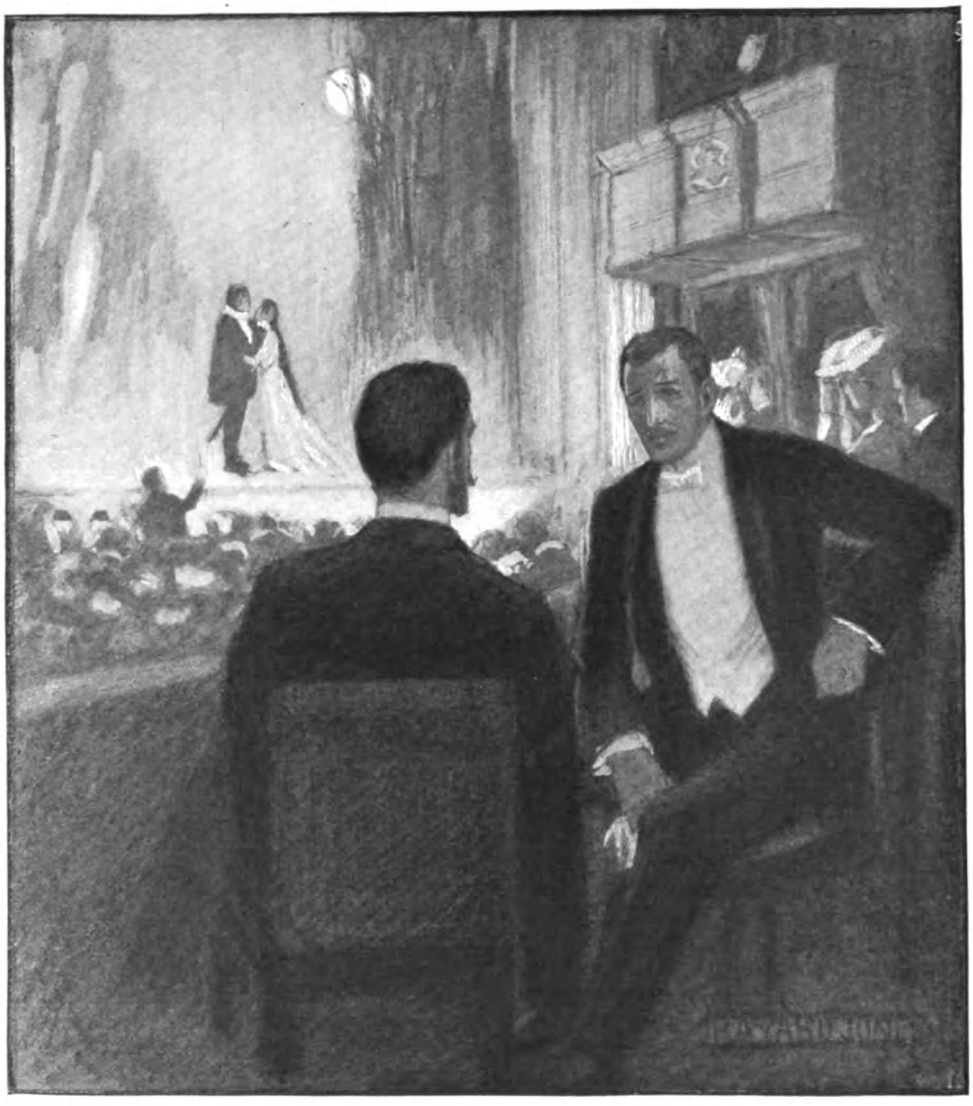
"Romance, then, I take it, consists in having a Duchess fall in love with you at first sight."

"She might not be a Duchess, and she might not fall in love. Of course such a combination is the wildest dream. But I don't feel that one could count on either ducal rank or tender sentiment. She might be merely a lovely lady in distress, in desperate need of a gentleman to do something in her service. There's adventure. Talk of your romance in doubtlet and hose—I snap my fingers at it."

"Come out into the lobby and smoke instead," suggested Paul.

There was one more *entr'acte*, the usual *entr'acte;* two more acts of the play, the usual acts, and the audience

"This," said Charles Edward, "is not romance.



to look at, the usual audience. The stalls presented the ordinary show of elaborately dressed heads, bare shoulders and white shirt fronts. The boxes contained no one of especial charm. Next the one which contained Charles Edward and his friend sat a lady alone, but so far back in the shadow of the curtains that she could scarcely be called an object of interest. In the boxes opposite sat three stout, yellow-haired ladies dressed in pink, accompanied by a black-bearded man, a Jew apparently, and nearer the stage two soldierly-looking young men and a fashionable and frisky young matron. Bored by the play and uninterested in the audience, the disciple of Prince Florizel welcomed the final fall of the curtain and the prospect of the cool night air outside.

They sauntered forth upon the pavement, and then the unexpected happened. Near the entrance stood a neat little brougham with a coachman in sober blue livery. As Charles Edward passed by a small hand gloved in white made the quietest gesture of beckoning to him, while he caught a glimpse of a lady in a white cloak with a cloud of

lace enveloping her head and partially concealing her face. He advanced unhesitatingly to the carriage, opened the door and sprang in. The coachman drove off swiftly in the direction of Trafalgar Square, and Paul Cary, as one in a dream, pursued his solitary course towards his hotel. Upon the door of the carriage he had noted a crest, he was not sure that it was not a coronet.

II

The faintest perfume of violets filled the brougham. The lady was sitting as far in the corner as she could retreat; the lace still partially concealed her face, but Charles Edward in the gloom divined it had charm.

"I have told the coachman to drive to the Savoy. I want you to take me to supper. Is that the right place?"

"It is a good place, unless perhaps you prefer the Carlton."

"Oh, I don't know. I never go to supper. I suppose you think me mad."

"Supper is an essential meal," said Charles Edward gravely. "I am sure you are right in beginning to have it, and I am enormously flattered that you inaugurate so charming a custom in my company."

He took her hand, the hand that had beckoned to him—she gave a little gasp.

"Oh, don't—please don't," she pleaded.

"Ah, *chère* Comtesse," protested her companion.

Charles Edward had let go her hand and the lady regained something of her composure.

"Why do you call me that?"

"I won't, if you prefer to be 'incognita' even to me. And I apologize, if you are a duchess."

"You really don't know me."

"Dear lady, I haven't seen you yet; the inside of a carriage is absurdly dark."

"I was in the box next yours tonight," explained the stranger. "I overheard your conversation."

"Ah," said Charles Edward, "then do you love adventures, too?"

"I don't know," was the reply; "I never had one."

"Then you are a lovely lady in distress."

"I don't know," came plaintively. "I'm certainly in great trouble."

"And I know you're lovely."

"Please don't try to flirt with me."

Not to flirt at such a moment was a course which had little beside eccentricity and unexpectedness to recommend it. But these were both qualities in which Charles Edward dealt extensively and so he endeavored to obey his companion's orders in a cheerful spirit.

Owing to the unexampled swiftness with which the coachman in sober blue had threaded his way through the tangle of nocturnal traffic, the brougham already stood in the line of carriages waiting to discharge their occupants at the brightly illuminated entrance of the restaurant. Charles Edward was now enabled to see his companion more plainly. That she was a lady he had not doubted from the beginning, but he had scarcely been prepared for the almost excessive refinement of her delicately-cut features, for the high-bred poise of her head, and for the troubled look in her dark blue eyes. Although his observation was discreet, it could not pass unnoticed, and the lady acknowledged it with a kind of wan and plaintive smile.

Charles Edward withdrew his gaze. "Well, here we are," he said. The remark was commonplace and unworthy of an admirer of the great Florizel, yet it produced upon his companion a sufficiently remarkable effect. She peered out at the entrance and the staircase, up which was passing the gay freight of the preceding carriages. A kind of nervous tremor passed over her and she clasped her hands more tightly together as they lay in her lap.

"Oh, I don't think I can face it. I don't think I can," she said, almost hysterically.

"Perhaps you are right, this place may be a little out of fashion. Shall we go to the Carlton?"

The lady nodded, and Charles Edward, putting his head out of the window, offered to the splendidly gold braided functionary who stood ready to open the carriage door the most terrible in-

sult of that individual's experience by asking him to direct the coachman to drive to a rival establishment. The brougham drove swiftly away and the lady gasped.

"Thank you, thank you. Let me think."

If she thought, in the brief period of silence that followed, so did her companion. Charles Edward's reply to her agitated statement that she could not make experiment of the Savoy's supper he had tried to conceive in a spirit of high and subtle comedy. It was one of the rules of the game of fantastic adventure, as he understood it, never to be agitated, however amazing a turn events might take. And agitated he was not. But that he was not ravaged by curiosity could not have been said with truth. Charles Edward could easily understand how a lovely lady in distress might swiftly decide to avail herself of the chivalrous aid which an unknown young gentleman in the next box was heard to say he was ready to offer to any of her sex. But he was unable to see what distress other than hunger could be alleviated by supping with hundreds of others at either the Savoy or the Carlton.

The brougham turned into Northumberland Avenue, and the lady broke the silence.

"I have perhaps taken an unfair advantage of you."

"Not as yet," replied Charles Edward lightly, "though I'm at your mercy."

"We are," was the lady's solemn statement, "probably followed by detectives."

"Ah, are we?" exclaimed her companion, feeling as he spoke that his tone betrayed too plainly the boyish delight which he could not stifle.

"I hope so, at least. I ought to tell you that this may cause you great trouble and annoyance. I have no right to ask it of you. I acted foolishly —on the impulse of the moment. If you will stop the carriage now and get out I believe you will run no risks. And I thank you a thousand times for the spirit in which you have met me."

"You'll let me ask one question," his voice sounded serious—"You did say—did you not?—that you were in great distress, and that I could help you?"

"Yes. But it's a desperate way for me and it may be an unpleasant one for you."

This sounded, in an almost literal sense, like adventure with a vengeance. At this moment the carriage drew up at the Carlton.

"I really must have supper, you know," said he.

The lady acknowledged the re-appearance of the note of whimsical comedy by a faint smile, but she was still serious.

"Thank you," she said, "You shall understand more before you commit yourself to anything beyond supper." They had descended and she put her hand upon his arm.

"Now we must appear to enjoy each other's society."

"That is not asking too much of me," said Charles Edward lightly.

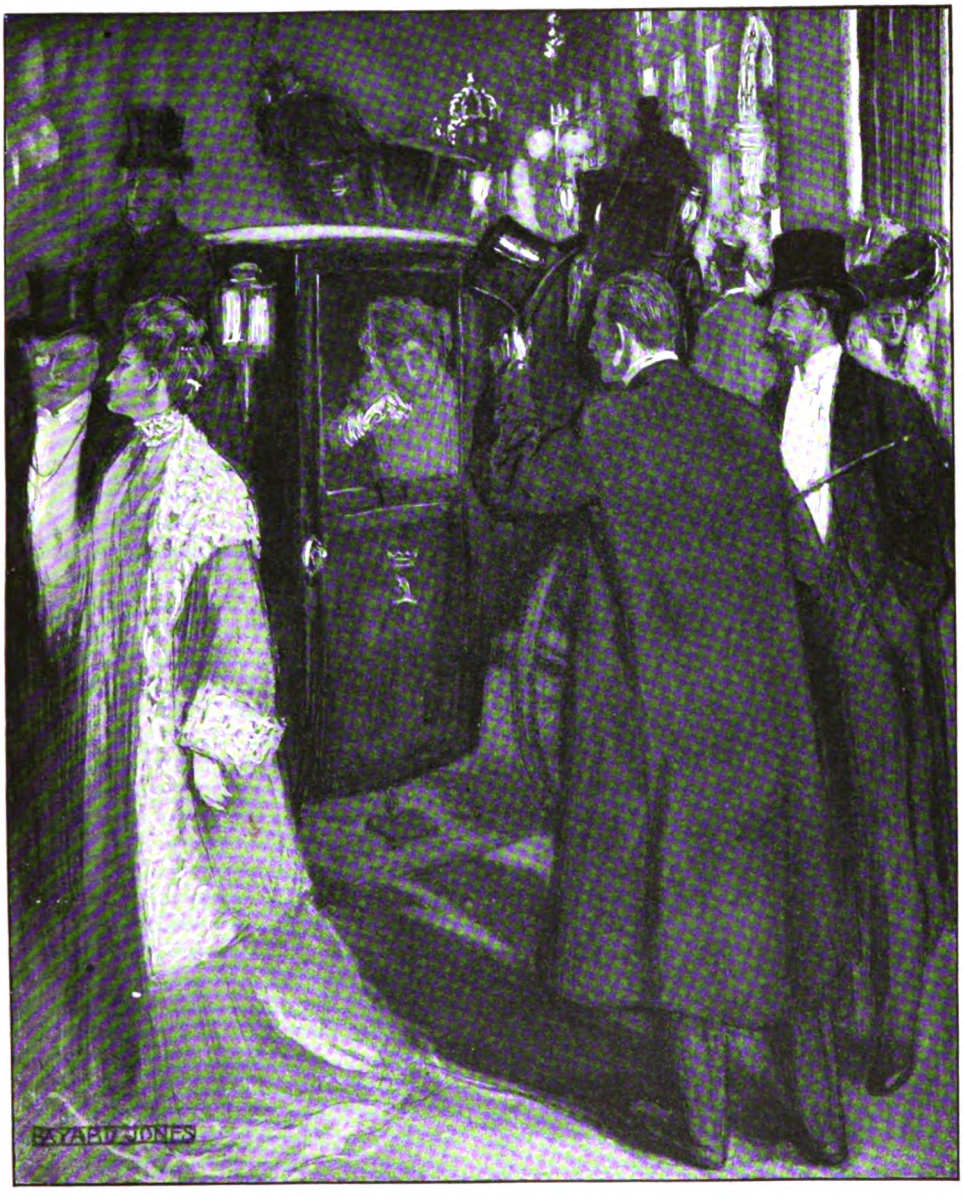
III

It is probable that not often in that great white room, which flashes pink towards midnight with the shaded lights of its supper tables, has a young man spent a more pleasant hour than did Charles Edward with his fair "incognita." Her vivacity, though he suspected it to be unusual with her and the result of the excessive nervous strain which she was undergoing, was nevertheless charming. They talked gaily of impersonal matters and the lady, Charles Edward felt, was postponing so long as she dared any explanation of her conduct.

"I ought to point out celebrities to you. It's the usual thing at supper," he said. "But there are two objections. One is that there probably aren't many here, and the other is that, as I'm a stranger I probably shouldn't know them if there were. But *we're* rather celebrities I gather. A good many people have been looking at you."

"I expected that," she replied nervously. "I haven't dared to look. Don't let us talk about it. I'd rather hear about the others."

A small hand made the quietest gesture of beckoning



Charles Edward gazed about the room. Suddenly, as sometimes happens in a crowded place, a long vista opened for an instant and he caught a glimpse of a red-haired young woman at the opposite end of the restaurant.

"And, yes, there's Nancy Scott, the American actress, who has made such a hit at the Quadrant Theater."

His companion held her head a little higher and turned paler than before.

"I should imagine the creature comes here, or to the Savoy, for supper every night."

"Creature!" said Charles Edward. "Why, I know Miss Scott, and if ever there was—"

"Doubtless," interrupted the lady; "you will see my husband sitting next to her."

It is not the thing to do at table, but Charles Edward leapt to his feet and gazed in the direction of Miss Scott.

"The man with the small, blonde moustache? But I know him. I met him at tea at Miss Scott's only the other day. Then you are Lady Holbrooke." He resumed his seat.

"I am a very unhappy woman."

"You had better tell me something about it, hadn't you?" said Charles Edward gently. "I will try to understand."

"I have embarked on such a career of madness to-night that I may as well give you my confidence," said the lady. And she told her story.

Lady Holbrooke, a Puritan by nature and a lover of all the refinements and delicacies of good form, had married a man whom one would like to call a Bohemian if the word had not of late years been cheapened beyond all hope of salvation. The marriage had been a love-match, and this fact had at first kept in the background all their differences of taste and disposition. A six-months' honeymoon had been spent abroad, and when they returned to England they had gone straight to the country. Lady Holbrooke's love of rural peace and calm, and her distaste for London and its whirl of worldly gayeties had been intensified by the coming of a child. Lord Holbrooke, on the contrary, had for London something of the feeling which the *boulevardier* has for the asphalt of Paris, and when country life had produced upon his health its due tonic and invigorating effects he longed to feel the pavement of Piccadilly once more beneath his feet, and to mix in the amazing and miscellaneous society which was his acquaintance. At first Lady Holbrooke had occasionally accompanied her husband to town, but she had found it beyond her powers to make even a pretense of enjoying herself. Charles Edward could see how with all her charm and intelligence she was a slave, though half unconscious of her servitude, to all the rigid, narrow, old-fashioned social prejudices in which she had been reared. She could never go with her husband more than a third of the way into his various "Bohemian" sets. At this period Charles Edward's knowledge of the world was not of the completest, yet he felt that the society into which Lord Holbrooke wished to lead his wife was only mildly unconventional and was always respectable. This was the more evident to him when it appeared that all the differences of opinion in the family had at last crystallized into the question of what their relations should be with Miss Nancy Scott.

Lady Holbrooke did not know Miss Scott, and refused to. Her husband had made Nancy's acquaintance at a time when his wife had declined to leave Brookstede. The child had died young, and its mother had clung desparingly to the lonely life she had chosen to lead. Charles Edward divined the attempts which her husband had made to distract the current of her thoughts, and curiously enough he divined also that Lord Holbrooke admired and deeply loved his wife. But he also guessed how the continual strain of a quiet life at Brookstede was more than the companionship loving earl could bear. If his wife would make no attempt to enjoy London, in the end he must try to do so without her. This wounded Lady Holbrooke and the result was that day by day and little by little the pair had accentuated those differences of temperament which at last threatened to destroy altogether the very real and deep bond of affection which had originally made the match.

As to the definite question of Miss Nancy Scott, Lady Holbrooke was more precise. Even to the quiet of Brookstede had female friends of hers managed to carry the tale of Miss Scott's brilliant career and of the constant presence of Lord Holbrooke in her train.

"I cannot allow you to make yourself absolutely notorious in London with an actress," would be the lady's suggestion put concisely.

"If you mean that I'm in love with her, it's not so."

"Humph! I know what actresses are."

"Do you?" sarcastically from Lord Holbrooke "you have the ideas of

your father, who read an occasional French novel on the sly and never left the Athenaeum Club when he was in London. The world is different now. Miss Scott is in every sense a lady and her reputation beyond reproach."

"I should not be taken in by her."

"You would like her enormously. Above all things I wish that you and she might be friends. She is the one person who could thoroughly reconcile you to what you call my 'low Bohemian life in London.'"

As might have been expected, Lady Holbrooke's reply to this was a reiteration, with embellishments, of the claim to know what actresses are, and the added statement that the proffered introduction to Miss Scott was nothing short of an insult. The discussions at Brookstede rose to a pitch when Lady Holbrooke began to talk rather wildly about divorce.

"It is out of the question," protested her husband. "You can't charge me with cruelty, and you can't charge me with any other offense."

The "impasse" thus presented to her view gave the final twist to Lady Holbrooke's quivering nerves. This was the morning of the very day when this narrative began. She could not divorce her husband. He laughingly assured her that he would not divorce her and that he could not if he would. His laughter jangled in her ears, and, white-hot with rage, to her own astonishment almost as much as to his, she found herself telling her husband that he should have evidence which would force him to divorce her within twenty-four hours.

"Laws are foolishly arranged," she said to Charles Edward as the coffee came, "but one finds a way through them sometimes. I went to the play to-night without a ghost of an idea. Now I want you to drive me to your rooms. Possibly you could let me have a little more of your time. And then perhaps we could talk for a half hour. That's all. I think you understand, and you are a gentleman."

"Yes, I think so," said her companion gently, "and I understand. But—" and he hesitated, "how are you to make sure that Lord Holbrooke is to know where you've gone?"

"I thought it all out," she answered, "and I sent word to a detective agency this morning that I was to be watched to-night."

"You sent word?"

"Well, of course, I signed my husband's name."

The situation was not lacking in piquancy, Charles Edward felt. But he also felt that it was not the part of a hero of fantastic adventure to act in any comedy without himself rearranging it somewhat and playing therein the role of a minor Providence. Lady Holbrooke's confidences had put him in possession of half the materials for his plot. The singular chance that he knew Miss Nancy Scott gave him the other half, for he felt that it helped him to understand better than most people could the rights and wrongs of the Holbrooke quarrel.

The society of exquisitely beautiful actresses, so far as he had been able to secure it, had never been in any way distasteful to Charles Edward. But the privilege of knowing Miss Scott, of having known her for several years, of knowing her well enough to call her Nancy, was to him an exceptional pleasure, a joy quite apart. Her characteristically American capacity for friendship for men which refuses to end in an arrangement for marriage has been perhaps a source of less universal satisfaction. Charles Edward felt himself a competent judge of what her feelings for Lord Holbrooke were. He had seen them together once, and he had recognized in Nancy the signs of friendliness of the most unmixed type. At least Lady Holbrooke's story, it may be taken, had not in any way affected his liking for Miss Scott, because, while his companion secured her coat from the cloakroom, he sent a hurriedly penciled note to the American actress, whose party still lingered at their table, so far to one end of the room that they had apparently not observed the hero of this tale nor his guest.

IV.

Lady Holbrooke's story had to a certain extent quenched the gaiety with

which the supper began. Perhaps now that adventure was becoming more adventurous the lady's courage faltered. Or perhaps it was that silence on the part of the gentleman was only the calm which, as is well known to his friends, is apt to precede a peculiarly pyrotechnic outburst of "Charles-Edwardism."

The hansom stopped two-thirds of the way up the slope with which Piccadilly leads you to Hyde Park Corner. The situation is one which would reconcile most people to a permanent existence in London, and as Charles Edward, on entering, flung open the windows and Lady Holbrooke saw the waving trees and the long stretch of greensward falling away towards the Mall, agitated though she was, she could not repress an exclamation of delight.

"This is where I have the honor to invite you," said Charles Edward. "And now I mean to have the half hour's talk—that is if there is time," he added half to himself and looking at his watch.

"Remember," he continued, "that I have promised to behave. You can bind me hand and foot, if you like, but I won't be gagged. What I have to say you must listen to."

"I owe you that," said the lady.

"I don't know whether or not you believe in—well, I won't frighten you—in strong liking at first sight. The purest chance or fate, perhaps, brought us together. But it brought us together that I might—yes, I will say it—that I might love you."

Lady Holbrooke grew rigid in her chair and her eyes blazed out of a face paler than before.

"Oh, bind me if you like," said Charles Edward with a smile and a deprecating movement of his hands, "only listen to me. If you have the courage for this adventure to-night, have you not enough courage for more than this? Do you know what the Italian lakes are like in June? Let's go there to-morrow."

"You have not understood. I am sorry. Will you kindly let me go?" Lady Holbrooke rose to her feet.

"No," said Charles Edward without moving from where he stood. "Not yet. The suggestion frightens you. You are afraid of the world's judgment. You hesitate to become an outcast from society."

It was not the usual way in which a lover describes to the object of his affections the results of yielding to a grand passion, yet the young man continued.

"In the eyes of the world what I propose is no worse than this."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Lady Holbrooke, yet not wholly in a tone of conviction.

"Certainly. Come here, where you can look out of the window. You see that man leaning against the park railings. There's your detective. What story will he tell? Of course, I shall swear that I have known you for a long time, but they can disprove that. You will be shown to have met a perfectly strange young man at the theater and gone to his rooms. What I propose, a deep love, a great passion, would almost justify you in the eyes of the world. You hesitate to take it, yet you involve yourself in what can only seem intrigue of the most squalid and vulgar sort."

"This is infamous; it is unworthy. How can you put it to me this way now—now—"

"Now that it is too late, do you mean?"

"Yes," said the lady, sinking into a chair.

"You must understand why. Because I think you could come to love me."

Lady Holbrooke shrugged her shoulders.

"Why not?" continued Charles Edward. "You don't love your husband."

The poor lady rested her head wearily on the high stuffed side of her chair. A tear or two started slowly down her cheek, and in a confused way she searched for a handkerchief. For a moment the young man hesitated, as though it was cruel to go on, and then, as if he must go through with it, continued:—

"You don't love him. You can't

ever have cared much for him, when you seized on such a pretext as Nancy Scott for a separation. I know her. I give you my word of honor she is a lady every inch of her, and as straight as a string. There couldn't ever have been anything between her and your husband. But thank Heaven you thought so, for otherwise, I should have no hope."

Lady Holbrooke was quietly weeping now. Charles Edward took a step forward and broke his word of honor. He touched her arm.

"Could you not care for me a little?" he asked.

She sprang to her feet and shook him off.

"Certainly not," she said fiercely, "there's only one man in the world I love."

"And that's your husband," said Charles Edward. "You had better go back to him."

"How can I now?" she cried, her fierceness again all gone. "How can I?"

Charles Edward said nothing. Lady Holbrooke was weeping again with her head plunged into the cushions of a sofa. For a minute or two there was no sound except the occasional clatter of a cab horse going by in Piccadilly. Then one came along which stopped, apparently just in front of the house, and in a moment the door bell sounded, pulled by a vigorous hand. Lady Holbrooke started up.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That," said Charles Edward, "is Miss Nancy Scott and Lord Holbrooke. I sent her a note asking her to bring him on here. I thought that perhaps after our half hour's talk you would like to see him. You can easily explain how you and I thought it would be fun to give him this surprise. And, of course, you've known me for a long time."

"Then you—you," began the lady smiling through the tears she was hastening to wipe away.

"I what?" asked Charles Edward, with almost a chuckle.

"You didn't mean—"

"No. I don't mean any of it. Except that of course I do think you're a dear."

"That's what you are," exclaimed Lady Holbrooke, and darting forward with a sudden impulsive movement she kissed Charles Edward on the cheek, to that youth's utter amazement and indeed before he realized very clearly what was happening.

"There!" she said, "now I *am* compromised. But you needn't say anything about it."

The voices of Lord Holbrooke and Miss Scott were now heard as they started to mount the second flight.

"Remember," said Charles Edward, "that I extremely want to talk to Miss Scott upon the balcony and that I should like to be chaperoned from this room."

"We won't disturb you," promised the lady, radiant now, "and you mustn't disturb us. I shall have so much to say to Geoffrey."

What Lady Holbrooke thought of her young American friend might have been gathered most easily ten days after the events above described when he and Miss Scott, with some others, made up a week-end party at Brookstede. The hostess thought she had reason to suppose that Charles Edward had proposed, and in vain, to the adorable Nancy. She undertook to plead his cause with the young woman.

"Yes," answered Miss Scott, "all you say of him and more, is true. I like him awfully. But I'm not a marrying woman. Not even a falling-in-love woman, I'm afraid."

"Oh!" said her hostess in tones of one who could imagine no real happiness unless one were a woman of both these kinds.

"Besides," continued Miss Scott, in a vein of banter which Lady Holbrooke was beginning to find comprehensible, "if I were susceptible, I should be in love with Lord Holbrooke."

"Oh, there is no one like Geoffrey," said that gentleman's wife, beaming, "but Mr. Austin is wonderful."

"He's more than that," said Nancy, with the air of summing up the matter, "he is Charles Edward."

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

By MARGARET SHIPP

With pictures by EMILY BENSON-KNIPE

"Rabbit in de lawg,
Ain't got a leetle dawg.
How Ime gwine ter git him?
G-a-w-d— kn—ows!"

"THEODORE, come at once! Mose, you should be ashamed to sing the child such songs on the Sabbath! Never let him hear it again."

The boy's reluctant feet followed his mother into the house. It was far pleasanter out of doors that clear December day. From the slave quarters came the melodious rise and fall of a plantation hymn, a flock of bluebirds were chattering in the orchard trees, and Mose had just begun such a funny song! It was hard to go indoors, but Theodore knew that protestations never availed. His brothers were waiting, and his mother took her seat at the piano and struck the first chords of a hymn. The young voices joined in:—

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin, stop,
Now the friendly warning take,
Stay your footsteps ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

"Say, have you an arm like God's
That you His will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which He breaks His foes?
Can you stand in that dread day
Which His justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?"

Theodore stood nearest the open window, Mose was still singing that contraband song, though in a lower key; he strained his ear to catch:

"Squr'l up de tree,
Ain't got my gun wid me,
How Ime gwine ter git him?"
G-a-w-d— kn—ows!"

"To this day I don't know whether he got that squirrel," thought grandfather smiling to himself. As he sat by the glowing fire how vividly that far-away scene came before him—the five boys in their prim Sunday clothes, their father taking a nap in the leather arm-chair, the little mother with a dainty lace cap on her satiny hair.

Now the air changes, and the group at the piano begin another hymn:—

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in Hell!"

Firmly the little Theodore stands on his brass-toed shoes. He almost fears to look around while that verse is being sung, lest he should see the prongs of the pitchfork. He is so afraid of the devil! He isn't afraid of scorpions, or Pete's bull-dog, or the dark, or even old "Cunjur Lou," but the devil is a different matter altogether! Did he not once burn his hand when he disobeyed by roasting a sweet potato? Burning was the evident punishment for sin; to "drop into a burning lake," probably without one's clothes on—the very thought made his hair rise.

The lesson reaches the commandments, and Theodore holds his breath until the second and fourth are passed. John and Alex got those, and it falls to his happy lot to rattle out the fifth.

"What does it mean?" asks his mother.

"Not to listen to Mose sing on Sunday, or fight Alex, or be cross to Mammy, and to clean your teeth and wash behind your ears every morning, and not say 'Dog on.'"

"Not say 'dog on' is the third commandment," objected John.

"Then it's in both, 'cause mother told us not to, so it's in the mind-your-mother commandment. Most everything is in that."

"Stay your footsteps ere you drop
Into the burning lake."

And comforted, he fell asleep.

"So it is," approved father from his chair. "You observe that, boys, and everything will come out all right."

When the ninth is reached, Alex says: "I know who told an orful story, mother. Tom Rollins said there warn't no Santa Claus, and that it was your father and your mother who filled your stockings. Warn't that a sin?"

The little mother is silent, painfully silent. Father says quickly: "Oh, don't mind Tom Rollins, boy."

But the five pairs of honest eyes are fixed on mother, wondering why she doesn't come to Santa Claus' rescue.

"Warn't it breaking the ninth commandment to say there ain't no Santa, when he's so good? Won't Tom go to hell, mother?" There is distinct hopefulness in Alex's voice.

Looking back, grandfather can see the struggle between love and truth in his mother's Puritan conscience, but he remembers too the chill that fell on the small Theodore's heart when his mother said slowly:—

"No, son, there is no Santa Claus, at least there is no one who comes down the chimney. It is your parents who love to make the day happy for you."

There was a chorus of astonishment and dismay, while Father's voice broke in: "Oh, Mary, was it necessary to tell the little chaps?"

Theodore was silent from sheer inability to put his sorrow into words. The reindeer, the chimney-journeys, the jolly old man,—how could it all be untrue? The unseen is often more real to a child than the visible and tangible. Santa Claus was to Theodore as real as —as hell! Then a bright star of hope arose amid the ruins of his shattered fancies.

"Mother, is it all a story about hell too?"

He was speedily set right. When he went to bed, he sobbed under cover of the darkness. He wished he had never been born in this dreadful world, where Santa Claus was a lie, and hell was all true! In the dark, he felt the touch of his mother's hands on his hair, and comforted, he fell asleep.

It was through his mother's hands that he learned her heart. Her deep devotion for her children found no outlet in any demonstration, caresses or words; her nature was essentially reserved. But the infinite tenderness

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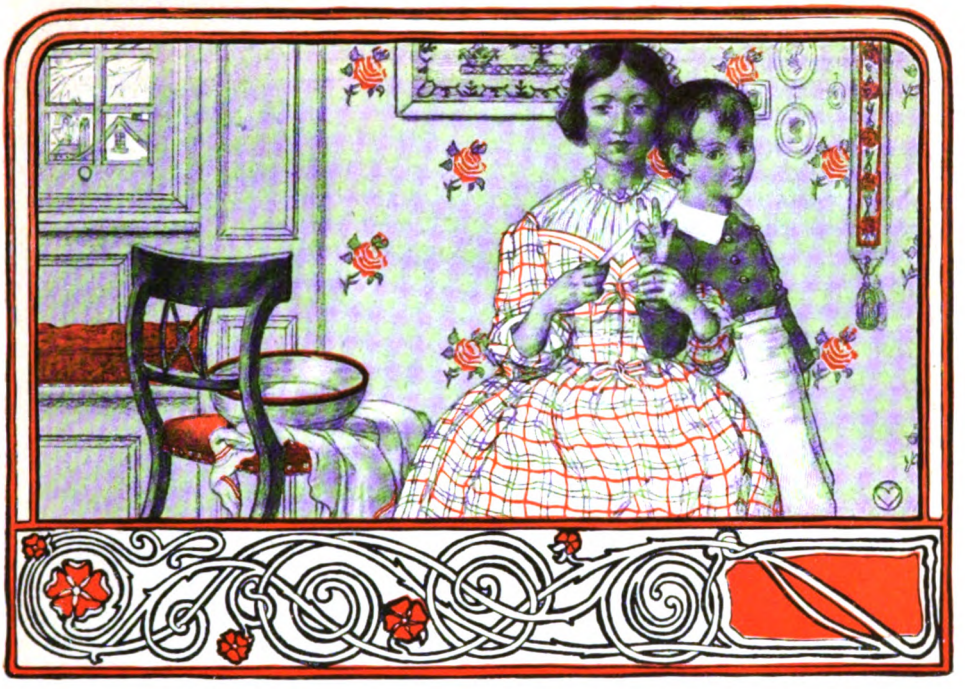
How gently she bound up little cut fingers.



of her hands! How gently she bound up little cut fingers and stubbed toes! When heads felt hot, what a world of love seemed to lie behind her light touch! So many years of close companionship and comprehension lay between the little boy Theodore and the grandfather who dreamed by the fire, that it was with an effort he remembered that he used to be half-afraid of the quiet mother, and shut some of his childish griefs from her.

His mother had trained her sons in a simple and austere school, but it had fitted them for the strenuous days through which they had to pass. He thought of the two brothers who were killed at Cold Harbor, and the youngest lad who had died from wounds received at Bentonsville; of the heavy burdens that had fallen on his one surviving brother and himself after the war.

"Quit ye like men," said the mother, who set them an example of courage that never faltered. They had done their part in those terrible days of reconstruction; he knew, and thanked God for it, that he had not failed in those times that tried men's souls. He was glad to have had a part in it all, glad of the hardships, the privations, the struggle of his manhood, and above all thankful for the lessons his mother had taught, that made the truth easier than a lie, and self-denial, not self-indulgence, the rule of life.

"Grandfather!"

He came back to the present with a start, as the treble came from the adjoining room.

"Please, grandfather, won't you sing me to sleep? I'm thinkin' 'bout Christmas and I can't get to sleep. How many hours did you say 'fore Christmas?"

"Six, just six. Go to sleep, Theo, and grandpa will sit by you."

"Please sing!"

"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

began grandfather.

"I know that myself," objected the little boy. "Please sing somethin' I ain't never heard."

A queer temptation seized grandfather:—

"Rabbit in de lawg,
Ain't got a leetie dawg,
How I'me gwine ter git him,
Er—er—I don't know!"

He seemed to feel the touch of his mother's hand.

"Didn't he never get the rabbit?" asked Theo.

"I don't know," answered grandfather, "I've been wondering for sixty years!"

"How many hours 'fore Christmas, grandfather?"

"Six."

"Then Santa's comin'! I know a boy don't b'leeve in Santa."

"Tom Rollins!" ejaculated grandfather involuntarily.

"T'aint no boy in school named Tom Rollins. It's Fred Hawkins don't b'leeve in Santa. I do, don't you?"

Grandfather cleared his throat. He had inherited his mother's conscience.

"Yes, I do," he said seriously. "Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas."

"He's a fat spirit," added the little boy confidently, "and he shakes like a bowlful of jelly and he never chews terbaccer and drinks wine neither. All spirits are like that, ain't they, grandfather?"

Poor grandfather found the way of the quibbler—in words—almost as hard as the actual trangressor's.

"Go to sleep now, little boy. It's enough that you and I love Santa Claus dearly."

The child turned on his pillow with a sleepy, satisfied nod. The old man smiled too, for in the darkness he seemed to feel the tender touch of his mother's hand.

AS CONDUCTED BY MINERVA

By EDWARD MUMFORD

Sketches by MAY WILSON-WATKINS

WHEN Minerva spoke, Mrs. Lawrence's eyebrows began to express a vague anxiety; but she only said "Hmmm," in an abstracted way and went on reading. It was a favorite delusion with Mrs. Lawrence that disturbing suggestions might be warded off in this manner. Minerva returned to the attack.

"Mother."

"Oh—yes, dear; what did you say?"

"Aren't you going to give a tea or something while I am here?"

"Why, no; I hadn't thought of it." Mrs. Lawrence laid down her magazine and faced the inevitable. "We haven't done anything of the kind for years," she went on helplessly—"not since you were married. Such things interfere so with your father's comfort, and—oh, I don't know."

"Well," interposed Minerva decidedly, "if you haven't given anything for so long it's all the more reason you did. Just think of all the people who have invited you. And as for father, he ought not to be allowed to get into such old fogy notions—ought he, George?"

A young man on the other side of the table drew himself deliberately out of his easy-chair. "Oh, come, Mother," he drawled, "Minerva has made up her mind what will make you and father happy; she has it all planned out, down to the pattern of the awning at the front door. Why interfere now at the last minute, like this? Don't you know that Minerva always was the chosen instrument of Providence?"

Mrs. Lawrence checked a laugh apologetically. "Why," she began, "if your sister thinks it a good idea, George—"

"Oh," said the younger woman quickly, with a crushing humility, "don't call it my idea. I merely spoke of it. I'm sure I'm the last one to try to force people to take a pleasure. I am sorry I made the suggestion." She picked up her skirts and swept toward the door; but her brother caught her and spoiled an effective exit. "Look

here, Minerva," he protested, "you get mad too quick. Doesn't she, mother?"

"Don't mind what George says, Minerva," said Mrs. Lawrence. "And if you wish so much to give the tea I'll think about it. I'll ask your father."

Minerva was mollified, and her spirits began to rise at once. Nothing exhilarated her like the prospect of "giving something." It was her more or less conscious conviction that few people understood so well as she the art of having a good time. There were those, of course, who imagined that they knew what was good for them; but it was Minerva's mission to take them in hand and personally conduct them into new delights. It was a perpetual surprise to her that some of them—George, for example—failed to be enthusiastic about being personally conducted.

Her marriage to a physician had vastly enlarged Minerva's opportunities for usefulness. Her husband rather liked to be managed. He soon handed over his bank account, and letters, and bills to his wife, received an allowance for cigars, and delightedly rubbed his hands at the thought of the worries she saved him. Minerva could now entertain as frequently as she wished. Lawn parties, charity theatricals and teas were her specialties—those and little dinners, say for six or eight. "With Minerva," George was wont to observe, "hospitality is scarcely a virtue; it isn't even a vice—it's an obsession."

She visited the caterer.

Minerva knew her family. If you only shook them once they would say they were awake, but they would gently slumber again. The tea had been proposed and Minerva considered it settled, but if she waited for her mother it would simply never be given. Before she slept she had arranged who should receive, and who should pour, and what she and her mother should wear. Early the following day she visited the caterer and the florist, and she wrote steadily all the afternoon. At the dinner table Minerva appeared tired, but of a satisfied mind.

"Tea? Well, I guess not."

"Well," she announced, "I have it all fixed, mother. It will be a great success, I know it will."

Mrs. Lawrence glanced apprehensively at her daughter. "Oh," she began, "I really haven't had an opportunity to speak to your father, Minerva. Perhaps you'd better ask him yourself."

"Why, it's only a tea, father. Mother thinks, and I quite agree with her, that she ought to give something, and a tea reaches so many—"

"Tea!" exploded Mr. Lawrence. "Well, I guess not. After our last your mother went to bed ill, and the servants were overworked, and we hadn't a decent meal for a week. No more teas!"

"But, father," smiled Minerva, "wouldn't it be nice to let mother return a little of the hospitality that has been shown her? Why, at least, don't you think she should—"

"No, I don't, Minerva," snapped her father; "I don't think anything about it, except that it is a nuisance, and I won't have it."

Minerva's gesture expressed a sweet and infinite forbearance. "Now, father," she said, "you'll enjoy this tea yourself as much as anybody. All your old friends have been invited. I met Judge Burton to-day and he said he'd come."

"Invited!" inquired Mrs. Lawrence. "Surely, Minerva, the invitations are not already written?"

"Well, yes," said her daughter; "I thought it was best not to bother you

with them. I'll go over the list with you to-morrow, mother, of course."

Mrs. Lawrence caught her husband's eye, and he did not say what he had intended to. He only snorted and jabbed at his cutlet. George grinned. "Minerva," he said, "it is growing on them. In time they will rise up and call you blessed. But they don't appreciate it just at first, that's all."

"There, George," said Mrs. Lawrence. "What date did we fix upon, Minerva?"

"We did not discuss it, I believe," said Minerva, "but I thought that Wednesday, the sixth, would be a good day."

"The sixth?" said her father quickly. "Why, your mother and I will be away that day."

"Oh, no," added Mrs. Lawrence. "Your father has to go over to New York on business that week, and we chose the sixth because 'Fidelio' will be sung that night. I haven't heard it for years. But I suppose we could have the tea on the seventh."

Minerva turned to her mother. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't suppose it made any difference. And the sixth seemed such a good day for it, and so—"

Privately he fumed to his wife.

"Well, we will say the seventh. I'll help you re-write the cards. Why, what is the matter, Minerva?"

"Why, really, Mother, it's too bad; but I'm afraid it's too late. I thought I'd better—well, save all the time I could, you know, and give you as little trouble as possible, too—"

"Minerva!" ejaculated Mrs. Lawrence. "Have those cards been *sent!*"

"Well, yes," admitted the Instrument of Providence, "I mailed the most of them just before dinner. Now I'm awfully sorry; but don't splutter, father. Yes, I know, mother; it's too bad. But they will give it again some time, and I'll take you over to New York for it myself. Now don't look so grieved. It will come out all right. I know it will. Things always do come out right for me in the end."

"So they do, Minerva, so they do," remarked George as he gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling. "I would pity them if they didn't," he added.

It is sufficient evidence of Minerva's greatness that within a very few days she had made it possible to discuss the approaching function even before her father. Privately he fumed to his wife and declared that he would not be ridden over by that girl. But after he had been skilfully flattered for two nights, and had been successful at cribbage for two more, he found himself even agreeing to new portières in the hall as a positively necessary preliminary to the event. Minerva had no friction with her mother. To oppose Minerva was always more trouble than it was worth. And, besides, Minerva invariably did things very well. On one point only did Mrs. Lawrence insist: she *would* invite Miss Lavinia Perkins and her sister.

"What! with those ridiculous false fronts and purple bows?" protested the daughter.

"My dear," said her mother, "they are our near neighbors, and I will not offend them."

"Oh, very well, sighed Minerva, "let us hope they won't come."

George was more difficult. He was ironical on the great question of claret punch or no claret punch; professed to have no opinion as to whether red roses or white should go on the mantel; and refused finally and flatly to come to the tea. But the night before the great day Minerva caught

He found himself agreeing to new portieres.

"I think it is raspberry vinegar."

him just after dinner.

"George," she said sweetly, "I want you to unpack for me some of that china that has been put away since we moved."

"Umph," said George, "where is it?"

"Why it is in one of those old barrels in the far end—"

"What, down cellar?"

"Why, yes, George, don't be absurd. Where did you suppose it was? It's in the first barrel, I think. And I want the blue cups; they are right on top." Her brother disappeared. There was a sound of stumbling, and George called, "Did you say the first or the second barrel? I suppose," sarcastically, "you were not aware there are two bedsteads and the old hall carpet piled on top of the barrels?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," called back Minerva. I think it's the first or the second, perhaps. I'll come down and hold the light."

"No," said George, firmly. After twenty minutes he emerged. He was covered from head to foot with excelsior; something dark and sticky dripped from his sleeve. "I think," said George in reply to Minerva's exclamation, "I think it is raspberry vinegar. I hit a shelf with my head and so many things dropped on me that I really can't be sure. I also smashed the largest soup tureen and a plate more or less."

"Oh, George," said Minerva, "I declare you are so good-natured it's a shame to impose on you."

"Minerva," said her brother, picking the straws from his hair, "what you mistake for good nature is simply an abiding sense of humor. That's all. But what chiefly sustains me is the thought of how you have left your own home, sacrificing yourself and coming down here just to cast a ray of sunshine into our joyless lives. I hope, my dear girl," said George, as he wiped at the raspberry vinegar with a dish-cloth, "I *hope* we are not ungrateful."

"The flowers spoilt entirely."

"George," inquired his sister, "did you get the cups?"

"Yes, I got the cups. They were not in the first barrel, but in a box. I found it out after I had unpacked all the barrels."

When Minerva retired she noticed that snow was falling. In the morning huge drifts lay everywhere, and it was still snowing. "Too bad," remarked Mr. Lawrence. "You won't have many people at the tea."

"I don't care," replied Minerva, "we invited too many, anyway. But I hope the caterer will come."

"Just what you wanted—forty quarts."

At two o'clock Mrs. Lawrence came to her daughter, "Minerva," she said, "Hattie has just telephoned that she can't get here." Hattie was Minerva's sister, who lived in the suburbs, and who was to have helped receive. Minerva was provoked. "Of course," she remarked, "one of the children has scratched its finger, I suppose. Isn't that just like Hattie?"

"Minerva!" remonstrated her mother.

"Well, I don't care; it just makes me mad," returned Minerva, petulantly. "What is it Ellen?"

"Please, Miss Minerva," said the maid, "the florist's man's wagon's upset in a big drift around the corner, and the flowers spoilt on him entirely."

Minerva spread her hands despairingly. Then she stamped her foot. "Go tell him, Ellen, to gather up his flowers and bring them as they are. I won't *have* them spoiled. That's all there is to it. But you'd better send out and buy some buns, Mother; the caterers will back out next."

At half-past four the Misses Perkins.

However, the caterers came, with huge cans of *café frappé*. Mrs. Lawrence looked at them doubtfully. "Isn't there a good deal of it?" she ventured. "Just what you wanted; forty quarts, Miss," returned one of the men, looking at Minerva.

"I ordered twenty," murmured Minerva. "But it's better than having too little, Mother, don't you think so?"

"Well," sighed Mrs. Lawrence, "I'm sure there will be enough."

There was quite enough. At half past four the maid ushered in the Misses Perkins. "We thought at first we wouldn't come," said Miss Lavinia, "but then we thought some might not come, and you might feel disappointed." Minerva blessed the dear lady in her heart. Miss Lavinia was the only bright spot in the afternoon. The door bell rang just once more; it was when a servant came to help the Misses Perkins across the street to their home.

George came in at six o'clock. "It's a regular blizzard," he announced. I left the governor at the club. He's simply desolated at not getting here this afternoon; you know how he would be. My, but I'm chilled through. I hope you have something real satisfying for dinner."

"Well," said Mrs. Lawrence, "we have forty quarts of excellent *café frappé*, George, and two caterers. We will have to keep them over night."

"I am truly relieved to know they got here. I hope the party was a success," observed George, in a tone of polite interest. "Hundreds made happy, I trust."

"Oh, be as sarcastic as you wish, George," returned Minerva. "Perhaps you think I have worked myself nearly to death over this solely for my own pleasure. Of course, mother couldn't expect many people a day like this. But she has paid off her social debts, and she won't have to give anything more for a long time."

"No," said her mother. "Not for a *long* time."

A FEW REAL BOYS*

By JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE
Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy"

With Sketches by F. R. GRUGER

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

EXETER, in common with most country towns, rejoiced in a plethora of churches. Her worthy citizens, delightfully harmonious in many respects, did not wholly agree as to the best method of obtaining salvation, and the result was an astonishing number of churches and religious societies, all of which were exceedingly zealous in the pursuit of proselytes for the aggrandizement of their faith, and parishioners for the payment of expenses incidental to the maintenance of the local society.

But the great event of the year was the Christmas festival. Each church society planned to make its Christmas festival a little better than that of any other. To be sure the Upper Church, which for reasons so shrouded in the mists of antiquity as to be known to no man, had seceded from the old Orthodox Church, afterwards known as the Lower Church, from its geographical situation on Front street, thought it just as well to show that Lower Church that it was quite capable of administering its affairs. And, per contra, the First, or Lower Church, while taking great pains to speak well of her sister church, managed in some mysterious way to instil into the latter the complete realization that, while the roads to Paradise might be parallel, they were at least separate.

For example, the two Baptist churches, while lustily singing on each and every Sunday reassuring and comforting words to the effect that "Salvation was free to you and me," none the less persisted in pursuing separate and parallel roads, which put them to great straits to maintain separate houses of worship, separate pastors, separate subscription lists and separate traditions, and to the thinking pilgrim rendered the words of the dear old hymn misleading in the extreme.

The orthodox Methodist and Baptist looked with a sort of good-natured tolerance upon the Episcopal and Catholic, which in turn regarded them as worthy but somewhat jog-trot and common, and all completely ignored the existence of the small united band of Adventists.

The Unitarian, however, stood alone. "Alone, alone, and every step the mist thickened about them," was their situation in the minds of every devout follower of other faiths. Was there a convention to which all the old churches were invited, the Unitarian remained away, uninvited and solitary, while the members of her sister churches shook hands guardedly, after the manner of pugilists at the call of time, and rejoiced that they were not as other men, even as did the Pharisee of old.

Consequently it is not to be wondered at that the Christmas festivals were exclusively sectarian, not perhaps to the point of requiring the establishment of a dead line, but still sectarian to a point that practically kept every one within the shadow of his doctrinal vine and fig-tree.

These festivals were very similar. They began with a supper, which was hugely enjoyed by both young and old. This, commencing with prayer, was followed by recitations of a religious and uplifting nature, the singing of Sunday School songs, the unveiling of the Christmas tree, and the distribution of presents and popcorn, after which the people went home jaded but happy, and

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confident that no other festival could equal their own.

Now the one society that openly violated tradition was the Unitarian. These misguided people, with the praiseworthy desire of accommodating the public and securing the greatest good to the greatest number, held their festival in the town hall, which, after weeks of preparation, was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

The exercises began with a bountiful supper served at long tables, and when the tables were removed the distribution of presents from two and sometimes three trees began from the platform. After the presents were distributed an hour or more was spent by the children in playing games, sliding, falling and bumping their heads on the polished floor. At nine o'clock the children were wrapped up and taken home, and amid a tuning up of violins, the liquid notes of clarinet and brazen tones of cornet and trombone, the young, the middle-aged, and sometimes the old, joined in a jolly old-fashioned dance until twelve o'clock.

What wonder, then, that the ambition of every boy and girl was to go to the Unitarian Christmas Festival. What wonder that the Unitarian Sunday School assumed the appearance of a congested town meeting for a few weeks prior to Christmas.

Of our friends, the majority were legitimate members for various reasons. Plupy's father favored the Unitarians, for his daughters were tuneful members of the choir, and there was no church in the afternoon. Pewt's father had painted the edifice, and was a solid member of the parish. Potter's grandfather was one of the early members, while Nipper's uncles had secured the contract for the erection of the building and the entire family became ardent supporters of the faith. Beany, an alien, was blowboy of the organ and a functionary of importance, albeit somewhat prone to slumber during the sermon and to be awakened with a pin in the hands of the basso, the Hon. Alva Wood, Pile's father.

Regularly three nights a week for two weeks before Christmas the young ladies and young gentlemen of the parish gathered at the vestry and wound evergreen and made hemlock wreaths of the bountiful supply that the boys, under the leadership of Fatty and the motive power of old Chub, had amassed during the afternoon.

It was during one of these excursions that an accident happened to poor Plupy that nearly put that ingenuous youth out of the running for good and all. One of the most fascinating pursuits of the boys was that of "bending birches." There may be some persons who do not know what it means to bend a birch, but at that time and in that community it was a common and most fascinating sport, dangerous enough to be exciting, but seldom productive of accidents. It consisted of selecting a tall, slender live birch, large enough to allow a boy to climb fifteen or twenty feet before it swayed too much to support his weight. Then at the proper moment the climber swung outward, with his full weight hanging by his hands, and the birch bending came to the ground with a stately sweep, when the climber let go, and the tree sprang back into place. The sensation was absolutely unique.

Now there was a large birch that none of the boys had dared to bend. It stood apart from its kind, surrounded by a group of small pine trees. On the afternoon in question the boys had filled the rattle cart to the brim with green, and before starting homeward had bent all the birches in the neighborhood but this one.

Much to their astonishment Plupy, when "stumped" to bend the big birch, announced his willingness to try it, and spitting on his hands and wrapping his long legs snakewise about the tree, began with many grunts and wry faces to make the toilsome ascent. When he had ascended about a dozen feet he began to waver in his fixed purpose, but the jeers of the boys drove him higher, until he had reached the height of about twenty-five feet, when the swaying of the tall tree warned him that he could not go any higher with safety. Then, on looking down, he was appalled at the height and afraid to swing out.

"Aw, Plupy's afraid!" sneered

With a hoarse bellow came bowling through the air.

Whacker, and a chorus of shrill "Aws" cut the air, and the cheeks of Plupy, already empurpled with the exertion of climbing, took on a still more apoplectic hue.

"I ain't afraid neither, only I ain't got any good holt."

"Plupy's 'fraid—" "'Fraid cat!" "'Fraid cat!" shouted the boys.

"Huh!" sneered the much badgered youth, "you needn't be so smart. None of you fellers dast to try it."

"Yah-h-h, come down, old 'fraid cat," they scoffed, "and see if we're afraid. Plupy's 'fraid, Plupy's 'fraid!" and each one yelled as loud as he could.

All at once a sort of desperation took possession of Plupy, and tearing his cap from his head he cast it to the ground. At this all shouting ceased in a respectful silence, for it was an unwritten law, which no boy ever thought of disobeying, that whenever one threw his hat there would he follow.

As they gazed open-mouthed, Plupy took a firm hold, a long breath, and having chanted the well-known couplet,

> "What goes up must come down
> On the head or on the ground,"

swung outwards, and the tree, bending gracefully to his weight, came toward the ground in a majestic sweep. But not to the ground, however, for, unfortunately for him, the birch in bending crossed the top of a small pine and stopped, leaving Plupy dangling in mid-air about fifteen feet from the frozen ground.

"Git something to ketch me, fellers," he sputtered, trying vainly to curl up his body so as to get his legs around the tree.

"Shin back to the pine tree hand over hand," yelled Fatty.

This Plupy tried to do, but the stiff twigs pointing towards him prevented.

"Do something for Thunder's sake,"

bawled Fatty, his eyes protruding with excitement.

"Git under him and let him fall on you, Fatty," urged Bug. "'Twont hurt much."

"Hold on, Plupy, till we cut down the pine tree," shrieked Potter, tearing around like a cat in a fit.

"I can't. I can't," gurgled Plupy, whose arms were stretched to their utmost tension.

"Drive the team under him, shouted Puzzy, as he ran for old Chub."

Amid shrill encouragement from the others to hold on, Fatty and Puzzy unhitched Chub and drove at a gallop, the cart bounding over the hummocks and the evergreen streaming behind.

"Hurry up, I'm slippin', I'm slippin' !" gasped Plupy desparingly.

Alas ! before the team reached him his hands relaxed their grip, and with a hoarse bellow he came shooting through the air like a limp scarecrow, just in time to strike full on old Chub's fat round back, from which he rebounded like a rubber ball into a thick snarl of wild blackberry vines, where he lay unhurt but howling like a maniac, while the astonished horse, plunging wildly to one side, tipped the wagon over and dragged it some distance before he brought up and was firmly anchored between two trees.

After righting the wagon, and rescuing the limp and recumbent but uninjured form of the sadly bedraggled hero, the boys drove to the vestry, where they delivered their load of evergreen to a committee of young ladies, who were assisted by several academy students.

For several evenings the boys attended the vestry, and worked their fingers to the bone in stripping hemlock boughs for the girls, who, each attended by an academy student, wove the twigs into streamers and wreaths, and who, at ten o'clock, were escorted home by the self-same academy students, who were in turn waylaid by our boy friends and mercilessly "plugged" with hard snow balls.

The Unitarian Festival was to be held on the evening of the second day after Christmas, and in the afternoon the boys were on hand working like Trojans. Their first duty was to remove the settees from the hall. Ordinarily the settees were lowered through a trapdoor to the basement, but as some repairs were being made in the basement there was only room for a part of them, and accordingly the rest were piled at one end of the hall.

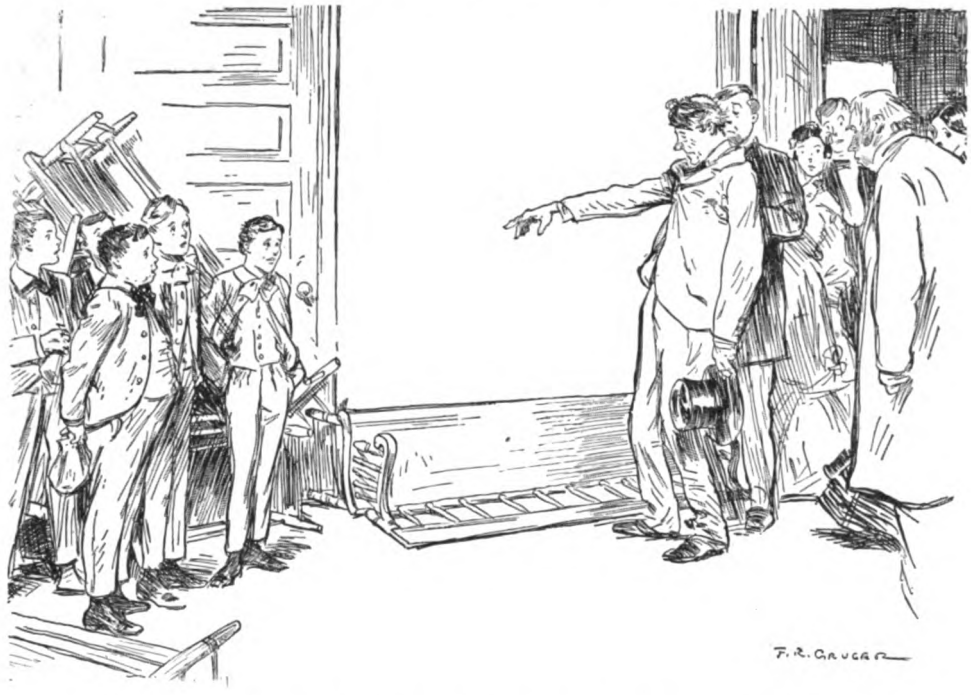
After completing two huge but exceedingly unsteady stacks, the boys mounted ladders and helped hook up streamers, tacked the bunting around the platform, lugged in the Christmas trees, and ran here and there after gimlets, screwdrivers and other necessary articles, while the students flirted with the young ladies and the superintendent fussed around and gave directions.

At six o'clock the doors were thrown open and people began to troop in singly, in pairs, in bunches and platoons.

Soon the long tables were filled, and

The Superintendent fussed around.

"You are my murderers."



jests and repartee flew while ham and tongue, rolls and tarts, and jellies disappeared. Then there was the roar of chairs and settees dragged across the room, and the squeaking of long tables as they were unjointed and removed.

Then amid breathless excitement the superintendent of the Sunday School, assisted by athletic young men, began removing the presents from the trees.

What delight when Plupy, whose musical longings were well known, received a trumpet which when blown discharged a strong jet of water into his face; when Fatty received a huge doughnut made of pine wood and artfully covered with a thin coating of frosting sugar, whereon he nearly broke his jaw; to see Bug's distorted countenance when he attempted to devour the chocolate cream filled with cayenne; and Whacker's speechless and gasping indignation when he found that the pretty little cologne bottle marked with his name contained strong ammonia.

None of the boys escaped, and indeed none expected or hoped to, for each knew that his hand was against everyone and everyone's hand against him, and each had been planning mischief for weeks.

But the popcorn and the candy in bags of mosquito netting were plenteous and delightful, and the evening one to be remembered.

And after the smaller children were sent home, and the cornet sounded its brazen call, and the prompter, with violin in hand and hair greased and parted even to the back of his neck, made through his raven dyed mustache the time-honored announcement:—

"Gents take pardners for a plain quadrille," the boys gathered at the side of the hall, and to them it seemed as if fairy land had opened.

While the dancing was at its height the outer doors had been opened to cool the hall, which was becoming a trifle over-heated. Attracted by the music a half inebriated individual had wandered into the hall, and leaning against the stack of settees watched the dancers with tipsy gravity. His unlooked for appearance attracted the boys, who, on the lookout for fun, gathered around and watched him.

Perceiving that he had an audience

he began to beat time to the music and to perform a *pas seul*, to their unbounded delight, and suddenly, his mind changing, he began to address a solemn warning against the sin of dancing to the amused urchins. Now the huge stacks of settees had been nodding and trembling for some time under the measured tread of the dancers, and as he lurched and steadied himself by holding on to the seats, at once, with a grinding, shuddering crackle, the entire stack toppled over. The boys scattered with warning cries, but the poor drunkard was caught and buried under a huge mass of seats.

Instantly the dancing ceased, and a crowd of excited men and women gathered, asking questions and getting in each other's way, while the men began to drag and lift the settees away from the supposed lifeless body of the imprisoned one. But even as they worked a muffled voice chanted :—

"Hark from the tomb a mournful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry."

Re-assured, they worked like Trojans, when again the voice sang as impatient of delay :—

"Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron yield."

And then, in a resigned and patient but still maudlin voice :—

"Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To *seats* prepared above."

By this time the settees were removed and he was found prostrate but unhurt. As he was removed from the hall he solemnly stared about him, and pointing an accusing finger at the boys said. "Those are my murderers." At once the entire blame for the accident was laid at their doors. In vain their denials; they were at once sent home in disgrace, and the dance went on.

THE BOYS GIVE A PICNIC

The advent of a new boat on the river turned the minds of the proprietors of that remarkable conveyance to thoughts of hospitality. The boys had for several days indulged in earnest discussion over the proper method of entertaining their lady friends. Indeed the discussion had on one occasion taken quite a personal turn, and the participants had indulged in much recrimination.

Whacker, who entertained a passion for a young lady living on Town Hill, had been taunted with that fact by his brothers Bug and Puzzy, and had at once dared "Three among them to face him on the bloody sand." There being but two, and those two accepting the invitation with enthusiasm, a most interesting fistic argument was the immediate result.

Plupy, too, had rather more to say than usual, owing to his good fortune in the possession of certain attractive sisters, whose fascinations had so worked upon the sensitive natures of Doctor (Willy) Swett and Dany Wingate, that they deemed an offensive and defensive league with the ever verdant Plupy much to be desired.

Indeed, in the course of the discussion, when Fatty intimated a fell intention to put a "tin ear" on Plupy, a proceeding utterly unnecessary in view of that stripling's ample equipment, he was dumbfounded at the promptitude with which Doctor and Dany stepped out and informed him that before he licked Plupy he must lick them.

These unexpected but welcome reinforcements so encouraged the hitherto peaceful Plupy that in language suitable to the theme he walked into Fatty and soon stripped that gentleman of every shred of character, secure in the protection so opportunely vouchsafed.

Notwithstanding the apparent acrimony of the proceedings, it was impossible for these youngsters to nourish

ill-feeling for more than a few minutes at a time, and an amicable adjustment of the matter was finally arrived at by the terms of which it was agreed to hold a picnic at the Eddy on the following Saturday.

Each boy was to invite a companion dear to his heart, for whose comfort, safety and well-being he was to be severally responsible during the day. He was to importune the young lady honored with his invitation to cook, boil, bake, fry or otherwise prepare sundry viands for the refreshment of the assemblage, or failing in this, to procure and provide the same by cajolery, persuasion, entreaty, right of discovery, trover or petty larceny, from blood relations, collaterals, or chance acquaintances.

As the boat would accommodate but eight persons, half the boys, with their respective partners, were to start for the Eddy by boat, and the remaining half were to walk, reversing the method on the return.

On Saturday morning a brilliant assemblage met on the river bank, the girls brave in ribbons and many-colored plaids, the boys in yellow linen suits of exceeding stiffness and starchiness. Several of the young ladies wore their hair in becoming ringlets, while those whose hair had been, in deference to a prevailing custom, cut the previous spring, confined their abbreviated tresses in beaded nets of the latest style.

And now, for some inexplicable reason, quite common, however, in gatherings of this sort, great formality and precision of address prevailed. The gentlemen commonly known as Bug, Fatty, Plupy, Puzzy, Potter, etc., now were known to each other by the less familiar but more euphonious Gilman, Chadwick, Shute, etc., and to the ladies as Mister Gilman, Mister Chadwick, Mister Shute, etc.; while the young ladies, known upon less ceremonious occasions as Lil and Jen and Keene and Nell and Cele, and by other affectionate and familiar appellations, now were addressed as Miss Lilly and Miss Jenny and Miss Keene and Miss Nelly.

All the ladies turned out their toes when they walked, and held their heads very high, and shrieked delicate little shrieks when the boat rocked, while the young gentlemen looked brave and fierce, and talked knowingly about keeping her trim and on an easy keel, and passing the supplies aft, and looking out for the starboard sweep and other nautical expressions pertinent to the matter in hand.

As the boat, bearing its precious freight slowly breasted the current the rest of the party, on invitation of Fatty, repaired to his barn where, to their great delight, they found a capacious farm wagon had been provided with chairs, and, to quote the polite formula of that gentleman, "The carriage was waiting, ladies."

Plupy, having no partner, owing to his being, if not a "laggard in love" at least unfortunate in that pursuit, was at once elected as charioteer and took a seat on the dash-board, while the others, arranging themselves in pairs on the seats provided, shouted to the impatient Plupy to "let him go."

Plupy improved the occasion to administer a sharp cut to poor Chub as an incentive to well doing. There was a snort, a plunge forward, a chorus of shrill screams, a waving of legs, plaid skirts and yellow linen, a rattling of chairs, and a breaking of wagon wheels, and the entire load of happy passengers was unceremoniously dumped on the driveway, while the excited and justly resentful horse made a break for the yawning stable door, unmindful of Plupy's frantic efforts to pull him down.

The disheveled ladies were rescued, brushed, dusted and consoled by the graceful and tactful courtesy of Fatty's mother, whose presence alone prevented the immediate mobbing of Plupy.

All thoughts of again mounting the conveyance being out of the question, they started on foot for the Eddy, Fatty, whose plans had been prematurely ruined by Plupy's malfeasance in office, covertly shaking his fist at that lanky youth and breathing maledictions and threats to "just wait and see if I don't lam you."

In spite of the delay occasioned by the accident they arrived at the picnic grounds considerably in advance of the

boat, and without special incident, except that Plupy, in attempting to shin a picket fence, had split the leg of his trousers nearly to the waist line, which had occasioned that worthy considerable mortification, as, holding himself together with one hand and with the other clutching his hat, he sped for home to make a necessary change of apparel.

And now joyful shouts and the regular thump of rowlocks announced the approach of the boat, which soon swung round the bend with Doc and Whacker pulling sturdily, although in a highly apoplectic state, the ladies now waving their handkerchiefs and now trailing their fair hands in the water, which greatly added to the labor of the oarsmen, who were, however, too polite to speak of it.

Arriving at the landing place, a tree stump projecting over the pool, the boat, like Mary's little lamb, was tethered to a stone, and the gentlemen contended for the honor of assisting the ladies to alight, which with delicate little screams and with great agility three of them proceeded to do. And now dire misfortune befell Dany's companion, for when Fatty, standing on the narrow stump, gracefully extended his hand to assist her from the boat he forgot that his plump proportions left about as much room on the stump as might be safely occupied by a chipping bird. In consequence of this, when she jumped, impelled by a vigorous pull from the powerful arms of Fatty, she struck him full in his manly stomach, at which he sat violently down with a gasping "oof," while she, rebounding from the impact, sank to her neck in the cool waters and remained clinging frantically to the stump and shrieking fortissimo.

Instantly the most tremendous excitement took possession of the picnickers. While the girls shrieked wildly the boys with one accord tore down the bank, shouting words of cheer and shrill directions. In a trice a human chain was formed, the idea emanating from the practical mind of Potter, who had read of similar feats performed by the monkeys of South America, and the imper-

Fatty sat down violently with a gasping "oof."

iled fair one was snatched from her uncomfortable position and with such rapidity that her arm was nearly pulled from its socket, wherupon she showed proper gratitude by calling Fatty a "big lummux" and taking refuge in tears, while the boys heaped ignominy on that much-tried youth, who stoutly repelled the insinuation that he "done it a-purpose."

At this juncture an event occurred most opportunely to dissipate angry feelings. Plupy, who had made the best of his time in changing his raiment, and running and walking through the wood-path, had heard the shrieks and shouts of "Keene's in the river!" "Keene's in the river!" and came charging up the path at a rate of speed perfectly phenomenal, and with a look on his countenance of horrified interrogation.

Noting the tears and commotion, and believing his sister at the bottom of the river, he rushed toward the bank shouting: "Where did she go down? Tell me, fellers, where she went down?"

Bug, seizing the opportunity, pointed to a place a few feet from the lower bank where a few bubbles were rising, and Plupy, tearing off his coat and casting aside his hat, dived from the bank like an otter.

Unfortunately the water at the place indicated by Bug was only about two feet deep, and when Plupy struck his body seemed to shut up like an accordion, while his legs apparently flew in every direction, and when he arose his head was plastered with slime, mud, pickerel weed and water snails, while his state of mind was not improved at the unbounded merriment of his friends.

After he had washed off the coating of mud he waded ashore and retired to the forest primeval to remove and wring out his garments and rehabilitate himself, while his companion in misfortune, accompanied by one of the young ladies, to soften the maternal wrath and secure her return, sloppily trailed homeward, whence they triumphantly returned after about an hour's absence.

During their absence the fire had been kindled, the cloth laid with an enticing supply of provisions. There was a certain similarity in the contributions, however, while the lass from Town Hill contributed apple tarts and pickles, the girl from Spring Street furnished gooseberry tarts and picklelilly, while the diminutive lady from Front Street produced cranberry turnovers, astrachan apples, and jumbles, and the Court Street representatives disclosed cream pie, seed cakes, and green gage jam sandwiches. Lemonade and current shrub furnished the liquid part of the entertainment, to which they applied themselves with the appetites of youth, all present consuming vast quantities of semi-solids and liquids, although the ladies protested that they could not eat a mouthful, their nerves having been so upset by the thrilling rescue of the imperilled.

"Don't ye ever kindle another fire."

After dinner, in response to invitations of the gentlemen, the Sisters from Court Street sang that cheerful ditty "The Gypsy's Warning," nearly reducing the company to tears by their lugubrious rendering of those pregnant words:—

"Lady, in that green grave yonder-r-r-r-r
Lies the Gypsy's only che-e-e-e-e-ild."

This was followed by another duet in thirds by the young ladies from Court Street, entitled "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," evidently intended as a hit at Fatty, who, crouched up against a tree, was apparently developing somnolent tendencies to a marked degree.

Indeed the entire company gradually became very quiet. Suddenly Fatty, upon whose brow beads of cold perspiration had started, and whose complexion had suddenly taken on a most unhealthy greenish hue, feigned a desire to see if he could find a squirrel's nest, and bolted for a clump of dwarf cedars, from the depths of which shortly arose hideous sounds of distress.

Now whether from that spirit of imitation that is pronounced so flattering to its object, or from other reasons of a purely physical nature, several members of the party were taken violently ill and groaned dismally, to the great dismay and terror of their companions.

But their illness was of short duration, for a sudden crackling of flames and clouds of pungent smoke arose and smote their childish hearts with terror. During the concert the fire had crept unnoticed to the edge of the underbrush, and now gathering force from the sun-dried brush was rapidly making for the large timber. In an instant sickness was forgotten, and all hands became heroic, desperate fire-fighters.

With pails, pitchers, tin cans and bailing dipper, a bucket-line to the river was formed, while some beat the flames with hemlock boughs, and others drenched the ground. The flames roared at them, scorched their faces and singed their shoes, yet they fought on desparingly, conscious that an awful forest fire would ensue should the fire get to the belt of thick trees.

And now there was a sound of trampling hoofs, and from far down the Eddy path came old Chub, with ears laid back and outstretched neck, while erect in the long wagon, with shirt thrown open, and snow-white hair and beard flying in the wind, stood a magnificent figure, old Edward Giddings, the Superintendent of the farm, urging on the old horse with hoarse shouts, while clinging to the swaying wagon were his men, Gilroy, Flanagan, and Elliot.

Oh, it was a grand sight to see the horse with great bounds sweep around into the clearing, the wagon careering on two wheels and the erect figure balancing like a centaur, and a fine sight to see those seasoned fighters charge the common enemy. Even then it was a hard fight, and not until all hands were nearly exhausted was the danger over.

And now behold our children, children now, with all their airs and graces forgotten, children with downcast, hot faces and tearful eyes, standing before their grim judge to hear their fate.

As the stern old man looked them over a quiet twinkle appeared in his shrewd, gray eyes and he grimly muttered: "Waal, yer plucky youngsters, anyway, but don't ye—don't ye ever kindle another fire in these woods agin as long as ye live."

And it was this same stern old man who lifted the tired girls tenderly into the wagon and bade the boys "pile in," and who carried them to their homes; and it was his kindly words that reassured their parents and brought them praise instead of blame in the home circle.

Indeed, to quote from the old school reader, but for him "Many a rod, I grieve to say, was put in use on that unlucky night."

HER SILENCE

I cannot love you as another might
More rich in all the subtleties of speech,
I only love you as a girl may love
Beyond her reach.

I only know that when you come to me,
Words fall away, and silence wraps me round,
But when you speak it seems as if on high,
Stars heard the sound!

ALICE CORBIN

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

A Useful Citizen

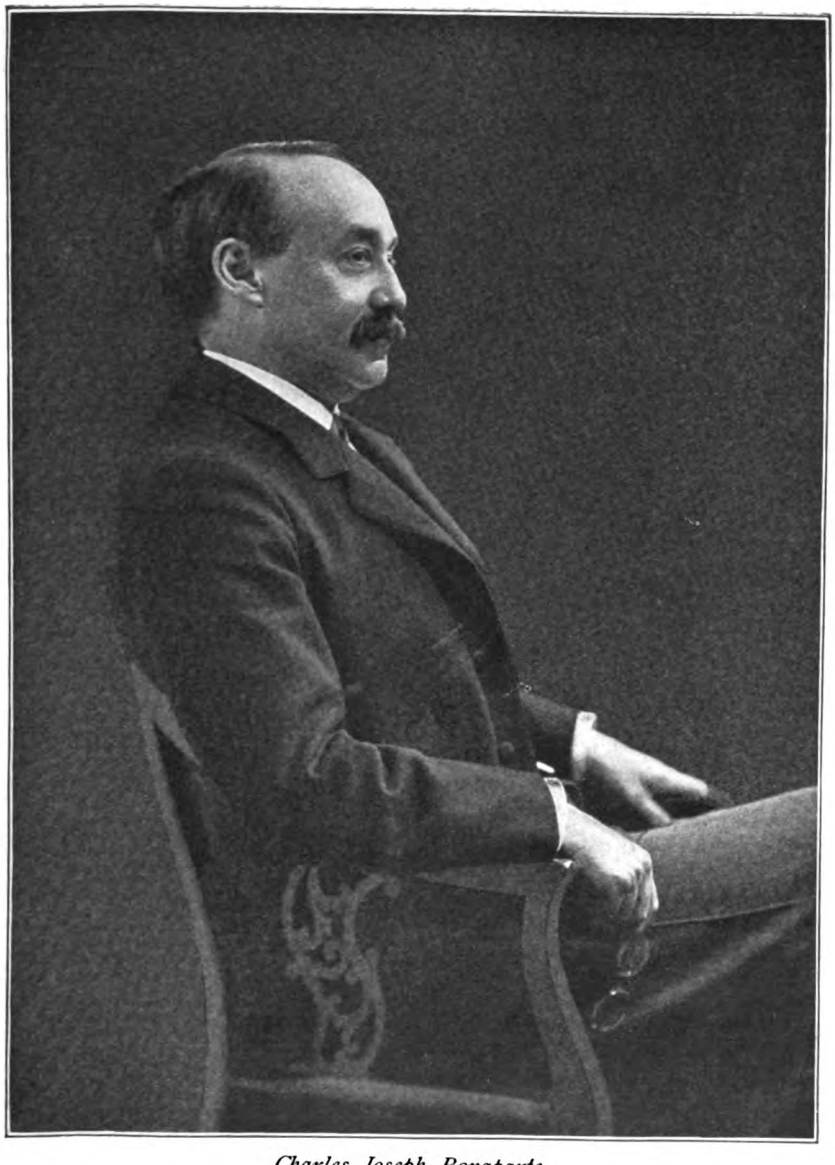
By JOHN F. BROWNELL

YEARS ago, when Charles J. Bonaparte told his fellow Baltimoreans that he thought free education as demoralizing as free food and drink, he was dubbed "Soup-house Charlie" in derision. Later, when he seized upon certain of them and pushed them into jail, they called him other and more picturesque names—this time in earnest. Now the sentences of most of them having expired, and Mr. Bonaparte having been elevated to the seats of the mighty, his popular or pet name has become "Charlie the Crook Chaser." The last of this series of printable and unprintable titles is by far the best. It fits him as well as he fits the post of Corruption-ventilator-in-ordinary to the Roosevelt administration.

Mr. Roosevelt knew his man when he chose Mr. Bonaparte to investigate the postal and Indian frauds. When both were younger men they fought the battles of civil service reform together. Outwardly they are as unlike as D'Artagnan and Richelieu, but the same ideas and ideals and theories and motives govern each. Mr. Roosevelt is a fighter on his own account—a physical fighter, that is, with sword and gun. Mr. Bonaparte has done no fighting of this sort, but a certain grand-uncle of his did, and the strain has not died out. The battles of the latter-day Bonaparte have been against the windmills of corruption and breach of public trust. He knocked them over and trampled upon them and he is at it still. Were he President of the United States the penitentiary walls would bulge. Were he Governor of his native State of Maryland the legislature—House of Delegates, Senate and "third house"—would suffer the tortures of the damned. Were he Mayor of Baltimore—but it is useless to speculate upon the possible result; he will never be Mayor or Governor or President. The "leaders" will see to that.

Nearly every one has heard the story of Mr. Bonaparte's family tree. In Baltimore they still show three or four houses in which Jerome Bonaparte, the great Napoleon's brother, met, or is said to have met, or didn't meet, the lovely Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of old Patterson the nabob. Jerome was on his way home to France from the West Indies, and Patterson, the father, was Baltimore's leading merchant, with clipper ships bearing his house flag sailing all of the seven seas, and a fortune that, for those days, was immense. When the distinguished visitor came to Baltimore it was the duty of the leading merchant to entertain him and the beautiful daughter of the house to dance with him and smile upon him. Elizabeth was fair almost beyond all dreams of fairness, and Jerome—well, Jerome was a prince of the blood royal. It was the first, the most imprudent and the most unlucky of the long series of American-European marriages. A few years afterward Elizabeth was back in Baltimore again with her infant son. Napoleon, impatient of romance, had arranged a divorce; Jerome was married to the Princess Catherine, and the dream was over.

Mme. Bonaparte was practically disowned by her stern old father, who had bitterly opposed her marriage, but she saved a few dollars, at least, from the wreck of her life and these dollars soon grew. Her son, Jerome, made them grow still more, and when his sons, in turn, came to inherit their patrimony it was worth inheriting. One of these sons went to France and entered the



Charles Joseph Bonaparte.

Known to Baltimore as "Charlie the Crook Chaser," and to the country as Corruption-ventilator-in-ordinary to the Roosevelt administration.

army and died with a score of medals and decorations upon his breast. The other remained in Baltimore and practiced law.

Properly to understand this American Bonaparte it is necessary to consider his personal architecture. People who seek to flatter him by telling him that he looks like Napoleon irritate him, for he knows that he is taller and homelier and more ungainly. His body is thick and sturdy-looking and his hands and feet are as small, almost, as a woman's. His neck is large and strong—as it should be to support his massive head. This head is a double-decker—a vast, round, rugged head, with curious rises over the temples. It is the cannon-ball head of a warrior, with room for two sets of brains—and it is bald, for the larger part, and smooth and shiny. When Mr. Bonaparte takes off his hat and be-

gins to roll this head—a trick that he has—it seems almost monstrous.

Beneath the forehead lurks the Bonaparte smile. It is there all the time—morning, noon and night. It is there when its owner arises in court to pronounce a eulogy upon a dead judge, it is there when he lashes the "leaders" on the stump, and it is there when he is in a case and the witnesses for the other side begin to perspire coldly. This smile, though even its owner may not have known it, was one of the chief assets of the Baltimore Reform League in the year of grace 1895, when the ancient and odorous democracy of Maryland faced "Soup-house Charlie" and went tumbling into a heap of writhing grafters, scared "leaders" and twisted machinery. It is a smile of fascination and woful troubles—sweet, oily, insinuating, seductive, deceitful, sarcastic, sardonic, terrifying, paralyzing and diabolical. When the lesser law-breakers of the old machine faced it, it seemed fairly hellish. If Bonaparte had bawled at them and called them names they would have understood him and opposed him. But with that grisly, ghastly smile upon his countenance he seemed the very embodiment of the powers of darkness. Many a Maryland politician who was never directly blasted by it sees it in his dreams—and one who has best cause thus to see it is the Honorable Arthur Pue Gorman, senator, statesman and presidential possibility. Were Mr. Bonaparte to die to-morrow Mr. Gorman's chances of being President would be vastly increased.

As a stump speaker, Mr. Bonaparte is a horrible nightmare to the Maryland democracy. It would be unjust to others, of course, to say that he alone was responsible for the upheavel of 1895, when the Democratic Party, having waxed fat during long years of unquestioned power, was suddenly given a blow from which it has never recovered. Maryland has had Democratic administrations since then, but they have been as white lilies compared to those that went before. Both parties in the State are still corrupt today, and Mr. Bonaparte knows it and will be heard from on the subject later on, but the improvement, since the revolt, has been almost infinite. Before 1895 the municipal government of Baltimore city was as utterly corrupt as that of St. Louis. Directly growing out of the upheaval of that year there came a demand for better things. Baltimore's new city charter was the first result and the second was the election of Thomas G. Hayes, as Mayor. Bonaparte, outwardly, at least, is a Republican. Hayes was a "regular" Democrat. It was not the party that Bonaparte fought, but its ward-heelers and grafters and thieving wire-pullers.

Few men who have not had actual personal experience in combatting a corrupt ring can even remotely understand the difficulties and discouragements of the task. Politicians are not ignorant brigands, easily ensnared. Many of them, in truth, are men of remarkable intelligence and resource, whose ethical deficiencies seem to be counterbalanced by cunning, ingenuity and dogged perseverance. To men of this sort Mr. Bonaparte in his big battle was a foeman worth fighting. He had ingenuity that made theirs look puny, and he had persistence too.

Once upon a time the Baltimore Reform League, of which he was then president, undertook an investigation of the official doings of a prominent federal office-holder. Mr. Bonaparte, who did most of the investigating, discovered what he regarded as a long series of deliberate violations of the civil service rules. He drew up a report accordingly and proposed to submit it for the approval of the association at its next annual meeting. Meanwhile the friends of the official in question in the association—for, like every other organization, it has its hypocrites—secretly decided to "pack" the meeting and vote the report down. They arrived bright and early and waited for the roll call. But Mr. Bonaparte was not to be so easily overcome. After listening attentively to the formal and specious arguments against the report, he arose and made a speech of half an hour's length, bitterly arraigning the official in the limelight. Then, seeing that the latter's friends still remained

by their guns, he began the same speech all over again. When it was done once more, he began it another time—and so he talked, on and on, over and over, six, seven, eight, ten times--until it was nearly dawn and the last friend of the official was asleep. Then he and his faithful followers adopted the report. He had taken care to send copies of it to the morning papers beforehand. He knew what the result would be.

Several times during its more strenuous years, the members of the Reform League, or some of them, refused to sign reports because they regarded the charges made as libellous. Each time Mr. Bonaparte thereupon made the charges himself, over his signature, in a letter to the public.

"If there are libel suits," he said, "I am responsible. Let them sue."

But no writhing politician would ever sue Charles J. Bonaparte for libel. It would be too much like attempting to stop a dyamo with one's walking stick.

The newspapers of Baltimore, knowing Mr. Bonaparte's absolute accuracy, print any charges he makes against public officials, secure in the knowledge that no damage suits will follow. He never accuses until he is certain—and then he doesn't spare his victim. Having a million or more in good securities, he would be an easy target for shyster lawyers were it not for the fact that no shyster lawyer would oppose him in court for any fee less than a billion.

Very naturally, Mr. Bonaparte has many enemies among his fellow Marylanders. The Republicans hate him as fervently as do the Democrats, for his favors have been impartially distributed and his fatal smile has beamed upon all. But he is one of those men who seem to thrive upon opposition. The Baltimore Reform League, of which he has been the leading spirit, is not making as much noise as it did in 1895, but every year, nevertheless, on election day, it is heard from. Its executive committee meets in Mr. Bonaparte's office. In his head are its chief records—brief, pithy biographies of local politicians; cold, deadly-accurate chronicles of grafts and rake-offs and deals. He knows the inner history of each party thoroughly, and he has a memory that never fails.

Since 1874, when he left the Harvard law school at the age of 23, Mr. Bonaparte has fought the grafters and, incidently, has been their mark. They have accused him of every crime on the calendar—from simple hypocrisy to grafting itself. But the mere fact that all of these charges have been confined to generalities shows how ridiculously baseless they have been. Bonaparte, as a millionaire, has not sought profit, and he has not pleased the *public*. He is an aristocrat by birth and by instinct, and he has no sympathy for the masses. Their unconscious leaning toward the spoils system disgusts him. The vulgarity of many of their leaders almost destroys his never-ending smile.

Herein, in truth, is his chief weakness. Unlike Roosevelt, he is not a popular idol. He never appeals to the gallery, because the gallery to him is an undiscovered country. He does not think it worth appealing to. And his brutal frankness and deliberate disregard for things established—for tradition, for party "regularity"—have made him a pariah among leaders.

It would be useless to attempt a chronicle of Mr. Bonaparte's writings and other activities. He belongs to most of the good government organizations of the country and has been the president of several of them. He has the commencement speech habit and is wont to tell ambitious seniors how the government should be reformed. He has fought for civil service reform and —a young man still—has lived to see many of his dreams come true. Personally he takes life easily and does not grow excited. He is a blue-blood of the blue-bloods, but he never mingles in the poverty-stricken, ancestor-worshipping "society" of Baltimore. He is a millionaire, but he does not bother about the stock market. He is the foremost lay Catholic in the Catholic capital of the western hemisphere, and the friend, adviser and confidant of Cardinal Gibbons, but his religion is not obtrusive. His friends may be few, but they are friends worth having. His enemies are enemies that every decent man should be proud to have.

THE PROPERTY-MAN

His Toil and Trouble

By CAMPBELL B. CASAD

MY connection with the theatrical profession started some sixteen years ago and in a peculiar manner.

While I was searching for employment one summer morning—and I was not at all particular as to the position I secured, so long as it was honest and the salary sure—I stopped in front of Poole's Theater on the upper Bowery, attracted by the posters announcing its opening the following week, with that sterling actor Augustus Clark in "Monte Cristo."

A man who had been standing in the entrance of the theater saw me and called to me. I ran over to him.

"Say, Kid," he asked, "can you shin a pole?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"All right. Come with me."

I followed him in behind the box-office, where an old man—whom I afterwards learned was John F. Poole, the manager—was seated.

"Mr. Poole," my conductor said, "here's a boy that will climb the pole."

Mr. Poole got up and, leading me across the street, showed me the flagstaff on top of the theater, the halyards of which had broken, tangling the flag about the gold ball on top. The stage carpenter took me upon the roof and in a few minutes I had fixed the halyards to the complete satisfaction of Mr. Poole, who thereupon presented me with two new silver dollars.

Then I asked him if he had a position open for me, and, after thinking for a moment, he told me to call the next morning.

I was there before eight o'clock and he engaged me as property-man at a weekly salary of six dollars.

At that time unions in the theatrical business were unknown. To-day all the mechanical positions, with the exception of "clearer," are controlled by unions, the stage hands having one of the strongest organizations in the world. Their initiation fee is $100, and it is only on rare occasions that they open their books. The wages of a property-man have risen to $20 and $25 a week in local positions, and all the way from $25 to $50 on the road, while ordinary "grips" (stage hands) receive $1.50 a performance and sixty cents an hour overtime.

As soon as my engagement was settled Mr. Poole handed me a roll of paper, which he said was the property plot, and told me to take it back stage, study it, and hustle out to get the various things it called for. The list was something like this:—

10 muskets.
1 rustic table.
Something to look like a man sewed up in a bag.
1 set of gold furniture.
1 document with red seal, etc., etc.

After reading it I returned to Mr. Poole and ventured to say I would need a lot of money to get all the things that the list called for. He looked at me in amazement.

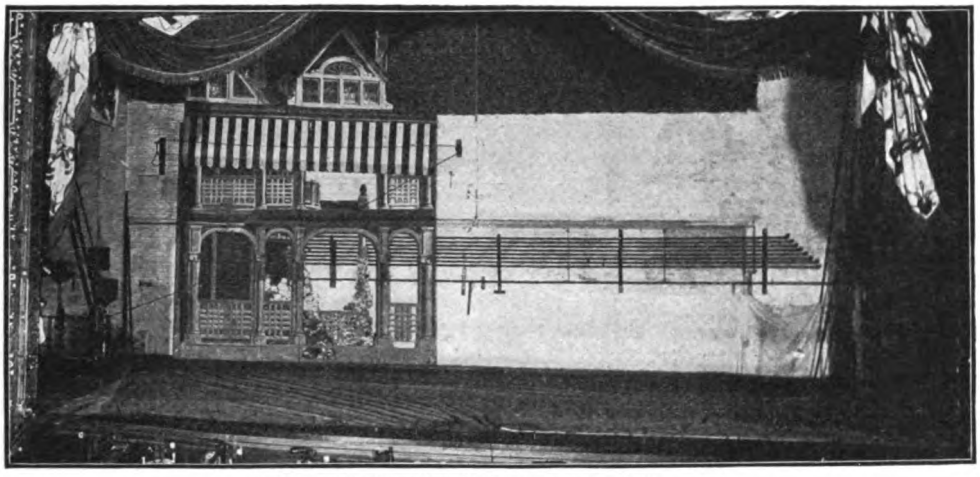
"Why, my boy," he cried, "you don't buy those things, you go out and borrow them."

"Where?" I ventured.

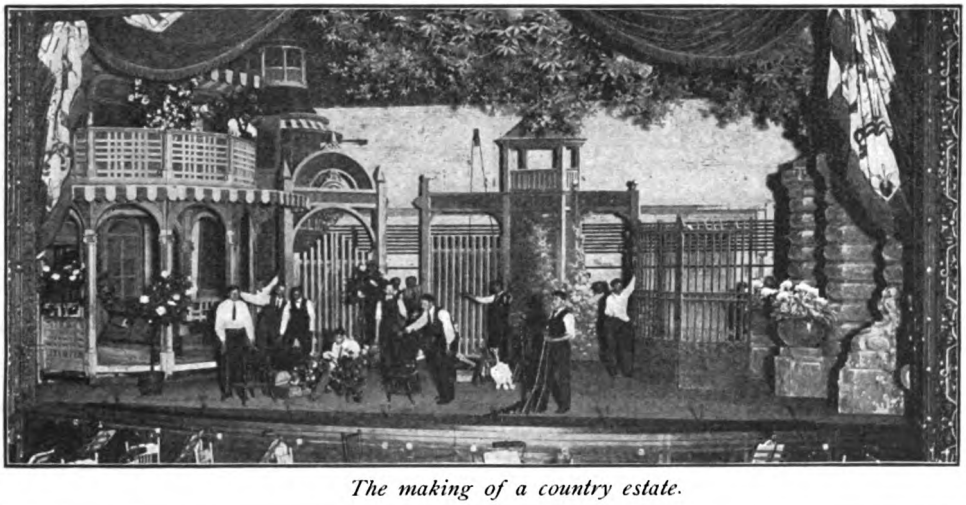
"Any place you can get them," he replied.

I didn't dare ask any more questions for fear he might think me stupid and discharge me, so I sought out the good-natured carpenter and told him my troubles.

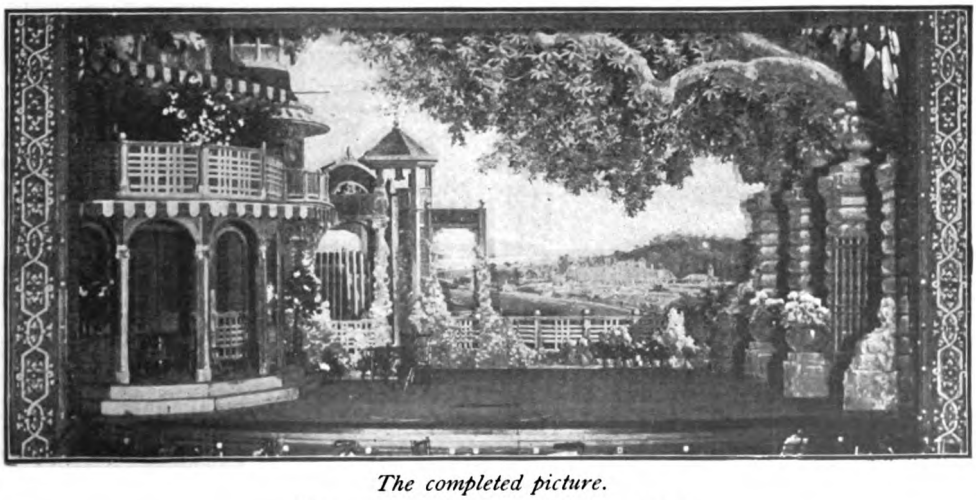
He said the best way was to go to the different furniture stores, and by promising seats for a performance I could obtain the furniture I needed.



Before the "setters" have begun their work.



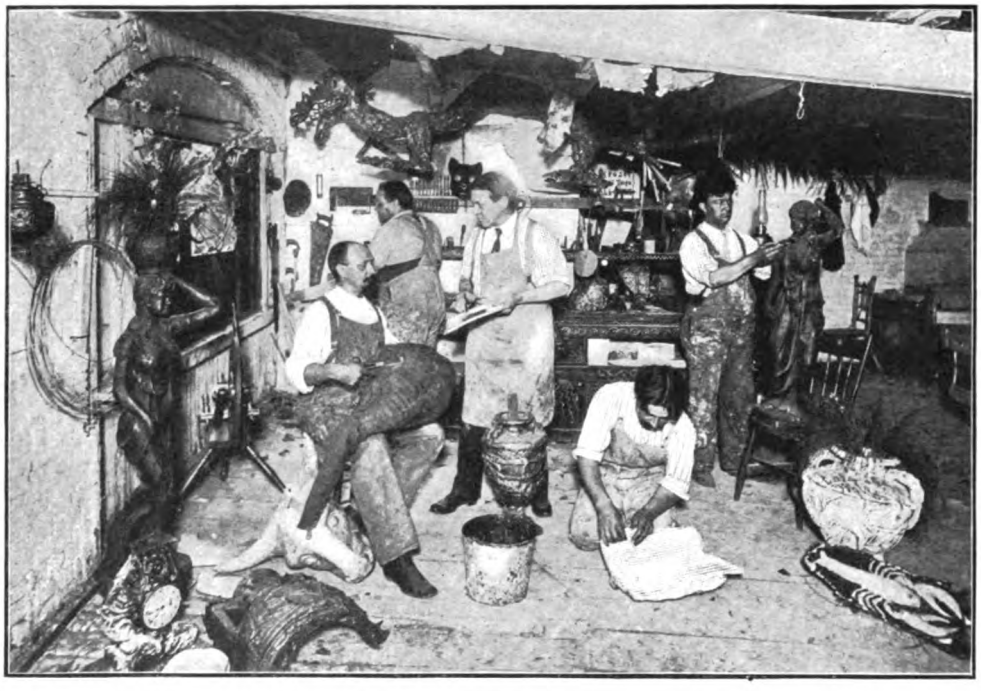
The making of a country estate.



The completed picture.

The evolution of a country scene.

The property-man's shop is a kind of modern Noah's Ark.



As for the rest of the list, I could procure it from other property-men in the city.

Well, I hustled around and by jollying the furniture man along, procured my gold furniture, and with the assistance of the property man of the neighboring theater I was able to fill out the entire list. By the opening night, everything was ready.

That day I worked like a Trojan, only stopping at 7 p. m. to snatch a bite. At last at 8.15 p. m. the curtain went up on the first act and the show was on. Everything ran remarkably well until the scene of the escape from the prison. In this climax Monte Cristo is thrown in the surging sea, sewn up in a bag. As he strikes the water, he cuts the bag open and climbing up on a rock, the stage lightning flashing about him, cries out above the storm, "The world is mine, mine the treasures of Monte Cristo," while the spray of the ocean dashes over him.

Right here was where I struck a snag. It was the duty of the property-man to create this spray by throwing handfuls of rock salt out from the wings over the shoulders of Monte Cristo. That night the stage manager gave me a pail of salt and told me to throw it over the hero the moment he mounted the rock, so as the curtain went up, I stood, pail in hand, in readiness. Monte Cristo made his appearance and at the stage manager's signal I let the salt go—not a handful, but the entire pail. Full in the actor's face it struck and straightway from the rock he tumbled, while the curtain descended amid roars of laughter.

What the stage manager said to me was not fit for publication and it was sheer luck that they did not fire me on the spot. But somehow, I managed to hold my position, and luckily for me the rest of the show ran smoothly.

This break, however, subjected me to a lot of annoyance. The rest of the boys saw that I was green in the business and played all sorts of practical jokes on me. At seven o'clock the next night one of them came running into the property-room.

"Hey! Jack!" he cried, "we've lost the key of the curtain and the old man says to tell you to run up to Daly's

As an artist, the property-man is somewhat versatile.

and ask them to loan you theirs."

I grabbed my hat and made a rush for Daly's, three miles further uptown. I sought the property-man and explained my mission; with a smile, he told me to wait while he got the key. In about ten minutes he returned with a box about two feet long by three feet wide. It was tightly fastened, but I imagined it was all right as he gravely informed me that the key was very valuable and they had to nail it up to prevent any accident happening to it.

After what seemed to me an age I reached the theater again and found all the boys gathered in the property-room awaiting my return. Marching up to the carpenter, I set the box triumphantly in front of him. Taking out his hammer, he silently opened it while the others stood around with expectant looks. When the lid flew off the box, disclosing its contents, they set up a howl of delight. The box contained two cobble stones, an old iron weight, two pieces of board, one old glue pot and a half-eaten sandwich.

In 1891 I had my first experience "on the road" with a female star as property and baggage-man. We had fifteen weeks of bad business before we closed and came back to New York, where I remained for five years. During this time I worked at the bench in a New York property shop, and was called upon to make everything, from a *papier-mâché* mouse to a full-sized locomotive.

THE MAKING OF STAGE ANIMALS

One of the most interesting property shops of to-day is in New York city. The entire room is filled by an extraordinary collection of wild animals. Here a trick elephant, gravely raising and lowering its trunk, there a *papier-mâche* lion winking its eyes, lashing its tail and at the same time uttering hoarse roars, while beside it a gigantic cat gravely washes its face and meows.

Papier-mâché work is the most important thing in the property business, as most properties are made of it. The method of manufacture is like this :— First a drawing is made of the object desired, which is then modeled in clay and a plaster cast made of the outside of the clay model. This plaster cast is

then cleaned and well greased. Then matrix, a paper similar to the ordinary newspaper, is put in water, soaked until very soft, and then wrung out like a sponge. Next it is spread out smoothly on a board, and after paste has been applied to one side it is placed in the mould, care being taken to put the side without paste next the mould. Other layers of paper are then applied until the desired thickness is obtained. Then the cast is put in the dry room and kept there until it is thoroughly dried. When it is finally removed from the mould the *papier-mâché* retains the shape of the original cast. The rough edges have to be trimmed and a coating of glue and whiting added to harden and enamel the surface, after which the cast is painted to correspond with the original.

Quite a bird.

Trick animals are a feature of the theatrical business at present, and no comic opera or burlesque is complete without one.

HARDSHIPS OF ONE-NIGHT STANDS

In 1896 I was again struck with the road fever, and this time joined a repertoire company headed by a metropolitan favorite. Actors tell of the hardships they endure on one-night stands, but their lot is really blissful when compared to those of the property-man and the carpenter of the show. For example, when the company arrives in a town, say at ten o'clock in the morning, the performers proceed to the hotel where they can rest all day, as they are not required at the theater until seven-thirty that evening. As for the property-man and carpenter, they at once proceed to walk up the railroad track some two or three miles to a siding, where their scene cars have been placed. On arriving at the cars they take off their coats and start unloading, handing out scenery, trunks, crates, etc., etc., to the transfer men in the wagons; they have to do all the loading and unloading, as it is a general rule of the transfer men never to enter the car.

In three hours' time they have unloaded and arrived at the theater. There they meet the local representatives of their two departments, who are not always as affable as they might be. Sometimes they are good, accommodating fellows, but more often they are "tough as they make 'em," and if you, as a stranger, assert yourself, the men under them will "jump" you and you are likely to be sent home in a box. In one town I remember being chased to the depot, with the entire stage force after me.

It is now one o'clock, and the actors are finishing lunch, while the carpenter and "props" are just starting their real work, and when at six p. m. all is ready these two have barely time to eat a hasty bite, and get back to the theater to set the first act.

They have hardly finished setting, when "the poor tired actors" begin to arrive.

Well at last, around three o'clock in the morning, the carpenter and property-man have the show back again in the car, and begin their search for a place to sleep.

When at last they do retire it is four

thirty a. m., while their call to get up is six-thirty, barely two hours to sleep. The balance of their sleep they must get on the train *en route*. As for the actors, they can retire at midnight, and if the next jump is a short one, they can leave by a later train the next day.

CHRISTMAS ON THE ROAD

On Christmas eve we played Davenport, Iowa; we had just finished four weeks of one night stands through the south and northwest (the worst section of the country for the theatrical business). We finished loading at two-thirty a. m. and had to hurry as the train was waiting.

The train consisted of fourteen cars. In the last Pullman the company was assembled, celebrating and drinking the health of the star. In the smoker, thirteen cars ahead, lay the carpenter and I sound asleep. We must have lain thus about twenty minutes when I awoke to find the stage manager standing over me.

"Come, Jack, get up," he said, Miss —— wants to give you your Christmas present."

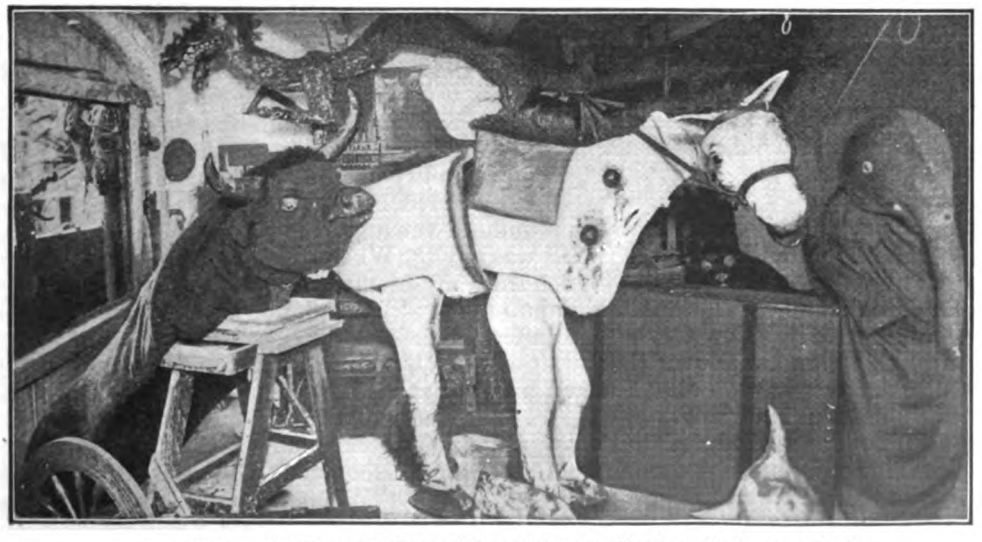
"All right, I'll go," I said wearily, and followed by the tired carpenter, I trudged back thirteen cars to where the company was assembled, each holding a glass of wine.

As she called their names, they stepped forward, received their present, and enthusiastically drank her health, then they reverently kissed her intellectual brow and side-stepped for the next recipient.

At last it was the carpenter's and my turn. I stepped up and received a basket containing two oranges, two bananas, a bunch of grapes, and a handful of assorted nuts. The carpenter's turn was next. He received the history of Rip Van Winkle in addition to his basket of fruit. On our way back he gave the fruit to some Italian immigrants. I sampled mine and suffered all night in consequence.

THE SUPER AND THE FORTY-EIGHT CENTS.

One cold snowy night, when a number of "supers" were used, one of them was almost dead with cold when he was finally taken in. As he stood in the hallway shivering one of the female members of the company noticed him. Going up to him, she asked him to lend her his hat a moment. As she took the hat she dropped a coin in it, and then going the rounds of the company asked each to contribute. I afterwards asked the man how much he received, and he told me forty-eight cents. Forty-eight cents among a company of twenty-seven!



Nowadays a comic opera is as dependent upon its live stock as a farm.

After the performance this super was one of the first out of the stage door. Dashing through the alley in the rear of the theater he was precipitated into a coal-hole, belonging to a fashionable hotel, and fell fifteen feet into the engine-room, where he lay stunned for the moment but otherwise uninjured.

As he recovered and started to rise the fireman insisted that he remain quiet and not exert himself, while he notified the office and had the doctor sent down to examine him. So the super lay still, and in a very short time the manager of the hotel rushed in, with visions of heavy damage suits, and insisted that the super be taken upstairs and put to bed. The super stayed at the hotel for over a week, served with everything he desired, and on leaving was presented with fifty dollars for releasing the landlord from all responsibility for his accident. So the forty-eight cents did some good.

THE TALE OF A POSTAL CARD

As we stepped from the train in Birmingham, Ala., late one October afternoon, the carpenter and I were surprised to see a man wildly waving his hand at us. We went over to him and recognized Bert ——, whom we had often met in Chicago.

In Chicago, Bert had always been a very swell dresser, but now his attire consisted of a battered, old, high hat, shoes that ages ago were fit for the ash-barrel, and a coat that was a perfect sight. It had originally been a Prince Albert, but it was minus one-half the skirt, which had been burnt off so that only the charred edges remained.

Our next stand was New Orleans and Bert said he knew an actor who was starring there, whom he had befriended in Chicago, and who would help him.

We arrived in New Orleans and after the performance we found Bert waiting for us at the stage door. I asked him if he had seen his friend.

"No," he replied, "I wanted to give him a surprise, so I wrote him a postal card to this effect: 'Dear —— Expect a big surprise this afternoon or to-morrow morning,' and signed no name. That will get him guessing."

After giving Bert some money for his hotel bill, we left him. Next morning we were startled by violent pounding at our door. I opened it and Bert, with a newspaper in his hand, burst in.

"My God! boys, the Olympia burnt down this morning, killing the janitor," he cried. (The Olympia was his friend's theater.) There, in glaring letters, was the reproduction of his postal card:—

DEAR ——
EXPECT A BIG SURPRISE TO-NIGHT OR TO-MORROW MORNING.

And it went on to describe a suspicious looking character, with the tail of his Prince Albert coat burned off.

We decided that Bert should remain concealed in our room until our trunks arrived. When they came we dressed him in my best suit, and sent him away rejoicing.

Late that afternoon Bert returned. "When I entered Mr. H——'s room," he said joyfully, "he sprang forward, crying, 'Well, well, Bert old man, how are you, and what on earth are you doing down here?' I explained how you had helped me to get here, and how I had thought that possibly he could give me a position.

"'And so I can,' he cried, 'the house I was playing in burned last night, but I intend to open in another theater next week.'

"Then I mustered up courage. 'I have a confession to make,' I cried, 'it was I who wrote that postal,' and I explained the circumstances.

"Just as I finished, the chief-of-police was announced, and as he entered, he cried, 'Good news, Mr. H——, I've caught the author of the postal card.'

"'Where have you got him?' replied my friend.

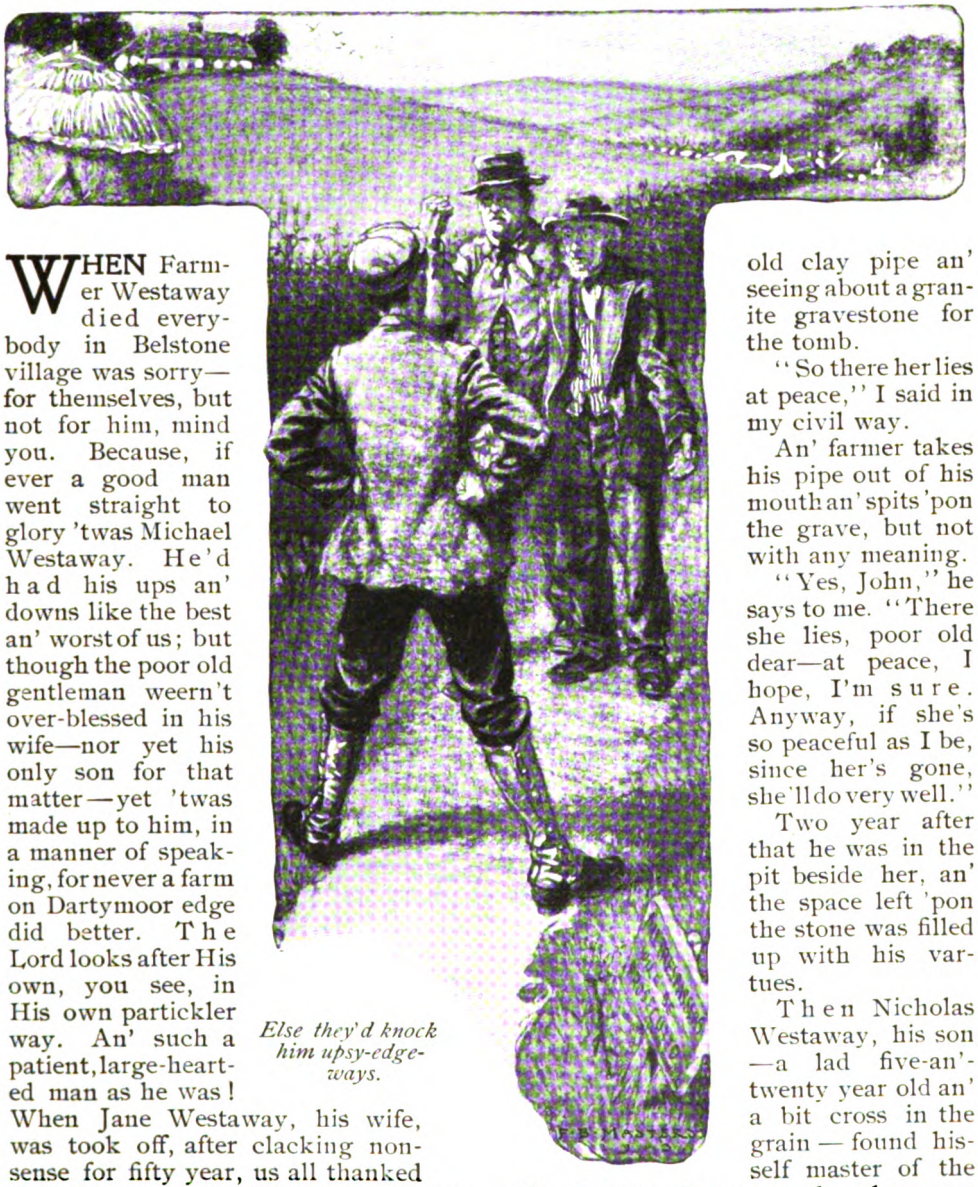
"'Locked up, of course,' said the chief.

"'Oh, no, you haven't,' replied my friend; 'this gentleman here is the one who wrote it.'"

Two days later the origin of the fire was discovered to be an exposed electric wire. When we left New Orleans the following week Bert was cheerfully engaged in his new duties.

BENJAMIN'S MESS, By Eden Phillpotts

With drawings by G. B. MASTERS



Else they'd knock him upsy-edgeways.

WHEN Farmer Westaway died everybody in Belstone village was sorry—for themselves, but not for him, mind you. Because, if ever a good man went straight to glory 'twas Michael Westaway. He'd had his ups an' downs like the best an' worst of us; but though the poor old gentleman weern't over-blessed in his wife—nor yet his only son for that matter—yet 'twas made up to him, in a manner of speaking, for never a farm on Dartymoor edge did better. The Lord looks after His own, you see, in His own partickler way. An' such a patient, large-hearted man as he was! When Jane Westaway, his wife, was took off, after clacking nonsense for fifty year, us all thanked God in our hearts for her good man. For 'tweern't a happy marriage, an' he'd had more to put up with unbeknownst in his home circle than falls to the lot of many of us. But not an unkind word did he ever say either afore or after she died. I mind I met him in the churchyard six months after he'd buried his wife, an' he was smoking his old clay pipe an' seeing about a granite gravestone for the tomb.

"So there her lies at peace," I said in my civil way.

An' farmer takes his pipe out of his mouth an' spits 'pon the grave, but not with any meaning.

"Yes, John," he says to me. "There she lies, poor old dear—at peace, I hope, I'm sure. Anyway, if she's so peaceful as I be, since her's gone, she'll do very well."

Two year after that he was in the pit beside her, an' the space left 'pon the stone was filled up with his vartues.

Then Nicholas Westaway, his son—a lad five-an'-twenty year old an' a bit cross in the grain—found hisself master of the Old Rectory Farm, as the place was called. Old Westaway had got his patience an' sense from the land, an' his wisdom an' sweetness of disposition out of no other book than the Bible; but Mrs. Westaway had great notions for her one an' only child, an' she wanted more than the Bible could teach him; which, in my judgment, is to cry out for better bread

than can be made of wheat. Farmering weern't a grand enough trade for him, she thought, so she kept nagging an' nagging by day an' night till, in self-defense, the old man sent his lad to Tavistock Grammar School—a very great seat of larning, by all accounts. Yet what they didn't teach him was worth knowing, too, for manners he never larned, nor yet his duty to his neighbor. He comed home at seventeen, and the first thing as he told his faither was, "I be a Radical in politics evermore, an' I ban't going to touch my hat again to nobody living. One man's so good as another."

"So he be, Nick," said his faither. "An' a darned sight better, too, for that matter. The world will larn 'e that, if nothing else. I'm sorry ever I sent 'e to school, if they've taught 'e such tomfoolery there. But life will unlarn 'e, I hope. To touch your hat to your betters ban't no sign of weakness in you, but a sign of sense. Lord Luscombe hisself takes off his hat to the king, an' the king takes off his'n to God A'mighty. 'Tis the laws of Nature," said farmer, "an' if you break the laws of Nature you'll damn soon get broke yourself, as everybody finds out after they'm turned fifty, if not sooner."

But Westaway died, as I tell 'e, an' the young man comed to his own. With all his airs an' graces, he knowed when he was well off, an', of course, followed his faither's footsteps an' stuck to the land, despite his mother's hopes as planned an' prayed with her last breath for him to be a lawyer. The difference between him an' his faither was showed by a path-field as ran through Old Rectory lands and was very much used by folks coming up from Okehampton to Belstone, because it saved foot-passengers a good mile of walking, an' it had been there time out of mind. But there weeren't no right of way with it, all the same, an' farmer he always used to shut it up one day a year to make good his claim in the eye of the law. He wouldn't have turned back the leastest little one he'd found on the field-path, for 'twas his pride an' pleasure always to make life easier for man, woman an' child when the chance offered. An' the boys had the filbert nuts an' the girls had the mushrooms, an' he never minded, bless you. He liked 'em to be there.

Well, this here carmudgeon of a young Westaway—first thing he done, out of pure sourness of disposition, was to shut up the field-path an' stick up a lot o' scowling nonsense 'bout trespassers would be prosecuted. An' the boys knocked young Westaway's boards down with stones, an' broke his hedges; an' the Okehampton people, as didn't care a snap of the finger for the man, took their even way as usual. He spent half his time storming up an' down the great meadow in the farm-bottom, where Oke river goes clattering under Halstock; but he only turned back women an' children, for he was a little chap—thin an' not overstrong—*so men just told him to get out of their road*, else they'd knock him upsy-edgeways into the hedge.

But of course such a state of things couldn't last. There comed a terrible day when he turned back Mr. Matthew's wife—Matthew being the miller to Okehampton, an' a church warden, an' a man of high renown in general. Then us had a proper tantara, an' Matthew he took the opinion of Lawyer Pearce, an' Pearce he had a tell with young Westaway, an' Parson Courtenay of Belstone, he also done what he could, which was naught. For they might so well have talked to a fuzz-bush as to Nicholas. He stuck out his chin—he was a underhung toad, like a bull-dog—and he said that rights was rights an' land was land; an' he turned on parson, like an adder, an' said: "If you'll open a footpath through your vegetable garden an' let all Belstone walk up an' down it when your strawberries be ripe, then I'll do the same with my meadow, an' not sooner."

But Parson, whose heart was in strawberries, said the cases weren't similiar; an' Nicholas held out they were.

Matters was let sink for a bit after that, but the upshot made a rare story, an' people laugh yet when you tell 'em about it.

Young Westaway was courting just then.

You must know that young Westaway was courting just then, an' he'd got his hands so full with Mary Jane Arscott, the stone-breaker's darter, that for lack of leisure—naught else—he didn't watch his field-path so sharp as usual. The storm died down a bit an' by the time that the matter of Mary Jane had come to a head, things were fallen back into the old way.

Well, this Mary Jane was a very fine woman—rather on the big side for a girl of twenty-two; but the small men always look for a large, helpful pattern of maiden, an' Nicholas was as much in love with her as he could be with any mortal she, despite her humble circumstances. Her liked him too, up to a certain point; but 'twas the sort of fondness a maiden naturally gets for any young man who be very well-to-do, an' have a fine house an' land an' a prosperous business. But, for all that, Mary Jane Arscott kept his beautiful farm in her eye an' seed her way pretty clear, if it hadn't been for a young youth by the name of Benjamin Pearn. This Ben Pearn chanced to have just what t'other man lacked—a comely countenance an' a fine, manly frame to him. He was the port-reeve of Belstone, an' looked after the common lands; an' he was verger of the church; an' he kept bees; an' he'd lend a hand at thatching or painting of signboards, or harvesting, or any mortal thing. Yet, with all his cleverness, he was a fool when he falled in love, as a many afore him. 'Twas love for Mary Jane found out the weak spot in him, an' showed that he could do an underhand deed like anybody else in the same fix; for when we'm struck on a maid, if us can't see how to fight fair in it, us all fights foul without a blush. Which shows love ban't a Bible virtue, but just a savage strain in the blood, if you come to think of it.

Between these two men, Ben an' Nicholas, it rested, an' Mary Jane took her time to make up her mind. She was in love with Benjamin's self an' Westaway's farm. That's how it stood. She didn't want to miss the farm, an' she didn't want to miss Benjamin; but her couldn't have both; an' her found it a bit difficult to make up her mind, though Lord He knows her faither an' mother done their best to make it up for her. They had an eye on the gert chimney corners to the Rectory Farm, no doubt.

Then things happened that helped Mary Jane to decide.

The rights of it got out long after, but what took place was this, for I heard it direct from Nicholas. Whatever else he was, he was a truth-teller. One fine evening in late summer, when Westaway was walking down his field-path in a devil of a gale, because he found that folks had been breaking his hedge again for the hazel-nuts an' running all about the meadow after mushrooms, there comed by Ben Pearn, an' he marked the trouble an' spoke.

"'Tis a shame to see what you get for your goodness in letting folks go up an' down your field-path, Mr. Westaway," he says.

But Nick looked at him sideways, for he knowed Ben was his rival, an' didn't feel like trusting him a yard.

"They wouldn't be here if I could help it. But seemingly I can't," he answered back.

Ben nodded.

"The law won't help 'e? 'Tis a crying shame; but if I was you, I'd help myself an' hang the law."

"I've tried often enough, surely. I've done every mortal thing that I can think of. I wish to God us was allowed to use man-traps, like land-owners did in the old time. But the law's got so weak as water nowadays. A man mayn't even shoot a burglar, they tell me. 'Twill be a penal offense next to ax a housebreaker to leave the family Bible behind him."

"Well, there's man-traps an' man-traps. The meadow be yours to do what you please with, ban't it?" says Ben, very artful like.

"It did ought to be."

"You can graze sheep in it?"

"Yes."

"Or cattle?"

"Of course. What's that to do with the matter?"

"You might even let your great, red Devon bull, as takes so many prizes an' have got such a douce an' all of a temper, run loose there, if you was minded to—eh?"

"By Gor!" said Nick Westaway. "If that ban't an idea!"

"I judge you wouldn't have no more trouble then, Nicholas. Better'n notice boards. He'd work quicker, too. One sight of him would be enough for most people."

"Thank you," said the farmer. "Thank you very much. You'm a quick-witted chap, for sartain, an' I'm greatly obliged to you. I'll turn him in this very evening, an' be damned to everybody."

An' so he did, an' next day that gert bull was wallowing in a pool o' mud in the middle of the meadow an' wondering at his luck.

An' when young Ben left Westaway he went straight down to see Mary Jane Arscott. A crooked game he played, sure enough!

They had a bit of love-making by the river; an' then Ben arranged to meet her next day an' go out upon Belstone Tor an' pick whortleberries. But he never said no word touching his talk with Nicholas Westaway.

Well, the girl, who lived in a cottage down the valley, came up as a matter of course by the field-path to Belstone in the morning; an' for that matter, Westaway had long since given her special permission to do so. Her was half way across the great meadow, with nothing in her thoughts but mushrooms and whortleberries an' Benjamin Pearn, when there comed a sound very high-pitched an' ugly. It got louder an' deeper till she heard a proper bellow, an' there, right ahead, she seed Nick Westaway's great red Devon bull, a-pawing an' a-prancing as if he was trying to dance the sailor's hornpipe. If he'd been a thought further off, no harm could have come, for the field-path ran nigh the hedge; but as it was, Mary Jane had a narrow squeak, for she'd roamed off the pathway to pick mushrooms, an' when the old bull went for her, she'd got fifty yards to get to the hedge, an' he'd got a bit more than a hundred to catch her. He was in a good temper, I believe, an' never really tried to hurt her; but what's a joke to a bull may be a mighty serious bit of earnest for a twelve stone female.

She dropped her basket and ran for her life. She weren't built for running, but nature will do a good deal, even for the roundest of us, in a pinch like this, an' for once her got over the ground in very fine fashion. She'd reached within ten yards of the hedge when she heard a shout, an' a man came tearing down the field-path; but he was too late. Mary Jane went head first into the hazel hedge, screaming to the Everlasting to spare her, an' the bull's horns just gave her the ghost of a touch—enough to swear by after—as she went through all ends up. She weren't really hurt a bit, an' only took a chair a thought gingerly for a day or two; but her temper didn't heal so easy, I promise you—not by no means; an' presently, when the man as had shouted an' runned to help her took the poor maiden home, she let him know what she thought about the world in general an' Nicholas Westaway in particular so soon as she had got wind enough to tell with.

Of course, the man was Benjamin Pearn. An' he knowed really that the field-path ran nigh the hedge, an' he'd been dead sure as Mary Jane would not get into no real danger. Besides, he had planned to be there in plenty of

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time, an' it wasn't till he actually seed Mary Jane flying an' the bull a-bellowing after her, with his tail up an' his head down, that he knowed what he'd done.

"To think!" gasped Mary Jane. "To think as I might be a lifeless jelly this moment but for my own legs! As 'tis, that gert beast's horn have horched me somewheres, an' I may die of it yet. An' if you'm a man, Benjamin Pearn, you'll go an' get your gun an' shoot him!"

"God's goodness! you don't mean Mr. Westaway?" said Ben.

"No, I don't; you can leave him to me," the maiden answered. "I won't have no living soul come between me an' Nicholas Westaway now. He'll be sorry as he was ever born, afore his dinner time if I've got a tongue in my head; an' he shall have all Belstone hooting at him in the open street, come to-morrow. But 'tis your part to shoot thicky beastly bull wi' a gun—an' if you love me you'll do it. He shan't take no more prizes, if I can stop him."

"As to shooting the bull, they'd put me in prison for it—not that I'd mind that if you'd have me when I comed out," said Ben very eager like. "But," he added as an after-thought, "the dashed luck of it is I haven't got a gun."

Her black eyes flashed an' her gypsy-dark face growed darker still. She still panted an' puffed a bit. But Ben confessed arter that she never looked so lovely afore or since as she did when he pulled her out of the brambles in the hedge an' comforted her.

"You'd best to borrow a gun then," she told him. "Anyway, I won't marry you while that bull's alive; an' if you was a man you'd never sleep till you'd put a bullet through it."

Same morning she went up with her mother to Belstone an' gave Nicholas Westaway the whole law and the prophets, by all accounts. His ears must have tingled to hear her; but he was a pretty cool hand, an' when she'd talked herself out of breath an' falled back on torrents an' oceans of tears, an' when her mother had also said what she had comed to say, which was mere tinkling brass after Mary Jane, Nick popped in a word or two edgeways.

"If you'll be so very kind as to hold your noise a minute—the pair of you—I'll tell you how the bull got in the field," he said. "'Twasn't my idea at all. Ben Pearn put me up to it. So you've got to thank him, not me. I didn't know as you was coming to Belstone to-day, God's my judge, or I'd have been at the stile to meet you an' see you over the meadow safe; but he knowed you was coming. Any fool can see that he meant to kill you."

"He axed me to come," said Mary Jane.

"Did he? Then 'tis him you've got to thank, not me. 'Tis only by the mercy of Heaven he ban't a murderer."

"You'd better look after him then," said Mary Jane thoughtful like, "for I've told 'un to shoot your bull."

"Let 'un," answered Nicholas very cunning. "I'd shoot the old devil myself for daring to run after you."

Then Mrs. Arscott struck the iron while it was hot, an' afore she left that parlor Mary Jane had named the day.

'Twas rather a funny case of a chap over-reaching himself in a love affair. You see, Ben Pearn was so blessed muddle-headed that he couldn't look on to the end of the game like any cleverer man might. He said to his silly self: "I'll make her hate the chap, so she'd like to scratch his eyes out." But he never seed that the end must be different; he never remembered that Nicholas Westaway had a tongue in his head same as other people.

So Ben was sent off with a flea in his ear, an' he changed his opinion about marriage an' growed to be a hard an' fast bachelor an' a lover of saving money. But as for Mary Jane, she did her husband a power of good an' enlarged his mind every way. An' when they got a family young Westaway's nature comed very well through the usual ups an' downs of life. He fancied hisself less, an' thought of his little people an' his good lady first, an' growed a bit more like his faither before him. Not, of course, that he was the man his faither was. But what chap ever be, for that matter? I never see none.

THE WILD BEASTS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

By CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

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The Christmas Goose.

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The Boar's Head.

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A Saddle of Venison.

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The Christmas Turkey.

ADMIRATION FROM JAPAN

An Oriental Critic on the Anglo-Saxon Girl

By YONE NOGUCHI

WHO ever returned from London without carrying back a better appreciation of the American woman?

"What a lovely complexion," a Japanese might say on first landing in America. It will be a year or so before he plays the connoisseur with her shape. What a delightfully quick step! How eloquently it expresses her straight charm! I cannot blame the American actress in the "Geisha" for her mincing gait. Our women walk as she imitates. Exaggeration isn't a crime—not a bit.

White skin! "White skin hides seven blemishes in the face." How Japanese girls strive to make their faces whiter, even praying to a gold-gilded idol! (Poor girls! Their souls are divinely white.)

What a gracefully high nose has the American woman!

I confess I was beginning to lose my first impression of the American woman, and to cease to look after her with mighty admiration. My short trip across the Atlantic renewed my appreciation.

One of my Japanese girl-friends in England—I assure you there are one or two clever girls even among the Japanese—said to me that the English woman is always bent on improving her mind. (She bluntly declared, by the way, that whatever might happen, *she* should remain savage.) She was sure, she said, that they thought they had a personal responsibility for the Universe.

It was in the drawing-room of the Lady C. C.—what a clever C. C.!—that I was told that the English woman is nothing but vanity. "And a martyr to formalities and etiquette," another Ladyship added promptly—to be sure she was some fifty-fifth Duchess of something.

What a sufficiency of self-esteem, what a cool reserve, has the English woman!

We were talking about girls out of the East and the West. One spoke of a bony English girl he had met. (English girls are rarely plump.) He was perfectly disgusted with her uninteresting manner of speech. Wasn't he amazed when he happened to read one of her poems afterwards! (I wonder who she might be?) I am always suspecting that English conversation was made to hide the thought of the English girl. I always thought that she was fearing her secret might be discovered. No doubt she was trying to mask herself behind a screen—perhaps of London fog.

How pleasing the frankness of American girls! They are like a book with the leaves cut ready for reading. What charming reading that is, full of fancies and also not without wisdom! However, a turn for the epigrammatic is out of fashion nowadays. Happily the American girls are not crazy after an indigestible paradox. They are wise in a healthy way, under the garment of simplicity.

There is no happier moment for me—a Japanese—than when in chat with American girls. The topics are light without being vulgar. They are vivacious—delightfully. I admire their pronunciation of English, which is like the jolly chattering of a spring river. (Thank Heaven, American girls' life is an eternal spring.) Who laughs, saying "Yankee accent?" I dare say the English never speak, but growl. The voice is too harsh altogether. What use for a woman's voice that is unsuitable for whispering?

I used sadly to see at a certain reception a few English girls that appeared like actresses who had forgotten their lines, but tried awfully hard to look a part. I was often told that we were not supposed to expect anything interesting

in first-class society. How mannerless some of those girls were in entering a room! They rolled in, to speak correctly. I often fancied they thought their family history and a fat morocco-covered album were the whole thing.

Look at the American girls! Not only do they know how to talk—they understand perfectly how to raise and

drop their eyelashes. In English society it is the custom for each to monopolize one girl, because she does not know how to be charming to a whole party. What an art has the American woman! A Jap writer once said that the American woman is more than woman. She can be a wife and a geisha girl at the same time.

English girls may speak love in blank

verse. I am positive that American girls are far cleverer love-makers. They are born for that.

It is a mighty treat to see the American girls always tastefully dressed. I am most happy not to meet a red-faced girl with a green ribbon around her neck. Poor English girls! I am not the first to denounce their poor taste in dress. They hardly know how to raise their skirts. Yet I am sure it is not because their ankles are not charming enough to expose. You must not blame the ugly shape of their shoes—boots, if you please. They are as hard a thing to find in England as the open-hearted laughter of the American girl. What a stiff, plain smile have the English girls! Yes, that is a typical English smile. Isn't that like a London square, carefully railed round?

Who says, I wish to know, that the English girl is fresh as a daisy? Look at her dampish hair! She doesn't look like anything but a pudding, as one of our Japanese satirists jeers. What fluffy hair has the American girl! I am sure it could pull an elephant, as we say.

How often, observing the six o'clock sight of London streets with the jamming girls hurrying homeward, have I thought that they were like the people of a problem play! Pray, compare it with the sight on Broadway. American girls' heads are always thrashing in the sunlight. They would readily make themselves as good a millionaire's wife as anybody else. The English girls' eyes are eternally downcast.

I had quite a many experience to prove it is impossible to bring the English girl to an understanding when she doesn't want it. She is stubborn in the extreme. Her mind is already in a cast and may not change a bit.

DENIS DENT*

A NOVEL

By ERNEST W. HORNUNG
Author of "The Amateur Cracksman"

CHAPTER XXVIII—CONTINUED

DENIS bent glowering at the step on which he stood. His neighbor's answer to his query about the guards was still rattling in his head; he had heard nothing since with that part of the ear which communicates with the brain.

The group of gentlemen from the London Tavern followed the Lord Mayor down the steps; one of them passed close to Denis, waving a telegram, and gesticulating to his friends.

It was Mr. Merridew, still flushed and flustered with sentiment and satisfaction; as he passed, Denis scanned the smug, well-meaning face; but he had deliberately withdrawn from the path of the man whom he had driven across London to see. Talk to him about Nan!

"Now, sir, move on please!"

"All right, constable; but I only landed from Australia this morning, and I wish you'd tell me a thing or two first."

"Indeed, sir?" said the policeman, as Denis felt in the pocket that was full of notes and gold.

"About this war," pursued the questioner; "you see I never even heard of it before to-day. Can you tell me which of the guards have gone?"

"Coldstream and Grenadiers, sir."

"But not all of them?"

"The first Battalion of the Coldstreams and the third of the Grenadiers."

The man's prompt answers drew Denis' attention to the man himself. He was over six feet in height, and not an

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inch of it thrown away; but yet more noticeable for a peculiar pride of countenance.

"An old Guardsman!" said Denis.

"An old Grenadier, sir!" cried the policeman. "And I would give ten years of my life to be with them now!"

"Do you suppose they have lost very heavily?" Denis was searching the old soldier's face.

"If the losses altogether are fourteen hundred I'll back ours to run well into three figures!"

"But they'll keep the regiment up to strength, I take it?"

"No doubt they'll send out a draft as soon as possible."

"Of course there'd be no chance for a recruit in such a draft?" Denis had hesitated and then forced a grin.

The old Grenadier shook his head.

"I doubt it, sir; but a very good man, who knew his drill, they might take *him* over the heads of others. They want all the good men they can get in time of war. Why, sir, that's a sovereign!"

"It was meant to be; it's not a night for less. And now can you tell me where the rest of the Grenadiers are?"

CHAPTER XXIX

GUY FAWKES DAY

A company officer was making his round of an outlaying picket of Grenadiers; the black hour before a drizzling dawn effectually shrouded moist features and sodden whiskers, as bearskin and great-coat served to modify an erect yet casual carriage. It was Ralph Devenish, however, and he was performing his duties with some punctilio. The sentries stood their twenty paces apart, all but invisible to each other, sundered links waiting for the dawn to complete the chain. And at each link the officer halted and beat his foot.

"All's well."

"Except your rifle, eh?" muttered Devenish to one or two; from a third he took the man's dripping piece, and from the nipple poured a tiny jet of water into the palm of his left hand. "Keep it covered if you can, or it will never go off," was his audible injunction to that sentry and the next. One who knew him would have marveled at such zeal and such initiative in Ralph Devenish.

One who knew him did.

"All's well."

"Except your musket, I expect. Let's see it. You know my voice?" It had dropped with the question.

"I do."

"I suppose you thought I didn't recognize you?"

"I didn't know."

"Well, I did, and had you put on this picket on purpose to get a word with you; but don't you raise your voice any more than I'm raising mine," whispered Devenish in one breath, with a louder comment on the condition of the rifle in his next. "What are you doing here?" he added in his strenuous undertone. "When did you land in England?"

"The last morning of September."

"So it made you enlist!"

"The same night."

"You've been bribing the sergeants, or somebody; but I don't blame you for that. Try to keep the nipple covered!" exclaimed the zealous officer, returning the piece. "Why the devil did you choose my regiment?" whispered Ralph.

"It was the night the news came of the Alma—and—I hoped you were killed!"

"No wonder." Ralph chuckled harshly.

"It was one to me; but I couldn't help it; and I felt in every other battle it would be the same. So I enlisted that night!"

"To make sure, eh?" sneered Ralph.

"To run your risks!" said Denis through his teeth. "The chances are that one of us will go back. The chances are less that we both will!"

The rain took up the whispering for the next few seconds.

"I see!" said Ralph at length. "The latest thing in duels! My congratulations must keep till next round." And he marched on nonchalantly enough, with a final chuckle for Denis' salute; but the note was neither so harsh

nor so spontaneous as before; and Denis was left to glory in his last words, to regret them, and yet to glory in them again.

A patter of invisible musketry sounded in the direction of Inkerman heights, increased to a fusillade, but came no nearer; the Grenadier outposts were withdrawn, and in the misty dawn the company fell in with two others of the Guards Brigade. As they did so a level rainbow curved through the fog and some one shouted "Shell!" Every man stood his ground upright; but as the shell skimmed over their heads and sank spinning into the soft ground beyond, a number flung themselves upon their faces and lay like ninepins until it burst without hitting one.

Nothing threatened the outposts of the Guards; no more shot or shell fell among them, and word came for them to march back to camp in order to draw cartridges and exchange their dripping muskets for others.

Denis, for one, would have given much to have been spared that delay before battle of which he had heard so much. He found it as trying as it was always said to be. He could not but think of his last words to Ralph Devenish, and as Ralph marched aloof he looked as though he might be thinking of them too. Denis began to suffer from a sort of superstitious shame; he deserved to be the one to remain on the field. He was grateful to his rear-rank man, a Cockney, and a consistent grumbler, for a running commentary of frivolous complaint.

"I 'ope they'll give us time for a cup o' cawfee, if yer can call it cawfee," said he. "Green cawfee-beans ground between stones—*I* call it muck—but 'ot muck's better'n nothink w'en you've had no warm food in your innards for twenty-four hours. But wot *do* you 'ave in this Gawd-forsaken 'ole? Not a wash, not a shave, no pipe-clayin', no button-cleanin', no takin' belts or boots off by the day an' night together."

The firing was growing louder every minute; but still it was nearly all in one direction—on the heights where the fog clung thickest and whither the three companies were now tramping through the fog.

"I wish they'd remember the seventh day, an' keep *it* 'oly," grumbled Denis' rear-rank man. "I s'pose you godless chaps 've forgot it's yer Sunday? I don't forget it's mine, darn their dirty skins!"

A horse's hoofs came thudding through the fog, a scarlet coat burst through it like the sun.

"The duke says you're to join your battalion," cried the staff officer to Devenish. "They're hard pressed at the two-gun battery up above!"

Devenish wheeled round, and his handsome face was transfigured as he waved his sword.

"They want us with the colors!" he shouted. "They can't do without us after all!"

And with a laugh and a yell the men sprang forward, the sergeant's face as red as his hair, even the grumbler pressing on Denis' heels, and perhaps only Denis himself with a single thought beyond coming at once to the rescue of the regiment and to grips with the shrouded foe.

It was Denis' first battle, and as yet it had only begun to the ear; not a man had been hit before his eyes; not a flash had penetrated the pale mist ahead upon the heights. All eyes were straining through the mist in front of them; but of a sudden, as the bearskins breasted a ridge the sun broke forth upon an astounding tableau.

Under a canopy of mist and smoke, belt-deep in sparkling bushes raked by the risen sun, a thin line of guardsmen were holding their own against dense masses of the enemy. Between the Russians and the lip of the plateau in their rear, over which they were still swarming by the battalion, was a dismantled redoubt whose empty embrasures had been open doors to the attacking horde. Weight of numbers had wrested the work from the British, but that was all. Instead of pressing their advantage the enemy had set his back to the parapet of sand bags, overlapping it in dense wings, and so standing at bay in his thousands against a few hundred Grenadiers. The lingering mist and the smoke of battle were doubtless in favor of the few; only the

remnant of their own brigade, approaching obliquely from their rear, could see how few they were, and for an instant the sight appalled them.

"Our colors!" screamed Devenish racing ahead of his men. There was no need for him to tell them.

The thin line heard them; a couple of officers glanced over their epaulettes, saw the red plumes of the Coldstream outnumbering the white ones of the Grenadiers, and tossed their swords in a sudden passion of jealousy. "Charge again, Grenadiers!" they screamed and leaped into the lane with the whole gray wave rolling after them. And with bayonets down and wild hurrahs the battalion drove straight into the redoubt, trampling the dead and driving the living through the two embrasures as a green sea is emptied through lee scuppers.

Simultaneously the mass of Russians to the north of the battery were routed by a charge of the Scots Fusiliers at the far end of the line of Guards, and now the Coldstreams blooded themselves upon the companion wing extending from the southern shoulder of the redoubt; but Devenish and his Grenadiers had followed their own into the redoubt itself, and Denis was leaning with his back against the parapet brushing the sweat from his forehead and cleaning his bayonet in the earth.

"Get yourself something to eat," said an officer to Denis.

"Thank you, sir, I had plenty in camp. I'm waiting for the next charge!" said Denis with his cartridge between his teeth; and he bit off the end, dropped the powder into the muzzle of his piece, reversed and rammed home with no other thought in his heated head.

He had been speaking to the gallant officer who had led him into his first action. He did not realize that it was Ralph Devenish. He had forgotten that there was such a creature in the world.

CHAPTER XXX

THE SANDBAG BATTERY

Denis had not long to wait. There was a sudden agitation at the northern shoulder of the redoubt. Shouts and shots rose in an instant to the continuous din of desperate combat, as the strokes on a gong ring into one. Denis saw a handful of his comrades, not actually in the path of the Russian avalanche, forming for a flank attack upon the intruders; in an instant he was one of them, and in another they had leapt upon the enemy with ball, butt, and bayonet.

Comparatively calm intervals he had throughout the fight, intervals in which for one reason or another he was a momentary spectator of the scenes in progress all around him. Once the Guards were fighting on the other side of the Sandbag Battery, between it and the long lip of the ravine; he had to wait for accounts of the battle long afterwards to learn how they had got there, or what relation this phase of the action bore to the whole. At the time he was one of a handful of furious Grenadiers fighting for their lives in the fresh fog which their powder had brought down upon them, and a moment came which Denis felt must be his last. He had tripped headlong over a dead Russian, and a live Russian stood over him aiming his bayonet with one hand while the other grasped the stock high above his head. But a British officer flung out his revolver within a few feet of the deliberate graycoat, and it was the sensation of being shot from behind at such a moment that Denis anticipated more poignantly than that of being transfixed where he lay. The man fell dead on top of him.

This was the last that Denis saw of the Sandbag Battery; he was one of those who, led by a bevy of hot-headed officers, incontinently scaled its gentler slopes, flung themselves upon the ousted enemy, and hunted him downhill in crazy ecstacies. A hoarse voice in high authority screamed command and entreaty from the crest where the Grenadier colors drooped in the haze, deserted by all but a couple of hundred bearskins. An officer in front of Denis was the first to perceive the error; he stopped and checked about a score of the rank and file, and together these few clambered back to the colors on the heights.

Breathless they gained the edge of the plateau and swarmed over, as the Russians had so often done before them, to find matters as grave as they could be. The crimson standard and the Union Jack swayed in the center of a mere knot of guardsmen, who were already sorely beset by broken masses of the enemy. And even now a whole battalion was bearing down upon the devoted band, marching to certain conquest with a resolute swing and swagger, and yet with the deep strains of some warlike hymn rising incongruously from its ranks.

"We must have a go at them, lads," said Devenish, "we can keep them off the colors if we can't do anything else. Are you ready? Now for it!"

Denis never knew what happened to himself. He remembered his captain being bayonetted through the folds of his cloak, and cutting down two Russians at almost one stroke of his sword; he remembered longing for a sword of his own, as his piece was wrenched from his grasp by a dead weight on the bayonet. His fists were still doubled when he opened his eyes hours later on the moonlit battlefield.

A great weight lay across his legs, so stiffly that Denis thought the dead man a log until his hand came in contact with damp clothing. His throat and mouth were full of something hard and horrible. His moustache and beard were clotted with the same thinge. One side of his face felt numb and swollen; but his sight was uninjured, and the pain not worse than a violent face-ache. He got upon his hands and knees and looked about him.

The day's haze had vanished with the smoke of battle; it was a still and clear night, brilliantly lighted by the moon. The night was so still that a groan, nay, even a dying gasp, could be heard even further than sight could penetrate through the rays of that glorious moon; and yet it was so light that the glimmer of lanterns round about the fatal battery was not at first apparent to the eye.

When Denis saw the lanterns, he got up and tried to stagger towards them, but collapsed at once, and had to lie where he fell until they came to him.

"Come on, boys, I see a Rooshian!" said a linesman, holding his lantern level with his shako.

"Wait a bit, here's one of our chaps," replied a voice that Denis knew. "S'help me if it ain't our old sergeant —I'd know him by his ginger nob a mile off! And him in such a hurry to get at 'em in the morning! It's more'n ever I was, though I'd as lief be on that job as this. Ugh!"

Denis soon attracted their attention, and in a few more moments his original rear-rank man was stooping over him.

"Why, you're stuck through the face!" he cried, screwing up his own face behind the lantern. "But the glue seems set, and don't you go for to move and melt it. There's a wounded officer wants to see you."

Denis whispered something inarticulate. It was his first attempt to speak.

"What's that? Yes, it was our captain," said the other, "and he's waitin' to hear if you're alive. If you're sound below the teeth we could give you an arm apiece and take you to him in ten minutes. He's only in one of the Second Division tents."

Denis could ask no questions, but he had strength enough to act upon this suggestion, and in a few minutes he was among the lighted tents.

Ralph was lying in one of the officer's tents, a candle and a tumbler of champagne on a box at his elbow, and an army surgeon on a camp-stool beside the bed.

"Is that the man you want to see?" asked the surgeon, but bundled Denis from the tent next instant, and made his conductors hold both lanterns to his face. "Don't you try to speak!" he went on to Denis. "Your wound has practically frozen, and we must keep it so as long as we can. Hold this wad to it till you come out. I oughtn't really to let you go in—but he's worse than you."

The caution was repeated to Ralph; then Denis took the camp-stool, and the two were left alone.

"I am glad to have seen you again,"

murmured Ralph in hollow tones. "Do you know when I saw you last? I never thought of it till this moment. It was on the far side of the battery. Some fellow was going to bayonet you where you lay, and I—I was just in time."

Denis was nodding violently. He also had remembered. He stretched out a trembling hand. But Ralph drew his beneath the blanket.

"Wait a bit!" he whispered. "You see, I never thought of its being you; but I'm rather glad it was. Badly hurt, I'm afraid?"

Denis shook his head.

"It was a good sort of duel," he whispered. "And you see, you've won!"

The surgeon stood in the opening of the tent, advanced a step, shrugged, and retired unseen. Ralph had not hidden his hand again. Denis held it in both of his.

"Ask her to forgive me," gasped the shallow whisper. "No—I can't ask you—I don't. But you might tell her—when it came to this sort of thing—"

And the white face lit up with such a smile as it had worn when Ralph Devenish waved his sword and led his company to the succour of their comrades before the Sandbag Battery.

CHAPTER XXXI

TIME'S REVENGE

John Dent was a Yorkshire yeoman, born in the last years of the eighteenth century. By thirty he had seen more of the world than was usual in those times, and had fallen in love on his travels with a young Irish girl of a social station indubitably above his own. What was more important, the young Irish girl had fallen in love with John Dent.

Being what he was, John Dent came to his point with startling directness, was accepted, left the party which he proposed to deplete, and traveled like the crow to Dublin, where a perfect old gentleman sent him about his business in the sweetest imaginable brogue. John Dent went back to Yorkshire with hardly a word, set his affairs in order, ascertained his income to a nicety, chartered a little ship at Whitehaven, and landed in Dublin with his business books under his arm and certain family documents in a bag. But to no purpose; he was not even suffered to produce his books or his papers; neither deed, document nor banker's reference, he was smilingly informed, would recommend the match to which he aspired. John Dent went straight aboard his vessel, where Norah Devenish actually awaited him, and in two or three days they were leaving Gretna Hall as man and wife when a Carlisle coach rattled over the bridge with the perfect old gentleman screaming curses from the box.

Such was the story of the marriage of Denis' parents in the last days of George IV. Norah Devenish's parents never forgave her, and it broke her heart.

Denis and Nan were not married until the winter before the Indian Mutiny, because Denis made a quick enough recovery to abide by an impulse, as he had always done, and to fight through the rest of the Crimean War.

Just as John Merridew had himself foreshadowed in a moment of emotion on the Australian coast, the place that was made for Denis in his firm led almost at once to a junior partnership.

Denis kept in touch with his first partners on the gold fields, though it was some years before he saw either of them again. Doherty did almost as well as ever for some time after his departure, but gave it up on hearing from Denis that there was no chance of his return. He went back to the station on the craggy coast where the *North Foreland* had met her doom. His career was checkered but honorable, and his memory is one of the few green things in the district of his adoption.

There was one other figure of those days whom Denis encountered twice in the 'fifties, once in Pall Mall when an ill-advised expression of gratitude on the part of Denis curtailed an interchange of much interest, and some years later at a social function of some magnitude to which Nan enticed her husband.

"I hope you saw the news?" said the tall man, as though he and Denis had been meeting every day.

"The news from where, sir?"

"Black Hill Flat, if you happen to recollect such a place."

"I should think I did!" cried Denis. "But I haven't seen anything about it in the paper."

"I knew you had a good memory," said the tall man, smiling a little over his beard. "I suppose it doesn't by any chance hark back to what I told you would some day happen on Black Hill Flat?"

"Rather!" cried Denis again. "You used to say that gold would be found there sooner or later."

"It was found the other day, within a few feet of the top."

"You said it would be!"

"On the Native Youth side, and plenty of it, including a solid lump nearly as big as the one you got out of my old shaft. They call it the 'Nil Desperandum Nugget,' which amuses me, because I never met another man who didn't despair of the place. I'm surprised you hadn't heard of it," said the old deep-sinker, and with his old nod passed on.

Nan was immensely excited where she was sitting at one side watching, and excitement and bright lights still became her; but Denis had never known his wife so bad a listener.

"You know that man to speak to," Nan said, "and don't know his name?"

"No; who is he?"

And she told him with bated breath.

THE END

DOMESTICITIES

By J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee Macgreegor"

MRS. M'CRAE IS AFFRONTED

"COME awa' ben, Mistress Murray, come awa' ben," said Mrs. M'Crae hospitably, guiding her friend into the little parlor.

"Are ye no' ower busy?" inquired Mrs. Murray.

"Na, na; I'm no' that thrang the day. An' hoo's a' wi' ye? Ye'll ha'e come room' to hear aboot the suree*, like?"

"Jist that, Mistress M'Crae. But I'm no' gaun to bide a meenit if ye're the least thing thrang."

"Aw, sit ye doon, sit ye doon. The kettle's jist on the bile, an' we'll ha'e a dish o' tea, an' I'll tell ye a' aboot the suree, an' welcome. It wis an unco peety ye cudna gang, but it wis a mercy ye hadna peyed fur yer tuckets, you an' yer man. I mind when auld Mistress Wallace's man got two tuckets fur a suree an' peyed fur them jist three days afore he dee'd; an', if ye'll believe me, Mistress Murray, Mistress Wallace has thae tuckets yet, an' they're near twal' year auld."

"Cud she no' get the money back?" asked Mrs. Murray, who had seated herself at the window.

"No' a faurden! The commytee gaed bankrupt. I heard it wis wi' gi'en the folk a cookie ower an' abin the usual—onywey, it tuk them a' their time to pey the baker an' the singers, let alane Mistress Wallace."

"But I wudna think the commytee that wis lukin' efter last nicht's suree wud gang bankrupt an' refuse fur to pey fur tuckets that hadna been used."

*Soirée.

"I maun see aboot the tea."

"Maybe no', Mistress Murray, maybe no'. But I aye think it's jist a temptin' o' Providence to buy tuckets fur a suree afore the vera day. Of coorse, ye ken the yin I had fur last nicht wis—wis—whit d'ye ca' it?"

"Complimentary."

"Ay. So I wisna takin' ony risk, as it were. But I maun see aboot the tea. Keep yer sate, Mistress Murray. I'll no' be lang."

Five minutes later the twain were together again.

"Weel, aboot the suree, Mistress M'Crae," said Mistress Murray as soon as the cups were filled.

"Well, as ye ken, ma man, bein' foresman in sic a big work as Maister Paurley's wis on the platform, an' Mistress Blaikie an' masel' gaed early an' got a sate whaur we had a graun view o' the hale proceedin's. There wis mony a bigger front on the platform, but no' yin cleaner nor ma man's."

"I believe ye, Mistress M'Crae. Wha was in the chair?" put in Mrs. Murray.

"I dinna mind his name, but I was rale vexed fur him when he got up to mak' a speech. He had nae mair v'ice nor a moose, but to see him ye wud ha'e thocht he wis roarin' at the folk. An' he wis a shakin' an' sweetin', an' pechin', puir man, an' the folk wis aye gi'en' him a bit stamp an' cheer to gar him haste, an' the yins on the platform whiles clappit an' duntit the table to encourage him. Deed, I was vexed fur him. Ma man said to me efter that he wis a rale fine gentleman, but nae spokesman."

"But a' that wud be efter ye had yer tea."

"Ay. I wis gaun to tell ye aboot the tea. My! I wis that affrontit wi' Mistress Blaikie! Aw, ye never seen sic a thing, Mistress Murray!"

"Whit wis that? She wisna poochin', shairly."

"Na, na. But she wis poorin' oot the tea frae yin o' thon things, an'—"

"Ye mean the urn."

"Mphm. She wis fillin' her ain cup when she begood to sneeze, an' pu'ed back her haun' quick, ye ken. But her finger wis catched in the wee handle, an' she pu'ed ower the hale affair an' broke twa cups an' a saucer, an' drookit a' her pastries, an' soakit her claes, an' gey near droondit a wean wha wis settin' aside her. . . . But that wisna whit affrontit me. Afore I kent whaur I wis she had slippit oot the door—we wis settin' near a door, ye ken—an' she never cam' back. An' near a' the folk thocht I had made the mess—av, even the waiter said, 'Ye auld footer' ablow his breith, an' a laddie in the gallery cried doon, 'Haw, mistress, is yer biler brustit?'"

"The impiddence!" exclaimed Mrs. Murray indignant and sympathetic.

"But that wisna a'," went on Mrs. M'Crae, "that wisna a', Mistress Mur-

" The impiddence ! "

ray. It wis a gey lang while afore I cud luk up at the platform again, an' when I did tak' a bit keek there wis ma man settin' wi' a rid face an' no' peyin' ony attention to his tea or the crack that wis gaun on roon' aboot him. I tried fur to catch his e'e, but he wudna luk ma wey, an' I shin seen that he wis affrontit tae. An' I wis near cryin' oot to him, ' It wisna me, it wisna me ! ' jist like a wean, ye ken."

"Deed, I can unnerstaun' hoo ye wud feel, Mistress M'Crae," said Mrs. Murray kindly.

" Aw, I wis that ashamed, Mistress Murray, I wis that ashamed. I tried to eat ma pastry, but it wis like to choke me ; an' yinst or twicet I wis near gettin' up an' fleein' awa' hame. But I thocht it wis best to keep ma sate, an' efter a wee the folk stoppit frae lukin' at me, an' the wean that Mistress Blaikie had near droondit wi' the tea says to me, the daurlin', says she, ' I ken it wisna you, mistress.' An' that garr'd me feel a wee thing easier, an' I gi'ed her ma pastry. Then we a' got up an' sang the psawm, ye ken, an' efter that cam' the speakin' that I tell't ye aboot."

" An' efter that the concert, nae doot."

" Jist that. But I didna enjye the concert, Mistress Murray, I didna enjye the concert."

" Did ye no' ? Had they no a guid comic ? I aye think the concert depends on the comic, Mistress M'Crae. The ither singers is a' vera weel fur gi'ein' the comic a bit rest. Had they no' a guid comic last nicht ?"

" Ay, I'm no' sayin' onythin' agin him, an' the folk wis a' lauchin' whenever he cam' on the platform. But—but hoo cud I lauch at a comic, Mistress Murray, hoo cud I lauch at a comic wi' ma man settin' there lukin' meeserable ? Tell me that, Mistress Murray !"

" Weel, weel," said the visitor, soothingly, " I daursay ye're richt. But maybe if ye had gi'ed a lauch noo an' then, yer man might ha'e lauched tae. D'ye see ?"

" Ay; I see whit ye mean. But I maun tell ye that I wis whit they ca' laborin' in a collusion, Mistress Murray."

" Eh ? Oh, ay. Under a delusion, ye mean."

" Aweel, it's a' yin. I wis laborin' that wey, onywey. I thocht ma man wis affrontit, but I fun' oot efter it wis jist his teeth wis hurtin' him."

" D'ye tell me that ? Dearie me ! He sud get them ta'en oot, Mistress M'Crae."

" Deed, they're jist new in, puir man. An' that wis the wey he cudna tak' his tea nor lauch at the comic. But I

didna ken that till the suree wis ower." Mrs. M'Crae paused for a few moments, then added, very solemnly, "But I'll never be freens again wi' Mistress Blaikie—no' if she wis to gang on her bendit knees! I'm jist tellin' ye."

"I doot she'll be gey ashamed o' hersel' the day," observed Mrs Murray, and proceeded to change the subject—but soon reverted to it, for, after a hasty glance out of the window, she drew back hastily, exclaming, "Weel, I never! If it's no' jist hersel' comin' up the street!"

"Eh? Whit d'ye say?"

"I'm sayin' I seen Mistress Blaikie comin' up the street. Wull she be comin' here, think ye?"

"She'll no' get in this hoose onywey!" cried the hostess, excitedly. "She'll no' pit her fit inside ma door, I warrant ye!" And Mrs. M'Crae peeped cautiously from the window. "I canna see her. I doot she's comin'. She'll be in the close noo, but she can ring, an' ring, an' ring but I'll no' open the door to her."

"Maybe she's comin' to say she's sorry."

"Weel, she can say that at the keyhole. If she comes to the door, me an' you'll never let on we're in the hoose."

"There she is," whispered Mrs. Murray, as a timid tinkle was heard.

Mrs. M'Crae pursed her lips.

"I doot she's awfu' ashamed," said Mrs. Murray, softly.

A minute passed and they heard another little ring. They looked at each other awhile.

"She'll be-gaun awa' noo," said Mrs. Murray at last.

"Let her gang!"

The bell rang a third time.

"Aw, Mistress M'Crae," said her friend, "ye sud let her in."

"Na!"

"Aw, but, wis it no' her that knittit thon rale fine wee shawley fur ye're son John's wee lassie?"

In an instant Mrs. M'Crae's face changed.

"My! If I hadna furgot!" And she hurried from the parlor.

She was too late. Her visitor had gone. She returned to the parlor with tears in her eyes; then suddenly flung open the window and bawled—

"Come back, Mistress Blaikie, come back!"

"Let her gang."

A POLITICIAN'S DAUGHTER

By ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL

Illustrated by HARRISON FISHER

"AND is he extraordinary, too?" Letitia Manton turned at the question and fixed her round blue eyes upon the speaker's face. "Oh, Miss O'Connor," she said with the frightened air of a debutante, "I never know whether you are in earnest or not."

Eileen O'Connor's full red lips parted wide in a smile displaying rows of teeth dazzling in their whiteness. "You funny child," she said. "Of course I expect to find everything in Washington extraordinary. Now that little Chinaman over there, with the moon-like, impassive face is a genius of diplomacy so I'm told. And haven't I been introduced this very afternoon to two artists of note, a live Buddhist, no less than ten musicians and I can't count the number of authors and mere attachés? Why these afternoon teas would be intolerable if the people one meets were not sufficiently out of the ordinary to prove entertaining."

"Well he isn't," said Letitia decidedly, glancing at the subject of their conversation, who stood languidly awaiting his turn to be passed from the warm grasp of Mrs. Senator Manton's hospitable hand down the long line of automatically smiling ladies, and from thence into the dining-room. "Mamma says, matrimony is his profession."

"How many times so far?"

"Oh, not once—yet," said Letitia with charitable haste. "They say he is looking for a rich wife. He will probably be very attentive to you!"

This remark was made with such direct simplicity that its ingenuousness appealed to Miss O'Connor and she laughed aloud.

"And so you are fore-warning my vanity?"

Letitia looked a little bewildered. "He's only a government clerk," she said irrelevantly. "But he owns a plantation in Virginia and people here call him *le grand seigneur*, for he's considered so exclusive. I heard him tell Mamma that he had a horror of the *nouveaux riches*.

Miss O'Connor's large gray eyes narrowed under their heavy lashes, and for a moment she regarded Letitia suspiciously; but that person's eager little face was guileless. "Then your friendly fears for me are groundless," she said good humoredly. "Will you kindly tell Mr. What's his-name?"

Letitia was disconcerted. She felt that she had unwittingly blundered, but she did not, as yet, understand how. She made haste to supply the name. "Mr. Philip Kerwin," she said.

"Well, tell him please that I'm from the woolly West and that my grandfather drove pigs in Ireland, and that my grandmother tended cows, until they came to this country, and that afterwards she took in washing,—I suspect." She delivered these bits of her family history without bitterness or apology. She seemed to find them merely amusing. "We're not snobs," she added. And when Mr. Philip Kerwin reached her place in the line and was introduced to her, she said: "I suppose I ought to continue my afternoon conventionality and tell you that I'm glad to meet you, but I'll indulge in the luxury of truthfulness. I'm sure we shouldn't like each other."

Mr. Kerwin showed neither surprise nor embarrassment. "Perhaps you are rash in your judgments," he said pleasantly, and the next moment he had passed indifferently on.

Oddly enough, Miss O'Connor was thinking of this first meeting as she stood on the rail of a leaning fence that outlined a dusty Virginia roadway.

Her position, she told herself, was most absurd. Here she was in a torn riding habit, her hands scratched and bleeding, her hair dishevelled, her silk hat dented in the crown, standing like a lone tramp amid strange surroundings, without her horse and without hope of company to guide her on her way. True, she had that morning at starting out, strategically avoided having company. She wanted to be alone. She had been living and trying to think in a crowd ever since she had joined the house party at Senator Manton's newly built country home. A week of it had made her long for quiet, and this morning she had mounted her horse, brought with her from Washington, determined to steal away for solitude—five miles of it at least. Her mind had been busy with her own affairs as she rode along, and she was only vaguely conscious of the woods around her until a drop of rain recalled her distance from shelter. She had turned her horse quickly and, in trying to make a short cut through a stubble field, she had urged him across a shallow ditch spanned by a few broken boards. One of the boards had given way and he had dropped his rider into the dust and galloped ungallantly away. Miss O'Connor was not hurt and she arose half laughing at her carelessness, and then she had mounted the fence to see if there was any sign of habitation in the immediate vicinity.

As she stood there, she suddenly remembered that Letitia had told her that the old Kerwin home was five miles from the Manton's place, and in spite of her predicament she began idly to wonder, as she had so often done before, why this man had seemed to avoid her purposely whenever they met in their social rounds in Washington. If he were really looking for a rich wife, her wealth ought to have proved an attraction, for the daughter of "Croesus" O'Connor—as her father was called—was not unmindful of this reputed attraction. Had she been ugly, or stupid, or awkward, or less admired by other men, she would have accepted his neglect indifferently or humbly and thought no more about it. But as it was he haunted her as a psychological problem. It was at this moment that Philip Kerwin appeared coming around a bend in the road, mounted on a lean horse and leading her own.

He was dressed in a suit of old corduroys and wore a soft felt hat pulled down over his eyes. His panting horse showed that he had been riding hard.

"You're not hurt?" he called out in a relieved tone, as he caught sight of her. "You're not hurt?"

"You speak regretfully," she smiled, clambering down to meet him. "No, I'm not hurt, I only feel like a heroine in a second-class melodrama, or a reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky practicing telepathy."

"Why?" he asked with his usual calm, descending from his horse.

"Because I was thinking of you," she said with an indifferent candor that precluded boldness. "I'm lost—I was wondering about the natives. It suddenly occurred to me that your house was near here and I thought I might discover some of your family's old retainers to guide me on my way. My horse fell and threw me into the ditch."

"And I caught him a mile down the road," he returned. "I recognized him as one I have seen you ride in Washington—I was afraid that you had met with a serious accident. Were you all alone?"

"Yes, I escaped this morning."

"From where?"

"From Senator Manton's—they have collected a house party—did you come to-day as one of their guests?"

"No, I came yesterday to spend two weeks of my holiday and to look after things at home."

As he spoke she noticed a subtle change in him. He seemed younger, more buoyant, with a happiness and an enthusiasm of which she had never seen any evidence before. "It is beginning to rain," he said looking up at the lowering sky. "My home is near here—I would like you to meet my mother—"

There was a chivalrous reverence in his tone which her quick ear detected at once.

"Thank you," she said with an odd sort of humility. "I confess to being

surprised by the fact that you have a mother, though Letitia told me. Somehow I never associated you in my mind with any close family ties."

He smiled faintly as he helped her into her saddle.

"A man doesn't proclaim the number of his relatives," he said. "We shall have to hurry—the rain is almost here and the wind is turning cold—it has been a most unnatural day for December."

"In every way," she agreed as she waited for him to mount. "I seek solitude and even my horse deserts me and I find you, the only man in Washington who has resolutely and unremittingly avoided me. Please don't think I mind—" she added as they rode along under the ominous creaking branches of the trees. "I'm only curious and I would like to ask you a question. Life is so short—we can understand so little after all, that I think it is a mistake not to be blunt at intervals. I really would like to know why we have never exchanged more than three sentences at a time in Washington?"

For a moment he regarded her curiously in silence. "Would you like me to be brutally frank?"

"Yes, I would like you to be brutally frank."

There was something so dauntlessly direct about her that it did not occur to him to evade her question. He turned to her with boyish candor.

"Because I don't like your father," he said.

This prompt unconventional confession brought him a sudden sense of friendship for the one who had compelled it, for instead of being hurt by his answer she smiled and said:—

"What a simple solution. It was stupid of me not to think of that. I believe my wits have gone wandering since I came to Washington."

"I find the place has a deadening effect on me," he replied. "But you will think Virginia is even a worse place to live, for we are going to have a storm and we shall both get a drenching—turn here—this is the gate, but there is a long avenue before we reach the house."

Obediently she turned and followed him through the rusty iron archway that spanned the road to the left. The scrolled gates had long since abandoned hope of usefulness, one of them swung upon a single hinge, shrouded in leafless vines, and the other lay upon the ground half buried in the rich black earth. The rain, which at first had been but a misty drizzle, fell with the force of a summer's tempest and rendered further conversation impossible, while the horses, as if realizing that shelter was near, quickened their pace as a bend in the road brought the old house into view.

Eileen saw, with some astonishment, that they were approaching what appeared to be a ruin, for one of the wings of the low, rambling house had been destroyed by a bursting shell during the war. Two of the walls, built of old English brick, stood roofless and bare above the mass of debris into which the rest of the wing had crumbled. This then, was the plantation of which she had heard in Washington, this was the inheritance of the "*grand seigneur*." From the corner of the wide porch came a shambling negro boy to take charge of the horses. Philip opened the heavy door, adorned by a tarnished brass knocker, and led the way into the warm hall.

"My mother will be waiting for us," he said. "I saw her at the window as we came up the hill."

Miss O'Connor had at first felt a pity for the shabbiness of this old home and its inmates, but this feeling now gave way to a respect approaching reverence. The hallway was so different from anything she had ever seen, so quaint in its old-time splendor. And then, as if to complete the picture of vanished days, Mrs. Kerwin came smiling down the stairway.

She was dressed with the precision of an old-time matron in a full gown of black silk ample enough to accommodate a barrel-like hoop skirt; she wore a fichu crossed primly upon her breast, and on her soft, white curls, which fell about her ears, there rested a tiny cap of Irish point.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said

"I am actually longing for a grandfather."

hurrying forward with both hands outstretched, without waiting for the formality of an introduction. "I hope you are not hurt. One of the men in the field told me that Philip had caught a runaway horse and I feared there had been some serious accident."

"Nothing more serious than a torn habit," said Eileen smiling; "I was only dropped in a dry ditch."

"Miss O'Connor is staying at Senator Manton's," said Philip.

"And that is five miles away," Eileen continued. "I rode farther than I intended. I would like to stay here, if you don't mind, until the rain is over."

"Why, my dear child," said the old lady with a true Southerner's hospitality, as if the thought of even a distant leave-taking would be a positive pain, "we are so glad to meet any of Philip's friends. Your habit is drenched—I must find a dry dress for you."

Philip came and put his arm about his mother's waist. Her head did not quite reach his shoulder.

"What can we do?" he said with a humorous expression of dismay, looking from his mother to the tall girl by her side. "I fear Miss O'Connor will have some difficulty finding a gown of yours to fit."

"Then perhaps Minnie has something," said the gentle lady, intent only on the comfort of her guest. "Minnie! Minnie!" she called.

A door opened on one side of the hall and a young girl appeared with a book in her hand. She needed no introduction, for she bore a striking resemblance to her mother, all except her large, dreamy eyes, which lacked alertness, a defect common to near-sighted people. Her fair hair was smoothed back from a low forehead, and her voice was sweet and drawling when she spoke.

"I did not know you had company," she said shutting the book with a half-concealed air of reluctance.

"Miss O'Connor, from Washington, my daughter," said Mrs. Kerwin. "We must find Miss O'Connor a dry gown. I fear she will take cold."

Minnie looked up at the tall girl with unmistakable admiration, and holding out her plump hand she said:—

"You were caught in that dreadful rain? How wet you are. And mother and I are two such tiny things that none of our gowns will fit you. But," she added hesitatingly, "there is a trunk full of my grandmother's clothes in the garret—she was very tall—if you don't mind anything so old-fashioned."

"I delight in old fashions," said Miss O'Connor, feeling that her words were true, but conscious that the delight was new-born on her entrance into this hallway. "I'm proving a troublesome guest I fear."

"If you only knew how I delight in rummaging in the garret," said Minnie with naïve enthusiasm. "Come to my room, and I'll dress you up so you'll look like a picture, and we won't let the habit get dry until morning."

Philip, to quiet his mother's fears about his own stalwart health, went to his room to change his coat, and then going into the library settled himself in a deep arm-chair to read such news from Washington as filters slowly into the county papers. Half an hour later, attracted by a slight noise on the other side of the room, he looked up to find Miss O'Connor standing before the fire in a short-waisted gown of red satin of the fashion of a half century ago.

"Don't let me disturb you," she said. "I am merely experiencing a new desire. I believe I am actually longing for a grandfather."

She rested both hands upon the mantel and stared up at a picture in a gilded frame set in the chimney piece above her head. It was the portrait of a delicately-featured young man arrayed in black and wearing a flaring Byronic collar. "Who was he?" she asked.

"He was your husband if you are the ghost of my grandmother," he said rising and coming closer to the fire with an inexplicable feeling, approaching a supernatural awe, for the fantastic figure on the hearth.

"I do feel like a ghost," she said dreamily. "I feel as if my world was left so far behind."

Her cheeks were flushed, and in her deep gray eyes there was a new expression of sadness. Philip regarded her for a few moments in silence.

"Are the sensations of a ghost pleasant?" he asked.

"Oh, you don't understand," she said tapping her foot impatiently upon the bear-skin rug. "I doubt if a man ever understands a woman. Did it ever occur to you what part you men call on us to play? We must be good-looking, no matter how old. We must be gay to make you glad. We must think of you always—always, or else you forget us, and then we are powerless either for good or for evil."

"Not at all," he said in blunt contradiction. "Your view point is being colored by the fashion of your gown. No woman is as helpless as in the days of our grandmothers."

"Oh, I know I'm taking the wordly point of view," she said wearily. "The narrow, political point. I've been upstairs talking to your sister—she is so tender, so good, so unworldly that she has made me remorseful, and because I was troubled I selected the gayest gown in the garret. Minnie has gone to see about luncheon; she will return in a moment, and I don't know that I shall ever have the chance to talk to you again. At present I'm animated by a feeling of loyalty to my father. You said you did not like him—"

He was silent, making no attempt to soften his first statement. He was thinking that she was beyond classification, and was wondering why her rich beauty had never appealed to him before.

"I fancy that your dislike is founded upon his political methods," she went on. "You don't approve of the means by which he gains his ends. I wanted to tell you that I have helped him. It does not seem fair that you should blame him without blaming me—I am sharing his success. Don't you understand that honesty demands that I share his shame as well?"

He opened his lips to speak but she stopped him.

"Let me go on," she said. "I want to tell you that I think you are a little hard in your judgments. Perhaps you might make allowances if you had ever felt as we have felt—if you had sprung from common stock and seen the real sordidness of poverty, the shrieking, squalid, shirt-sleeve sort, the kind in which my grandfather lived and died, and which father's life has been a struggle to keep from falling back into. He managed by hard work to get some sort of an education. He was reasonably successful in his business ventures, and he gave me all the advantages that a girl could ask. My father was civilized by my mother long before I knew him. Once while we were traveling in Ireland, he took me to see my relatives. After that I began to dread poverty as others dread a pestilence. If my mother had lived I might have been different, but my father was a strong man and I, unreservedly, accepted his view point. When he first went into politics he wanted to enter the legislature. His election depended upon his being nominated by the vote of the majority of a few delegates. This nomination was equivalent to an election. At the primary election they were evenly divided. That afternoon father found that one of his delegates had been bought by the other side. That evening at a ball I met two of the opposing delegates and I bought them before the evening was over. I had five hundred dollars of my own in the bank and I gave then two hundred and fifty apiece. Father won the political leadership—I began my political career. Shortly after this, a syndicate, of which father was a member wanted to lease the water works of the city. It was not honest, for it was passing public property over to private individuals without giving the citizens any return. For weeks I worked among our opponents. I gave theater parties and lunches to their wives and their daughters. Four or five of the young, unmarried Councilmen fell in love with me and I persuaded them to vote against their convictions. My natural frankness has always deceived people. Because I say half that I mean I am counted candid. That night, before the bill was passed, I went to the town hall to a meeting that was being held to protest against the bill. I don't know why I went. Sometimes my motives are beyond me. One frail looking man

was on the platform and his address was eloquent. He said that every man who voted for that bill would be branded before God for bribery. I left the hall feeling like a criminal, but when I found that the passage of that bill meant a fortune for my father my remorse waned. Now you know me," she said, bending her head as if to meet a storm of reproach. "Now you know me." And as one of the logs on the brass andirons snapped in two, scattering the fugitive flames, he saw that her long lashes were wet with tears.

"Why did you tell me this?" he asked, and he had a vague wish that she had remained silent.

"Why?—because Minnie has made me ashamed of myself. She has all the sweetness and beauty of a sheltered flower nourished in a healthful soil, while I am like some sort of an exotic, out of place, living on air. I feel now that I have been fair to my father. You will think more of him, less of—me."

"And if it has the opposite effect?"

She half dropped her lids in a way peculiar to herself and looked at him quizzically.

"How," she asked. "You think he cares for me only as far as he can use me?"

That she should question him thus added to his wonder.

"I think your father is a hard man," he said feeling again the impossibility of framing an evasive reply. "I think he would sacrifice everything for political preferment—I think if a man loves a woman rightly he hires others to do his lobbying—"

For some moments there was silence in the gloomy room. The rain pattered harshly against the diamond paned windows and the fire flung heavy shadows around the two figures, closing them in a narrow circle of light.

It was not until Philip heard Minnie's footsteps coming down the hall that he returned to his conventional attitude of formality.

"I don't know why you should compel such candor," he said humbly." "I feel that I have been unpardonably rude—I wonder if you can forgive me."

She did not have time to reply, for Minnie came in to announce luncheon, and taking Eileen's hand she led the way into the dining-room.

The long, wainscotted room, built in the habitable wing of the house, was as quaint in its furnishings as the hallway.

"It was so dark," said Mrs. Kerwin motioning Eileen to a chair by her side after she had admired, to Minnie's satisfaction, the picturesqueness of her guest's attire, "that Minnie told me to put on the candles, the light is so becoming. Even we old people occasionally like a glamour thrown around our faces."

"Yours does not need a glamour," said Philip with real ardor.

Mrs. Kerwin smiled. "You're a dear boy," she said, "and refuse to see wrinkles, but I think I prefer to be remembered by my loved ones as I looked in candle-light. I wonder if we women ever quite outgrow our vanity?"

They made a gay party around the lunch table, and Eileen had difficulty in believing that her enthusiastic, hospitable host was the world-weary man she had seen pursuing his languid way in Washington. He was more like a schoolboy home for a holiday, and she found herself, in spite of their conversation and her remorse in the library, entering into his glad mood. She told inimitable stories of the celebrities she had met; she mimicked some of the society types she knew with such realistic verity that Philip, laughing, cried out his recognition; she related some of her own experiences with a dry Irish wit he had not suspected.

When the time came for parting with Eileen Mrs. Kerwin said, with sweet, motherly warmth:—

"Your visit has done me so much good, dear. I wish we might steal you from the Mantons for a little while."

They were standing in the wide hallway. Eileen was dressed again in her habit, which had been well dried before the kitchen fire.

"You would regret such petty larceny," said Miss O'Connor, and there was much sadness mixed with the radiance of her smile. "I do not improve on acquaintance. I think—I think I might have been different if I had had

a mother," and then stooping, with her quick impulsiveness, she kissed Mrs. Kerwin's soft, wrinkled cheek.

Mrs. Manton's house-party stretched itself out with hospitable elasticity, and the Kerwins, with neighborly cordiality, were asked to share in all the mid-winter merrymaking, so that Eileen and Philip saw much of each other. They were often alone together, and though they never referred to that first confession of hers in the library, it had established them on the ground of a confidential friendship which Philip believed to be founded on his desire to make amends for his past rudeness, while Eileen accepted his altered attitude with a secret inexplicable feeling of gratitude which did not detract from their mutual sense of comradeship.

"Why does he stay in Washington?" Eileen asked impatiently. "Hasn't he any ambition?"

She and Minnie were alone in the Mantons' front guest chamber. This evening the Mantons were giving a domino party. Minnie, who had been late in arriving, was now struggling to get a short, white domino over her old-fashioned ball gown. She had been too excited at the prospect of this her first "ghost party" to follow closely Miss O'Connor's conversation.

"Who?" she asked with bewildered unconcern.

"Your brother. He told me he was going back to Washington to-morrow. Why does he keep that little government office? Why doesn't he do something with his life? He fancies he has such high ideals!"

She spoke with a certain bitterness which Minnie found incomprehensible. It was so different from the usual gay good humor of her friend.

"Poor Philip," she said softly dropping her domino in loyal forgetfulness, "He is doing it all for us—didn't he tell you that he had accepted the office so that he might pay the mortgage on our home?"

Miss O'Connor drew her white hood further over her eyes.

"He tells me nothing," she said. "How much is the mortgage?" she added in the same icy tone her father used when he wished to condense vapory facts into form.

It was plain to be seen that the directness of the question was a shock to Minnie's sensitive reserve.

"Two thousand dollars," she said after a moment's pause. Miss O'Connor saw at once the hurt expression in her eyes.

"Oh, I have been curious to rudeness," she said wrapping her arms, in their voluminous sleeves, around her little friend. "I did not mean to hurt you, Minnie dear, I had no right to ask so many questions—I don't believe I knew what I was saying—I'm worried to-night—I'm in a bad humor—put on your mask and let us go down stairs."

As the two girls came down the winding stairs Philip, who was standing in the hall dressed in a black domino, recognized their contrasting figures at once. He hurried forward to speak to them, but two tall black dominos forestalled him. Minnie was led into the drawing-room to dance. Eileen lingered for a moment in the green festooned doorway.

"I want you to promise me all your dances," said the domino by her side, and Philip recognized the voice as belonging to a man whom he had never liked, George Stafford, a member of the Virginia Legislature.

"How very unconventional!" Miss O'Connor's laugh was mirthless. "Don't you know that society demands that you pay some attention to your hostess?"

"She can't distinguish one man from another in this ghostly crowd," he said. "Won't you promise me?"

"Perhaps—to-morrow—"

"But I can't stay. I must be in Richmond to-morrow--there is an important bill—"

"Oh, I hate politics," she interrupted him. "If you go you will prove that you do not care." Her voice grew softer.

Philip moved reluctantly away, unwilling to play eavesdropper, but his mind was busily active carrying this fragmentary conversation to a conclusion.

"And you do not care?"

He knew George Stafford well. Stafford was reputed to be a man of some force and he was counted strong in the legislature, though it was believed by many that he was not overscrupulous in his methods. His private life did not bear examination. He had been recklessly dissipated, but his present platform was one of reform. His friends said he was earnestly sincere in his efforts to better the conditions of the working classes. His enemies declared that he was reaching for a seat in the Senate over moral

"I care more for my self-respect."

ground, which was the only road he had never been known to try.

For the past week Stafford had been devoted to Miss O'Connor, but she seemed strangely inert and silent in his presence. He tried to remember what important bill was before the legislature that would demand Stafford's presence—why did she desire him to remain? Then a suspicion that grew into certitude rose up in his mind and haunted him all the evening, following him with shadow-like persistence in and out of the crowd of undis-

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tinguishable ghostly figures that moved mysteriously through the brightly lighted house. It was not until late in the evening, when the time came for unmasking, that he had an opportunity to speak to Miss O'Connor alone. She had gone to her room to pin up a torn flounce on her ball gown, and on her return he met her at the foot of the winding stairs.

"I'm not going to ask you to dance for I want to talk to you," he said with unusual seriousness.

"What a strange desire!" she exclaimed mockingly. "Shall we sit out here in the hall? It is quieter and I can rest, I'm so tired—so tired," and she added the last with that child-like craving for sympathy which always seemed an inconsistency in one of her strong, virile nature.

She slipped her arm, in its long flowing sleeve, through his and led him to a *tête a tête* chair which had been moved from the drawing-room into a shadowy corner of the hall.

"Now he will not find us here," she said, and in her voice there was a note of relief.

"Then do you not find his company agreeable?" Her face looked wan and white beneath her pointed hood.

"I did not say that," she said.

"You urged him to remain."

"How did you know?"

"I accidentally overheard you. It's a strange psychical fact that people believe their voices are muffled because of this absurd disguise." He unbuttoned his domino and threw it impatiently over the back of the chair, then reseated himself, looking more comfortable in his conventional evening clothes.

"And suppose I did?" She showed no resentment. She seemed only anxious to hear his reply.

"You are evading the question," he said gravely. "I want you to be candid with me," and even as he spoke he was wondering at his own words. He seemed to experience a fierce sense of possession, to feel that he had a right to claim a confession from her because of her past frankness. But immediately he regretted his words, for her eyes, which had looked so blankly into his a moment ago, now filled with tears.

"My father wants me to marry him," she said listlessly.

"And you?"

"I don't know," she said.

"But why does your father—"

She interrupted him.

"Because he is a political power in the State. Father has large interests. I am to be traded for a railroad pass or something of the sort. No, no, I don't mean that exactly," she forced a little laugh. "I must keep him here until after to-morrow—if I can."

She rubbed her hands nervously together, while he looked at her for a few moments in silence.

"I understand," he said at last, and his voice was uncompromisingly stern. "Do you know what you are doing?"

"I think so. I'm not sure of the details."

"Then let me tell you," he went on in the same hard tone. "Stafford has espoused the cause of the workingman. He says—I don't know what he believes—that they have the right to belong to labor organizations. God knows it is their sole protection. You will agree to that?"

"Go on," she said under her breath.

"Every right feeling man and woman who has any pity for the unequal struggle of the poor for justice should be on Stafford's side. But there is a railroad corporation, of which your father is the chief stockholder, which has blacklisted all its employees connected with organized labor. To-morrow this bill for the protection of the workingman comes before the legislature. Stafford's vote and the vote of one other man will turn the scale in their favor, yet you try to keep him here."

She fixed her eyes upon him with new comprehension.

"How did you know all this?" she said.

"I heard it from the other side."

"But the other man—who is the other man?"

"The other man? His name makes no difference. He will be powerless alone."

"Oh, I see!" she said passing her hand over her head with a bewildered gesture. "The other man is your cousin, and the other side were afraid to approach him with a bribe, but they offered you

two thousand dollars to use your influence to keep him away from town."

He gave a start of surprise.

"Who told you?"

"Mr. Stafford. He did not tell me that it was this particular bill. He said your idealistic notions would cause you to lose your place in Washington. Did the other side tell you that?"

He answered hesitatingly.

"They implied as much."

"And you do not care?"

Again he hesitated.

"I care more for my self-respect."

"How you must hate me!" she said passionately, and she clasped her fan so that the ivory sticks were shattered. "How you will hate me when I tell you that I have persuaded Mr. Stafford to stay."

He leaned forward a little in his chair. His manner was that of an accusing judge.

"Then you have promised to marry him?" he said.

"No, no; not yet," she protested. "You have no right to cross-examine me. But I will not keep him, I promise you. I will send him away to-night. I—I did not quite understand. I'm so tired—so tired," she said, resting her head against the green draped wall, and she spoke again with that odd, childlike simplicity: "If you only knew how tired I was perhaps you would pity instead of hating me."

"Hate you!"

The tones of his voice arrested her attention. She looked at him for a moment uncertainly, then her lithe body lost its inertness and she bent towards him.

"Listen," she said tremulously, "for I must tell you something more. I cannot help myself. Soon I shall leave Washington. The world is wide and we shall never see each other again, so why should I remain silent? You are different from all the other men I have known. All my life I have been surrounded by my father's friends. Money was their ideal—power was their only pleasure. As I told you once before, I dreaded poverty because it seemed to me a disgrace and I told you this because your poverty seemed to hold a subtle distinction that money could not give. If you had apologized for your broken bridges, your lack of service, I believe I should have hated you. That first day in the library I felt that I could talk to you with a frankness that need fear nothing but kindly censure—I felt that I had met a soul infinitely stronger than my own—a soul whose ideals would be safe to trust and cling to. I had an inexplicable desire for you to know me as I was—as I am. I felt the conventionalities giving way before my candor—you were yourself—you made no pretense—our environment had been so different—you were the descendant of a noble line of men—my ancestors had been sluggards—tillers of the soil—neither brave nor wise—I am not such a believer in blood, but we had inherited different codes—your prejudice against my father may be just—I am not the one to judge him—I only know that that morning our souls seemed to meet and it was then that I believe—I began to—love you."

The last words were whispered and were almost lost in the crashing music of the orchestra that broke out with renewed force from behind the breastwork of potted palms.

"This is my dance, Eileen."

Miss O'Connor caught her breath and turned quickly to find Mr. Stafford standing by her side.

"Why, I thought you had gone up stairs to pack," she said, with white lipped composure. "The train leaves at twelve you know—Mr. Kerwin has been telling me the passage of the working man's bill depends upon you—"

He looked at her in bewilderment.

"I—had decided to stay," he said.

"But you must not—you will not," she said, and her voice was half pleading, half commanding. "You must go—it was selfish of me to dream of detaining you when so much depends upon your presence."

He was plainly relieved by her change of mandate, and flattered by her belief in his power, but he stood undecided.

"It will hurt me in high places if I do not," he said reflectively.

She had been used to such reasons all her life. She wondered at her sudden scorn of him.

"Then of course you will go," she said—"but I will give you this last dance."

William Collier.

THE METROPOLITAN VERDICT

By JAMES L. FORD

"AS goes New York so goes the country," is an axiom which, in my humble opinion, applies better to politics than to theatricals, yet there is scarcely an actor or manager in this whole broad land whose mind is not filled with thoughts of what he calls a "Broadway verdict." Most of these philosophers believe that there is no surer passport to provincial favor than the record of "a hundred nights on Broadway," and so firm are certain unscrupulous ones in this superstition that they first advertise the run and then try to achieve it afterwards. In every case when an attraction headed for New York perishes from cold and hunger before it can reach its destination, the mourners assume that if it could only have lived until it gained New York all would have been well. In short, Broadway is regarded by those interested in weak or diseased attractions very much as is the Colorado mountain region by the victims of incipient tuberculosis.

Personally, I do not regard the metropolitan verdict or the length of the Broadway run as matters of supreme importance, for is it not notorious that San Francisco has decided opinions of her own and that Chicago prides herself upon her taste in amusements? Nevertheless New York's opinion is sedulously courted and her praise or condemnation carries weight, even in communities which affect to despise her taste.

All of which makes it worth our while to discuss those artists who have been

Miss Ada Rehan as "Portia."

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fortunate enough to gain in a high degree that much desired favor.

Nowhere are gray hairs held in higher reverence than on the stage, especially when we ourselves have seen them come year after year until the head that was once brown is streaked with silver, and Mrs. Gilbert has lived to teach a whole generation of young actresses something that they cannot learn from books or a dramatic school about the difficult and exquisite art of growing old gracefully. There has never been a time, indeed, when she could not teach her juniors a great deal about the art of listening on the stage, of keeping in the picture so as to retain the attention of an audience without clamoring for it and of playing even the least important scenes so as to give them their fullest significance and value. And in these later years, rounding out her long period of service with work that cannot be equalled by any other actress in the country, she is teaching these same young women lessons of even greater value and of even deeper significance.

Every honor that her profession can bring, save the empty one of mere stardom, Mrs. Gilbert enjoys. She is sure of the heartiest kind of a reception on her first entrance, and the stage hands gather in the wings to watch her during her best scenes. Moreover, all New York knows her by sight and looks after her with kindly eyes as she passes.

"I'm sure I ought to be thankful to the Lord for all His mercies," she said to me once. "I never get into a crowded street car without finding somebody who knows who I am and gives me a seat."

And this is a tribute that New York pays to no one else.

An actress whose name is quickly brought to mind by a mention of Mrs. Gilbert's is Miss Ada Rehan, whose theatrical beginnings were in Philadelphia—where the program printer inadvertantly dropped the C from her real name of Crehan—and in Albany where

Miss Fay Templeton.

she was discovered by Augustin Daly who later brought her to New York. That was in 1879, if my memory serves me right, and her first appearance was in the role of *Gervaise* in an adaptation of "L'Assommoir," given on lower Broadway shortly before the opening of the present Daly's Theater.

In the company which Mr. Daly formed when he took the uptown house, there were several young women who for a time seemed to divide the popular favor. One of these was Helen Blythe, an exuberant young woman with a certain amount of native talent; another was Katherine Lewis, one of the most accomplished and fascinating artists ever known on the comic opera stage, for at that time Mr. Daly gave musical pieces as well as comedies; and still another was the tall, unformed young girl who possessed a keen sense of humor, temperament, industry and, best of all, a fine Irish fiber and who is now known to the world as Ada Rehan.

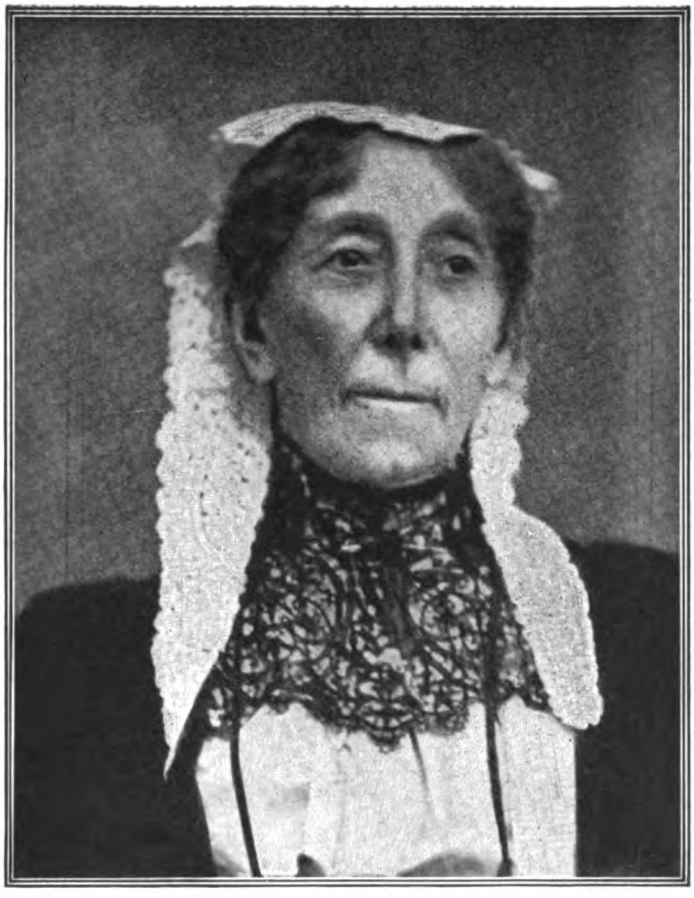
It was not long before these and other qualities began to gain for Miss Rehan the recognition and approval of ex-

Miss Louise Allen.

perienced playgoers, and as time wore on the other competitors dropped out of the race. Miss Lewis, after many years of wandering in comic opera, was glad to return to the Daly fold a few years ago and play subordinate parts; Miss Blythe has not been heard of in years. And all the while Miss Rehan was studying and working under Mr. Daly's direction and growing stronger and stronger each succeeding year. Mr. Daly was growing stronger, too, in the popular esteem, for he had discovered that there was a great mine of wealth in modern German comedy localized and adapted to suit the taste of New York audiences.

Then Miss Rehan grew into stronger parts and surprised her friends by the power of her emotional work. She surprised London, too, and was acclaimed there as "one of the five great actresses of the world," as one of England's most distinguished actors once expressed it to me. Still working and learning, she did not rest until she had achieved Shakespearean comedy, and on those glittering heights her fame rests securely.

Mrs. Gilbert.

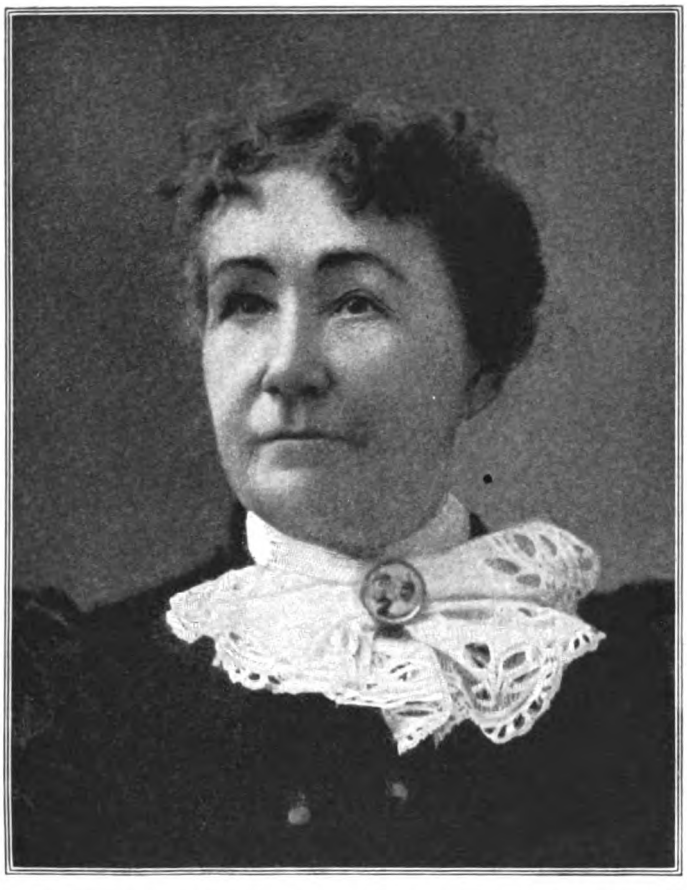


Years before Broadway came to know Miss Rehan, Mrs. Annie Yeamans had established herself firmly in the esteem of downtown audiences by her portrayals of Irish character at the Theater Comique. In the little dramas of Mulligan Alley, which finally all New York came to know and love, Mrs. Yeamans was the Irish wife of Dan Mulligan, and so firmly did she imprint this character upon the generation of theatergoers that knew her, that I will venture to say not one in ten of her admirers knows that she is English and not Irish, and that in private life she speaks without a particle of the delicious stage brogue that seems to flow so naturally from her lips. In short, Mrs. Yeamans is a thorough actress and not merely an Irish woman who has been lucky enough to have a part written to suit her peculiarities, and I am sure that if she were cast for a Norwegian or an Esquimo, she would identify herself with the rôle as thoroughly as she did with that of Delia Mulligan.

As each one of those pillars of pantomimic art—Harlequin, Columbine and Pantaloon—was originally the comic divinity of some Italian province, so may Mr. Peter F. Dailey be described as the comic divinity of upper Broadway. Twenty-five years ago he was a member of Jac Aberle's stock company, in which was the two-hundred-and-forty-pound Lena Aberle, whose favorite part was *Camille*, and who always wanted to play something with a moon in it. Since then Mr. Dailey has been a member of the "American Four," composed of Pettengill, Gale, Dailey and Hoey; but his real success with Broadway audiences dates from his appearance in "The Straight Tip," in which he made a great hit in the part of a book-maker. This led to his starring tour in "The Country Sport" and other plays in which he proved such a strong drawing card that Weber and Fields added him to their constellation of stars.

It is in this company, more than in

Mrs. Yeamans.



any other, that Peter Dailey's extraordinary gifts as an entertainer—for he is that rather than an actor—are seen to the very best advantage. When he causes laughter there is no creaking or wheezing of fun-producing machinery to deaden the mirth. In the art of "kidding" or "chaffing" his fellow-players he is absolutely without a peer, but no matter what unexpected remarks he may spring upon them or what liberties he may take with the author's text, I have never known him to say anything calculated to belittle another actor in the eyes of the audience.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," and so it has come to pass that "The Runaways," as worthless a piece as even Broadway has ever known, has blown considerable good in the direction of Miss Fay Templeton. "The Runaways" was produced early last summer, and the piece fell with a dull, sickening thud. But tucked away somewhere in the managerial sleeve was the trump card that was to be played in case of doubt. That card was Fay Templeton, and, played at the right moment, it proved even a stronger drawing card than had been supposed, and the summer's work has shown beyond all question what Miss Templeton's strength is as a Broadway attraction.

There is a rare charm in this artist's work, a charm that is even more potent with playgoers who know the stage thoroughly than it is with the ordinary layman whose only thought is to be amused. The gait that she strikes lies somewhere between imitation and caricature and she follows it from first to last without the deviation of a single hair's breadth. When she gives her scene from "Du Barry" you can shut your eyes and swear that you are listening to Mrs. Carter; when she sings "Come Down, My Evening Star," you learn something of Miss Lilian Russell's musical and facial methods that you never learned before.

"Willie" Collier, as he is affectionately known to New York playgoers, began his stage career in a juvenile "Pinafore" company in company with Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, Miss Annie Russell and one or two more who have since won renown. Since then he has played many parts in Augustin Daly's company and also in burlesque, but the plays that have given him his enormous New York vogue are "The Man from Mexico," "On the Quiet" and "The Diplomat." His success in these led to his engagement with the Weber and Fields' company, and finally to his present starring tour with that firm of managers.

Mr. Collier is one of the truest comedians on our stage, and one who will always appeal with a peculiar force to New York audiences by reason of his quiet, effective work. He is funny in a dry, legitimate way and not by virtue of any eccentricity of dress or make-up, and in the art of stage repartee—a difficult one, by the way—he is absolutely without a peer.

Mrs. Collier, professionally known as Miss Louise Allen, never really found her *metier* until she was cast for the part of a chorus girl in "The Diplomat," when she surprised her friends with her display of true comedy talent. During the single year of her stay in Weber and Fields' she added materially to her reputation by her clever burlesque work, and in that line she ranks second to none, save Miss Fay Templeton. This year she is a member of her husband's company.

A CHRISTMAS CANTATA

By PAUL L. McKENRICK

With drawings by O. TOASPERN

"YES," said Abe, as he thrust the whip into its socket, and tucked the lap robe around his knees and feet, "most folks hev reasons for their opinions about things, and I hev mine. A mule's about the only critter that walks or swims or flies that can't figure out the whys and wherefores of his opinions and moodus upperandy. That pair of words I handed you jest then jingle aristocratic-like, don't they? Well, I got them out of a book the city lass that grassed out at our place last summer left behind when she flitted, and they mean something about the style folks hev when they peel their coats and git down to their jobs.

"Well, I ain't a mule—not quite—and I hev a few reasons pasted onto the tail end of the six or eight idees I can hitch up in the dark and drive through the gate 'thout ripping a wheel off. So, when Hank Bowser hollered 'cross from the big road to-day, and asked me if I's goin' to the cantater down to the Zion church a-Christmas, I says, 'Not by a jug full.'

"I'm not what you call a communicative man. By follerin' the tracks of my pedigree back through the brush, you'll find that it ain't natural for me

to talk much—'cept on occasions. If t'other fellow wants information, my rule is to let him dig for it like he would for ground-hogs or potatoes. Of course, there's times when I split a sliver off my traditions and say a few says—but mostly to myself. There's something comfortable about talkin' to yourself 'cause you know the fellow you're tootin' to wont blab.

"But to come back to the 'post and place of beginnin',' as deeds say! I didn't hev to dilly-dally long in informin' Hank that the cantater would hev to be shot off 'thout the assistance and inspirin' presence of yours truly. I had my reasons,— that was enough for Hank.

"I got my reasons when I was a good many years younger. Yes, I am not so blamed purty as I was then, but I hev a heap more sense! My first cantater cost me three thousand good hard dollars, to say nuthin' of sundry items of mortification of the flesh and anguish of spirit.

"Tildy Morgan was, in them days, about the likeliest bunch of young womanhood in this part of the country. That's what she was considered by the most competent jedges, and my opinion was pasterin' in the same meadow. The fact is, I got to likin' her when we was little shavers goin' to school. When we got older, I'd beau her 'round some to the Grangers' picnics, and buy tickets for her and me to ride in the 'Flyin' Jinny.' Half a dozen times, I guess, I took her to festivals over to Muttontown, and bought her ice-cream. She'd always say 'thank you' so sugary, and tell me I was so kind and how she wished she had a brother like me. Honestly, she could feel grateful easier and tell it smoother than anybody else I ever laid eyes on.

"Then we used to go to singin' school in my sleigh. She was a purty fair to middlin' singer and knew a lot about music, and I fell into the business jest to keep on the good side of her. In fact I used to whistle all the way home after such trips, and you'd a-thought, jest as I did, that I was forty rods ahead of anything a-coming down the pike—as regards Tildy.

"That was the standin' of matters when the new railroad came up the creek, and Pap Morgan sold the coal under his farm, paid off his mortgages, painted the house, barn and fences, and 'lowed that his daughter could learn enough to teach school if she went to the town academy. Tildy went. She was away about a year, but it was a mighty long year when it unfolded itself and got stretched out.

"She came home on a Friday—I remember it like it was yesterday. The next night a blind man could hev found me. I was dressed up, purty as a soap prize picture, sayin' my 'howdy' to Miss Tildy.

"She was changed considerable in some ways, but we soon got acquainted. As I hev said, I'm not a full harvest hand at talkin', and never was, and that night I didn't earn a boy's keep. There wasn't half as much to the acre of my conversation as there was before she went away. She talked about this and that school friend of hers, and made speeches about things I knew nuthin' about and never will see. She talked like a lawyer 'lectioneerin', and all I said was yes and no. After I conversed in this comprehensive manner for an hour or so and said 'yes' where 'no' oughter been, I jest said nuthin', 'cept when she'd block her wheels and stop for wind. Then I'd chase up a smile—one of those you-know-I-think-you're-smart kind, 'cause I'd found out that was safer.

"She wasn't stuck-up-ish or nuthin' like that, but jest seemed to hev a lot of stuff on her mind she had to mow off before goin ahead.

"Tildy jest had to talk about town folks and town doin's to satisfy the family, but she didn't try to act as if she had never picked blackberries or baked a stack of buckwheat cakes. She had too good sense for that, and I felt that she was jest the same's she used to be—and a leetle bit more so.

"The next week I chased myself over to see her again, and it didn't take a flock of bulldogs to hurry me, either. She had her say about foreigners, and was ready to talk home folks and home things, and I got sociabler 'cause I

"The likeliest bunch of womanhood in this part of the country."

could tell more where I was at. After we talked about Jim Johnson's children that had the measles, she said that the new preacher had been to see her and informed her that the Sunday School was goin' down hill fast and needed spraggin'. It needed revivin' and something oughter be did to revive it. So they two decided that for revivin' a Sunday School there was nuthin' like a cantater, and they would have one on Christmas.

"She said: 'I told him that I jest loved cantaters, for you know the folks in town jest go plumb wild over cantaters.'

"That's what she said, and I says to myself, 'Cantaters, cantaters—what's a cantater?' I was not quite ripe in the cantater business jest then, don't forgit.

"Then she says: 'Don't you think it would be lovely, wouldn't it be splendiferous? Of course,' says she, 'there never was one here, but you know how they are got up.' I says, 'Yessum!' Then there was something inside of me sayin', 'You're a-lyin' as fast as a horse can trot!' I was powerfully chilly for fear she'd ask me how I always took my cantaters—with sugar or 'thout.

"She helped me out purty soon—how much she helped me out nobody else knows. She says: 'We have piles of folks here that can sing. Annie Cobb and Jessie Black can hev a duet,' whichever that was, 'and Mame Wiggins can have a part, and the Skinner children can hev a song. Then, if you and some

more'll join in and take parts, I can git it up and it will be a success. If it ain't a success I won't hev a thing to do with it.'

"I took another breath and let go of the one I had been squeezin'. I felt like a man that's been pulled out of the water in January and laid up beside a fire. I saw there was singin' in it, and I felt at that moment that I was no slouch at singin'. My opinion was that I hadn't gone to Buck Keller's singin' school two winters fur nuthin'. But if I had been carryin' my Monday, Tuesday and every other day sense with me, I'd hev remembered that I never said a piece in school Friday afternoons, and that I always took the back seat at singin' and hid behind a book—I was so allfired bashful.

"Well, it was fixed that I was to be Santer Claus, and Tildy give me a book that had the words in. I was to be dressed up in a buffalo robe with whiskers made of cotton, and had to sing about four or five lines and then pass around the candy and presents, or whatever. That seemed easier than rollin' off a log. By the way I felt when Tildy was talkin' about it I b'lieve I could hev sung a book full of songs.

"I camped at home for a week or more a-tryin' to learn the lines. I said them over and over, but there didn't seem to be enough pitch on my brain to make them stick. I had them put down on a slip of paper and I carried that with me and every time I'd forgit I'd pull that paper out to look at and git a fresh start.

"A week on the front side of Christmas Tildy sent word for me to come to rehearse, as she called it. That meant that everybody was to sing and do jest like they'd do a-Christmas so's they'd git used to the harness.

"I was dressed up purty as a soap prize picture."

"That cantater was in the church where the one is to be had this year. There was nobody there when we rehearsed but the ones that had parts, and I plowed through 'thout hittin' a root. I came last and I had the book, 'cause it wasn't supposed to be the real thing that night. Besides, Tildy stood by the organ and see-sawed her hand to me when to trot out and start around the ring; but I never looked at one livin' soul after I cut loose—jest kept my little peepers nailed to that book. We all agreed that the cantater would be better'n a circus and went home feelin' important-like.

"I took Tildy in my sleigh, and she'd talk about nuthin' but the cantater. I tried to switch her off onto matters that to my style of thinkin' had more interest for us, but she didn't seem to want to be switched that way. She was soaked with that cantater. She says:—

"'Since I got this cantater up stacks of folks is jealous—some 'cause their children ain't in it, and some 'cause they think I'm tryin' to put on style since I've been to school in town. I ain't slept much over it, and if it ain't a great success I don't know what I'll do—I'll feel so humilerated.'

"I didn't want her to feel that way, so I said awful encouragin' words to her and clinched the thing by tellin' her that if she couldn't make the whole business whistle nobody in seventeen counties could.

"Since she had come home I was dead sot on gittin' her to say yes to a little question I had been winterin' for a long spell, and that was the boss reason I had for bein' hauled into the cantater. I wanted to please her and keep sloshin' around handy while I hatched out a good chance to pop. So on this night, when she came to the hankerin'-for-sympathy point, I told her that the cantater'd be a dandy and that it wouldn't hev an insect on it or a kink in its mane or tail. Then I figured that I'd take her Christmas night, and when we got on the road home, some place where the trees made a nice comfortable shadow and she was feelin' gay and gingery I'd chirp my little chirp.

'Christmas night everything was ready and waitin'. Tildy and the preacher bossed the job. The front of the church was fixed up like a dancin' platform, with spruce all around it. We had sheets tacked up on each side of the platform for the cantater people to hide behind. On one side was the organ, and on t'other side on the floor was a big spruce tree jest plastered over with red, white and blue paper, sticks of candy, and all kinds of doll babies and candles. That tree wouldn't hev been known by its own mother—it was a sight, I tell you.

"Some of the cantater folks would hev made you almost die of laughin'—they's dressed up so ridiculous, but Tildy said they had to be that way. As I said, I was to be Santer Claus, and I had myself got up regardless—jest kivered with that robe, and everything regular.

"Back of the sheets everyone was hummin' the songs so's they'd not forgit, and Tildy was a-prancing here and there tellin' them how to do. Mothers that had children in it kept busy fixin' their hair and tryin' to keep their little darlings from cryin' or fightin' each other.

"When I squinted out 'twixt the sheets and saw the church jambed full of everybody from miles around, I felt as if the floor of my stomach had dropped out. Then I turned around and saw the anxious look on Tildy's face, and I took a hitch in the strap around my equator, and, says I to myself, 'Do it or bust!' I tied that little paper of mine to a string and threw it over the sheet so's it'd hang outside where I could take a bird's-eye view of it in time of need, then pinned t'other end of the string, and felt that there's more'n one way of killin' a pup and that I was not quite so green as I was cabbage lookin'. I had confidence enough to feed to the chickens.

"Purty soon the organ began to pump up and the people tried to quit talkin',—the cantater was stretchin' itself and gittin' ready to move.

"First: Susie Spalkin's class sang a song of welcome. That was all right, and after the class marched off, every-

body looked at everybody else and said they thought they'd done splendid. After all the audience people got through tellin' each other who they thought looked nicest, Annie Cobb and Jessie Black had what Tildy called a duet. That may be what it was, but it 'peared to me like one of them tried to sing it alone and couldn't; then t'other would put in a few good licks to help out, and then they'd git mad and argify and sass each other back and forth, and then jest before they fought and tore each other's hair, they made up and sang the last verse together. That was purty nigh O. K., too.

"After them came the Skinner heirs. They came out to sing a song about bein' happy little children. They shoved each other around a bit tryin' to git a foothold, and forgot their say. Tildy tried to whisper it to them, but I guess they thought she was scoldin', 'cause two of them began to cry, and she had to go out and lead them off the platform.

"From that time on things was scrambled worse'n eggs, and I saw that Tildy was gittin' nervous and shy. The organ started too early or too late to ketch the gait of the singers. You'd a-thought Tildy's face was a crazy quilt when six little boys stumbled out and began to sing about bein' good men some day.

"I was next, and had to come out at one side as these little heathen went off t'other. I was excited terrible. One of those boys must hev spied my string, for jest as I stepped out I saw that precious paper climbin' up and disappearin' over the top of the sheet. The organ kept a-buzzin' and everybody was a-waitin'. I never thought so many faces could git into that church—I thought there must be more'n a million eyes lookin' at me. There never was a thermometer long enough to tell jest how hot my face was at that time. The organ kept a-buzzin' all the time, a-tryin' to coax me, but I wouldn't

I went into that gorgeous tree head first.

coax—I had forgotten my song and I don't know now what I was to say. Tildy had the book back of the sheet and whispered something to me and told me to go on, but I wasn't goin'—I'd gone as far as I could for I was plumb crazy. I tried to hear her say the words but she seemed miles away. Oh, how I wished I was home and had my lickin', and was in my little bunk. The words had something in them like this:—

"'Santer's here, who is it humbly begs?' and then some more. My recollector had quit his job and gone a-fishin' or somewheres, but I pulled my jaws open to say the words as they sounded from behind the sheet. I don't know what I did say, but Pap told me after wards that I bawled out like a brindle calf:—

"'Can't I hear who chucked 'em eggs?'

"No matter! That crowd yelled and then that platform seemed to dance and try to stand on end, and my head went around a-flyin'. Everything went a-whizzin' around me and as soon as the come-out hole in the sheet came skootin' past me I made a break for it but got off the road. Some imp had got two bushel baskets of pop-corn on the tree side of the platform, and I tripped on my robe and made a grand dive over the baskets, and went into that gorgeous tree head first. The tree started to fall over and the trimmin's got afire. Everybody jumped into the air and yelled murder, the babies screamed, the dogs under the stove yelped, and old 'Lize Sankey fainted.

"As soon as I got myself amputated from that tree and got my arms and legs raked together, I went outside, and let the audience put out the fire and divide the candy—I didn't want none. I went around a corner of the church and husked myself out of that pair of whiskers and buffalo robe.

"Purty soon the people came out, and they were jest a-talkin' and a cacklin'. Some one says:—

"'It's all right to hev sich things in the school house, but that's what comes of circus doin's in the church. We mighter been burned up for examples.'

"Then came Tildy a-cryin' and a-snifflin' and a-heavin' out a nice assortment of sobs, and a-sayin' that it was a total failure. I saw that she was mighty apt to evaporate or something unless she was taken in hand, so I stepped out in front of her and says:—

"'Tildy, won't you let me see you home in my sleigh? I'm sorry, I'm—'

"But she trimmed my grape vine up close, and did it quick with:—

"'Don't you tell me what you are! I know what you are! You are a great, great, big, big nuthin'! You've made my friends laugh at me and I've 'peared worse than ridiculous. No, I won't go home with you, and you can't go too quick.'

"I tell you she was boilin'. She had some spunk at all times, but jest then her temper seemed to hev a sort o' family reunion. I didn't stop to argify—I knew Tildy. I started for home. I put Old Baldy in the stable and then went upstairs into the granary and banged the door shut and had it out with myself.

"As I hev said, I can talk to myself confidential-like, and that was one time I did. I called myself every kind of a fool you could meet from Kiskiminetas to Punxsutawney, and then said it backwards. I jest asked myself why it was that pie-faced beauties like me, that hadn't voice enough to call the cows, could get such fool notions in their heads and try to do cantater business and act like town folks when they oughter hire out to be stuffed in smashed windows to keep out the snow or for hitchin' posts in barnyards.

"About a week after that Jim Wilson came over to borrow a bridle, and says that he s'posed I knew about Tildy's goin' back to town, and that he saw her dad drive her away with her trunk on the wagon.

"From that day to this I hev never gone near a singin' school, or any kind of doin's at the church, 'cept preachin'. And as for cantaters! Well, I have my opinion of them, and I hev my reasons, and don't you think I ain't.

"Oh, yes, about that three thousand dollars I lost! Some folks mightn't figure as I do; but Tildy married a town man that had a shoe store, and had a face full of voice and could sing about flowers and birds and 'Come Back, Mariar, My Heart's Growing Bilious for You,' and sich like. When Tildy's dad died she got the farm—and three thousand dollars is a mighty low estimate, as farms go. Now if that ain't as good as droppin' that much long green, I'd like to know what is."

In a few minutes we swung into the lane leading up to the house and barn. In silence we unhitched and stabled the horses, but as we walked toward the house Abe began to whistle softly the notes of a song I recognized as one of old-time singing school vintage, and as we mounted the kitchen steps he drawled out: "Funny how a fellow uncorks himself once in a while, ain't it?"

PROMOTERS AND MORALS

AN EDITORIAL

A YEAR ago this country was on the flood tide of financial prosperity. American goods were invading the markets of four continents. The figure of the American Trust stood like a new Colossus astride every ocean. The whole spirit of America was the spirit of business. The spontaneous patriotism of the people was directed into commercial channels. The majority of citizens honestly believed that the bigness of American commercial enterprise *was* the greatness of the United States.

At such a time the natural leaders of the country were the creators of its business. The famous phrase, "Captain of Industry," was tagged on every promoter whose favorite stock paid a first dividend. The fine instinct for hero worship permeating our Democracy was distorted into adoration of business success. The remarkable young man who in twenty years had bridged the gap between unskilled labor and the command of the biggest corporation in the world, was acclaimed as the consummate type of American citizen. And mind you, the only standard by which this young man was measured was the standard of success.

During the past year a change has come. In commercial enterprises America still leads the world, but the pervading spirit is no longer adoration for pure bigness. Bigness isn't permanent. The man who reads the financial columns of the papers knows that stocks listed on the New York exchange have been marked down for sale $3,000,000,000 below the figures at which they were hawked a year ago—surely a liberal reduction for the wear and tear of twelve months on the bargain counter. The country is still prosperous, but the plungers are worth a few less millions apiece. The promoters—many of them—are figuring unpleasantly in the Courts. Powers of the "Street" who were demi-gods last year are mortals to-day, and very mortal at that. The young man who stood as the "Consummate Type" of American energy and success is pointed at.

The people of America are questioning the standard of these last "successful" years.

Is it not for the best? Are not three billions of dollars a modest price to pay for buying back our old ideal of American manhood and American citizenship? Isn't it a dirt cheap return for the realization that honesty—exact, absolute, unqualified honesty—is the single corner-stone of permanent business success?

To-day the papers are full of the wreck of the Ship Building Trust. LESLIE'S MONTHLY cares no more about this than about a hundred other inflated enterprises which have come to their just deserts, but in the story of this same Ship Building Trust we can see, if we look below the surface, a microcosm, as it were, of the business history of the past year—a faithful miniature of the way in which last year's standard of success has been leveled to make room for the ancient and enduring standard—common honesty.

For this reason, and only for this reason, the plates of a first-rate story, intended for our Christmas issue, were stripped from the presses to make way at the very last minute for the article which follows.

ELLERY SEDGWICK, Editor.

Charles M. Schwab.

Photo by Davis & Sanford

THE DEGRADATION OF WALL STREET

By AN AMERICAN

IT is not at all difficult to discover the true moral of the chapter of Wall Street history which has lately reached its exciting climax. The amazing decline in values on the stock exchange, the wreck of great fortunes, the ruin of great reputations, the discovery of something like sharp practice in the actions of eminent financiers—all this, to people who have followed Wall Street's history, is a perfectly fitting sequel to the era of rash speculation, trust-building, and wild ideas as to American finance, which captured the public mind, especially in Wall Street, during the past two years.

The judicial inquiry into the methods employed in organizing the now bankrupt shipbuilding Trust and inducing the public to buy the shares of that very rotten concern, has properly caused a profound sensation. Wall Street people have protested that this scandal involving, in one way and another, a great banking house and the president of a great industrial trust—were not fairly typical because other trusts have not been connected with such vicious and unprincipled performances. It may be answered, however, that the shipbuilding scandal is most impressively typical from the very fact that it shows up, in stronger light than elsewhere, methods and practices which have largely lain at the bottom of the whole stock-jobbing mania of the past three years.

The Shipbuilding scandal sums up in itself the weaknesses, follies and vices of the whole chapter of what Wall Street calls its great industrial boom—the period which saw the rise and decline of the billion-dollar Steel Trust, the $75,000,000 Copper Trust, the Asphalt Trust, the International Ship Trust, the Consolidated Lake Superior and other enterprises formed on the same exaggerated notion of prudent company finance. When conservative history, some decades hence, reviews the three past financial years it will probably set forth as the three characteristic features of the movement (1) the absence of any intelligent view of the true relation between market prices and intrinsic values, (2) the utter disregard in the industrial combi-

nations of principles which had been for years observed by the manufacturers whom they had bought out, and (3) the confidence apparently entertained by experienced financiers in the continued and endless gullibility of the investing public. Of all these symptoms of the day, the striking events of the past few months are interesting types.

It is the scandalous disclosures recently made regarding the manner in which the Shipbuilding Trust was organized, and its stock passed off upon the public, which have drawn public attention most vividly to the whole question of the morality of these vast combinations. To understand the real history of the Shipbuilding Trust, it will be best to tell in simple language the story of the events which came before it and made such an undertaking possible. Everybody knows that at the close of 1900, prosperity in this country was at high-water mark. Every one seemed to be making money, and people of the class who invest in securities were supplied with larger amounts of available funds than at any time before in the history of the country. This is always the situation which is made use of by the class of people called promoters, whose object is to organize certain industries, railway or other, into stock companies and to sell the shares at an exaggerated price to these outside investors.

Had the movement to combine industrial plants and sell their stock stopped with 1900, the movement would have been striking enough, yet would not so far have surpassed the history of similar events in other countries. Already such trades as sugar, lead, rope, leather and rubber had been partly monopolized by immense combinations of this sort, which had obtained their money from the public, but the full fruit of the movement was seen in the steel and iron trade. Before 1900, the separate branches of this trade had been already organized into several separate companies, with capitalizations running in two instances as high as $100,000,000, the stock having largely been sold to outside investors. People who organized these concerns had talked of perpetual peace and prosperity in the steel trade, but early in 1900 they began to find out their mistake. They discovered that, far from removing competition, the creation of these enormous rival companies was a direct provocation to competitive selling as against one another, whenever trade should slacken. During 1900 there was a sudden period of dullness in the iron trade, in the course of which the price of iron was nearly cut in two. At that time the well-known speculator and promoter, John W. Gates, suggested the forming of a "billion-dollar Steel Trust," to combine all of these other combinations in the trade.

People laughed at the notion then, but it was not a year after his proposition that Mr. Pierpont Morgan undertook precisely that task. The billion dollar company was organized, the other companies bought out at extravagant prices, and a so-called syndicate formed to put up money through which the price of the stocks could be kept up on the market and the public induced to buy. These people contributed $25,000,000 for the purpose, and in the end received a profit of $50,000,000 which was, of course, taken out of the moneys of the company. Apparently the scheme was an immense success. The public bought; the promoters sold. The enormous profits resulted in the turning of scores of people of moderate fortunes into millionaires and brought upon the country a burst of wild extravagance and recklessness such as was probably never witnessed even in the days of paper money.

It was only natural that the appetite of other promoters should have been whetted by this seemingly immense success, and that the idea of turning every enterprise into stock companies at extravagant valuations should have got possession of the minds of everybody. There was something more than this, however. People in the trade knew, even if the investing public did not, that the steel combination, like many others, had been made possible because certain manufacturers in the business found that their business was not going well. With such people,

George W. Perkins,
An active partner in J. P. Morgan & Co.

Photo by Pirie MacDonald.

D. LeRoy Dresser,
Former President of the Trust Co. of the Republic.

Photo by Fredericks.

temptation was naturally very strong to sell out, if they could find a purchaser at an advantageous figure. In the case of the Steel Trust, some of the manufacturing companies which were afterwards combined had been bankrupt within a very few years. They were now capitalized higher than they had been at the time of their bankruptcy, and their owners were shrewd enough to know what would happen in another period of hard times. They were therefore glad enough to let their property go, especially when they received for it a price which they knew to be three or four times its proper valuation.

Nothing could be more natural than that people similarly placed in other industries should have looked longingly at the example of the Steel Trust. This was particularly so in the shipbuilding industry, which for various reasons had drifted into a doubtful position. Whether excessive competition was the cause, or whether the companies had incurred too heavy liabilities in advance, is not necessarily to the purpose. The fact was that they wanted to get rid of their property, and conceived the idea, on the Steel Trust's plan, of selling it to the public at an absolutely fancy valuation.

They went, as other owners of industrial plants had been doing under similar circumstances, to Wall Street bankers who had been successful in other operations of the kind. Experienced houses to which they first applied refused to undertake the work, plainly intimating that the condition of the properties would not make the combination a safe financial venture even for them. Turned away in these conservative quarters, the shipyard people resorted to promoters and institutions of the second class, and with their assistance eventually contrived a plan to float their stock. This plan contemplated, first, the issue of $45,000,000 stock for properties whose actual valuation may possibly have been one-third or one-fourth that figure. In a very interesting memorandum brought to light in the recent court proceedings, it was shown that $7,500,000 of the stock was to be given away to promoters merely for the service of finding a market for the rest.

All the plans to float this stock were marked by dubious methods. The Trust Company of the Republic was induced to take a part of it, on the positive assurance that foreign investors would take it later. The foreign investors were never found; apparently they were never sought, except in quarters where no intelligent banker would have

dreamed of looking for million-dollar subscriptions. These are fair types of the reports cabled over to their principals at New York by the Paris agents, and disclosed in court this autumn :—

. . . . "I hear that Odero alone could pay the whole amount out of cash in hand. That Schreyer has the whole amount he should pay in a bank, and I have the name of the bank."

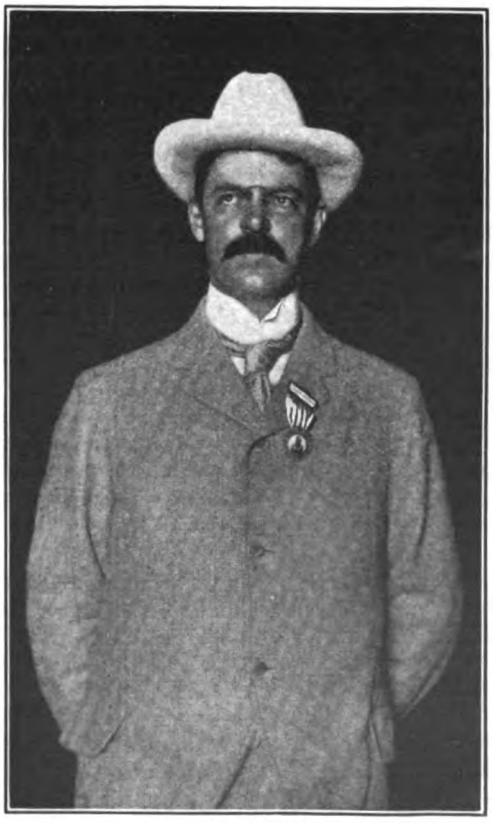
. . . . "I have seen Major Spilsbury . . . who seems to be well off, has a steam yacht, is not only ready to take his own shares, for which he only received call yesterday, but will take 250 more if Schreyer will give them up. Wants to stay in."

"Heart-to-heart talk with Rogniat who has disclosed to me his assets which show him worth one million, beside interest not easily valued. Now know his cause non-paying, which is removed."

"Koch, who underwrites eighty bonds, business man ; Fiers says Koch has $20,000 a year ; Lehmann Frères says Mayer (Victor Meyer), who underwrites 350 bonds, has rich mother and family, and well placed himself."

The upshot of this extraordinary financial undertaking was that exactly $27,000 in cash was collected, and that the unfortunate Trust Company narrowly escaped bankruptcy. This was not all, for it next developed that the statements of earnings made by the companies which the Trust had bought up were incorrect, and that they were actually losing money. Still efforts were made to sell out to the public. This attempt was complicated by another tangle. Mr. Chas. M. Schwab, president of the Steel Trust, had bought for some $3,000,000 the Bethlehem Steel Company, whose business was allied to that of the Shipbuilding Trust. It was held apparently for him by J. P. Morgan & Co., the bankers of the Steel Trust. Mr. Schwab now opened negotiations with the officers of the Shipbuilding concern, urging that they enlarge the scope of their own undertaking and include the Bethlehem Steel. Neither he nor the bankers wished to keep it. Eventually the Shipbuilding organizers consented, and the bankers, Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company, holding possession of the Bethlehem Steel, agreed to sell, taking in payment $9,000,000 which the Shipyard company raised by issue of $10,000,000 bonds.

The whole operation was peculiar, and had very much the appearance of what Wall Street calls "unloading" a property which it may not be safe to keep. The price paid by the Shipbuilding Trust was far above what Mr. Schwab had paid for the Bethlehem Steel, but the bankers demanded more than this. They insisted on having also $5,000,000 stock of the Shipbuilding Company itself. Now none of this stock had yet been sold to the public, so that the value of what the bankers received might be much reduced if other holders were to try simultaneously to sell out. Mr. Schwab proceeded to guard against any such accident. He took the stock to a Wall Street broker, in whose hands had been placed the selling of all the Shipbuilding stock which the various owners wished to dispose of. By a secret agreement it was arranged that none of this other



Lewis Nixon.
President of the U. S. Shipbuilding Co

stock should be sold until the brokers had got rid of the $5,000,000 paid by the Trust to Morgan & Co. and to Charles M. Schwab. On the morality of this secret agreement—which, though not signed by the bankers, was for their benefit and apparently with their consent—opinion of financiers is pretty unanimous. It was, to say the least, an act of questionable business honor. They were to be the first at selling worthless stock to the public, when even their own associates in the scheme were left in ignorance. It is pleasant to know that the public, to whom the stock was offered under this questionable contract, flatly refused to take it, and that where something more than $2,000,000 had been expected by the bankers for the stock, on the terms of sale laid down in their secret contract, they were never able to get more than $75,000. All this, though done in absolute secrecy at the time, came out in the later court examination. Things had turned out as all experienced bankers had predicted; the Shipbuilding Company, recklessly capitalized, badly provided with cash to meet its daily expenditures, and with its whole financial plan in confusion, was unable to meet its current bills. Banks, quite aware of the doubtful nature of the enterprise, refused their help. On the verge of bankruptcy it appealed for help to Mr. Schwab, and at this very interesting moment he appeared with the offer of $2,000,000 cash, provided bondholders who had bought in entire good faith should surrender all their mortgage claim against the company and place the enterprise absolutely in his hands. It is to the credit of American investors and American judges that a minority of the bondholders angrily refused to accept this preposterous claim, and that the court to whom they appealed denounced the whole attempt to overthrow the rights of honest creditors, and placed the Shipbuilding property, for their benefit, in the hands of a receiver.

The facts above outlined are not the conjecture or guesswork of Wall Street; they are the testimony elicited under oath in court, often from unwilling witnesses. Taken altogether, they throw the clearest imaginable light on the famous Wall Street boom of 1901, with its mania of "incorporations." No one can read the evidence in the Shipbuilding Trust without having pretty definite notions of what it was in this "new finance" that was making everybody rich. The truth of the matter was that owners of properties with a doubtful value managed, by combining them into Trusts, issuing stock for three or four times their value, and taking from the properties huge sums of money as "commission" for great bankers and syndicates, to delude the public and get possession of its money. The enormous wealth of the "Steel Trust magnates" and others of their sort, of which we have heard so much these past three years, was due, first, to the fact that these men had sold their property to the public at a false and extravagant valuation, and, second, that in the end they deluded themselves as to the true value of the stock they kept on hand.

It was part of the penalty which has been inflicted on these offenders that they came to share themselves in the delusions into which they had led the public. Some of them branched out recklessly into buying the stocks of other trusts, and carried their purchases so far that, immensely rich as the "boom" had made them, they were forced to borrow money to keep up their extended speculations. In the case of one prominent trust financier, the president of an enormous combination, common report of his wild speculations of this nature forced the directors to require his resignation. Other millionaires of the same recent growth were tempted by the enormous profits offered to "syndicates" formed to sell the overvalued stocks to the investing public. They subscribed huge sums to such "underwritings," reckoning that the public would easily buy all the stocks, and that their own money would come back to them, with a few million dollars in "commissions." Very fortunately, the public came to its senses in time and refused to buy the stocks. The "syndicates" had to pay the money which they had expected to keep, and in return for it got nothing but the stocks of whose real value they were unpleasantly aware, and which they had hoped to sell at false values to the confiding public.

This was a rare instance of poetic justice, and it goes very far to explain the events of the year in Wall street. For months, people have been hearing of the "rich men's panic," of "forced selling by syndicates," of great banking houses in peril because of their connection with such schemes, and of stocks of the newly-organized industrial "combines" selling in enormous quantities at values not much above what shares in a bankrupt railway corporation used to bring. On the markets, we have seen the stocks of the billion-dollar Steel Trust, whose market price in 1901 put a valuation of $785,000,000 on the whole property, sell so low this autumn as to make the valuation $348,000,000. At these lowest prices, the heaviest sellers were the speculating millionaires who had thought to saddle all such losses on the public, but who, instead, had been caught in the trap themselves.

It did not need the misfortunes of these rich adventurers, however, to teach the public the lesson of this Wall Street craze. The revelations of character wrecked and promising careers blasted by the sudden possession of boundless paper wealth, are far more impressive than the mere show of contracting bank accounts. Good name is as necessary to great banking houses as good reputation to a woman, and not the least mournful part of the reckoning for Wall Street's wild excesses is the bringing into public question of the honor and fair dealing of houses which in the past have been the synonym of upright banking. One of the most brilliant careers in American industry was that of a young man who, starting at the bottom in Andrew Carnegie's steel mills, worked his way up to the presidency of the great Carnegie Company, and from thence went to the head of the billion-dollar Steel Trust. Still a young man, with the greatest name in the steel trade of the world, possession of the torrent of wealth poured into his hands brought him into the ranks of the promoters and speculators whose reputation is the least savory part of the past three years' experience, and lost him not only his great office but the esteem of all the business community. These are but isolated types of the mischief that our inflation craze of 1901 has done.

Keeping all this in mind, no intelligent man is likely to say that the "reaction" which put an end to these reckless practices was unfortunate. In fact, the coming of the reaction meant nothing else than the public's return to sanity. All of these huge speculations, on the profits or expected profits of which the new "Captains of Industry" have been scattering money in the style of Oriental satraps, were based on borrowed money which the borrowers expected to pay back when the simple public walked into their trap. The schemes, in their essence, were not so very much more respectable than the "Get-rich-quick" schemes of the Franklin syndicates, the Texas oil companies, and the pool-rooms on the races. They appealed, moreover, to exactly the same instincts in their intended victims; for although efforts enough were made to persuade sober investors, holders of trust funds, and widows and orphans, to buy the stocks as a solid investment for the future, the impulse chiefly appealed to was the belief that the stocks would be "protected" and "put up" by the great promoters.

The influence of the great crash in values of these inflated enterprises, even the influence of such disclosures of moral turpitude as occurred in the shipbuilding affair, is bound to be salutary in the end. It will teach the banking community that honesty, good faith and conservatism, are priceless elements in financial reputation, and that, once sacrificed, character and the community's respect, are gone forever. It will teach the public that all the "get-rich-quick" propositions of Wall Street and its imitators are a poor substitute for steady industry and the sober guarding of its profits. The full story of the promoters of 1901 has proved that great fortunes made in a day are apt to be scattered in a day, and that personal good name and capacity for honest labor is likely to disappear with them. The lesson will not be lost on the American people, and the future of American industry is safer and brighter because the lesson has been learned.

MOREBATTLE FOLK

By ELIZABETH BURWELL

IN the heart of Sir Walter Scott's country, in one of the most rural districts of Bonnie Scotland, lies a little village, most inaptly named Morebattle. Its belligerent cognomen came to it in the days of the Covenanters, though now it is peaceful and quiet enough. In it there live five hundred souls, characters all of them. I knew them well during the years I spent among them, and I learned to love them as much for their whimsical faults as for the simple kindliness of their natures.

Bob Dickinson,—beadle, minister's man, bell-ringer, grave-digger, scavenger,—stands out fresh in my memory. Of all his callings that of grave-digger brought him most renown and his services were in demand through all the country side. Once during the last illness of his second wife, he was employed digging a grave at Yetholm. In his absence his wife died and a friend was sent to prepare Bob for his loss. With Scotch delicacy, this messenger tried by mild methods to induce Bob to leave his work. Failing thus, at last he said soberly, "Man Bob, your wife is awfu' bad." Bob had received such messages before and he refused to accept any but an optimistic view of the matter. "Do ye say sae?" said he, "puir buddy—eh, but they turmits is bonnie," he added with a laudable desire to entertain his companion. They had by now started homeward.

By and by the messenger, fearing he had not suitably discharged his mission, once more attempted to break his news to Bob. "But Bob," he began, "your wife is *maist* awfu' bad." "Aweel, aweel, puir thing," said Bob soberly. "She was gae and bad, this mornin' when I cam awa."

As they entered the town, nothing would do but Bob must take his friend into the public house for a "wee drappie." Such a procedure would have created an unheard-of scandal. Bob was insistent, so the friend remonstrated. "Bob," he said, "ye canna gang in there, for your wife is just maist terrible bad." At last the truth dawned upon Bob. He stopped, scratched his head, and looking at his friend, he asked, "She's not deed, is she?"

"Aye, Bob, she's deed," was the reply. Bob meditated sadly for a space. Then brightening up he remarked tranquilly, "Aweel, aweel, it micht hae been waur. It micht hae been masel."

Bob did not long remain a widower. In a short time he married a certain Mina renowned for her neat feet and ankles. At the time of her marriage with Bob Dickinson, however, much of her youthful charm had fled and she weighed fully two hundred pounds. She was exceedingly deaf, and during the ceremony, of which she heard not one word, she kept smiling and bowing to her friends around. When she failed to respond

to the question of the minister, "Wilt thou?" etc., Bob uncermoniously recalled her wandering attentions by nudging her with his elbow and saying "Boo, ye muckle fule, boo."

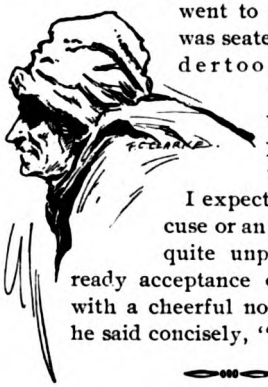
As usual in Scotland after the ceremony there was a feast, and the quantity of whisky consumed was measured by the "gangs" or buckets of water needed to mix with it. Mina, now Mrs. Dickinson, was entertaining the minister at these gaieties by showing him the portraits in her album. When they had finished their inspection, Mina said with feeling, "Eh, Mister Paul, I wud like tae hae your effigy tae pit in ma alabam."

Bob very suddenly resigned all his public positions to the school master of Morebattle, who was Church Manager and Clerk, and the terms of his resignation he himself expressed in this wise: "Hae, Maister Scule Maister, here's your barra and your Bible. I'll hae nae mair tae dae wi' either o' them."

Of dear old Bess, I have many pleasant memories. I was her honored "ludger" during my term of teacher in the village. She lived with her husband and brother on one side of a double house. Her husband's nephew, his wife and child, occupied the other half. Bess had a passion for dress, and as she herself would say, a "by ordinar" ambition to be and to do more than her neighbors. Bess' husband, Jim, was the gentlest and kindest of men. He had, however, one fault. Twice a year he "tasted" more than was good for him—at the yearly fishing dinner and at Yetholm flower show. One year, while I was a "ludger" at Bess' house—I was little more than a girl at the time—Bess begged me to come downstairs and "gie Jim a word," if he came home "fou" from Yetholm. Bess sat by the kitchen fire with her back to the door, while I waited beside her in an old "granny" chair.

Jim came soon enough and Bess began to berate him before he entered the room. "Dae ye see him, the muckle fule? Are ye no black burnin' ashamed o' yersel tae come hame tae a decent hoose fou as a fiddler?" etc.

Jim, meanwhile, stood smiling in the doorway, trying to balance himself in order to take a step—of four inches—from the passageway into the kitchen. I had my little lecture all prepared, but it was wasted on Jim, who went to sleep as soon as he was seated. Next day I undertook my reprimand. "Jim," I said severely, "I am told you were fou last night."



I expected a denial, an excuse or an apology, but I was quite unprepared for Jim's ready acceptance of the charge, for with a cheerful nod of his gray head he said concisely, "I wus."

In every Scotch village there is always an idiot, who is maintained by the town. Morebattle's idiot was Jimmie Grant. Jimmie was a sad drunkard during the week and a devout Presbyterian of a Sabbath. In the Established Church there are a few free pews for the paupers of the parish, and Jimmie was, of course, entitled to a seat, which, however, he seldom occupied, preferring to wander here and there about the kirk. The pulpit in our church was very high, and below the minister's pulpit was another for the precentor who led the singing. Below the second pulpit was a platform or rostrum where the elders sat on communion Sunday. The rostrum was separated from the body of the church by a carved railing. Into this rostrum Jimmie had wandered one Sunday, and during the singing a neighbor woman offered him a share of her psalm book. In order to see the better Jimmie put his head—a large one—through the fretwork of the railing, and when the psalm was ended he found it impossible to extricate himself. The old woman whose book he had shared came to his assistance and at length he was freed, but not before the Sabbath spirit of the con-

gregation had been seriously disturbed. After the service the minister took Jimmie to task for his misdemeanor. Jimmie replied to the reproof: "Awell, minister, I wus in sair plight, and if it hadna ha' bin for Providence and anither auld wife I micht ha' bin there yet."

Another day the minister was criticising his congregation for sleeping during service, and in order to give point to his remarks, he said: "There's daft Jimmie Grant in the loft; he's a fool and he doesn't sleep in church." "Aye, minister," broke in Jimmie from his place, "but if I hadna bin a fule, aiblins, I wud hae bin asleep tae."

The pulpit steps of the kirk—and there were as many as twenty leading to the high platform from which the minister preached—were occupied each Sabbath by the deaf old women of the parish, who knew their Scripture as well as the minister himself. One of these pious old persons was wont to interrupt the minister's wanderings by citing his authority for each and every quotation.

"That's frae Paley's Evidences," she would say, and "Ye got that oot o' the Concordance." Or "That's frae the Lamentations o' Jeremiah," till the exasperated minister could stand her interference no longer and exclaimed with much irritation: "I wish you'd hold your tongue, you meddling old woman!" With her equanimity in no wise disturbed, the old soul nodded her head wisely and replied: "Aye, sir, *that's* yersel."

THE COYOTE COUNTY HANDICAP

By HARRY IRVING GREENE.

"MET a dood out in Arizony onct, and that critter I'll remember after I've been dead two thousand year," continued Hank as he drew the tent flaps tighter to shut out the rain. "First thing I noticed I seen him lookin' at me wistful so I asks him what his game was.

"'Huntin' for a mastodin,' he says, firin' up a cigarette and spoutin' the smoke from out his nostrils. 'They was a kind of elerfant what used to loaf around these diggins a considerable time ago you know.'

"'You'r on the wrong trail, pardner,' says I, shakin' my head. 'I've been in this country near forty year and there ain't no kind of game in it from grizzly bears to stud poker that I ain't been up against. But I ain't seen no elerfant tracks yet.'

"'Mebby they was here before your time,' he answers, kind of laffin.

"'How long before?' I asks, innersent as a bottil of pap.

"'Bout fifty thousand year,' he comes back, careless like.

"'Oh, that's it,' says I, thinkin' he was tryin' to make a fool out of me and turnin' away. 'I was only a kid livin' down in Indiany in them days.' But come to find out he was one of them idjits what's allers rootin' around after the remainders of fossyles, and by and by we made a dicker. Well, we outfitted with more kinds of grub than you'd find at a school picnic, and we hiked off. Along about evenin' we struck a good campin' spot and while the dood peeled off his garmints and hopped into the water up to his ears like a muskrat, I went about my work, cussin' him sotter v'ice. And I was right in the middle of bendin' over and unstrappin' the pack when all of a sudden I heard an orful beller, and peekin' around right curious I seen a long horn steer a-comin' down the gulch, hoopin' sideways, makin' passes at the air and snortin' and blowin' like a hipperpotamus with the hay fever. I knowed at fust gaze that he was locoed—plumb crazy—so I begun to move away right industrious. My weppin was strapped on the hurrycaine deck of my cayuse, and the cayuse was already growin' dim in the distance, so I let out a hair rasin' whoop of warnin' and shedaddled off most tremenjus, headin' for a boulder about the size of a 'dobie hut that lay a couple of hundred yards away.

"I arrove in about four jumps and went up it like a fly surmountin' a bald dome of thought. Then I looked around for the parade and it was the most gorjus spectikle ever took place since the 'ruption of Vesoovius. In the van was the dood, sportin' about as many clothes as an ile paintin' of Virtoo, and about two jumps behind him the steer, head down, tail

a-rizin' and with the dood's galluses streamin' from his horns like the tail of a comit. I reckon it was the most interestin' leg movin' contest ever pulled off, but eventually the dood reached the rock first and then they commenced to play ring around the rosey with wild enthooseism. Round and round they went, and every time that feller sailed past where I was hangin my legs over the edge and cheerin' he made some pussonel remark, and he was comin' by so often it sounded like a continyus conversation. But after about ten minutes the steer flew off on a tangint and the dood clumb up beside me, gaspin' like a fish.

"'Twas outer sight, pardner, but you beat him fair and square. When we get back to town the boys will back you against any steer in Coyote county,' said I, figgerin' to cheer him up. But seein' he'd lost his temper 'bout somethin' and didn't make no answer I slid down and took the back trail, figgerin' on gatherin' up some articles of wearin' apparel. But now comes the most sorrerful part of the whole sorrerful tale, for the critter had butted the whole trooso into the fire, savin and exceptin' what he had bore away on his horns for a soovenir. Wasn't a dang thing left but the shoes and a coller.

"Well, bime bye I gets my sorrer under control and ketches my bronc. There wasn't a house nearer'n half a day exceptin' the widder Willoughby's ranch, so I told the dood I'd saunter over to the ranch and borry a few simple but needful garmints. So off I went, and in about half an hour arrove and was showed into the house immediate. Her daughter was in the settin' room sortin' out some wimmin's things for the washout, but when she seen me she grabbed up part of the articles and rolled them up in a paper quick like and histed the residoo into a closet with her foot. 'Set right down, Mr. Hawkins,' says she, smilin' as sweet as a jug of rock-and-rye. 'We are mighty glad to observe you.'

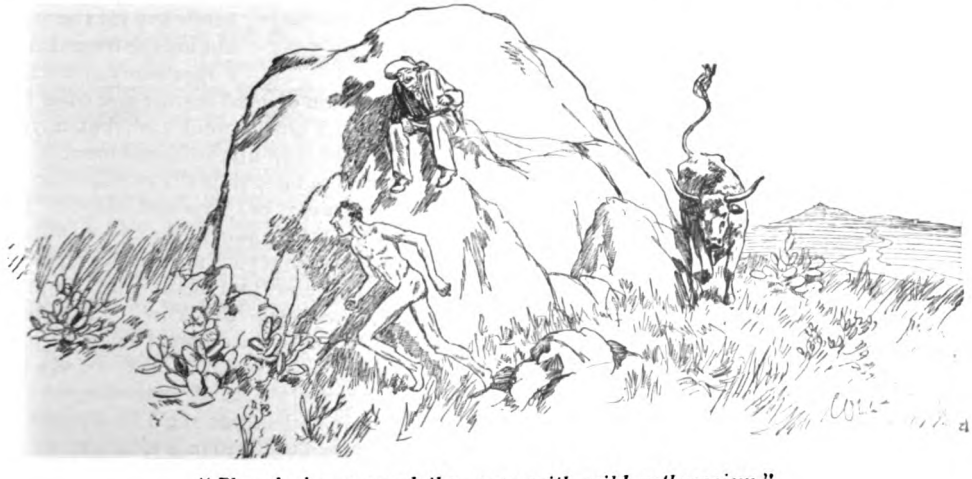
"Well, I balanced myself cautious on the edge of a chair and looked at her. She was about eighteen and sweeter than a bokay of mornin' glories. 'You're quite a curiosity,' she goes on, layin' her bundil on the sofy. 'Somethin' desprit must have happened to bring you to our uninvitin' house.'

"'There did,' said I. And then I up and told them the whole heart-burstin' epysode. First they kind of snickered a bit, but before I got through Miss Sallie was lookin' as sober as a prohibitionist candydate the day after election.

"'And you left him perched on that rock like a turtil, and without—without—' she says kind of stammerin' and lookin' at the floor.

"'As nood as a fresh laid egg,' says I delecate.

"'What a shame!' says Miss Sallie throwin' up her hands like I had got the drop on her. 'Mother, you go and roust out some men's clothes immediate while I stay here and entertain Mr. Hawkins.' So she set there smilin' and sayin' things until my face was as red as a diamond flush and the presperation was makin' my back feel like a railroad map,



"Played ring around the rosey with wild enthooseism."

until the old lady comes back with a bundil and drops it on the sofy. I grabbed the package, stuttered somethin' about bein' thankful, and larruped the hide half off my cayuse a-puttin' the horizon between me and them.

"The dood was still humped up where I had left him. So I picked up his shoes and coller and tossed them up to him along with the bundil and went about my business, until all at once I heard him cussin' most miraculous. At that I took a squint at him, and there he was in his shoes and coller, and jest in the act of tryin' to climb in feet first through the hole in the top of a yeller skirt, meanwhile commentin' vociferous. Course I seen immediate how it had all come about. I had been so tangled up by them smiles that I had grabbed the wrong bundil and, like a derned idjut, hadn't discovered the difference. The more I apolergized the more that pecooler critter riled up, until at last he began makin' funny little grabs at where his hip pocket oughter been. Finally he hopped down to the ground.

"'And now, you ding-dong old tail-twister, I'm goin' to put you amongst the discards,' said he bristlin' up to me jest like a porkypine goin' to mortil combat.

"'Because why?' I asked astonished at his conduck.

"'Because of them remarks you loosened when you set on that rock a-cheerin',' he yelled. 'I would have done it previous, only I've had too much on my mind.'

"'That's more than you could say about your carkiss,' I replies salavatin' on my hands. And with that he puts up his paws and begins prancin' around me like a hostyle tarantula.

"It was certainly an inspirin' exhibition. He had on his shoes, a yeller skirt, a woman's waist, 'hind side before and up side down, and a coller. And he was a frownin' orful and stradlin' around like a granddaddy-longlegs on an ant-heap. He wasn't quite as husky as me, but he was a most astonishing spry inseck and things was gettin' powerful interestin', when all at once the dood quit cold and went gallopin' off behind a rock, and peekin' over my shoulder I seen Miss Sallie comin' down the trail about a hundred yards away.

"'"Tis scandalus,' said she ridin' up closer and scowlin'.

"'It be,' says I blushingly. 'I apolergize for his mortifyin' appearance.'

"Orter seen her black eyes sparkle at that. '"Tis you I was alludin' to,' she snaps back. 'You orter be ashamed of yourself a-hoppin' on that pore yooth, and you twict his age. 'Tis brutil. You take the pore thing these duds immediate, Hank Hawkins.' So she tossed me a bundil and I packed them around to the dood and pretty soon he comes out of his lair togged up like a cowpuncher and goes up to her. Then I seen her cheeks fire up, and somehow I instincted it wouldn't hurt my popilarity none to pull my freight, which I did while they pow-wowed for nigh unto an hour.

"Well, the next day the dood and me shook hands and hit the trail, but not the fragmint of a mastodin did we find except a section of hind leg the size of a tellygraf pole. Then he went east, but a year later I collided with him in Tombstone.

"'After more mastodins?' I asked.

"'Nope,' says he, grinnin' silly. I'm down here to marry Miss Sallie.'

"'The Hellespont you be,' I answers, omittin' the superfluous part of the word.

"'Yes,' he says, chucklin'. 'We been writin' letters ever since I went away.'

"'Pardner,' says I feelingly. 'I knowed when I seen you prancin' around in that outfit that if any woman noticed you she'd be a goner.'"

Hank listened to the sounds without. "Dern the rain anyhow," said he, rolling up in his blanket.

FUROR SCRIBENDI

By SUSIE M. BEST

Mother's got the writing fever,
Father's had it for a year,
Sister's "daffy" on the subject,
Brother says the pen's his sphere.

Uncle's always planning essays,
Aunt is busy making rhymes,
Grandma's writing "Recollections";
My! but these are learned times!

Niece is editing a paper,
Nephew's got the sporting page,
Cousin's got the social column;
Writing! Writing's all the rage!

Cook has quit to write up menus,
Housemaid—she skipped out to-day,
Says that she can write a novel
Just as good as Bertha Clay.

Coachman says he's sick and tired
Holding reins for other folks,
He's resigned—he's found his mission—
Going to write up funny jokes.

Seamstress left to write up fashions,
Washerwoman winks her eye,
Says that she can scribble poems
While the clothes are getting dry.

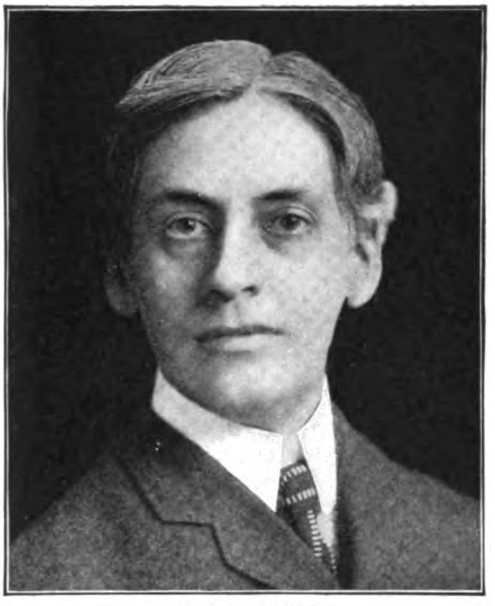
Teacher's writing nature sketches,
Lawyer's making legal notes,
Politician's filling volumes
On the crime of buying votes.

Everybody, everybody
Ramping after fame and pelf—
Gosh! I too have caught the spirit,
Going to turn a scribe myself!

THIS is truth the poet sings. The high tide of books is upon us. In the spring the publishers drew long faces. The hundred thousand editions of last year had done their worst and stacks of unsold novels stood in the bookstores thicker than undigested securities in Wall Street. But as Christmas draws near all this is changed. The public cries once more for books and books they shall have, if Cyrus Townsend Brady and David Graham Philips have to sit up over night to supply them.

Besides the books by authors of the day we have with us legacies from others whom we, who love books, could ill spare and deeply regret.

The late Blanche Willis Howard has left behind her a translation from the German — "The Humming Top" — a wholesome and amusing description of the way St. Peter balances accounts in the next world. This little book will add a delightful recollection to our pleasant memory of the author. Another writer, whose place will long be vacant, is Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. Mrs. Waltz's death, just as her reputation seemed assured by the publication of the "Pa Gladden" stories in book form, brings a very real sense of loss to thousands. This is a loss too, in a special sense to the readers of LESLIE'S MONTHLY, for at the time of her death Mrs. Waltz was at work on a series of stories for this magazine.



WILL PAYNE.

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

THE mass of the fall books holds every year a few new names which stand out from the thronged publishers' lists and the new work of many well-known writers who, in past years, have pushed up out of the crowd and taken their place among the authors of the six best selling books of the month.

This year Winston Churchill has added another book, "The Crossing," to his proposed series of five novels of American life. "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" were the first two, but "The Crossing" fits in between them, as far as the period of the plot is concerned. The time is that of the Louisiana purchase, suggested by the publisher perhaps, in this year of the St. Louis Exposition, and this is a good example of that sagacity which is so important a quality in a popular author. Charles Major also has a new book, called "A Forest Hearth," of a decidedly different tone from "When Knighthood Was In Flower," and of a time somewhere in the early settlement of Indiana. The period in which historical novels are placed this year seems to have advanced a few centuries. Booth Tarkington, too, brought out a new novel, "Cherry," this summer, rather too early to be classed with the autumn novels, although the book is just beginning to make its way. If the literary collectors ever begin a search for Mr. Tarkington's earliest unsigned work they will find it in a comic paper, *The Princeton Tiger*, which he helped to revive when he was in college in the early nineties. That is his only open attempt at being funny, and so far he has withstood all temptation to return to his first field. There is one new book author of this fall whose lit-

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

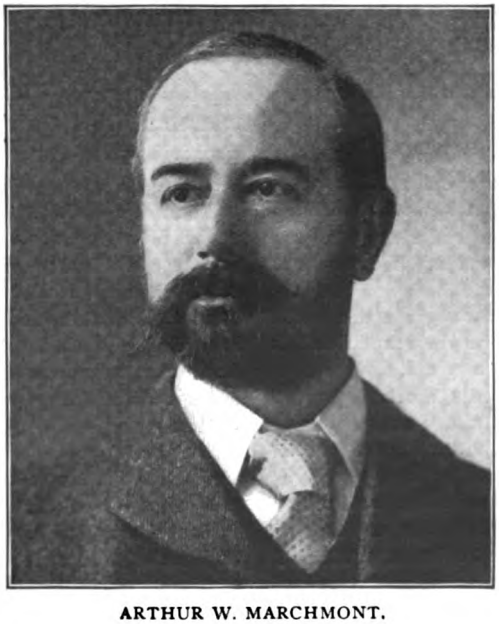
SAMUEL MERWIN.

DAVID GRAY.

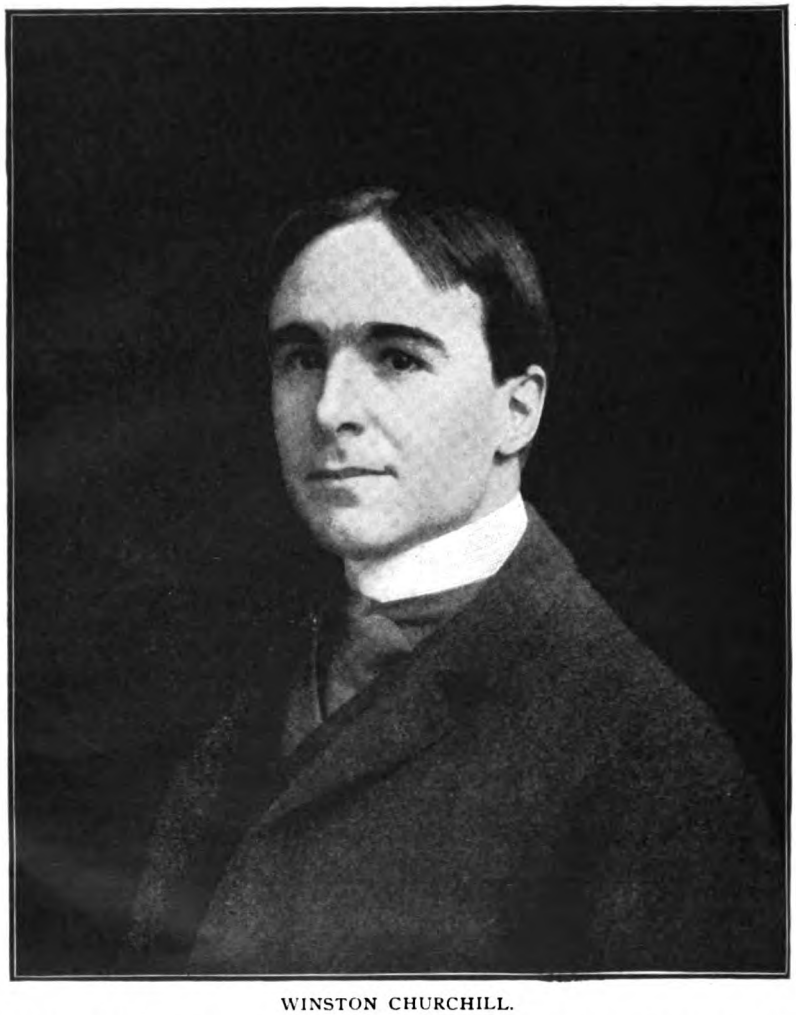
erary reputation is already as wide as that of any journalist in the country. Col. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has decided to publish a volume of lectures and addresses. The first copy of the book is to go to Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who is an old and intimate friend of Col. Watterson.

David Gray, Justus Miles Forman, Will Payne and Samuel Merwin are four of the younger set of authors who published their first books some time ago, and who launched their second or third volumes this year. They are all men whose magazine work has helped very largely to make them known.

"Gallops 2," David Gray's new book, is a second instalment of the hunting stories which first made his reputation in the *Century*. Nobody else writes stories of this particular little set of people quite so well as he does, and there is always a certain charm about his tales of their athletic leisure which appeals to less open air workers. Will Payne has already written a number of books, but "On Fortune's Road," the one he has finished for this season, is the best of them all. It is a vigorous business story by a man whose business experience has been both practical and theoretical. Beginning in a bank at the age of fifteen he worked there some five years, and then took a clerical position in Chicago, where he shortly became an editorial writer on the *Daily News*. He became city editor and then financial editor of that paper and after a while financial editor of the *Chicago Chronicle* and is now filling that chair on *The Economist*. Samuel Merwin has also made his hit with books which tell stories of business life. "Calumet K," and "The Short Line War" were the first two and now in "The Whip Hand" comes



ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT.



WINSTON CHURCHILL.

another clear cut tale of a business venture. Before Mr. Merwin wrote "Calumet K." with Webster, the two of them went to work at a Michigan lumber port in order to gain the necessary experience. Mr. Merwin found that he had better control of the theory of business than of its practice. He was given the job of lumber checker and he made a muddle of it such as the man in the story did.

Arthur W. Marchmont's work is more familiar than that of these younger men. His work is so much better known unfortunately than his face—for he is an Englishman—that we put his name last month under a portrait of W. H. Hulbert, the explorer of Siberia. Mr. Marchmont's book, "When I was Czar," is a story of the secret history of modern Europe, and more particularly of Russia. His training in newspaper work has resulted in giving him a rather unusual method of collecting his material. When a report of any occurrence strikes him as offering the opportunity he seeks, he tries to find out for himself at first hand the secret history connected with it. Although Mr. Marchmont is an Englishman, the hero of his story is an American, and an American of whom, although he is an imaginary person, his country may well be proud.

The race of "Goops" have made their creator, Gelett Burgess, famous, and each new edition of this circular small people, like the "More Goops," recently published, spreads their fame more widely. Mr. Burgess has recently bought a small property in Provence, near the Val d'Enfer, where Dante is sup-

CHARLES MAJOR.

posed to have gained the inspiratiou for his "Inferno." The property, which cost Mr. Burgess only $40, is supposed to contain more than twenty Roman tombs of the third century. One of them has already been opened and the others are to be explored this winter. Another book for children is "Children of the Arctic," which is written by a child—Marie Ahnighito Peary. This small authoress has probably one of the most magnificent sets of furs of any child in the world—blue fox, white Arctic fox, young musk ox, polar bear and eider duck skins, and other priceless furs —which her father, Commander Peary, picked up in his polar explorations.

Jessie Wilcox Smith has made some more drawings of children for the cover of "The Book of the Child," and for another book, of which we reproduce the cover. Some of these sketches are to go with verses by Betty Sage, which are charming enough to draw forth Miss Smith's best work. One writer for children, Ruth Ogden (Mrs. Charles W. Ide), however, deserted the younger people this year, and branched out with a Christmas message for grown-ups called "Friendship, the Good and Perfect Gift." The bargain-counter Christmas, with its plethoric Christmas tree and overburdened children, is too much with us. We welcome this protest of Mrs. Ide's and gladly pass on its message to our readers.

The Castles, Egerton and Agnes, are perhaps the only living examples of a husband and wife who collaborate in literary work as happily as in their domestic menage. So cunningly is their joint workmanship finished

COL. HENRY WATTERSON.

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

that it would be difficult enough to find out the author of any particular passage. But one definite result of this joint work—and a result that is especially noticeable in "The Star Dreamer" and "Incomparable Bellairs," their latest novels—is the finish and carefulness of their literary style. There is real pleasure in taking up any novel wherein the story is told in so compact, clear and self-controlled a way. To such work the novels of Thomas Dixon, Jr., though we recognize the qualties which make them sell, are in violent contrast. His second novel—"The Only Woman"—has just appeared, and the editions of his first book—"The Leopard's Spots"—are multiplying rapidly. Mr. Dixon began his literary work by writing sermons when he was the pastor of a church in New York. At present he lectures more informally and more widely throughout the country, and in the intervals, when he is not on his yacht or living at his estate in Virginia—an estate, by the way, which was formerly owned by Pocahontas—he writes novels of a distinctly hot-blooded type.

Of his first book, "The Leopard's Spots," it was Max Nordau who said that it "deliberately undid the work of Harriet Beecher Stowe," but as a presentation of a Southern point of view toward the problem which concerns the South the most, it was certainly interesting.

GELETT BURGESS.

RUTH OGDEN (MRS. CHARLES W. IDE).

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JANUARY, 1904

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Frank LESLIE'S Popular MONTHLY

AUTOMOBILE NUMBER

Mr. Brandenburg's Remarkable Human Story
"IMPORTED AMERICANS."
Being his personal experiences as an
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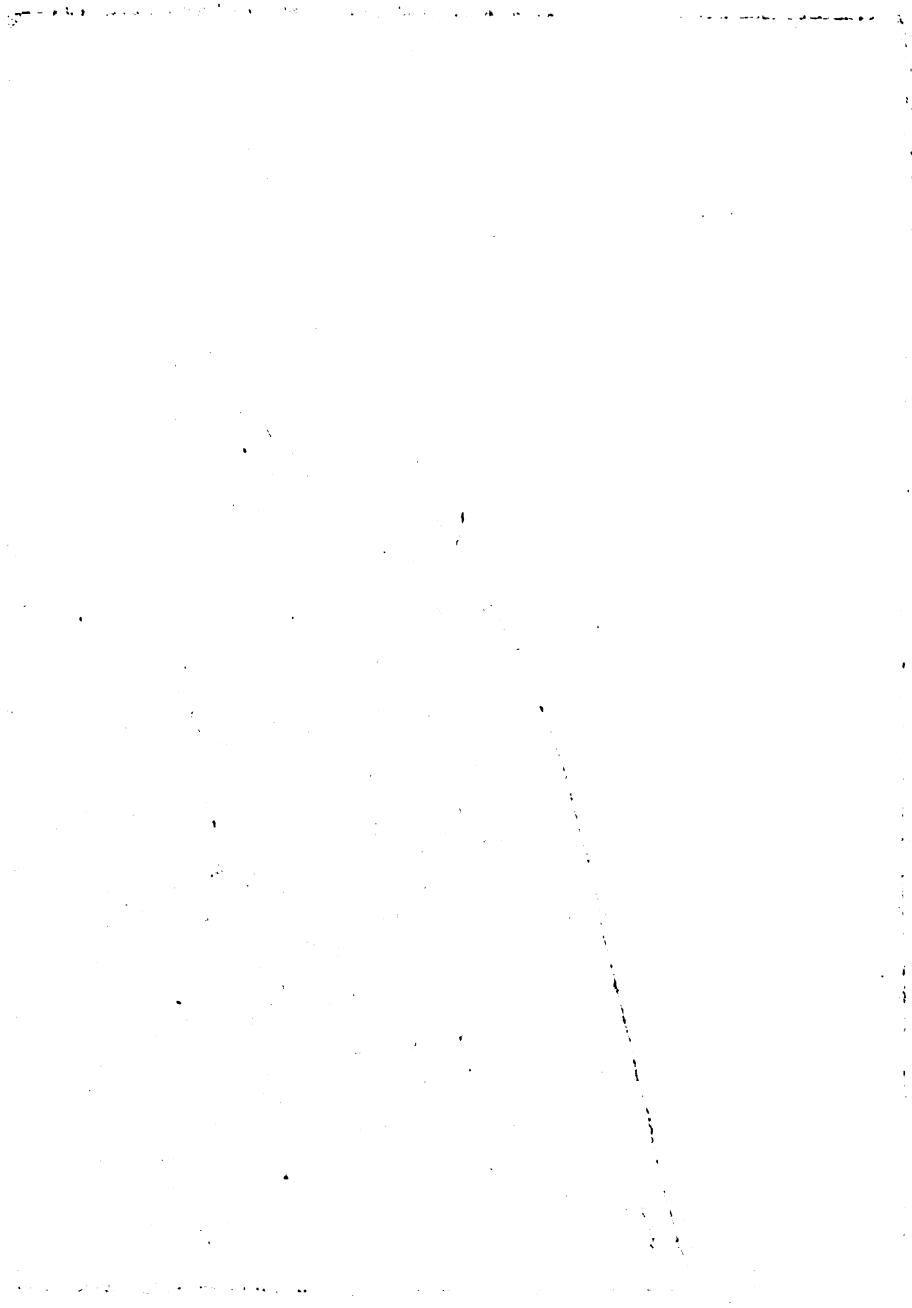

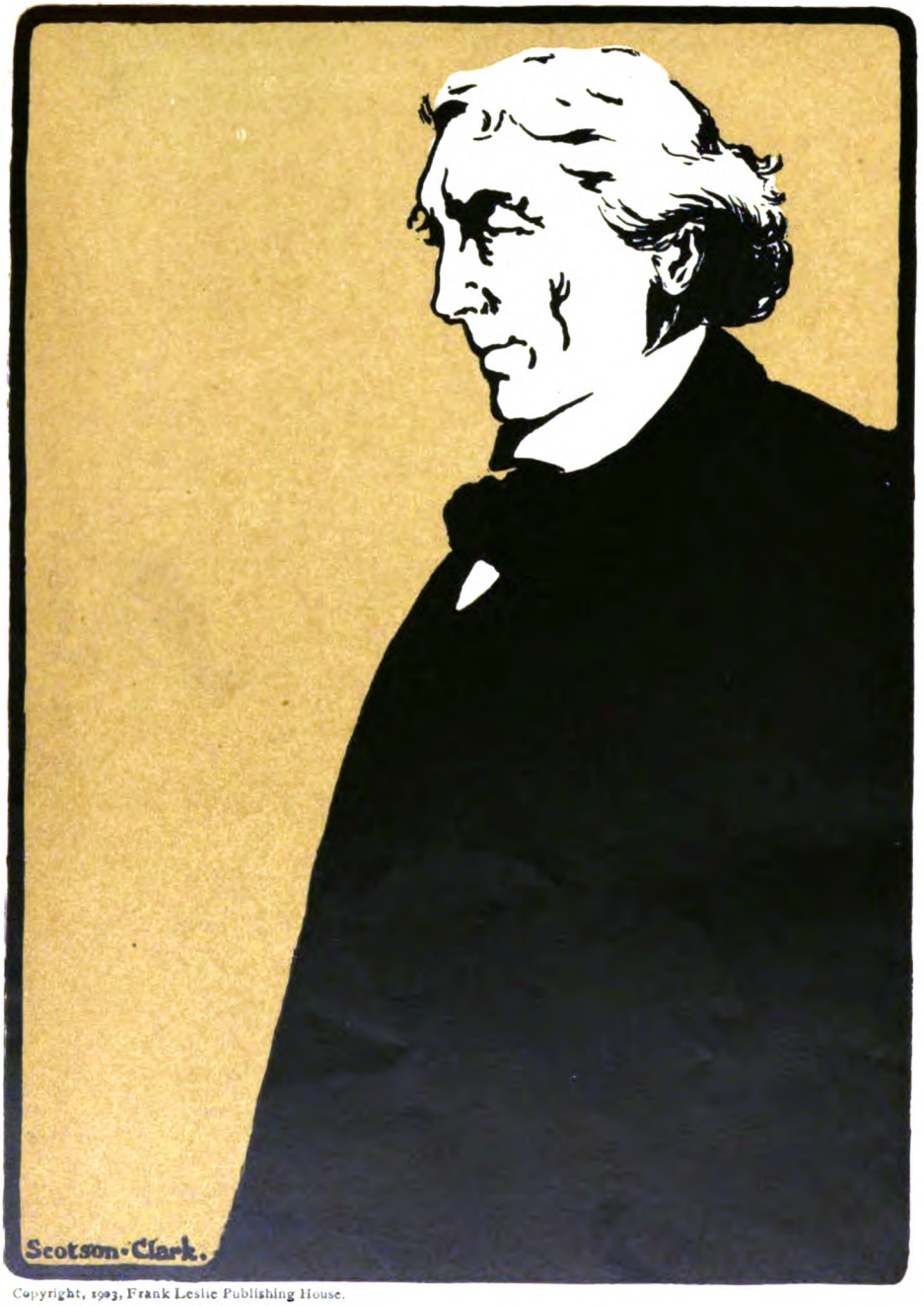

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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

VOLUME LVII. JANUARY, 1904 NUMBER 3

IMPORTED AMERICANS

Mr. Brandenburg.

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Mrs. Brandenburg.

THE problem of controlling the flood of immigration, of assimilating nearly a million souls —over one per cent. of our population—each year, stands pre-eminent among the questions confronting the Republic. Believing that the truth cannot be learned until we understand the immigrant's point of view, LESLIE'S MONTHLY *sent to the most prolific source of immigration—Southern Italy—its special correspondent, Mr. Broughton Brandenburg, accompanied by his wife, for in a study of this kind a woman's share is most important. Taking up their abode in Sicily, with a typical immigrant family, they returned with them in the steerage, passing as immigrants through Ellis Island. The narrative begins in Sicily after three months spent by way of preparation in the Italian quarter of New York, followed by an outward voyage in the steerage.*

THE HUMAN SWARM

IT was a strange sound which awoke me. Paradoxically, it was something very familiar, but the strangeness of it lay in that I was in Italy under the roof of a humble family in the little mountain town of Gualtieri-Sicamino, Sicily, and yet clear and sweet, very distinct in the air of the early morning, a boy's voice high up in the terraced vineyards on the slope before the town was singing: —

"——Who was it called them down?
'Twas Mister Dooley, brave Mister Dooley,
The finest man this country ever knew;
Diplomatic,
Democratic,
Oh! Mister Dooley—ooley—ooley—ooh."

Then there broke forth the chatter of the men, women and children who were gathering grapes, and had stopped to listen to an American song. The boy had been in America two years, his father had contracted consumption working in the New York subway, and the family had returned that he might recover in the balmy air of Sicily. One day the boy told me that as soon as he was big enough (he is eight years old) he was going to run away and go to America, because he could make more money selling papers after school than he could working all day in the fields in Gualtieri, and here he "never had no time for no fun."

The spirit of this incident is the spirit which to-day stirs all Italy, all Greece, all Syria, all Hungary and Roumania, and has spread deep into the hearts of the people of the whole of southern Europe. The eyes of the poor are turned

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with longing fancy to "New York." That is the magic word everywhere.

Knowing that the living truth of the great problem of immigration lay in the midst of the human swarm rather than in the ulterior aspect, and that more was to be learned from the humble, hopeful immigrant than from books or figures, we sought to find his level, to speak his tongue and to broaden our knowledge by joining a family about to go to America. Italy to-day sends four times more raw material for us to make Americans out of than any other country. So it was to Italy that we turned for our experiences. To prepare ourselves, my wife and I went to live in the Italian quarter of New York, and for months we studied the language, habits, customs of those about us. Then we voyaged to Naples in the steerage of the S. S. *Lahn*, registered as "Berto and Iniga Brandi," with seven hundred and fifty homeward-bound Italians, Greeks, Jews, Roumanians and Swiss. I hope and believe we left every prejudice behind.

It was only the day before we landed that we found in Antonio Squadrito the very man we were looking for. He and his father, Giovanni, were on their way home to Sicily to "get the women folks." When they heard our mission they were enchanted and begged us to go home with them without a moment's delay. But to begin our study without being conversant with general conditions, both urban and provincial, would have been folly, and so we bade them good-by for the time being and traveled on among the people through Tuscany, Umbria, Rome, Campania, Apulia, Abruzzi, Calabria, Basilicata, seeking the truth among the lowly, until the day came when we felt sure enough of ourselves to set out for Gaultieri, the home of the Squadritos. Gaultieri-Sicamino, Santa Lucia del Mela, Messina, Sicilia is the name of the community, as the postal authorities have it, but Antonio did not bother about the whole title, and neither need we.

One of the retinue.

As our train roared through the tunnels and toiled around the bold faces of the mountains the greater portion of that mid-afternoon, we were talking anxiously of what Gaultieri must be like, for it was set down in the books as a town of 5,000 people, and we feared that it would be much too large a community to yield the typical country family which makes up the great mass of Italian emigrants. Soon we left the heights and the narrow defiles and came down to the sea in plain view of the island volcano Stromboli, belching great volumes of vapor into the azure dome, and finally pulled up at Santa Lucia, bracketed in the time-table as the station of the town of Gaultieri. When we stepped out of the compartment the only building near at hand was the square, squat, stuccoed station, while a few houses straggled away in the distance.

To the north was the blue-green sea close at hand, to the east and west the bold knees of the mountains coming out to the water line, to the south the hills piled one on another, broken by twisting valleys. One description fits all southern Italy, the country from which the emigrant comes. I might add that now and then there are a few square miles of plain, but very few indeed. In the late afternoon, with the sunlight falling athwart the inland slopes, I could see how they were terraced like gardens in order to allow them to be cultivated and the terraces ran up to great heights. Certainly there was nothing about us to make us think we had come to a too city-like community for our experiment. Many, many miles away on the heights we could see some white houses in clustering villages, but if there was a town of five thousand people lying about somewhere it was rather artfully concealed.

As I surrendered our tickets to the *capo di stazione* I said:—

"Is this the station for Gualtieri-Sicamino?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, where is the town?"

"You go along this road."

He pointed to a narrow wagon road running along the tracks for a short distance, then winding into the heart of the hills. It was two inches deep with dust and the sun beat down on it with great fervor. In addition to our being encumbered with a heavy camera, and one carefully packed valise, I realized that it was about 110 Fahrenheit on that bit of the king's highway.

"How far is it to the town?"

"Eleven kilometers sir." Seven miles and more!

"I—I—suppose I can hire a carriage hereabouts?" I said, a little faintly I fear.

"No there is no cart around here now."

"How about a donkey or two?"

The station master swept the surrounding country with hand-shaded eyes and shook his head deprecatingly.

"No, all that I can see are carrying loads of grapes."

Seven mile's tramp in that dust and sun with our luggage, which contained photographic things too precious to leave out of our sight!

Half a mile from the station we passed three women going along at a sort of dog-trot with great baskets of figs, just picked, on their heads, and a rolled up bit of cloth between head and basket.

"I think I have the point of view of *those* women," said my wife's voice from the pillar of dust that surrounded and hid her as the salt did Mrs. Lot.

In a short time a farmer who had been on our train, overtook us. He was carrying a heavy sack of things the neighbors had commissioned him to buy in Messina, and in one hand he bore two salt cod, still dripping with brine. Later I learned that salt fish are a delicacy in Sicily and that the south of Europe is one of the best markets for Gloucester fishermen. My imperfect Italian caught his ear at once and when he learned that my native tongue was English he demanded eagerly whether I had been in America or not, and when I answered in the affirmative he said, I must excuse him, but were we not the friends that rich young Antonio Squadrito was expecting? Reluctantly enough I said we were, for my parting words with young Squadrito on leaving the *Lahn* were that he should keep our coming quiet and say nothing as to our nationality. There was very little in our appearance or conduct to show we were Americans, and all through our travels we took refuge in the wide disparity of the North of Italy dialects from the Sicilian, and those persons who did not think us Milanese or Turinese knew we must be French or Spanish—except in Gualtieri. There Antonio had let the cat out of the bag. The secret was too big for him, and as a result the whole town had been in a state of exalted expectancy for weeks.

"Are you rich young Antonio Squadrito's American friends?"

The farmer announced himself as our friend and said he would guide us straight to the Squadrito house, for he had a cousin in America, close to New York, in Cincinnati and, with the blessing of the Holy Mother, if his wife ever got well enough, he was going to go too, taking her and the family.

We might have been a traveling circus or an army with banners. Of every three people we met two at least turned

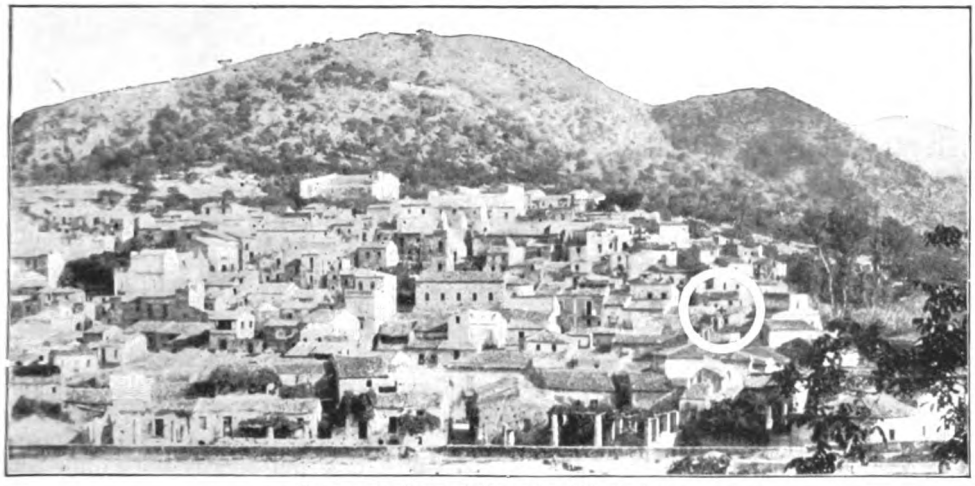
to escort us back to the town, while the news of our arrival was shouted to the inmates of every house we passed and to the hundreds of men, women and children who were toiling in the fields. We overtook a flock of sheep being driven two miles to water, and soon we formed the van of the most picturesque cavalcade imaginable—men, women, sheep, babies, donkeys and goats. At a distance the country looked sparsely settled. Close at hand we found that it veritably swarmed with life, for the average population is 2,500 souls to the square mile. The hills shut out the sun, a cool breeze sprang up, the boys gathered fresh figs for us from the wayside trees, grapes from vineyards as we passed, blackberries from bush-grown stone heaps, apples, pears, plums and *Ficus Indicus*, the thorn-covered, mango-shaped, golden-yellow fruit which grows on the edge of the thick leaves of the cactus hedges of Sicily, and forms a very important and staple article of food with the poor. There is a Sicilian proverb which says: "No matter how dire the misfortune there are fico d'indias."

Finally as we turned a sharp corner in the road we beheld the town, lit by the last rays of the sun filtering through a defile in the hills and, weary, hot and dusty as we were, something akin to relief and soothing satisfaction stole over us as we saw that it and the country about were absolutely typical of all we had seen in the provinces of southern Italy.

Gualtieri-Sicamino is a mass of stone-built, plaster-covered houses with a uniformity of architecture which hardly allows one to distinguish public buildings, stores or churches from private houses, and the whole is piled up against the face of a lofty hill. Nearly all villages in southern Italy are on the hilltops or the hill slopes, so that as a Roman wrote nearly two thousand years ago, "the land that can be cultivated with ease should not be cumbered with habitations." The general plan was identical with that of dozens of other villages we had visited, a street or two circling the base of the hill, one or two tiny squares, bare as new laid eggs, then a succession of zig-zag ways toward the top of the hill—ways—they are not streets, because in some places they are not more than three feet wide, and one-third of the climb the ascent is so sharp that stone steps are used. The village is much as it was eight hundred years ago. Below its edge was the two-hundred-foot ribbon of sand and shale and beyond, strongly walled in along its whole length from the sea to the heart of the mountains, the now dry bed of the *torrente*, dreaded for its dangerous character in the season of rains. Huge quantities of water, precipitated on the mountain sides at that season, gather their small torrents into one great stream which sweeps down the valley with incredible velocity and terrible destructive force. In Basilicata and in some parts of Calabria and Abruzzi, where emigration is rapidly depopulating the country and good houses can be bought for twenty-five dollars, so low is rent value, a constant wail goes

The Squadritos' home.

The "Torrente," or river-bed, is in the immediate foreground.



General view of Gaultieri-Sicamino.
The Squadrito house is just within the white circle to the right.

up because of the damage done by *torrentes*. The municipalities are so poor that when they have paid the government its share of the tithes there is nothing left for controlling the *torrentes*, let alone making any other less necessary municipal improvements.

Below us lay Gualtieri, with its white walls and dark tiled roofs, a rose-haze over it from the sinking sun, embowered in the clustering hills dark-green with vineyards and olive and lemon orchards, with the white belt of the *torrente* below and leading to the town from all directions ribbon footpaths, along which came donkeys panier-laden, little flocks of milk-goats, stoop-shouldered men bearing their long-bladed hoes and spear-shaped spades, and erect women with brilliant-colored skirts, and with water-jars, baskets, paniers or bundles on their heads.

Our little procession wound down to the bridge, which looked almost Syracusan it is so old, and across into the "square," on one side of which is the principal church, that of the Ascension, and on the other the municipal offices. The description sounds well enough, but the church is a low, squat building with a small tower in which reposes a cracked bell and a noisy clock, while the "municipal offices" are two rooms on the second floor of a wool merchant's combined store and home. The square, possibly sixty by one hundred feet, is the largest open space in the community. In all the town there is not a street over twelve feet broad and some would measure only four or three. As we wound out of the square into one of these narrow ways and heard voices proclaiming on every hand that "Antonio's Americans" had arrived, all fears that Gualtieri was too urban, and not a true type of the rural districts which send the emigrants, forever vanished from our minds.

Suddenly, in the narrowest part of the way in which we were, I saw over the door of a small hole-like room in the wall :—

BOTTEGA
DI
NICOLA SQUADRITO

and seeing two boys at work with a small anvil and hand-drill knew that this was the blacksmith shop of Antonio's younger brother. Two doors beyond a kindly old face appeared at the door an instant, our procession set up a shout, and something told me this was Antonio's mother. We were ushered into a large, cool, windowless room with a red tiled floor and bare, white walls, and along them rows and rows of hand-made rush-bottom chairs. There must have been forty of them, and it seemed to augur well for the size of the family ; but we learned later that the chairs stood there ready for the throng of neighbors who came nightly to hear Antonio tell of the marvels of America and to

laugh over his prodigious yarns of buildings twenty stories high. Nightly they would shake their heads and laugh and then Antonio would say: "Just wait till my American friends come and you can ask *them*."

Poor Mrs. Squadrito was almost beside herself. Our sudden descent upon her, the absence of all other members of the family in the vineyard east of the town, the highly excited crowd which was pushing its way into the doors behind us, were too much for her and she hastened to show us into an upper room—Antonio's room we could see at a glance—and to bar out the crowd.

In ten seconds she had brought a flask of fine old Marsala, in thirty more a plate of sugared cakes, in fifty a heaping basket of several sorts of grapes, fresh figs, pears, apples, etc., and it was with difficulty she could be restrained from bringing more. Swift-footed small boys had sped to bring Antonio and others of the family.

Let me say a word or two just here of the Squadrito family. Though Giovanni Squadrito at fifty-five is hale and hearty, the father of ten healthy children, yet his second

Nicola Squadrito and his younger brothers at the door of his smithy. Merlino Carmelo, the shoemaker steamship agent is sitting to the right.

son Antonio is the head of the family. Five years ago Antonio, at the age of twenty, came to America and began work in a barber shop in Connecticut. He was a well-built, handsome young fellow with a talent for the mandolin, and despite a thick layer of self-esteem well nailed on, his cleverness, tact and business acumen have been sufficient to net him a barber shop in Stonington, Conn., with four chairs doing a fine business, $8,000 in the bank, membership in the Foresters, Royal Arcanum, Barber's Union, and several social clubs, an American wife, the widow of a whale captain, who owns town property to the value of $60,000, and a thorough grasp of American ways as New England expresses them. But of the real America he knows nothing. His America is New York, Boston and the railroad that joins them. But for America as he knows it Antonio's enthusiasm is unbounded, and he is unqualifiedly in favor of transforming all Sicily into a New England county. In addition to his other achievements, four years ago Antonio brought over his older brother, Giuseppe, a little later his next younger brother, Carlino, and his father. These two brothers he left in America to run his shop, while he was taking his father home with him that they might bring back the women folks and the smaller boys together. During all the years he has been in America, besides giving employment to his brothers, Antonio has never failed to send home $5 or $10 every month.

Giovanina, the oldest daughter, is twenty-eight, and a lovable girl. For some years she was rather frail and her marriage with her soldier lover was deferred. He decided to stay in the army for another term, and he has been in the service fourteen years. In one year more he is to be discharged with a life pension and Giovanina thinks that then the long, romantic dream of her life will come true.

Next in the family comes Maria, a bright-eyed girl of twenty-three, wild with eagerness to go to America.

Carlino, I have said is already in America, and next younger than he, is Nicola, the blacksmith, with a shop

"Big John," the municipal secretary who gives the birth certificates.

in which he does really wonderful things with his hands. One day, for instance, he made a trunk lock with four tumblers, all parts from the raw metal, which was truly a marvel of handicraft.

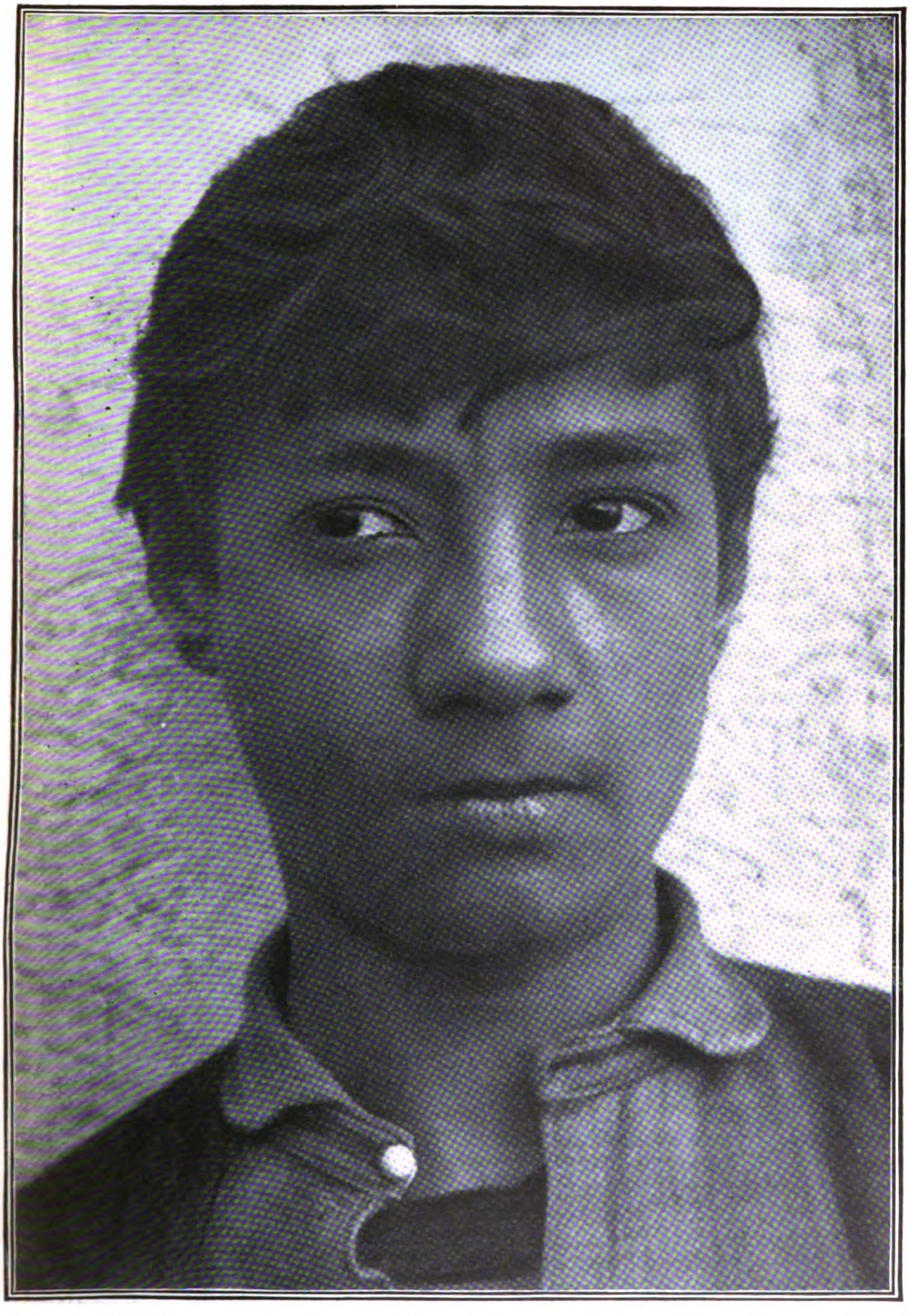
Vincenzo is a half-grown boy, merry, tuneful and irresponsible; but the most interesting character of all is the mother, now fifty-four years of age, a woman of most kindly heart. Her hands are gnarled and knotted with toil. In her ears are heavy gold earrings with antique coral centers. Once they belonged to her grandmother and some day they will descend to Catherine, her first grand daughter, the child of Giuseppe and his wife Camela. Giuseppe went to America to join Antonio within a year after his marriage and left as a tiny infant pretty little Catherine, named for her grandmother. The wife, who is a plain, hearty woman, can scarcely wait for the day when she reaches New York.

But here the family and half the neighborhood come trooping up the stairs, escorting Antonio, who since his arrival has been treated like a king, and now he welcomes us royally and we are dragged into a perfect maelstrom of introductions to cousins and friends, to emerge a trifle confused as to relationships and names.

When we had removed some of the grime of our tramp and displayed the mysteries of our kodak to the throng which could not contain its impatience concerning the black box and rolls of films, we were taken on a twilight

Concetta Fomica,

A cousin of Antonio Squadrito, who came with the party to her uncle in Boston.



Felicia Pulejo,

A nephew of Antonio Squadrito, who came to work in Lyun, Mass

Vincenzo, Guiseppe Cordillo, Nicola,

Tomasino, Mrs. Carmelo, Giovanni, Jr., Giovanina.

A family group taken by the author in his bedroom in the Squadrito house.

walk in the little plot of vineyard ground which Antonio had bought three years before, east of the town.

The ostensible object of the walk was to show the town to us, but the real one, as we soon understood, was to show us to the town. My wife walked with Antonio and his father; Melino Carmelo, the shoemaker and steamship agent, took my arm, and all the people who could crowd into the narrow street, formed a procession behind us, while heads peered from every window. From that time on, whatever we did, big or little, was done in procession. Did I desire to take a photograph of the town in the late afternoon from the hill opposite, five hundred inhabitants came to my help. If my wife went to the public laundry with the women, you would have thought the festival of the patron saint of laundries was in celebration. Did I go forth to the fields with the men at dawn, there was a host to witness.

It was not unusual for a whole family from far over the hills to arrive late some afternoon to pay their respects, and before they had been seated long a certain uneasiness on the part of the women culminated in the oldest man of the party producing from inside his shirt a strip of paper, much thumbed, torn and pasted. In faded ink it bore the name and address of a son, a brother, father, or perhaps daughter across the ocean. Though they knew my home to be New York, they were often disappointed because I could not give them news of the beloved relative in Bangor, Me.; Birmingham, Ala.; Brownsville, Tex., in Chili, Brazil or Canada. One man had a button photograph of Francisco Zotti, who had formerly been my neighbor in New York. As it chanced I once shook hands with Zotti, and when I told his relatives this they actually cried for joy.

The people have no true conception of America, though Italy is flooded with books of views principally of New York and the Pan-American Exposition, and there is a brave effort made by the Italians in America to write home adequate descriptions of the new land. Once I was called upon to settle a most bitter and acrimonious dispute between two men as to what America was like. One who had a brother in Wilkes Barre, Pa., thought it was all coal mines, steel mills and railroads, while the other, whose cousin worked in a New York barber shop, maintained that America was all high buildings and railroads which run over the housetops.

Everybody in the town called the afternoon after our arrival. It was toward six o'clock when our guests began to go and the family circle closed about us. We had had an abundance of fruit, but were not averse to a little dinner, yet none appeared to be forthcoming. Unsubstantial as it was to us, all that we had to say was meat and drink to the Squadritos. Rapt in excitement they stood listening to the stories of the land of their heart's desire and no thought of food disturbed them. At 7 o'clock my wife had told all that could be told of dresses, manners and customs in America. At 8 o'clock I concluded an impromptu lecture on the topic of American liberty, still no dinner. At 9 o'clock my wife had answered the last of the questions on the cost of groceries, rent and clothes, but no one mentioned dinner.

Antonio Squadrito and his Merino cousins.

At 9.30 I had described with minuteness what factories and mills were like, and my wife was expressing her liking for Italian dishes. At 10 (having lunched at 11 o'clock that morning) we both showed signs of faintness, but still talked on. At 11 all the children were asleep on the floor or in their mothers' arms, my wife seemed almost dead from fatigue, and my own exhaustion was complete, when something broke the spell and Mrs. Squadrito suddenly threw up her hands with a pious ejaculation and darted upstairs. In ten minutes we were seated at a most delightful supper, including a heaping dish of boiled snails. The whole family had forgotten in the excitement that neither they nor we had dined.

In this house, as most others, the top floor was used for the dining-room and kitchen. The kitchen was in one corner—a low sort of altar of stone, with a hollow in the center for charcoal.

People are up betimes in Italy. The very early morning hours are best for work, and a couple of hours labor is often accomplished before breakfast. An ordinary breakfast is made up of vegetable stew, bread and fruit. In summer fresh fruit is eaten, and in winter dried fruit. In fruit ripening season, on every housetop and balcony, figs are drying, raisins and prunes are in the making, and prematurely plucked fico d'indias are being made ready for winter use. Canned fruit is little used. A mash of tomatoes to use in winter with spaghetti is always drying at the door or on the housetop in the sunshine.

The midday meal is eaten usually about 11.30, and is much the same, only less is eaten in the summer, and perhaps, though only once or twice a week, some meat, eggs or fowl are made to take the place of the vegetable stew. In the evening soup is served, made with some one of the thousand sorts of spaghetti and macaroni. A meat stew may be added and more fruit and wine. I have seen poor families dine heartily off of black bread, fried pumpkin and fico-d'indias, and in homes of more pretension I have eaten good course dinners.

The men, women and children work in the fields, vineyards and orchards, transport products to market on mule-back, in mule-drawn carts or on platform carts drawn by great white or gray, long-horned oxen. A team of the latter is a beautiful sight. The women who are not in the fields, in addition to household work, carry heavy jars of water on their heads; wash clothes in the public *lavacro;* pick grapes, olives, fruits, almonds, walnuts; cut, mangle and clean hemp; gather, flail out and clean peas, beans, etc., and bear children. The duty of maternity is the first thought of the Italian woman. Fecundity is the prime marital virtue and the wife's principal hold on her husband's esteem.

There are many labors which are shared by the men, women and children, such as herding the goats, treading the grapes in the winepress, vegetable gathering and attending to the irrigation.

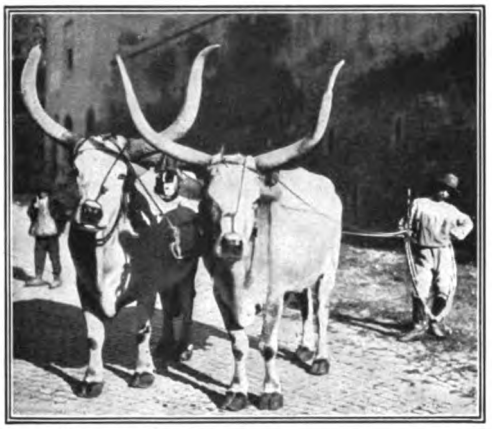
The morning of the second day, people began to come to us for advice and information. There were two or three old men in Gualtieri, old beyond the ability for anything but very light labor. They wanted to send their sons to America that the boys might get a foothold and then bring them over. They all asked me what was the best work for a young man to do in my country. All of these men were farmers living in the village who went out each day to

work the little patches of ground they called farms. These holdings were almost invariably owned by some one else, a few by well-to-do people in the village, most of them by the Duke of Auvergna who lives in Naples and never comes near Sicily, though he owns nearly all the ground around Gualtieri. The actual farmers tilled the soil, bought or preserved the seed, supplied the implements, looked after the construction and maintenance of the irrigation, harvested the crop and often marketed it, then gave the land owner's agent, the middleman at Faro near by, half of all they produced. Of what

Threshing the beans in September.

they had left, three per cent. went for direct or indirect taxes, and they gave "voluntarily" to the church one tenth of the remainder. A little calculation will show one that even if a farmer has a prosperous season and neither is in debt nor has any misfortunes, he only retains, when he has finished his contributions to the support of the non-producing classes, aristocrats, tradesmen, army, church and middlemen, but thirty-eight per cent. of all that he produces by toil from before dawn till after dark. When I say that ninety-four per cent. of the production in southern Italy is agricultural and that the onesource of wealth

Mangling the hemp in August.



The great, gray, long-horned oxen.

is the cultivation of the soil, and the control of all this wealth lies in the ownership of the soil, it can be understood how and why the poor farmer, who has heard what conditions are in the United States, will borrow money at twenty per cent. for six months to get himself or a son over here to establish a foothold from which he can broaden a space of relief and liberty.

If the Italian government did not favor and encourage emigration for any other reason, it would do so because the millions of dollars that are sent back to Italy every year have renovated many of the country districts, really transformed them from squalor to beauty, have recovered bankrupt municipalities, and annually insure a great increase in the volume of paid taxes.

Many of these boys in Gualtieri are anxious to go to America to escape the forcible conscription which, every two years, takes every other able-bodied young man, and keeps one-fifteenth of the able-bodied men of the country under arms at all times. The Italian government never relinquishes its claim on its men for military duty, and no matter whether they become American citizens or not, if they have not served their term and return to Italy they are arrested and conscripted. A notable test case of this was that of a young man from Baltimore, Scipriano, son of an Italian general, in which the government won.

Even though the Squadritos have raised themselves to an independent footing in Gualtieri and own a little land, the power of the landlord was demonstrated fully to me when, on the second day of our stay, Giovanni Squadrito got out from among the things he had brought back from America a nice piece of oil cloth, a treasure in Italy, and tramped off to Faro and presented it to the agent of the Duke of Auvergna, as a sort of propitiatory offering.

The public laundry of the village on a busy Monday.

One poor old woman toiled across the hills to see my wife to implore her to take her to America. She had a daughter who had gone there as a servant last year, and in the three months previous to the old woman's first visit to us she had had no letter nor no word of news. She was nearly frantic and wished to go in search of the girl. My wife was forced to tell her that she could never go to America, as the age limit and the public charge law would stop her.

The Merino family, living across the *torrente* in the western section of the town, being relatives of the Squadritos, were foremost in trying to do the honors of the relationship and were very anxious that a young nephew of theirs should go with us, but I saw at a glance that he had *favus* and I told them he would be excluded. He was insistent and started for Naples to take a steamer of another line, having been assured that by the payment of one hundred francs to some persons at Naples he could be smuggled through. Soon a telegram came from Naples, saying the people who were going to smuggle him had robbed him of every cent. He asked for more money and it was sent him and he sailed. I have so far failed to find any trace of him, but he did not return to Gualtieri and I believe he must have entered the United States through Canada. This was the very first hint of all the wealth of trickery and immigration fraud which I afterwards was able to lay my hands upon, and yet the case has escaped me.

One day we went to the little shoemaker shop of Marlino Carmelo, decorated with North German Lloyd advertisements, supplemented by posters of "Mrs. B. O'Shaughnessy, Wash Lady," as typical scenes of American life, and after a business talk with Carmelo, who has been twice in America, but was forced to return because of rheumatism, we proceeded to the office of the municipal secretary, an old man known in the village as "Giacomoza"—his name being A. Giacomo and the appellation signifying his importance—and there secured the birth certificates for the Squadrito family who were to go on Antonio's passport. When these had been vised by the local police Carmelo sent them to the North German Lloyd branch office in Messina to obtain passports.

Our party from Gualtieri was framed in this fashion: Antonio Squadrito, Camela Squadrito and her child, Caterina; Mrs. Squadrito's brother, Giovanni Pulejo, a barber; Felicia Pulejo, a nephew; Concetta Fomica, a pretty young cousin; Antonio Nastasia, a sixteen-year-old boy neighbor; Gaetano Mullura, in the same category; Nicola Curro, aged twenty-seven, an intimate friend of the family, a finished cabinetmaker; Nunzio Giunta, son of a prominent family of the village, a big, powerful fellow of twenty-three, just out of five years' service in the police or Carbineers; Salvatore Niceta, Benedetto Runzio, Luciano Sofia and Salvatore Damico, four farmer boys from Gualtieri-Socosa, a detached village of the community, all going to the Banca Gelantado in Philadelphia, destined for the mines. We were to meet others in Naples. Finally a packet came.

"Well, here are the passports," said Antonio laughing with forced gaiety. "We will catch the *Princess Irene*, October 2d, from Naples, and we will leave here the 29th, so you can begin to pack up in a hurry."

The boys ran screeching and screaming with sheer joy and excitement into the streets, and poor old Caterina Squadrito, suddenly forced to realize that more of her brood were about to depart, sank down on a pile of fig baskets, covered her face with the corner of her *fazzoletta*, and began to cry softly.

"Not even the very plainest one was less than five hundred dollars."

MY OFFICIAL DINNER DRESS

By JEANNETTE DICKSON CANDLISH

With Drawings by W. L. JACOBS

New York, February 6, 19—

MY DEAR VERA:

Three whole days have passed, and I promised to send you a line at once, explaining what the "something important" telegram was all about. I know you have decided never to forgive me for leaving you in suspense all this time, but you will when you hear what exciting adventures befel me.

How disappointed I was when that telegram came! I thought it so cruel of Tom to send for me. Lakewood is an ideal spot just now, and I was enjoying every moment to the fullest. I am sure I should have been a famous golfer soon. I can't possibly come back, as we had planned—at least, not at present. You no doubt received my message last night asking that your maid pack my luggage and send it on at once. The want of those belongings nearly overwhelmed me with disaster, and thereby hangs the tale which you shall soon hear.

Even if I had known what was expected of me, I hardly see how I could have managed better. There was scarcely time to reach the station, as it was—not a moment to lose. Nearly every seat was taken in the drawing-room car, but I located myself as comfortably as possible, spread out that telegram, and once more began to speculate what it could mean.

"Leave on three p. m. train. Something important. Meet you Jersey City.

TOM."

It was sent from New York, and that rather puzzled me, as he had expected to remain in Albany until Saturday, if not longer. I wrinkled my brows for some time over the situation, and finally deciding that it must be something about those tiresome bills he is trying to get through the Legislature, I buried myself in the book you so kindly thought to tuck in my bag at the last moment.

Almost before I could believe it, Jersey City was called out, and I hurried down the platform to meet an expectant husband. Expectant husbands there were in plenty, but not mine. I was somewhat astonished, and after waiting some little time hoping he might appear, I took the boat crossing to South Ferry.

At South Ferry still no eager husband. I now became somewhat alarmed at his non-appearance. The roar and hurry was all so bewildering. I was trying to decide what I should do—go home, or drive directly to Tom's office—when I felt my bag and umbrella seized, and Tom's voice saying: "My dearest girl, forgive me for not meeting you at Jersey City. I could not get away a moment sooner. It just occurred to me that you might have taken the Liberty Street Ferry, and I am so relieved to find you here. Give me your checks, quick, we haven't a moment to lose."

"I haven't any," I said. "I left all my luggage behind except this bag. I didn't have any time to pack my boxes, and am going back to-morrow if I can."

He looked simply horrified, but after a moment managed to gasp: "But your dinner gowns, they are not all at Lakewood?"

"Yes, all of them—that is, all of my smart ones. Why?"

This bit of information almost staggered the dear fellow, and afterward, when I understood the situation, I was not at all surprised. He gathered himself together, however, and calling an automobile which he had in waiting, in a moment we were whirling up town before I had time to ask a question. As he threw open his coat I observed that he was already in evening dress, and I

exclaimed: "Well, what does it all mean? Why did you send for me? Please explain. What has happened?"

"You see, dear," he said, "It's about my bill. I think we are going to get it through, and you must go with me to a dinner at the Blacks to-night, to meet Governor Trevor. My plan was to take you directly to the Holland House to dress, as we would lose too much time by going home, and I supposed you would have everything you needed with you. But we must think of something else now, and quickly too. Mrs. Black is Governor Trevor's sister, you know. It's going to be a gorgeous affair and you must help me play my winning cards to-night. Think, dear, what it means if I do win! I understand that the Governor personally is not prejudiced against the bill, but there has been a powerful lobby working against it. I have not had time to write you fully about it, but when it came up before the Assembly there was a fierce debate. A certain faction opposed it solidly. It went through, though, passed the Senate, and is now in the Governor's hands, though not yet signed.

"Two or three of the leaders of the opposition are to be there to-night also. Senator Hatch, and Mr. Bell, I think you have met. They expect to get in some fine work, but that is just what we must foil. If I can only turn the conversation at dinner my way for a while, I shall be all right, and your part is to come later. I don't want those fellows to get a chance at him after dinner, and as soon as you can manage it after the ladies have gone to the drawing-room I want you to run your fingers over the keys of the piano and begin to sing. Mrs. Black says that the Governor is passionately fond of music and was a devoted admirer of yours in the old days when you sang here. She also says she knows he will leave the dining-room as soon as you begin to sing. You see, Mrs. Black is in my confidence, and knows what I am trying to do.

"Dearest, you must sing for my success, sing him away from those men and everything except the enjoyment of the present moment. He leaves early—about eleven—to go to Albany, and we must prevent those politicians from having an interview with him. If the Governor does leave us and follow you to the drawing-room, I shall endeavor to keep them talking as long as possible, to gain time, before we join you. They are almost certain that he will yet veto the bill, but I am just as certain that he will sign it if we can make our plan work successfully. You see, I want an opportunity to talk for a short time, and I want you to *prevent them* from talking. Dearest, I hope you are in good voice."

"But Tom,"—I could have shrieked with disappointment—"I can't go. I haven't any gown."

"Haven't you something at home that you can wear?"

"No, no,—nothing that I can think of,—not a single gown suitable." And I was in tears by this time.

"Couldn't you borrow one of Mrs. Black's?"

This was really so awfully funny that I laughed through my tears. Mrs. Black is so large,—I am sure her waist measure is quite forty inches—and, well—I admire her tremendously, but I can't imagine myself borrowing one of her gowns. I told Tom not to be a goose, and tried harder than ever to think of some dress at home that I might have forgotten.

All this time the dear boy was looking at me in the most helpless kind of way. The situation seemed so hopeless, when suddenly, out of a clear sky, an idea that proved to be an inspiration came to him.

"I have it! Don't you remember those Paris gowns you were telling me about the day you went away? Where did you say they were?"

"At M——'s, on Broadway. But, my dear, not even the very plainest one was less than five hundred dollars. Those are out of the question."

"Five hundred—or a thousand—or ten thousand—won't matter if the evening is a success. There must be one among them that will certainly suit you." And before I could speak he was instructing the

at M———'s, and promised him an extra dollar if he would reach there in ten minutes.

By this time, it was quite five-thirty o'clock, and the dinner was at seven. Just imagine my feelings! We bumped over the pavements at a fearful pace. I have dim recollections of running over everything except the cable cars—and how he managed to reach there in so short a time will ever remain a mystery, but in exactly nine minutes we stood before the door. Telling the man to wait, we hurried to the department where the imported gowns were displayed. I explained to the usher in charge, in as few words as possible, my unpleasant predicament, and how imperative it was that I should have a handsome dinner dress and all that was necessary, before seven o'clock,—Tom adding that he would be glad to pay for any extra time the saleswomen might be detained after six o'clock, or for anything else, as we must be served.

After some consultation and a certain amount of red tape, that seemed very unnecessary, everything was arranged. While I was deciding on the gown, messengers were dispatched to the different departments for the other things I needed,—gloves, slippers, silk stockings, petticoats, fans, etcetera.

The first three dresses I tried on were lovely to look at, but did not fit me in the very least. I began to be wildly impatient, as the time was flying so fast. The fourth, however, proved a success. The softest panne velvet—one of those exquisite French pastel shades. I can scarcely describe it. It was like an opal with its beautiful changing tints, the color always eluding you, like an old song that haunts the memory. It was all covered with some lovely, silvery, irridescent stuff, that made me think of Elsa's wedding gown that I used to wear in "Lohengrin." It was exquisite, yet so simple, and fitted perfectly except for one slight alteration that would occupy but a few moments. I exhibited myself to Tom, and he was so delighted that I feared he would kiss me then and there. (I may as well chronicle that he made it up afterward, and more!) I didn't dare to ask the price, but left that part to Tom. I slipped out of it in a twinkling, and hurried away with my bag to make as much of a toilet as possible under the circumstances. One of the private offices with a tiny dressing-room had been placed at my disposal, and my stage training made me equal to the occasion. You see, there was no time to go home, or even to a hotel. Fortunately, my hair is not the kind that needs the crimping iron, and I arranged it as quaintly as possible, to suit the gown, which was soon ready. I was simply whisked into it, one of the saleswomen putting on my stockings and slippers, while another was hooking and arranging my gown.

Quickly choosing a simple little pink opera cloak, fan, gloves, etc., I was ready to leave at twenty minutes to seven. Tom had, in the mean time, arranged the financial part of the scene. He was easily identified, and had given his check for—listen, my dear, eight hundred and forty-three dollars; and also five dollars to the young women who had so kindly assisted me and made these lightning sales.

We found our faithful Jehu waiting, and off we flew again. We crossed over to Fifth Avenue, and scarcely spoke after we were well on our way, both were so full of thought, wondering what the evening might bring forth. We had reached Twenty-third Street, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue cross each other, when suddenly there was a terrific crash and bump. We were thrown from our seats in a huddle on the floor of the coupé, and then it began to settle down on one side, like a ship going to the bottom.

Just fancy, I never screamed!

There was broken glass all around us, and instead of being frightened, as any well regulated woman should have been, I had the queerest far-away, shivery feeling for a moment, as if I had come to the very end of everything. As luck would have it, poor Tom was the under dog in the fight, but finding that neither of us was hurt, he untangled himself as quickly as possible, crawled out, and then rescued me with the help of a big, burly policeman.

Even in this short time, a crowd had begun to collect and in a moment it seemed to my excited vision as if the number had swelled into the hundreds. We had been going at a terrific rate of speed, and in trying to slip between a Fifth Avenue 'bus and a Twenty-third Street cross-town car, had managed to collide with both. One of the wheels of our auto was completely taken off, and the 'bus was in a rather sad condition. The driver, our chauffeur, the motorman and conductor of the car, were ready to slay each other. The policeman, as I thought, was about to take us all to jail, when Tom handed him his card. He recognized the name at once, and after looking searchingly at Tom for a moment, was affability itself. Tom told the officer it was imperative that we should not be detained. Another coupé was called, and while waiting, it was decided that the officer should arrange things as best he could that night, and leave the final settlement of the affair until morning.

I had been standing all this time in my white satin slippers, in the middle of the damp street, a vision of pink and silver, nothing on my head, and the wind playing havoc with my hair. The snow had begun to slowly drift down in huge flakes, and altogether the situation was too absurd. Can't you imagine it? Like a stage picture in an old-fashioned melodrama. The beautiful lady (that's me!), the villain (that's Tom), the curious crowd, the flickering lights, and Madison Square in the dim background.

We really were not delayed more than ten minutes, but it seemed that many hours before we were on our way again. It was so unnecessary for all this to happen when we were not a dozen blocks from our destination.

You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that we arrived at the Blacks' without any further mishap. On reaching the dressing-room, I found that I had two whole minutes in which to admire myself. I turned away from the mirror really quite as satisfied as if I had planned this toilette a month in advance, instead of being put together by electricity.

Going down stairs, Tom squeezed my arm and whispered—"You are a poem, my dear, I'd like to kiss you."

I snubbed him severely, as in a moment more we were greeting our hostess and being presented to the Governor. As we moved away, I heard him say to Mrs. Black—"What a handsome woman. I did not understand the name."

"Mrs. Norris," she answered, "Mrs. Tom Norris."

I pretended to be listening to Mr. Black, and heard him reply—"Not Tom Norris, who drew up the Norris Bill?"

"Exactly. That is Mr. and Mrs. Norris. She was Corinne Du Pré, the singer, before her marriage. Don't you remember?"

"Why, yes. Certainly, now I do. I remember, too, that I used to call her 'La belle Corinne.' By Jove isn't it a joke! I'm glad they are here. I think I shall have to draw Mr. Norris out a bit."

We were the last to arrive, and dinner was just then announced. I do not know that I shall believe in the future that "eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves." I felt just a little bit guilty, however, when Mr. Black offered me his arm to take me out, as I had not been listening to a word the dear man had been saying. You know, or rather, you don't know, what a talker he is, and during dinner I took advantage of this to watch affairs at the other end of the table occasionally.

Senator Hatch and Mr. Bell were doing all they could to keep the conversation away from politics, and succeeded until dinner was nearly over. I really felt quite nervous, but Tom told me afterward he was simply biding his time, waiting for a happy opening, which he knew he could force, if necessary, but he preferred to have the subject come up naturally. He made the most of his opportunity when it did come, for finally the Governor leaned across the table and referred something directly to Tom. Mr. Black just then required my attention, but soon I observed that everybody was listening. Tom is usually so quiet, you know—not a man of many

"More charms for him than cigars and politicians."

words—but when he has something to say, and thinks a thing is right, he can be most eloquent. Vera, dear, I'm going to tell you something,—away down in the deepest, most subterranean chamber of my heart I'm certain it was not anything that Tom or I did by ourselves alone that night, that brought about the glorious result. I believe there is a Mighty Central Power that rules this Universe, that governs and arranges every detail. There was a great wrong to be righted, and Tom was the instrument chosen, the means by which it was to be accomplished. While it will bring him personal success, after all that may be his real reward, who knows? He used the best human tools at his command,—himself, my voice, my personality perhaps—but there was a power behind and above us.

You will think something must have happened, and that I am getting queer since I left you. It must be because I am sleepy, and can't see what my pen is writing. Good night, dear. I'll finish this in the morning, when my pen will behave better, and in the meantime only think of me as

Your frivolous
CORINNE.

February 7, 11 a. m.

DEAREST VERA:

Good morning, dear. Here I am, and the cobwebs of last night quite brushed out of my brain! Where did I leave off? I left Tom talking with Governor Trevor. He certainly had something to say that night, and said it in a manner that carried conviction. I could see that the Governor was impressed, for he occasionally nodded his head as if to say—"That's true."

As for me, I was as much interested as if I had never heard anything of the subject before. As soon as Tom had finished, or rather, as soon as he could interrupt him, Senator Hatch began in his smooth way to attack some of the points Tom had made, but Mrs. Black, at this critical moment—God bless her—gave the signal for the ladies to retire, saying with a pleasant laugh that "if the men were going to talk horrid politics we would not stay!"

I observed that she gave Tom a significant glance as she passed through the door which he held open, and I knew the time was near for me to play my part in this drama. I had simply toyed with my dinner, as I knew I could not sing otherwise. If the glance Tom had exchanged with Mrs. Black was significant, the look he gave me would have moved a heart of marble. After a little chat with one or two of the ladies, I sat down beside Elsie Black. She whispered that I was a dream in my pretty gown, and looked as if I had just stepped out of an old picture. In her usual way of jumping from one subject to another, like a bird in a tree, hopping from limb to limb, she announced that she was taking singing lessons, and wouldn't I look over some of her songs. This gave me an opportunity to go to the piano, and while she was looking over her music I began running my fingers over the keys, and presently sang the opening bars of "Caro Nome." Some telepathic power must have made the Governor feel that I was calling him, calling him to leave the influence that was working against my dear Tom.

"Gualtier Maldé! Nome di lui si amato." I am sure that music is sweet enough to move any heart. Dear old Verdi! He never wrote anything more exquisite for a woman's voice.

Almost before I could believe it, the official gentleman appeared in the doorway, and I felt successful thus far, at least. But could I hold him? That was my one thought, and like the heroines we read of in the Russian novels, who play such an important part in politics, I felt I must or die.

I paused for a moment, as if tremendously surprised to see him. He came forward with a pleasant smile, and expressed himself in a most happy way, saying, "Gilda had more charms for him than cigars and politicians."

After chatting a few moments about the time he saw me first in this very opera, "Rigoletto," I commenced again at his request "Gualtier Malde," and never in my old professional days did I try harder to please than I did to charm that man and keep him at my side. I sang snatches from "Carmen," "Mig-

non," "Faust,"—and after a long time the other men came in. Tom, dear old fellow, I could see was delighted with the way things were progressing. We sang together some of the duets from "La bohême," and though he has not much of a voice, he sings with great taste for an amateur. When we finished, His Excellency said to me: "Your husband is certainly a success at draughting bills that keep the politicians by the ears, but he seems to have been successful in more ways than one."

Several times I observed Senator Hatch and the others look impatiently at the group about the piano, but I redoubled my efforts to be entertaining until the Governor should leave, which he did shortly before eleven o'clock.

I assure you, my dear Vera, that that short hour and a half in the drawing-room was almost as severe a strain as singing a whole opera. I felt that there was so much at stake for dear Tom. As the Governor was about to go, I heard Senator Hatch ask him if it was possible to have a short interview that night. He replied that he was extremely sorry, but it would be impossible. He would see them in Albany at 12 o'clock the following day.

It seems they were intending to go to Washington that night, they were so certain they "had" the Governor, but they gave up their trip and went to Albany early the next morning. Alas for them and their hopes, however—for before twelve o'clock he had signed the bill. Tom subsequently learned it was almost the first official business to which the Governor gave his attention.

Tom is going to Albany to-night to see about some Commissions that are to be appointed, and I have been invited to go up with Mrs. Black for a visit at the Executive Mansion. Mrs. Black is always the hostess for her bachelor brother, you know.

Please send on my luggage at once, for I am sure, my dear Vera, I shall need something beside my official dinner dress. With a thousand good-byes,

Ever your own

CORINNE.

P. S. Luggage just received. Thanks, tremendously.

BERTIE AND THE DOORSTEP

By JOHN WORNE

With Sketches by F. C. CLARKE

THERE was a rather stormy scene. It was not the first time there had been a stormy scene, for Eva, though a dear thing, was a little apt to give way to temper and Bertie certainly was lax in his view of the duties of a fiancé. But not nearly half the things that people said of him were true; in this case, for instance, it really was his cousin with whom he had been seen at a theater the evening before. But Eva didn't believe him for one moment. And what's more, she fully intended not to believe him so long as he kept up that irritating "don't care" manner as if he ran no risk of losing that priceless jewel, her love. She meant to show him this time that he was playing with the edge of a precipice.

She had just denounced him hotly at some length, making it clear that henceforth their paths lay far asunder. "Well I suppose that's all we need say about that," he said cheerfully. "I see what you mean. Let's talk of something more pleasant."

"Never speak to me again," she re-

plied haughtily, "and kindly leave the house!"

"I was talking this afternoon," he said, with an exasperating drawl, "with the man you were engaged to the season before last." This was a shaft he found useful whenever they parted for ever. "Not Mappam, you know—the other one." She tossed her head indignantly.

"I've often tried to find out from him," he went on, "whether you left him or he left you, don't you know—" This was more than anybody could bear; she was accustomed to his frankness; it was one of his charms; but this—!

She hurried to the door.

At 4 o'clock.

"Are you going?" he said, "I suppose I shall find you at the Wardlaw's to-night? I shall call again to-morrow afternoon."

"You shall never come into this house again," she said fiercely.

"Then I shall do something that will make you sorry."

"What will you do?" she asked.

"'Build me a willow cabin at your gate. And call upon my soul within the house.' They do that in Shakespeare."

She turned contemptuously and left the room, and finding it dull alone, he went too.

At the Wardlaw's that evening when he came up for his usual six dances she was coldly unaware that she had ever been introduced to him. He apologized and brought Mrs. Wardlaw who, though she had known them both since childhood, performed the necessary ceremony. Then he discovered that she was sorry but hadn't a spare dance on her program. He offered to get her another one, a nice clean one, and write on it himself. She declined, so he danced seven times obtrusively with Maude Noreham, whom she hated, coming up at intervals to inform her that she had dropped her program and handing her a new one each time, all beautifully filled up with his own initials and the various pet names he enjoyed in happier times. But it was all of no use.

Next day he appeared at the door at 4 o'clock and rang.

The footman had had strict orders.

"Miss Rowen at home?"

"No sir."

"Mrs. Rowen?"

"No sir."

"Mr. Rowen?"

"No sir."

"Any of the little Rowen's?"

"No sir."

"The nurse, perhaps?"

"No sir."

"Ah."

"Shall, I say you called, sir?"

"Oh, no; I'm expected. Didn't they tell you?"

"Very good, sir." With difficulty the footman repressed a smile. As Bertie showed no signs of going he was puzzled. The situation was new. What does a well-trained servant do when a popular guest, not a tramp, refuses to leave the doorstep?

"Don't keep the door open," said Bertie, "there's a draught."

"Very good, sir." The footman put his hand over his mouth and was about to close the door.

"Oh, by the way, John!"

"Yes, sir."

"You might just mention that I'm here."

"Very good, sir." And he went to the drawing-room. It was Mrs. Rowen's at-home day, a fact which Bertie knew. Eva was entertaining two early arrivals. At least, it wasn't really entertaining, but that is what it is called. Solemnly John announced: "Mr. Bertie Pilkinghame is on the doorstep."

Eva bit her lip. "You told him Mr. Rowen was not at home?"

"Yes, miss."

"That will do." John retired solemnly and Eva congratulated herself on her happy idea of pretending that he came to see her father. It saved awkward explanations. Bertie stood outside and studied the beautiful brass knocker. A carriage drove up and two

ladies got out. He knew them, shook hands and rang the bell. John appeared.

He studied the beautiful brass knocker.

The elder of the two asked if Mrs. Rowen was at home. John looked at Bertie, hesitated for a fraction of a second, and said, "Yes, ma'am."

The two stepped inside, expecting Bertie to follow. But he only said: "Is Mrs. Rowen at home?"

John coughed, and said: "No, sir."

"Miss Rowen?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Rowen?"

"No, sir."

"Any of the little Rowens?'

"No, sir."

"The nurse, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; shut the door, there's a draught," he sighed.

And in the drawing-room Eva had to invent elaborate explanations on the spur of the moment of the unhappy position of dear Mr. Pilkinghame. "He came to see papa," was no good at all, for they had distinctly heard him ask for everybody, including the nurse. Eva was very hot and red, and changed the subject.

John announced Mrs. Wardlaw and Miss Wardlaw.

"How do you do, my dear?" said Mrs. Wardlaw. "Why on earth is poor Mr. Pilkinghame sitting on the doorstep? Such a funny thing to do on the Avenue."

Eva began all over again and they all helped to explain, and Mrs. Rowen joined in and there was general rejoicing at having something to discuss. The poor girl was furious, and after repeated and violent efforts had just succeeded in turning the conversation when John announced Lord Bobby Dalmainham (pronounced "Dam") a recent importation of Bertie's. "How do you do?" said Lord Bobby. "I say, you know, Miss Rowen, what *have* you been doing to your young man? I had to step over him, and he only wagged his head and said: 'This is what they do in Shakespeare?' Do they?"

So Eva, feeling an almost irresistible impulse to hurl things about, began again the same poor, threadbare explanation, and glancing by chance out of the window she saw small boys collecting and a policeman looking on suspiciously from the opposite side of the road. It was a most uncomfortable afternoon. The next visitor who arrived looked deeply concerned, and wanted to know if Mr. Pilkinghame, having lost his fortune, had become a gentleman cab-runner; and yet another who, with much delicacy, had said nothing, openly retired with a cup of tea into a corner and inquired of a friend whether Eva's cruelty had driven the poor young man out of his mind. It was obvious to all that the subject was a sore one, so they discussed it under their breath in little groups. There was a general impression that Eva had no doubt been behaving badly, and an anxiety to dis-

This is what they do in Shakespeare.

cover whether the engagement was at an end and who was to blame, and wherever Eva came the conversation changed suddenly and became commonplace and strained.

"You had better let him in," whispered her mother hurriedly.

"Never!" she said, clenching her fists and with difficulty keeping back tears of rage.

And through it all she had to smile and smile and be cheerful and witty. Oh why didn't those awful people go?

John came in. She looked at him with apprehension. This time he carried a tea-tray. It ought to be mentioned that he had just been presented with a five dollar bill and a promise of immediate employment in case of dismissal. He came up to the tea table and held out the tray.

"Well?" asked Eva. He replied audibly, "Mr. Pilkinghame says, miss, that he will have his tea very nicely on the doorstep."

There was a pause in the conversation and all eyes were turned on her with interest. She gulped down her wrath, tried to laugh lightly and with trembling hands poured out a cup of tea for him. It would look too absurd to say "No," or tell the man to send him away, and he certainly should never, never, *never* be allowed to come in.

"Two lumps, he usually takes miss."

She put the sugar in and John went out with the tray and a cake basket. As he reached the door he turned and said, "And I was to say, miss, that as it is just beginning to rain, have you got such a thing as an awning?"

"*Two lumps he usually takes.*"

"Take him—take him—an umbrella," she stammered, too miserable now even to care what all the people were thinking. Oh, wouldn't she like to have a firm grip of that young man by the ears! It was some little time before the conversation broke out freely again.

"Shall I take him some hot toast?" asked Lord Bobby mischievously. She pretended not to have heard the question so he went out. He was back in a minute and the plate he carried was empty.

"He says they don't have hot toast in Shakespeare," he remarked solemnly, "so he was grateful but gave it all to the policeman, who put some in his pocket for the little ones at home."

Eva tried to say something about the affectionate nature of the police, and somebody else suggested that car conductors ran them close. But nobody knew much about car conductors except from what appeared in the newspapers. There was some desultory criticism of lightning conductors and somebody rose to go. Eva sighed with relief, but it was a long time yet before the trial was over. Each visitor on departing found a most elegant young man, beautifully dressed, sitting, with legs crossed, under an umbrella just outside the door. He was cheerful but would give no explanations. He promised to call soon on all those he knew, provided they would let him in.

"I wouldn't care to do this sort of thing often you know. Excuse my not getting up, won't you? I've got a nice dry paving stone at present and it will get wet if I do. Wet paving stones *are* so uncomfortable aren't they? Yes indeed. Good-by."

"Feeling comfy, old chap?" said Lord Bobby. "Glad to see you've taken a little nourishment. Been sitting on a volcano inside all the afternoon. How's old Shakespeare?"

"You run away," said Bertie, "there's a police force watching you. Ta, ta!"

As a matter of fact that poor policeman had been in difficulty, too. There

was a rapidly growing crowd of errand boys gazing at a respectful distance, and the situation was so unprecedented. How could he move on a loafer who was on such intimate terms with every body in the house and had tea brought out to him by the footman? He had indeed suggested that he might be creating an obstruction, but Bertie was so genial about it and the hot buttered toast was so uncommonly good.

As the last guest went John was hastily summoned to the drawing-room, where Eva was looking out of the window in fury after an outburst of tears.

"Why do you allow that person to annoy us like this all the afternoon?" she said angrily, turning round.

"He wouldn't go, miss. I told him you were all out every time anybody came. It didn't seem to make no difference."

"Why don't you send him away?" She stamped her foot.

"He don't seem to listen to what I say, miss. I thought you wouldn't be wanting us to have a disturbance by using force, miss—in fact I didn't quite know what you *would* want me to do, miss."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she wailed. "But, at any rate, he can't stay there much longer."

"He has just sent in, miss, to borrow a rug in case the weather should turn chilly in the early hours of the morning."

"But—but—he can't do it!" she gasped.

"He slept out all through the war, miss."

"Oh, dear! And all those people coming to dinner to-night!" she cried in despair. "What are we to do? Can't the police do anything?"

"Well, miss, they would remove him if they knew you wanted it."

"Want it? Of course we want it! Tell them to send him away at once!" she said hastily, even as Elizabeth signed the death warrant of Essex. She was too angry to think.

"Very good, miss," said John. He went to the door. The shades of evening were falling and the crowd was getting larger, noisier and less respectful. There were three policemen near at hand in earnest deliberation, with note books. Eva watched the proceedings from behind the curtains.

"I am afraid you must go, sir," said John. "I'm very sorry."

"Not at all," said Bertie. "Who says so?"

"Miss Rowen, sir."

"I thought you said she was out."

John coughed. "Yessir, so she was—in a manner of speaking."

"Who's to send me away?" said Bertie looking thoughtfully up into the umbrella.

"Miss Rowen has told me to tell the police, sir."

"She told you to tell the police?" he said in heart-broken accents. "Then is all indeed over!"

"Are you going, sir?" said John gently.

"No," he replied with determination. "I'm here to stay! *Ruat coelum, fiat justitia!*"

John beckoned sorrowfully to the policemen, who approached in solid formation. The crowd cheered.

"Kindly remove this gentleman, who is trespassing."

The policeman who had the buttered toast touched Bertie on the arm. His voice was gruff but tinged with compassion.

"You can't stay here, sir," he said.

"Why not?" said Bertie sweetly.

"I should be much obliged if you would go quietly, sir."

"I would do anything to please you,"

"I wouldn't care to do this sort of thing often."

said Bertie, "but do be reasonable."

"If you would be so kind as to get up and go 'ome, sir; our orders are—"

With bowed head.

"Home," said Bertie pathetically. "Ah, if you knew how cold and cheerless is the home you would drive me to! All alone, with only two men to tend my—"

"Can't stay talking 'ere, sir. Are you goin'?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid we must take you to the station, sir."

The other two policemen came near, and the crowd pressed round and chuckled.

"Ha!" said Bertie, "you use force! Very well, give me your hand." With their help he hoisted himself up and stretched his legs. Then he patted the knees of his trousers and put his hat straight. Incidentally he glanced at the drawing-room window and saw the corner of Eva's elbow. "Mind, I'm only coming by force. Where are the handcuffs?" He held out his hands.

"I don't know as there'll be need for that, sir."

"Put 'em on," said Bertie, "at once, or I shall attempt to escape."

"Well sir," said the policeman, "it ain't a usual request—"

"Never mind; oblige me."

So they put them on. Eva saw it and felt a twinge of remorse. The party moved off with the rabble at their heels.

"One moment," said Bertie. He stopped just in front of the drawing-room and for some seconds cast up at the window which he knew to belong to Eva's room a glance containing a most effective mixture of pathos, passion, regret, forgiveness and despair. Then he passed with bowed head into the gathering darkness, and Eva sank down torn with anguish at what she had done. An hour or so later a policeman called with a ragged and dirty scrap of blue paper folded and addressed to Miss Rowen. It contained in shaky writing, done with some red substance which might have been blood, but was probably ink and embellished with many blots and splutters which were caused possibly by emotion but probably by a police station pen, the following words:—

My heart is broken. You may have forgotten my very name. I do not blame you. I am sitting on a very hard bench. Next to me is a very old lady. She is very drunk. Her head is on my shoulder as I write. I have no right to write, but I cannot go without one last word to one who deigned to love me once. The very old lady has awakened? Darling, I cannot speak of her language. I am a leaky boat adrift on the ocean of life. I badly want bailing out. I call you darling, I have no right to call you darling, darling. Oh this bench is hard! Not so hard as the bench will be to-morrow morning unless some responsible house-holder comes round to-night and explains that it is a mistake. But I have no one in my extremity or, indeed, anywhere. I ask no mercy. I deserve all I get. Few men can say that. I think my mind is wandering. Farewell; may you be happy. Think of me sometimes in my lonely cell. Oh my broken heart! Farewell for ever. BERTIE.

P. S. Any time will do of course, but get Mr. Rowen to come as soon as you can, dear.

She read this pathetic document twice through her tears and then, though it was nearly time to dress for dinner, she hurried on her hat and coat. All the blots on his noble nature were erased and he shone forth a martyr to her hasty temper. What was all that behavior during the afternoon, which seemed curious at the time, but a proof of the untameable ardor of his love? How he must have suffered for her on the doorstep! And now—! She pictured him in chains with cropped hair and stamped all over with horrid arrows. Oh why did she ever speak harshly to him? She hurried down to her father, who had just come in, and explained that Bertie had been wrongfully imprisoned through her fault and he must come round and get him out now at once, without waiting for the carriage; one never knew what a wasted minute would mean in dealing with the swift and relentless fury of the law.

Mr. Rowen was sceptical, but as every-

body assured him that Bertie had undoubtedly been marched off he consented to go and Eva insisted on going, too. It was the least she could do in reparation. On the way she had appalling visions of the hard bench, drunken criminals, bread and water, the treadmill, oakum picking, degradation and penal servitude; and it was she who had given the order which had brought it all on!

They drove in a hansom to the dingy police station. A policeman said, yes, there was a young gent who had been brought in that afternoon. For forgery, he thought; but on looking up a large book he found it was only for loitering. Then he remembered; yes, of course, the sergeant had declined to take the charge and had simply detained the man pending inquiries at the house he was alleged to have annoyed. Eva shuddered at hearing Bertie coldly referred to as "the man." Then she heard voices from the next room. Somebody—was it Bertie?—yes, it *was* Bertie—cried "Misery!" Somebody else with a brutal laugh said "Double you!" Horror! was this some torture! She clung to her father. "Misery on that hand!" said the other voice—the brutal one, with a fiendish chuckle. Was it thumb screws?

"It's all over."

"I'll tell 'im you're 'ere sir,"-said the policeman. He opened the door and looked into the room where Bertie in an armchair with a cigar in his mouth was playing pinochle with the sergeant.

"Somebody to see you sir."

"Right," said Bertie and came out.

"Hullo! Eva!"

"Bertie!" She rushed into his arms.

"Darling, how you must have suffered!"

He sighed. "It is all over now, dear, let us forgive and forget; I was not altogether without blame myself."

GEORGE BARNESDALE COX

Proprietor of Cincinnati

By GUSTAV J. KARGER

HON. JACOB H. BROMWELL, member of Congress from the Second Ohio District, comprising a part of Cincinnati and a part of Hamilton County outside of Cincinnati, had decided to retire from public life. He announced that he would not be a candidate for renomination.

Instantly there was a rush of aspirants into the vacated field. Ambition sprang into being in the bosom of a Cincinnati gentleman who, though prominent socially and professionally, was a bit of a tyro in a political sense. "I should deem it an honor to be nominated to succeed you," he wrote to Mr. Bromwell. "I want your support and your advice. If you were in my place what would you do?"

The Hon. Jacob H. Bromwell smiled

the grim smile of the man of experience who regards charitably, yet with amusement, the shortcomings of the novice. Then he called a messenger and despatched a telegram of two words of three letters each.

"SEE COX."

Nothing could be more distinctly characteristic of the conditions that obtain in Cincinnati than the truthful little anecdote just related.

Do you want a job as greaser in a pumping station?

See Cox!

Do you want to get an ordinance through the city council? Never mind about the members of that body individually—

See Cox!

Do you want to go to Congress? Are you interested in a public franchise, in a public contract, in getting a man on a jury, in the stringing of an electric wire—take a fool's advice—

See Cox! George Barnesdale Cox!

It is evident enough that Cox's power as dictator of Cincinnati and Hamilton County—and in a measure of the State of Ohio—is due to his organization. From the mayor and the judges of the court down to the street scrapers—all owe him allegiance. All are unashamed, most of them glory in it. Cartoons showing candidates wearing "The Cox Collar," or a convention hall with Cox as the only occupant, arouse good-natured applause. Many who are not in politics defend the system. "We ought to have some one at the head of political affairs, just as we have at the head of business affairs," is the line of reasoning adopted. "If Cox weren't Boss, some one else would be. And we prefer Cox."

George B. Cox was born in Cincinnati, April 29, 1853. His mother was a Canadian, his father a native of Great Britain, who emigrated to this country in 1847. Cox, senior, was a man of ingenuity and deep religious feeling.

Cox, junior, inherited his father's mental nimbleness as well as his deeper traits. He is not a church member, but those who know him best are aware that within his breast there lie dormant powerful sentiments, which rest on foundations of the firmest faith.

Robust health and a strong physique were ever his. To-day he is over six feet high, weighing more than 220 pounds. His magnificent stature has gained for him the popular, even affectionate, sobriquet of "The Big Fellow."

Reverses that came upon his parents threw him into the world on his own resources after very few years of schooling. The late W. H. Morgan was the principal of the school which Cox attended for those few years. Later, when Cox attained power, he made Morgan superintendent of schools.

I talked to Mr. Morgan about Cox's school days once.

"George never lied," he said. "He never bore malice, sulked, whined or moped. He was frequently in boyish trouble, and never seemed to regard as unjust the punishment which befel him on such occasions. One of his most admirable traits was his undisguised love for his mother."

As a "scrapper" and a swimmer Cox excelled. At the age of twelve he jumped into the river to save a drowning man. In the prize ring, even before he had attained his full growth, he knocked out Spence Ferguson, a colored pugilist.

When cast upon his own resources Cox adopted first the calling of a bootblack and newsboy. Then he drove a butcher's wagon. Next he found employment as driver with a firm of dry goods merchants. Then, until his twenty-fifth year, he was a tobacco salesman on commission.

For a short time he was a barkeeper. Then he struck out for himself and started a saloon in the 18th ward. And here opens the vista of his political career.

Frank Kelly was to some extent his sponsor. Kelly hailed from Philadelphia. He had made a study of the Philadelphia system. He discovered wasted opportunities in Cincinnati. He frequented Cox's emporium and noted that the all-night hangers-on were not being put to practical use. He taught Cox the science of organizing precinct polls on primary and election days by virtue of the instrumentality of the hangers-on.

Their efficacy was tested in 1878. They won Cox's first fight. The story of that first fight and what prompted him to make it I tell as Mr. Cox told it to me.

"R. H. Stevenson was collector of the port for Cincinnati at that time," he said. "A Republican convention was to be held at Music Hall. The 18th ward was entitled to thirty delegates. Mr. Stevenson controlled the ward. Some of the younger men in the ward wanted to go as delegates and they asked me to see Mr. Stevenson and request him to put five of them on his ticket. Mr. Stevenson treated the matter lightly. 'If they want to go to the convention,' he said, 'let them get up their own tickets and make a fight.'

"'Is this the answer I am to carry to these boys?' I asked.

"'It is.'

"'Then let me tell you something!' I retorted. 'I asked you for five delegates. I shall now make it my business to take thirty instead of five.'

"I did, and they went. The night before the convention met a committee on credentials was announced. In the convention this committee reported, seating the Stevenson delegation. I appealed on the ground that no committee composed of non-members of the convention had the right to consider the case. I was sustained after a contest on the floor and the Cox delegation was seated.

"I remained in the ward and in the spring of 1879 my friends ran me for council. The ward had been Democratic by 500. I received the nomination and was elected by a majority of twenty-six.

"That is how I started in politics. I have been in it ever since."

Stevenson belonged to the then governing clique, known as the "Kessler Ring," after Henry Kessler, its leader. Cox had tasted blood: he was athirst for more. From the Kessler council he next wrested his election to the board of equalization. Little by little, he developed the spirit of political leadership. Physical and mental force rather than personal magnetism were then as now the factors that aided him.

In 1881 Cox consecrated himself finally to the cause of professional politics. He had made a few thousand dollars in real estate. He sold his saloon and devoted himself exclusively to his task. He has had no other business since then save that of a politician, until he became president, a few months ago, of the Cincinnati, Dayton & Toledo Traction Company, control of which was wrested from a party of Cleveland capitalists.

That year—1881—at the turbulent Price-Hill convention, the hitherto practically absolute power of the Kessler clique was broken. By 1885 it had been shattered beyond possibility or hope of repair. Cox had made deeper inroads each year. He made repeated failures, but in the end his triumph was complete. In 1885 he won the nomination for county clerk. But the people, by their ballots, said him nay. He nominated himself once more, in 1888. Again the people would have none of him, although the rest of his ticket was elected.

Since then he has not been a candidate. Governor Foraker appointed him State oil inspector, but he has "run" for no office. 1888 taught him the professional politician's weakness at the polls. He has not forgotten.

Official party recognition was vouchsafed Cox in 1884. He had been appointed chairman of the campaign committee. The remnants of the Lincoln Club—or Kessler—coterie refused to acknowledge him and turned the campaign funds over to Gen. Andrew Hickenlooper. The dispute was brought before the National Committee, and Gen. Clarkson and others hurried to Cincinnati to restore harmony. They decided in favor of Cox's by a unanimous vote.

James G. Blaine was then candidate for President. He was scheduled for a speech in Cincinnati from a platform in front of the Burnet House. Arrangements had been made to break up the meeting with the assistance of the police, then controlled by a board euphoniously known as the "Boodle Board." A patrol-wagon dashed into the crowd that blocked the streets. Cox was on

George Barnesdale Cox, Political Proprietor of Cincinnati.

the platform with Blaine. Quick as a flash he leaped into the street. He seized the plunging horses and in the presence of the cheering thousands forced them back out of the crowd.

"If I am elected," Blaine said on that occasion, "that man shall be United States Marshal here, if he'll take the place."

When the Kessler crowd had been

scattered to the four winds of heaven, Cox made common cause with Brewer Moerlein, the most influential Republican left in the field of practical politics They nominated Val Heim, a Moerlein man, for sheriff. Heim, after the election, naïvely undertook to make his own appointments, and partially ignored the list which had been prepared for him. That sealed his political doom. The next convention turned him down. Moerlein broke with Cox on account of it and they fought for the control of the following convention, with the police court judgeship as the stake. Cox's man won the nomination. It was the final test of strength. Moerlein died soon after.

Yet one other cabal within the party ranks to deprive him of his leadership is to be recorded. It was the intention to quietly seize the reins through the campaign committee. Some of Senator Foraker's friends were in the plot. It might have succeeded had not one of the "conspirators" betrayed the secret. Cox remained the dictator.

Common Pleas Judge D. Thew Wright took the anti-Cox side in that little affair. Cox, despite Senator Foraker's protest, denied Judge Wright a renomination.

Senator Foraker recently recommended Judge Wright for a judgeship in the District of Columbia. Senator Hanna opposed the appointment. He knew it would offend his old friend Cox. For he and Cox are genuine and sincere friends. But for Cox, Hanna might not have been Senator. Hanna stood by Cox in 1900 when the latter was a candidate for national committeeman from Ohio. The temperance and church element were up in arms, but Hanna assisted the Cincinnatian to the election. Having demonstrated to his foes that he could win despite them, Cox resigned the place to save his party embarrassment. He does not allow personal ambition to over-ride political expediency. He learned that lesson also in 1888.

Safely intrenched, the goal reached, Cox, now supreme commander, began to reorganize the forces that had fought so valiantly in preparation for the battles yet to come. First, there was his cabinet. It had several members at one time, but only two remain. They are Rudolph K. Hynicka, County Treasurer, and August Herrmann, president of the Waterworks Commission. After Cox, they are the most important Republican politicians in Hamilton County. Like Cox, they came up from the ranks. Hynicka was a newspaper reporter when he first crossed Cox's path. No astuter politician has developed in Cincinnati.

August Herrmann—"Garry" he is popularly called—had his start as a printer in the late George Topp's office. Topp was at that time a factor in politics and became his political sponsor by procuring for him an appointment in the police court clerk's office. His development was as rapid as it was unexpected. He advanced intellectually and politically and his influence grew apace. In his spare moments he studied law, particularly the law governing municipalities. To-day, in this especial branch, he has no peers. He is, furthermore, admitted to be the "long-headed" member of the organization.

After Hynicka and Herrmann, Mike Mullen is the most powerful of Cox's aides. Mullen, at one time, was an inspector of police. As a Democrat he ruled the Fifth Ward, largely a river front and lodging-house district, which went Democratic, as a rule, by from 500 to 700 votes. He was elected to the city council as a Democrat. He did not stand by those whose aim it was to rid Cincinnati of Cox rule. When assailed, he came out boldly as a Cox adherent and defied his opponents. They promised to wipe him off the Fifth Ward map.

Mullen laughed. "I'll run for council in the ward as a Republican," he said, "and I'll carry it hands down."

It was no idle boast. The river front and lodging-house element followed him unhesitatingly into the Republican camp. The Fifth has become a Cox-Mullen stronghold. It gave McKinley as large a majority in 1900 as it had given Bryan in 1896. It's not issues they want down there—it's Men.

Mullen now represents the power of Cox in the City Council. He controls that body as absolutely as he does the

Fifth Ward. Cox leaves all the details to him. He's the head of that particular department.

Each ward in Cincinnati is in charge of a ward captain, appointed by Cox. Ward captains are responsible for ward and precinct organization. Cox men must rule at the primaries, Cox men must go as delegates to the conventions, Cox men must be elected to serve as members of the executive committees. Cox delegates go through the motions of nominating tickets; executives go through the motions of choosing their officers. In reality, the selections are made for them. Cox names the candidates; the information goes down the line. Formerly, just before a convention, the ward captains were supplied with little yellow slips of paper, containing the names of the men slated to receive the support of the delegates. The system has been simplified; the slips have been eliminated and the information goes down masonically by word of mouth.

A ward captain, though appointed, must "make good" in his position or lose his "pull." If he should be defeated by an anti-Cox combination, he must redeem himself and his ward. Should he be defeated by a combination of rebellious Cox men, his successful rival will probably succeed him as captain of the ward.

A precinct worker, who seeks a political appointment, must first get the endorsement of the executive committeeman from his precinct. Then it goes to the ward captain. If he's agreeable, Hynicka or Herrmann is sought out. The former controls the county appointments, the latter the city jobs. If the application is approved by either of them, it goes to Cox. All appointments are made directly through him. He sends word to the proper official, city or county, and the trick is turned.

It's simplicity itself. Don't they ever rebel? Not since the days of Val Heim. They know better. If an official is allowed one or two personal appointments, what more can he desire?

In the matter of dismissals from the public service a similarly rigid system obtains. Not long ago a member of a prominent board offered a resolution discharging a certain employee. The board unhesitatingly assented.

"Why did you drop this man?" a reporter inquired of the member who had offered the resolution.

"Darned if I know," was the response. "Herrmann gave me the resolution. I know it's all right though."

Nominations for office are decreed by Cox after full conference with his chief aides. Suggestions from leading citizens are carefully considered. Every element is represented on the completed ticket. A representative German is sure to go on; one of the soldier element; a negro for the legislature; a "business man"; the Jewish element must not be ignored; the silk stockings as well as organized labor must be recognized. There is a little "pap" for every element in the community. Once in a while even one of the professional politicians that surround Cox goes on the ticket. But that's only when there's no possibility of defeat. Usually they are appointed to office.

Unable to shake off Cox within the party, his political enemies went after him from the outside. Fusion, a fusion of independent Republicans and Democrats, was the club with which they purposed to beat him to death. In the spring of 1894 the first battle was fought. Theodor Horstman was nominated for mayor by the Independent Republicans, or Citizen's Party. One wing of the Democracy endorsed him—the wing controlled by Louis G. Bernard, the "Little Boss." But Cox is more than a Republican leader; he has no inconsiderable following among the Democrats. A part of the Democratic organization was held in line. It nominated Isaac J. Miller as the straightout Democratic candidate for mayor. It well knew that his nomination would draw enough votes from Horstman to elect John A. Caldwell, who had reluctantly obeyed the Cox mandate to give up his cherished seat in Congress, and come home and run for mayor—a place he didn't want. But this wing of the Democracy preferred a straight Cox-Republican mayor to a "renegade" or "reform" Republican.

The votes polled by Miller defeated Horstman. Cox remained in the saddle.

But the election of 1894 was portentous of coming defeat. That defeat came three years later. This time the Fusionists nominated Colonel Gustav Tafel, a Democrat, for mayor. Democrats would not support a Reform Republican, but the Independents rallied enthusiastically around the banner of their Democratic ally. Levi C. Goodale, Cox's candidate, was mercilessly slaughtered. About all that Cox saved out of the wreck was the city council.

Cox's control of city affairs had been maintained through a city board, known at various times as the Board of Public Works, Board of Public Service, Board of Administration, or Board of City affairs. The common council had been shorn of practically all its important functions, little by little, and these had been vested in this city board. This, as well as other boards, was a so-called bi-partisan board. Cox simply saw to it that when appointments to this board were made, the Republican appointees should be men of the strongest partisan qualifications, as well as men of the highest ability. He selected the Democratic members as well—and these Democrats, able men though they might be, were rarely amenable to party discipline.

The places to be given out through the Board of City Affairs to the "faithful" were parceled out on a basis of 60 per cent. Republicans and 40 per cent. Democrats. The Republicans were time-tried, hard-working war-horses. The Democrats were Cox Democrats, or lukewarm Democrats, or Democrats not inclined to do partisan work at the polls. If one got too active, his head went off. They soon understood what was expected of them. They were controlled by a contraction of Cox's eyebrows.

When the Fusion mayor and his crew of unskilled politicians came into power in the spring of 1897, they had this sort of a ball bearing, thoroughly greased machine to deal with. The task was too delicate for them. They reorganized the board on a partisan plan, with provisions for an election of two out of the six members the next spring. By that time conditions had changed and two Cox men were elected. Of the four anti-Cox men remaining, one came over to the enemy. That made it three to three—a tie. Quarrels and wrangles broke out and the board became known as the "Wrangling Board." Pay rolls were held up, the streets were left uncleaned, city business came practically to a standstill. The people were disgusted and they blamed it all on the Fusion administration.

The election of Colonel Tafel in the spring had convinced some people that the Cincinnati public demanded a change, and that if the Republicans were to regain control, the old organization must efface itself. At the request of Senator Hanna, Cox decided to have nothing to do with the fall nominations, the conduct of party affairs being placed in the hands of a committee of twelve.

This committee of twelve — the "Dozen Raw," as they were popularly known—ran the campaign. It was a hopeless one. There had been a number of defalcations in office. "Turn the rascals out," was the cry. Cincinnati was flooded by a tidal wave of reform.

Just before the polls closed on that fall day, just before the official announcement that Cox and the "gang" had been annihilated, the big chief summoned the reporters.

He formally announced his retirement from the field of politics!

No doubt he was sincere in his declaration. But the public did not take it seriously.

In the spring, the pendulum had swung back. Cox's withdrawal from politics meant nothing. Cincinnati presently applauded him by electing Julius Fleischman, his candidate for mayor. Then Cincinnati re-elected Fleischman. And Cox is stronger than ever!

Popular superstition has it that Cox owes his power to the fact that he never broke a promise. But it isn't that altogether.

First and foremost—Cox is a master-

ful man. His control of men is marvelous. There is nothing magnetic or hypnotic about him, but he has withal the faculty of creating warm and loyal friendships. His easy, common-sense, placid way of handling questions that irritate, harrass, annoy and worry those who come to seek his advice is so restful and satisfying, that most of those who seek him are content to extinguish their own individuality for the peaceful satisfaction of having another annihilate their troubles seemingly without an effort.

His good nature is undying; his democracy, broadness and catholicity indestructible. Any man can get a hearing, be he banker, judge, street sweeper or laborer. He remembers names and faces unerringly; his speech is gruff, but his manner pleasant and his disposition sociable. How to get the confidence of the people and how to keep it is the ever present problem. He reads men intuitively.

When he has made a political bargain, he keeps it. When the other party fails him, he seeks revenge. If a man has abandoned the organization and is desirous of returning, the doors are not ordinarily closed to him, if his return is calculated to help the organization. Fusion between the Democrats and the Independent Republicans is the one menace to his sway. Never allow an Independent prodigal to return, is the Cox logic, and the Fusion party is in the very nature of things bound to be a growing party, the "organization" a moribund one.

One of his notable characteristics is his imperturbability. Newspaper criticism does not anger him. Bitter and vindictive personal attacks leave him unmoved. He goes to the Blaine Club to hear the returns on election nights, when frequently his political life seems at stake. Cox's manner remains calm, composed, dispassionate. The reports point to victory. Cox shows no elation. Quietly he quaffs his beer or sips his wine. Congratulations and condolences are accepted with apparently equal equanimity. There is no effusiveness nor even a show of chagrin.

In the course of a conversation once I asked him to what he attributes his success as a politician.

Note well the self-poise, the unconscious strength his answer carries:—

"First, and above all things," said Mr. Cox, "I owe my success to the loyalty of my friends.

"I treat fairly with men at all times, leaving no doubt as to where I stand.

"I am upright in all my dealings.

"*I use my own judgment as to the class of candidates most acceptable to the people.* Whenever I have defaulted in that I have been unsuccessful.

"I never allow personal feeling to sway me in a political matter.

"I have no personal or private interests when it comes to a question of doing that which is to be for the benefit of the party.

"I always weigh everything submitted to me very carefully, *and after doing so, will not change my mind.*"

Cox is most popular personally because of his inherent democracy. Every night he may be found at Wielert's resort, in the beer garden if the weather permits, in the beer hall if it be inclement. He often drinks from twenty to thirty glasses of beer at a sitting. A corporation president, a lawyer, a reporter, a City Hall janitor may be among his companions. He knows no class distinctions. All men are equal if they know their business in politics. A janitor who can carry his precinct is a more desirable associate than a judge who cannot carry his.

Not so many years ago George B. Cox was a poor man. Now he is rated a millionaire. This is one of the things freely used against him by his political enemies. "Where did he get it?" they say. "How did he come by it—he a man without business save politics?"

I put the case to Mr. Cox.

"Murat Halstead, when edtior of the *Commercial Gazette*," he said, "devoted several years of his life to looking up my record. Charles P. Taft, of the *Times-Star;* John R. McLean, of the *Enquirer;* Milton A. McRae, of the *Post;* E. O. Eshelby, of the *Commercial Tribune*, have, at various periods, put themselves to the same task. They spent time and money on it. If they

failed to find anything—and they did fail—is it fair to presume that anything exists? Contracts have been awarded and franchises granted in the past to those who now number themselves among my enemies. Men have received nominations through my friends and through me who subsequently went over to the opposition and fought me openly and bitterly. If they had been 'shaken down,' as my detractors have it, why is it they never made these matters public?"

"Would you, under the circumstances, take the public into your confidence as to how you did make your fortune?" I asked.

He replied without hesitation.

"I made it in speculation," he said. "By saving money. By keeping my eyes open for good investments in stocks, bonds and real estate.

"My first ambition, as far back as I can recall, was to acquire money," he told his friends who had come to observe the fiftieth anniversary of his birth. "Even now I have no quarrel with that, for I believe it to be a laudable ambition. Without money a man cannot take his proper place in the community. It helped give me position. I have plenty now, and when I give any of it away I do not have to feel that I am taking it from some one else."

It has never been seriously asserted that candidates for political preferment have been "bled" by Cox or his lieutenants.

That Cox is a speculator is known to the public generally. He is reported to be the most daring plunger in the State of Ohio, save perhaps John D. Rockefeller alone.

How much Cox is really worth few people know. Six years ago, on the witness stand, he stated that he valued his possessions at about $400,000. Some think he has about five times that much now.

Is this man's power absolute? An anecdote or two will answer the question. John Sherman, senior Senator from Ohio, had been made Secretary of State. President McKinley wanted Marcus A. Hanna to take Sherman's place in the United States Senate. Asa S. Bushnell was Governor of Ohio. He owed nothing to McKinley. Hanna had been against him for the nomination. Foraker and Cox had made him. He wavered.

"Appoint Hanna!"

That was Cox's message to Governor Bushnell. Hanna was appointed. Cox believed that to defy the President would wreck the Republican party in Ohio. Therefore he sent his laconic message.

I was a delegate from Cincinnati to the convention at Zanesville that nominated Bushnell. George B. Cox was the chairman of the Hamilton County delegation. To be quite truthful—he was the Hamilton County delegation. On the floor he found it necessary to consult no one. He had a pad of paper and a pencil and figured on the distribution of the ninety-odd votes from "his" county. When the county was called he announced the votes.

The candidates for attorney-general had been placed in the field, among them Harry M. Daugherty.

"Mr. Cox," I asked, "how many votes are you going to give Daugherty?"

"Not any," he replied in his gruff but not unkindly voice.

I protested mildly. I told him that Daugherty and I were friends, that I wanted him to have one vote at least.

George Kolker, now appraiser of customs in Cincinnati, another delegate, had overheard the conversation. "That's my fix exactly, George," he said.

Cox rearranged the figures on his pad.

"I'll give him eight votes," he decided a moment later.

That's how two of us cast eight votes for Daugherty for attorney-general. But he wasn't nominated.

Two Cincinnati Congressmen, who reached a national stature, were the late Benjamin Butterworth, and Bellamy Storer, now Ambassador to Austria. Both were the victims at some time of Cox hostility. I asked Mr. Cox for his version of the episodes in connection therewith. Here it is, in his own words:—

"In the year 1888 Benjamin Butterworth and I were on the same ticket—he for Congressman, I for county clerk.

Mr. Butterworth saw fit to openly vote against me on the theory that I opposed his election, for which theory there was no foundation. I met him after the election and I asked why he had been against me. He replied that it was for reasons which seemed sufficient to him to warrant it.

"'You may need me some day Mr. Butterworth,' I said to him. 'You will never find me wanting from a Republican standpoint, except when it comes to renominating you.'

"*I then looked about for a candidate to succeed him.* Mayor John B. Mosby and Dr. T. C. Graydon joined me in a cablegram to Bellamy Storer, who was then in France, asking him whether he would accept the nomination. He answered that he would. The convention nominated him by acclamation."

"And why did you later turn down Mr. Storer?" I asked.

"Bellamy Storer served two terms," Mr. Cox continued. "After his first campaign *he gave me no credit whatever for his nomination.* At the expiration of his first term he came to Cincinnati with Theodore Roosevelt and Thomas B. Reed and I was called into conference with them. Mr. Storer asked whether he would be returned to Congress. I told him, that 'no matter what differences there are between you and me, it is the custom to give a Congressman his second term *and I shall not depart from that custom.*' When his second term was about to expire he came to Ohio to preside over the State convention. He called on me in Cincinnati on his way to Columbus. We talked over the question of his renomination. Conditions were peculiar and I told him that I didn't think the party could afford to take any chances for fear of defections. We agreed, however, to talk the matter over further. He went to Columbus and presided over the convention. In the meantime some of his friends advised him to go East, that his nomination was a certainty, that he couldn't be defeated. He took that advice and did not again call on me, showing me again that he was willing to ignore me.

"*I then called on Charles P. Taft and asked him to accept the nomination.* The next day he was nominated by acclamation instead of Mr. Storer."

Such is the power of George Barnesdale Cox, Cincinnati's Uncrowned King!

PERKINS THE GREAT

The Adventure of the Lame and the Halt

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I HAD not seen Perkins for over two years, when one day he opened my office door and stuck his head in. I did not see his face at first, but I recognized the hat. It was the same hat he had worn two years before, when he put the celebrated Perkins Patent Porous Plaster on the market.

"Pratt's Hats Air the Hair." You will remember the advertisement. It was on all the billboards. It was Perkins, Perkins of Portland, Perkins the Great, who conceived the rhyme that sold millions of the hats, and Perkins was a believer in advertising and things advertised. So he wore a Pratt hat. That was one of Perkins' foibles. He believed in the things he advertised.

"Get next to a thing," he would say, "study it, learn to love it, use it—then you will know how to boom it. Take Murdock's Soap. Who boomed Murdock's Soap? Perkins of Portland boomed it. He bought a cake. Used it. Used it on his hands, on his face, on his feet. Bought another cake—washed his cotton socks, washed his silk tie, washed his woolen underwear. Bought another cake—shaved with it, shampooed with it, *ate* it. Yes, sir.

ate it! Pure soap—no adulteration. No taste of rosin, cotton seed—no taste of anything but soap, and lots of that. Spit out lather for a month! Every time I sneezed I blew a big soap bubble—perspired little soap bubbles. Tasted soap for a year! Result? Greatest 'Ad.' of the nineteenth century. 'Murdock's Soap is Pure Soap; if you don't believe it, bite it.' Picture of a nigger biting a cake of soap on every billboard in U. S. A. Live niggers in all the grocery windows biting cakes of Murdock's Soap. Result? Five hundred thousand tons of Murdock's sold the first year. I use no other."

And so, from his "Go Lightly" shoes to his Pratt's hat, Perkins was a relic of bygone favorites in dress. The result was comical, but it was Perkins, and I sprang from my chair and grasped his hand.

"Perkins!" I cried.

He raised his free hand with a restraining motion, and I noticed his fingers protruded from the tips of the glove.

"Say," he said, still standing on my threshold, "have you a little time?"

I glanced at my watch. I had twenty minutes before I must catch my train.

"I'll give you ten minutes," I said.

"Not enough," said Perkins. "I want a year. But I'll take ten minutes on account. Owe me the rest!"

He turned and beckoned into the hall and a small boy appeared carrying a very large glass demijohn. Perkins placed the demijohn on a chair and stood back gazing at it admiringly.

"Great, isn't it?" he asked. "Biggest demijohn made. Heavy as lead! Fine shape, fine size! But, say—read *that!*"

I bent down and read. The label said: "Onotowatishika Water. Bottled at the Spring. Perkins & Co Glaubus, Iowa."

I began spelling out the name by syllables, "O-no-to-wat—" when Perkins clapped me on the back.

"Great, hey? Can't pronounce it? Nobody can. Great idea. Got old Hunyadi Janos water knocked into a cocked hat. Hardest mineral water name on earth. Who invented it? I did. Perkins of Portland. There's money in that name. Dead loads of money. Everybody that can't pronounce it will want it, and nobody can pronounce it—everybody'll want it. Must have it. Will weep for it. But that isn't the best!"

"Perkins pays the freight."

"No?" I inquired.

"No!" shouted Perkins. "I should say 'no!' Look at that bottle. Look at the size of it. Look at the weight of it. Awful, isn't it? Staggers the brain of man to think of carrying that across the continent! Nature recoils, the muscles ache. It is vast, it is immovable, it is mighty. Say!"

Perkins grasped me by the coat sleeve and drew me toward him. He whispered excitedly.

"Great idea! O-no-to-what-you-may-call-it water. Big jug full. Jug too blamed big. Yes? Freight too much. Yes? Listen—'*Perkins Pays The Freight!*'"

He sat down suddenly and beamed upon me joyfully.

The advertising possibilities of the thing impressed me immediately. Who could resist the temptation of getting such a monstrous package of glassware by freight free of charge? I saw the effect of a life-size reproduction of the bottle on the billboards with "Perkins Pays the Freight" beneath it in red, and the long name in a semi-circle of yellow letters above it. I saw it reduced in the magazine pages, in street cars—everywhere.

"Great?" queried Perkins.

"Yes," I admitted thoughtfully, "it is great."

He was at my side in an instant.

"Wonderful effect of difficulty overcome on the human mind!" he bubbled. "Take a precipice. People look over, shudder, turn away. Put in a shoot-the-chutes. People fight to get the next turn to slide down. Same idea. People don't want O-no-to-thing-um-bob water. Hold on, 'Perkins pays the freight!' All right, send us a demijohn!"

I saw that Perkins was, as usual, right.

"Very well," I said, "what do you want me to do about it?"

Perkins wanted a year of my time and all the money I could spare. He mentioned twenty thousand dollars as a little beginning—a sort of starter, as he put it. I had faith in Perkins, but twenty thousand was a large sum to put into a thing on the strength of a name and a phrase. I settled myself in my chair and Perkins put his feet up on my desk. He always could talk better when his feet were tilted up. Perhaps it sent a greater flow of blood to his brain.

"Now about the water?" I asked comfortably.

"Vile!" cackled Perkins gleefully. "Perfectly vile! It is the worst you ever tasted. You know the sulphur spring taste? Sort of bad egg aroma? Well, this O—no—to—so—forth water is worse than the worst. It's a bonanza! Say! It's sulphur water *with* a touch of garlic."

He reached into his pocket and brought out a flask. The water it contained was as clear and sparkling as crystal. He removed the cork and handed the flask to me. I sniffed at it, and hastily replaced the cork.

Perkins grinned with pleasure.

"Fierce, isn't it?" he asked. "Smells as if it ought to cure, don't

it? Got the real old style matery-medica-'pothecary-shop aroma. None of your little-pill, sugar-coated business about O—no—to—cetera water. Not for a minute! It's the good old quinine, ipecac, calomel, know-when-you're-taking-a-dose sort. Why, say! Any man that takes a dose of that water has *got* to feel better. He deserves to feel better."

I sniffed at the flask again, and resolutely returned it to Perkins.

"Yes," I admitted, "it has the full legal allowance of smell. There's no doubt about it being a medicinal water. Nobody would mistake it for a table water, Perkins; a child would know it wasn't meant for perfume; but what is it good for? What will it cure?"

Perkins tilted his Pratt hat over one ear and crossed his legs.

"Speaking as one Chicago man to another," he said, slowly, "what do you think of rheumatism?"

"If you want me to speak as man to man, Perkins," I replied, "I may say that rheumatism is a mighty uncomfortable disease."

"It's prevalent," said Perkins eagerly. "It's the most prevalent disease on the map. The rich must have it; the poorest can afford it; the young and the old simply roll in it! Why, man," he exclaimed, "rheumatism was made 'specially for O-no-to-so-forth water. There's millions and millions of cases of rheumatism, and there's oceans and oceans of Perkin's World Famous O-no-to-what-you-call-it water. Great? What will cure rheumatism? Nothing! What will O-no-to-so-on water cure! Nothing! There you are! They fit into each other like a foot in a shoe."

He leaned back and smiled. Then he waved his hand jauntily in the air.

"But I'm not partial," he added. "If you can think of a better disease, we'll cure it. Anything!"

"Perkins," I said, "would *you* take this water for rheumatism?"

"Would I?" he fairly shouted. "Would I? Say! If I had rheumatism I'd live on it. I'd drink it by the gallon. I'd bathe in it—"

He stopped abruptly and a smile broke forth at one corner of his mouth and gradually spread over his face until it broke into a broad grin which he vainly endeavored to stifle.

"Warm!" he murmured, and then his grin broadened a little and he muttered — "lukewarm!" — and grinned again and ran his hand through his hair. He sat down and slapped his knee.

"Say!" he cried, "Greatest idea yet! I'm a benefactor! Think of the poor old people trying to drink that stuff! Think of them trying to force it down their throats! It would be a sin to make a dog drink it!"

He wiped an actual tear from his eye.

"What if I had to drink it! What if my poor old mother had to drink it! Cruelty! But we won't make 'em. We will be good! We will be generous! We will be great! We will let them bathe in it. Twice a day! Morning and night! Lukewarm! Why make weak human beings swallow it? And besides they'll need more! Think of enough O-no-to-so-forth water to swim in twice a day! And good old Perkins paying the freight!"

Without another word I reached over

"What if my poor old mother had to drink it?"

and clasped Perkins by the hand. It was a silent communion of souls—of the souls of two live, up-to-date Chicagoans. When the clasp was loosened we were bound together in a noble purpose to supply O-no-to-something water to a waiting, pain cursed world. We were banded together like good Samaritans to supply a remedy to the lame and the halt. And Perkins paying the freight.

Then Perkins gave me the details. There were to be three of us in the deal. There was a young man from Glaubus, Iowa, in Chicago, running a street car on the North Side. He had been raised near Glaubus and his father had owned a farm, but the old man was no financier and sold off the place bit by bit until all that was left was a forty-acre swamp—"Skunk Swamp" they called it, because of the rank water—and when the old man died the son came to Chicago to earn a living. He brought along a flask of the swamp water so that when he got homesick he could take out the cork, smell it, and be glad he was in Chicago instead of on the old place. Up in one corner of the swamp a spring welled up, and that spring spouted Onotowatishika water day and night, gallons and barrels and floods of it. But it needed a Perkins the Great to know its value. Perkins smelled its value the first whiff he got. He had a rough map of Glaubus with the Skunk Swamp off about a mile to the West.

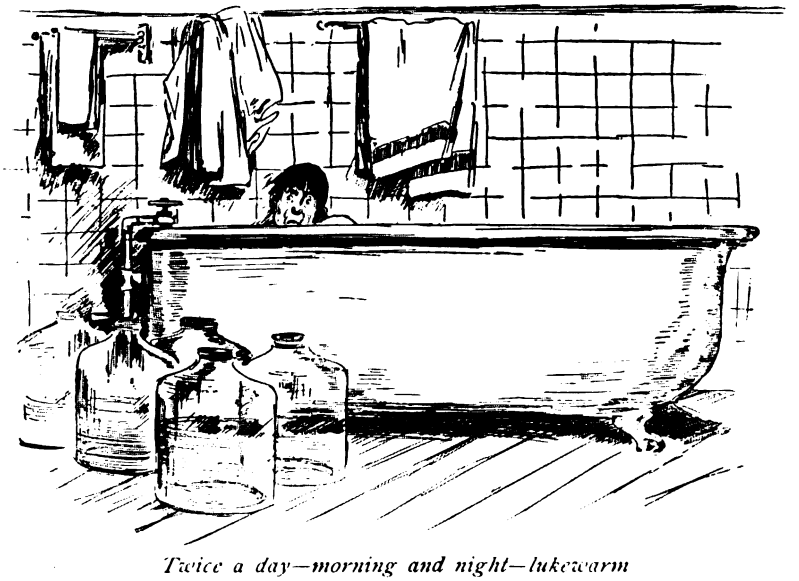
We patched up the deal the next day. The young fellow was to have a quarter interest because he put in the forty acres, and Perkins put in his time and talent for half the balance, and I got the remainder for my time and money. We wanted the young fellow to take a third interest and put in his time, too, but he said that rather than go back to the old place he would take a smaller share and get a job in some nice sweet spot, like the stockyards or a fertilizer factory. So Perkins and I packed up and went out to Glaubus.

When we got within two miles of Glaubus Perkins stuck his head out of the car window and drew it back covered with smiles.

"Smell it?" he asked. "Great! You can smell it way out here! Wait till we get on the ground! It must be wonderful!"

I did not wonder, when the train pulled up at the Glaubus station, that the place was a small, dilapidated village, nor that the inhabitants wore a careworn, hopeless expression. There was too much Onotowatishika water in the air. But Perkins glowed with joy.

"Smell it?" he asked eagerly. "Great 'Ad.!' You can't get away from it. You can't forget it. And look at



Twice a day—morning and night—lukewarm

this town. Look at the bare walls! Not a sign on any of them! Not a billboard in the place! Not an 'Ad.' of any kind in sight! Perkins, my boy, this is heaven for you! This is pie and nuts!"

I must confess that I was not so joyous over the prospect. I began to tire of Onotowatishika water already. I suggested to Perkins that we ought to have an agency in Chicago, and hinted that I knew all about running agencies properly, but he said I would get used to the odor presently, and in time come to love it and to long for it when I was away from it. I told him that doubtless he was right, but that I thought it would do me good to go away before my love got too violent. But Perkins never could see a joke, and it was wasted on him. He walked me right out to the Swamp and stood there an hour just watching the water bubble up. It seemed to do him good.

There was no shanty in the village good enough for our office, so that afternoon we bought the vacant lot next to the postoffice for five dollars and arranged to have a building put up for our use, and then, as there was nothing else for us to do until the next train came along, Perkins sat around thinking. And something always happened when Perkins thought.

In less than an hour Perkins set off to find the mayor and the councilmen and a notary public. He had a great idea.

They had a park in Glaubus—a full block of weeds and rank growth—and Perkins showed the mayor what a disgrace that park was to a town of the size and beauty of Glaubus. He said there ought to be a fountain and walks and benches where people could sit in the evenings. The mayor allowed that was so, but didn't see where the cash was to come from.

Perkins told him. Here we are, he said, two public-spirited men come over from Chicago to bottle up the old skunk spring and make Glaubus famous. Glaubus was to be our home, and already we had contracted for a beautiful one-story building with a dashboard front to make it look like two stories. If Glaubus treated us right, we would treat Glaubus right. Didn't the mayor want to help along his city?

The mayor certainly did, if he didn't have to pay out nothin'.

All right then, Perkins said, there was that old Skunk Swamp. We were going to bottle up a lot of the water that came out of the spring and ship it away, and that would help to clean the air, for the less water the less smell. All Perkins wanted was to have those forty acres of swamp that we owned plotted as town lots and taken in as the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the town of Glaubus. It would cost the village nothing, and as fast as Perkins got rid of the lots the village could assess taxes on them, and the taxes would pay for the park.

The mayor and the council didn't see but what that was a square deal, so they called a special meeting right there and in half an hour we had the whole thing under way.

"But, Perky," I said, when we were on the train hurrying back to Chicago, "how are you going to sell those lots? They are nothing but mud and water, and no sane man would even think of paying money for them. Why, if the lot next the postoffice is worth five dollars, those lots a mile away from it, and ten feet deep in mud, wouldn't be worth two copper cents."

"Sell?" said Perkins sticking his hands deep into the pockets of his celebrated "Baffin Bay" pants. "Sell? Who wants to sell? We'll *give* 'em away! What does the public want? Something for nothing! What does it covet? Real estate! All right, we give 'em real estate for nothing! A lot in the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the Town of Glaubus free for ten labels soaked from O-no-to-thing-um-bob water bottles. Send in your labels and get a real deed for the lot with a red seal on it. And Perkins pays the freight!"

Did it go? Does anything that Perkins the Great puts his soul into go? It went with a rush. We looked up the rheumatism statistics of the United States, and wherever there was a rheumatism district we billed the

barns and fences. We sent circulars and "follow up" letters, and advertised in local and county papers. We shipped the water by single demijohns at first and then in half-dozen crates and then in car lots. We established depots in the big business centers and took up magazine advertising on a big scale. Wherever man met man the catch words "Perkins pays the freight" was bandied to and fro. "How can you afford a new hat?" "Oh! 'Perkins pays the freight'!"

The comic papers made jokes about it, the daily papers made cartoons about it, no vaudeville sketch was complete without a reference to Perkins paying the freight, and the comic opera hit of the year was the one in which six jolly girls clinked champagne glasses while singing the song ending:—

"To us no pleasure lost is
And we go a merry gait,
We don't care what the cost is,
For 'Perkins pays the freight.'"

As for testimonials, we scooped in twenty-four members of Congress, eight famous operatic stars, eighty-eight ministers, and dead loads of others.

And our lots in the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the town of Glaubus? We began by giving full sized dwelling house lots. Then we cut it down to business lot size, and as the labels kept pouring in we reduced the lots to cemetery lot size. We had lot owners in Alaska, Mexico and the Philippines, and the village of Glaubus fixed up its park and even paved the main street with the taxes. Whenever a lot owner refused to pay his taxes the deed was cancelled and we split the lot up into smaller lots and distributed them to new label savers.

We also sent agents to organize Rheumatism Clubs in the large cities. That was Perkins' greatest idea, but it was too great.

One morning as Perkins was opening the mail, he paused with a letter open before him and let his jaw drop. I walked over and laid my hand kindly on his shoulder.

"What is it, Perky?" I asked.

He lay back in his chair and gazed at me blankly. Then he spoke.

The Grand Rapids delegation disembarked.

"The lame and the halt!" he murmured. "They are coming. They are coming *here*. Read it?"

He pushed the letter toward me feebly. It was from the Corresponding Secretary of the Grand Rapids Rheumatic Club. It said:—

"Gentlemen:—

The members of this Club have used Onotowatishika water for over a year and are delighted to testify to its merits. In fact, we have used so much that each member now owns several lots in the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the Town

of Glaubus, and, feeling that our health depends on the constant and unremitting use of your healing waters, we have decided as a whole to emigrate to Glaubus, where we may be near the source of the waters and secure them as they arise bubbling from the bosom of mother earth. We have withheld this pleasant knowledge from you until we had completed our arrangements for deserting Grand Rapids, in order that the news might come to you as a grateful surprise. We have read in your circulars of the beautiful natural advantages of Glaubus, and particularly of the charm of the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the Town of Glaubus, and we will come prepared to rear homes on the land which has been allotted to us. We leave to-day."

They were like a lot of children on circus day.

I looked at Perkins. He had wilted.

"Perky," I said, "cheer up. It's nothing to be sad about. But I feel that I have been over-working. I'm going to take a vacation; I'm going to Chicago, and I'm going to-day; but you can stay and reap the reward of their gratitude. I am only a secondary person. *You* are their benefactor."

Perkin's didn't take my remarks in the spirit in which they were meant. He jumped up and slammed his desk-lid and locked it, banged the door of the safe, and, grabbing his Pratt hat, crushed it on his head. He gave one quick glance around the office, another at the clock, and bolted for the door. I saw that he was right. The train was due in two minutes and it was the train from Chicago, on which the Grand Rapids Rheumatic Club would arrive.

When we reached the station the train was just pulling in, and, as we jumped aboard, the Grand Rapids delegation disembarked. Some had crutches and some had canes, some limped and some did not seem to be disabled. In fact a great many seemed to be odiously able-bodied, and there was one who looked like a retired coal heaver.

It was beautiful to see them sniffing the air as they stepped from the train. They were like a lot of children on the morning of circus day.

They gathered on the station platform and gave their club yell, and then one enthusiastic old gentleman jumped upon a box and shouted:—

"What's the matter with Perkins?"

The Club, by their loudly unanimous reply, signified that Perkins was all right.

But as I looked in the face of Perkins the Great, I felt that I could have given a more correct answer. I knew what was the matter with Perkins. He wanted to get away from the vulgar throng. He wanted that train to pull out.

And it did.

As we passed out of the town limits, we heard the Grand Rapids Rheumatic Club proclaiming in unison that Perkins was—

"First in peace! First in war!

"First in the hearts of his countrymen!"

But that was before they visited their real estate holdings.

MISS FLUTTERLY

ON WHAT IS DOING

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

I WAS waiting for a cross town car at Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, that point where the fashionables and the mercantiles weave endless mats as they cross and recross and wind in and out. Above me towered the meeting place of the disgustingly rich, and when I saw a vision of loveliness coming down the street I lingered in its shade and forgot that I wished to take a car, for the vision was no other than pretty Miss Flutterly, whom I first met on an ocean steamer and whose face has a way of popping into my consciousness about once in so often. She was just as swagger as ever and her voice—when I heard it—had still the soft southern quality that with her is cultivated—for she was born in Massachusetts.

I am sure she will pardon me if I report our conversation, because it touched on so many very much alive topics, and it was so characteristic of us both.

"Why how do you do?" said she, giving me her hand with an impulsiveness that had no society chill in it. Little Miss Flutterly is very genuine and that's why I like her.

"I'm awfully glad to see you again," she went on. "Why, I haven't seen you since we had such pleasant talks on the dear old steamer coming back from Europe. Have you been over since? No?—neither have I, but every spring it seems as if I'd just have to, don't you know. Do you have that feeling? I suppose it's because so many of our ancestors, hundreds of years back, were Europeans. I've had eight ancestors in this country and each one was just a little nearer being an Englishman until the eighth, and he *was* an Englishman and so I suppose that's why I want to go to the continent again—and Africa. Ever since the Boer War I have felt that I must see Africa and find out if the Dutch down there look like the Dutch in Holland. Did you know that the Dutch don't like to be called Dutchmen? No; they say they're Hollanders. And the Germans hate to be called Dutch. I don't really suppose any body in the wide world likes to be called Dutch, because we use the word to denote bad taste in dressing and colors. Oh, I'll never forget my trip to Holland. I couldn't help thinking of it this summer because we went up to the White Mountains, and you know there aren't any mountains in Holland at all. Every time I looked at Mount Washington and the rest of them, I used to think what would they do with it in those flat little meadows full of cows and windmills. I suppose that's one

With an impulsiveness that had no society chill in it.

reason why Holland is so small—because she's so flat. Now New Hampshire isn't such a big State, but it's so up-and-down-hilly that there's lots more room in it. I should think that that would have occurred to the Dutch—I mean the Hollanders—and they would have built up hills so as to have more room. You know at Waterloo, wasn't it Waterloo where Napoleon was killed—no, Wellington—well, anyhow I know it was Waterloo where they had an enormous hill that seven hundred women made out of just earth and wheelbarrows. Now if women could do it once it could be done by men, and if the Dutch would do it it would increase their country and make it less liable to be flooded. Isn't it awful the floods we're having nowadays? Papa says it's because they cut down so many trees. I suppose trees stop the springs from coming too fast by absorbing their moisture, and when they cut down whole forests why there's nothing to do but let the floods come. But its awful for the people that get washed away. Papa was reading the other day about some Russian immigrants that had just settled on the banks of a river out west when the floods came and they were carried into Kansas and they had no means of telling what State they had come

"Wasn't it Waterloo where Napoleon was killed—no, Wellington—"

"We're not really Americans now, except the negroes, and they're Africans."

from. One of the youngest had been born there and he will never know what State he is a native of because those Russians are so ignorant. Doesn't it seem awful our allowing so many ignorant people to come to this beautiful country? I think they ought to have put a stop to it just as soon as we were declared independent. Because we're not really Americans now, except the negroes, and they're Africans. But I do think they ought to let the Chinese in, because our soldiers treated the Chinese so nicely during those Boxer troubles, and it must have raised hopes that we'd let them in, and then we don't any more than we did, and yet we go to China and they don't say a word. I suppose their knowledge of English is very elementary, being heathens, so they're not much on conversation. Don't you think conversation awfully pleasant? Mamma says it's the breath of life to me. I really think that it's one of the most delightful things a person can do. Now there isn't any one in the wide world, no matter how wise he is, can guess what's going on in my mind until I speak, and so if I didn't say a word—I suppose I'd keep them guessing—but that's slang, and I'm trying not to use slang. Mamma says that the excessive use of slang indicates a vacant mind. I used to be awfully slangy, but

that brought me up with a round turn.

"Isn't this an age of marvels? I really don't know what will be discovered next—do you? Really, it would take a strictly scientific person to tell, because just as you think it's going to be airships it turns out to be radium or something else just as wonderful.

"Papa says it was a woman invented radium, and it seems as if the manufacture of it ought to be stopped, because if a single pound of it was—what is it they do with it, turn it on or explode it, or what?—well, any way, if a single pound of it did what it does do, whatever that is, it would annihilate the world. Just think of the danger of having even a little of it. They say it's diminishing at the rate of a certain number of grains a second, and it's going so fast it would reach the sun inside of a minute, and yet, after watching a heap of it for I don't know how many thousands of years, it doesn't look any smaller—so I don't see how we're going to get rid of it now it's here. And they say it will make anything shine, except imitation diamonds. I should think that people wouldn't dare wear paste after this, because if they suddenly stopped shining it would be so mortifying, and then there's the danger of turning, for they say that a single grain of it, if spread out in the right way, would furnish enough heat to heat all the office buildings in New York below Twenty-third street—or maybe it was Fourteenth street. Perhaps they could dissolve it in water and then run pipes, like steam pipes. I know papa said that the person who could solve the problem of how to do without coal wouldn't need to do without it—he'd be so rich that he could buy it at any price. Doesn't it seem unfair? The very man who could afford to do without it would be the man who had it to burn.

"Don't you think conversation is awfully pleasant?"

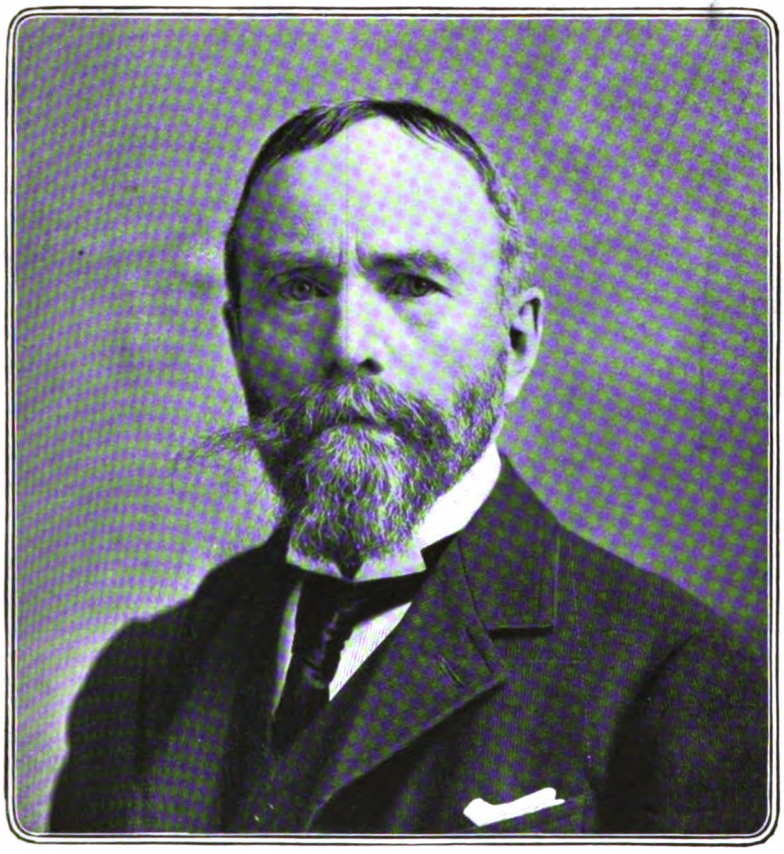
"And then there's wireless telegraphy. Brother Tom says that the manufacturers of wire went to Marconi and offered him, I think it was, ten thousand dollars or else a hundred thousand if he would stop inventing wireless telegraphy, because it would ruin them, and Tom said that Marconi was such a scientist that he said no money could stop him as he was sure that he'd make a fortune out of his invention. And all those wire people will be ruined.

"Well, I must really be running on" (just as if she hadn't been). "Do come and call on mamma and me. We'd love to hear you talk about what you've done."

So I left her pretty face and, feeling as if I had just absorbed a whole Sunday supplement, I boarded the tenth car that had passed me.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Last summer, when a reporter asked Mr. Keene whether his recent loss of nearly four millions embarrassed him financially, he replied: "I am annoyed, but not embarrassed."



James R. Keene.

THE GAMBLING SPIRIT

The Poison Pervading Our Modern American Life

By JAMES L. FORD

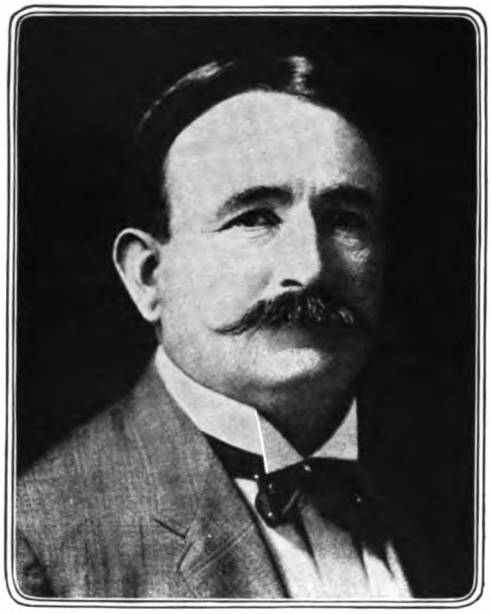
QUITE early during the present dramatic season, while "assisting," as the old time theatrical phrase has it, at the first night of a new play in a fashionable Broadway theater, I noted with surprise the fact that there were scarcely half a dozen persons of fashion in the house and that the ticket speculators, with the fear of bankruptcy written across their faces, were besieging passers-by with offers of seats at half their par value.

Realizing that nothing short of a widespread calamity could have so completely mocked the counsel of such wise men as theatrical managers and sidewalk speculators, I asked a Wall Street banker whom I met wandering disconsolately through the lobby, looking in vain for others of his kind, how to account for these phenomena.

"It means simply that everybody has gone broke on the stock market," he replied, shrugging his shoulders, "and people haven't the money to spend on such high-priced luxuries as this that they had a year ago."

"But what has become of all this

Last summer Mr. Brown invaded New York and effected in cotton one of the few successful corners in the history of commodity speculation. A conservative estimate places his winnings at $4,000,000 for six months' work.



William P. Brown, of New Orleans, "Cotton King."

Mr. Phillips, who began young, has been known as "The Corn King" ever since he lost a few millions in attempting to corner the market, a precocious instance of the gambling spirit.

George S. Phillips, of Chicago, "Corn King."

money that has been lost in Wall Street?" I inquired in all innocence. "Surely somebody must have it, for the greenbacks and coin have not vanished from off the face of the earth."

My friend looked pityingly at me and then replied: "The money isn't really lost; it's only this tremendous shrinkage in values that makes everybody poor. Securities that sold during the good times for a hundred and twenty, are down to eighty now, while those that were eighty two years ago don't bring more than half that now. No wonder the holders of them feel that they must retrench."

A light broke in upon my brain. I had learned that good times meant simply putting an absurd over-valuation on our possessions and hard times was merely discovering how little they were worth.

But something of far deeper significance than the mere shrinkage of imaginary values has brought about the conditions which were so apparent at this theatrical first night. For the past ten years the gambling fever has been growing steadily in volume and intensity in all parts of the country until there is scarcely a man or woman to be found whose mind is not taken up with some scheme for getting rich without working. And in this mad pursuit of the will-o-the-wisp of getting everything for nothing there is represented every sort and condition of human life, from the ten year old crap-playing darkey to the Keene or Whitney who plays for stakes that run well into the millions. Here are men speculating in oil and wheat and stocks, and others hovering, wild-eyed, over the roulette and faro tables. Here are clerks and young boys "playing the horses" with every dollar that they can earn, borrow or even take from their employer's till. Here are women investing their savings with financiers who promise them interest at the rate of ten per cent. a week. And here are servant girls, negroes, office boys, beggars and vagrants buying policy slips at a cost of all the way from a cent to two dollars a risk. There is scarcely a branch of commerce that has escaped this wild mania. Real estate is no longer bought as an investment, but to be sold again within a fortnight. The business of theatricals—time was when it was an art or a profession

—is now almost wholly speculative, and even the conservative old trade of book publishing is honeycombed with men who, using the advertising page as a gaming table, speculate in authors as other gamblers do in stocks or corn or ivory chips.

With so many forms of gambling to choose from, it is not easy to say which particular one exercises the most pernicious effect on the growing generation, but if I were called upon to award the palm to any special class, it would go to the stock gamblers. Time was when this particular vice was restricted — as other and not more degrading forms of vice have been—to its own particular district, but of late years the stock market has become a hideous octopus, with its thousands of tentacles in the shape of telegraph wires running direct into the hearts of cities and villages and private houses. Touch a bustling, wealthy manufacturing town with one of these private wires and it will not be long until it has drained it of nearly all its superfluous dollars and begun to gnaw at the heart of its invested capital. If a meter could be invented that would faithfully register every dollar that finds its way into the greedy maw of the stock market over these wires, the figures would be a startling revelation to the country at large.

And the amazing part of the whole business is that the Newport millionaire, the Connecticut manufacturer, the New Hampshire farmer, the woman of society, the school teacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the actor and the green grocer are all pitting their feeble wits against the keen and absolutely unscrupulous manipulators of the market and flattering themselves that they are clever enough to beat a game that is practically invincible.

John W. Gates,
A type of modern speculator pronounced by J. P. Morgan as an unsafe man.

"I've been on the stock exchange since 1865 and have succeeded because I have never done business there save as a commission buyer or seller," said one of Wall Street's most successful brokers to me not long ago; "but if I were to go on the market as an operator, I should probably find myself a pauper at the end of the year."

It is interesting to compare the views of such a man as this with those of the village tattlers who tell in excited accents about the manner in which some local greenhorn is "milking the market" through the private wire that has been run into the town for the special and beneficent purpose of relieving him and a dozen more of his shallow-pated kind of their surplus cash. Faro and roulette, bad as they are, are not to be mentioned in the same day with Manhattan L, Common Steel and New York Central securities as factors in the work of public demoralization

Charles Tyson Yerkes, Promoter in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and London.

Mr. Yerkes has made fortunes out of traction operations in the large cities of America. Of late years he has become an international figure by his success in securing the contract for the construction of the London "Tuppenny Tube," or underground railway.

that goes on increasingly year after year.

The very fact that the professional gambler is to a large extent a social outcast, plying his craft at night and behind steel doors and only then with the purchasable connivance of the authorities, is in itself a warning that not even the stupidest can fail to observe. Stock speculation, on the contrary, hangs out the banner of respectability—which a great many unthinking persons have somehow come to confound with morality—and, under its protection, carries on its traffic night and day, in city streets and village lanes, in parlor and boudoir, in store and in factory—in short, wherever it can find a single human being possessed of this mania for getting something for nothing. Men who would scorn to cross the threshold of a gambling house, gamble openly in stocks and are not ashamed to discuss their ventures in the presence of their own children. And with every facility for legalized gambling placed within reach of even the humblest purse, is it to be wondered at that when Wall Street ruins a man, it strips him of everything that he possesses—destroys his business, places a mortgage on his home, eats up the trust funds of which he was custodian and leaves him naked to the world?

On the other hand professional gambling, by which I mean the kind that is not respectable and exists only through the corruption of the police, seldom does more than to relieve a man of whatever money he may have in his pockets and possibly as large a check as the house will accept. That men frequently lose large sums at faro or roulette is undeniable, but it is not often that those games take the roof from a player's head and reduce him and his whole family to beggary. Moreover—and this is something well worth noting—the cheerful loser in a first-class gambling house may refresh himself free of cost during the hours of play and even solace himself, when all is over, with a really fine supper. And if perchance he has set a good example to his fellow-players by losing every cent that he has in his pockets, the house will always allow him a dollar or two for cab fare home.

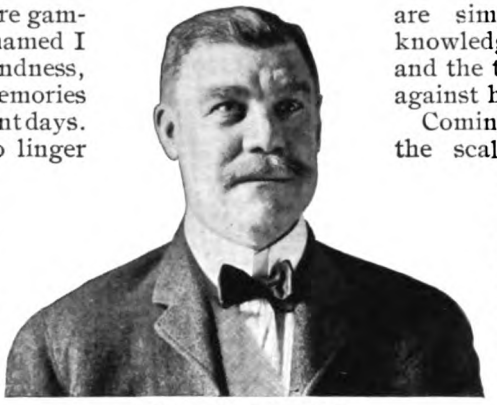
Joseph Leiter of Chicago.

Like another Joseph of an elder day he attempted to corner the wheat supply. Like him too he was thrown into the pit by his brethren—of the Chicago market.

But there is no free supper in Wall Street, no cigars or liquors to be had at the cost of the market while the ticker ticks out its tale of disaster and the tape festoons itself about the basket; and I really don't know what would happen if you were to ask the broker to whom you had lost your entire fortune to lend you the amount of an uptown fare on the Elevated Road.

Frank Stockton once had a whimsical fancy for a "Christian bartender" as a character in a novel, but it sounds prosaic and commonplace enough in comparison with a "baptized wheat

plunger" or a "square gambler." For the last named I have a sneaking fondness, for it brings back memories of childhood's innocent days. Even now I love to linger within sound of the undergraduate voice and to hear again from beardless lips the enunciation of belief that "square gambling" is carried on in New York—still the principal article of faith in the greenhorn's creed.



"Honest" John Kelly.

A speculator who deals in chips instead of wheat and stocks.

But to these fresh-cheeked academicians, the gambling house teaches one of the most solemn and important lessons of life—that of implicit, unquestioning obedience to higher authority, which is beautifully exemplified in the roulette wheel that stops whenever it is told to, and without waiting to be spoken to a second time.

Next to the stock market, I think the pool room is perhaps the chief source of dishonor, misfortune and the perversion of moral sense that modern civilization can show. It is worse than the stock market because it has brought into disrepute the splendid and legitimate sport of horse racing on which it fattens. Like the gambling that goes on across the green cloth, the pool room shrouds its deeds in mystery and must pay a portion of its ill-gotten gains to the authorities who connive at its existence, and like the respectable stock exchange, about which even the New England deacon is not ashamed to hover, the whole country is gridironed with its network of wires which carry temptation into every factory, store, college or wherever foolish young men are to be found.

For the pool room keeper I have but scant regard, but the race track bookmaker is several pegs above him in his methods of dealing, and it may at least be said of him that a large proportion of race track bets are laid by men who can afford the risk—in many cases they are gamblers pure and simple—and who are simply pitting their knowledge of horse flesh and the tricks of the course against his.

Coming still further down the scale, we come to the game of policy, which is the most dishonest, alluring and to the owner of the game, the most profitable form of gambling ever invented. It is one, too, that seeks its victims among the very poorest classes and has its agents in dressmakers' shops, in cheap cigar stores, in saloons—everywhere, in short, where idleness, ignorance and cupidity march hand in hand. As a class, the negro population of New York is poor, but if the truth could be known regarding the percentage of the freedmen's earnings that is absorbed by this infamous swindle called policy, the story would be pitiful and incredible. Scarcely one of these poor Africans is without a dream book which is consulted at every hour of the day in the mad belief that it will shed light on some "gig" that will come out in the afternoon drawing.

"Fo' de Lord, Hannah, look at dat rat chasin' roun' dat ash bar'l!" cries a dusky Sixth Avenue belle to the friend with whom she is chatting on the street corner. "Get yo' dream book out, honey, an' see what dat rat plays."

Then Hannah will produce from the folds of her garments a greasy, pawed and dog's-eared volume and the two woolly heads will knock together as they decipher from its pages the true significance of the rat and the ash barrel.

"Sho's yo' born, de rat he play free an' de ash bar'l ten, an' Mandy, dat's a sign, straight from hebben, dat 'twould be a sin to frow down. I'se got forty cents I was holdin' out fo' to get a little drap o' gin, but I'll let de gin go an' play dat 'gig' if I was nebber to draw anudder breff."

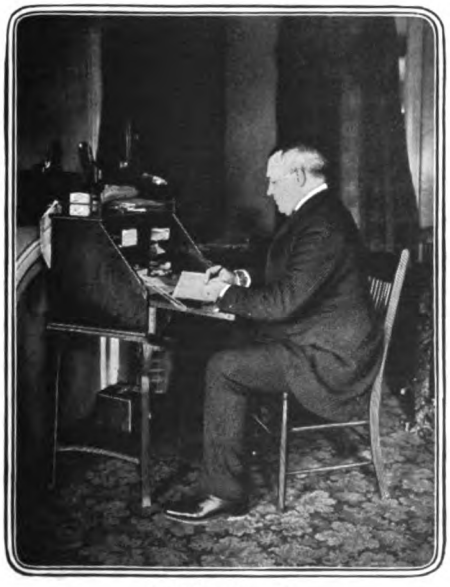
And into the back room of the little

thread and needle store these two silly women will hurry to place every penny that they possess in the hands of some "policy king" whose steam yacht and brown stone mansion, whose horses, carriages, jewels and oil paintings — for your true scoundrel always loves to "patronize" the arts — they and their credulous, ignorant kind have paid for.

There is a lesson to be learned from gambling and it is not taught by the tales of successful "plunging" in wheat, "coups" in Wall Street and bank-breaking at Monte Carlo. That is a side of the question to which public attention is only too frequently directed. The real object lesson of the sin of gambling is to be found in the human derelicts that still love to linger about the rocks on which they have been wrecked. It is an object lesson that is taught so plainly that he who runs may read. It is taught by the seedy, eager-eyed men who have long since given up all idea of honest work and who hang about the faro tables night after night "keeping tab" for other players, rendering with cheerful humility whatever little services they can and eagerly accepting the occasional stack of white chips which is their only reward. It is taught by the prematurely aged men and women who, no longer welcome guests in the Wall Street offices which have absorbed their money, still huddle about the ticker, reading with feverish eyes the tale of the ups and downs of a market on which they can no longer bet and figuring out how much they might have made had they only been able to borrow sufficient money for the initial venture. It is taught by the

Mr. Canfield's luxurious gambling house in New York became so famous that eventually even the police heard of it.

Richard Canfield.

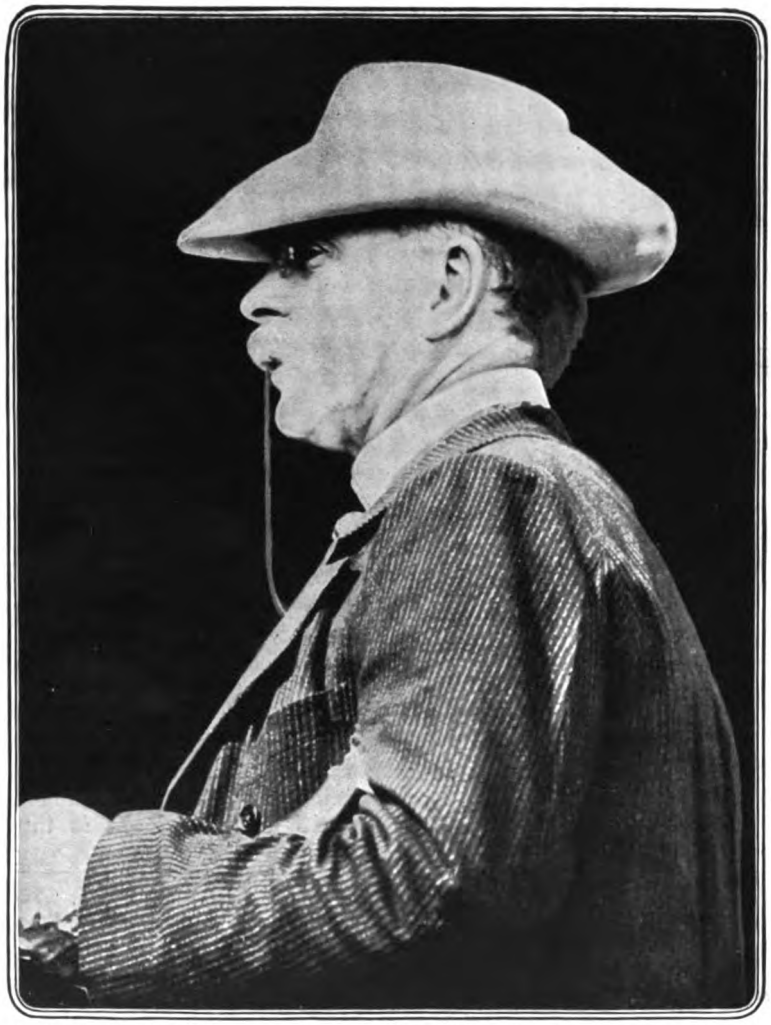


"Pat" Sheedy.

A speculator in cards who has retired on a competency

"Al" Adams.

The ex-policy king who has retired into Sing Sing.



William C. Whitney, or "From the Cabinet to the Race Track."

once trusted bank officials now living in forlorn exile amid Canadian snows, shunned by their neighbors and hungering after home and kindred and their old friends. It is taught by those who but yesterday were decent clerks or salesmen, with wife and children of their own and moderate competence almost within their grasp, and who are now serving terms in prison because of embezzlements made in the wild hope of recouping pool room losses. It is taught by the impoverished wives and daughters of the once wealthy men who sacrificed everything to an insane ambition to "corner the market," and it is taught by the ragged and homeless vagrants who have never been able to work since the hope of getting something for nothing first took possession of their brains.

A RAPID CONVEYANCE

BY OWEN OLIVER
PICTURES BY
ALBERT LEVERING

"FLINT," said Stone.

"Stone," said I.

We are Flint and Stone, Solicitors, of Millbank, England. Local wits call us the Millstones; but this is a jest.

"I have been thinking." I rubbed my hands.

"If we had an enemy—"

"No!" I protested.

"A person who entertained feelings of animosity toward *us*; and with whom we had declined further correspondence?" He looked at me over his eyeglasses.

"If we had occasion to approach him in the way of business," I suggested, "of course—"

"We should forgive him!"

"Stone," I said feelingly, "you are a good man."

"Andrew McKenzie did not behave well in the matter of that land, but—"

"The conveyance?" he said.

"He is an ill-conditioned person." I shook my head.

"His last letter was scarcely polite."

"Almost offensive. He insinuated we were lacking in truth and honesty!"

"Still we bear him no ill-will."

"None whatever."

"The offer that we made him was liberal."

"Almost reckless." It was £1,700.

"The price he asked was excessive."

"A bare-faced attempt at extortion!" I said warmly. "£2,100 indeed!"

"He cannot help being a Scotchman," said my partner soothingly, "and this is a season of good-will."

It was within a week of Christmas. I nodded approvingly. "If you would like to make him an offer—shall we say £1,800?"

"£2,100," said Stone quietly. I looked at him in amazement.

"It is barely worth £2,000!" Stone held up his finger.

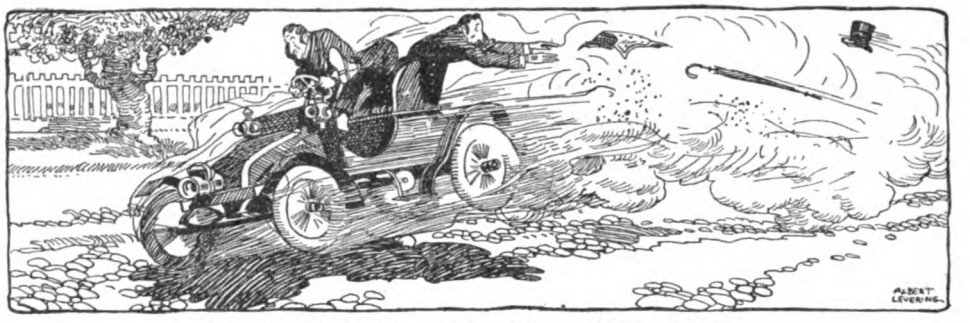
"If the Slowdown and Golightly Railway should propose to build a goods station there?"

"Ah!" I said. "Oh!"

"A little bird," he remarked playfully, "has whispered to me that they *do*. I fear they will have to give at least £2,500." He passed me over a letter from the—ahem!—little bird.

"Ye'll mak' it a free conveyance?"

"I should



"One must take these little things philosophically."

be sorry," I observed, "for McKenzie to imagine that we bore him any malice. Suppose we offered him £2,000." Stone shook his head.

"He would haggle till after Christmas. I—I do not want any weight on my mind at that happy season." He coughed apologetically.

"One must not carry sentiment too far," I reminded him. It is a little weakness of his.

"I was thinking," he remarked, "how people talk over the festive board. If the intention of the company should become known—"

"I was wrong to question your kindly instincts, Stone," I admitted. "I had an idea of visiting Slowdown to-day. If I can do anything to establish friendly relations, it will be gratifying."

"Highly gratifying, Flint; especially at this season."

I went over by the 11.15 train. McKenzie became civil as soon as I explained the object of my visit, and assured me that there was no ill-feeling on his part.

"We'll deal with the matter in a generous speerit on baith sides," he said. "An' mak' it £2,150?" He is a man with no conscience whatever!

"Stone would never agree to a penny more than twenty-one hundred," I declared. "It's out of the question."

"Ye'll mak' it a free conveyance?"

"No, no! But we'll do it cheaply; and quickly."

"By the new year?"

"By Christmas," I promised. So we closed the bargain.

Stone rubbed his hands when I told him.

"We will take it over for signature on Tuesday," he pronounced.

We had investigated the title during the previous negotiations. I saw to the matter myself, as Stone was busy trying a new motor—a form of conveyance of which I do not approve. I was reading the document for the last time, on Monday morning, when my partner rushed into our room.

"The conveyance?" he cried.

"Just finished." I held it up. He snatched it from my hand.

"Put on your top coat and hat and come." I looked at the clock.

"We're just too late for the train."

"We'll go on the motor."

Luckily we were soon out of hearing.

"Now round that old woman."

"Umph!" I must confess that I did not trust it. "I don't see why we need be in such a hurry."

"His brother is going over by the train. He has heard something about the station."

"The meddlesome ass!" I rushed into my coat. "How did he find it out?"

"Some rascally clerk in the company's office. He ought to be dismissed."

"A gross breach of trust," I agreed, putting on my gloves.

"Come on!" Stone clapped my hat on my head and we went out.

The motor was at the door, puffing and rattling in an unpleasant manner. I did not like venturing on the thing, but Stone hustled me into a seat. Then he turned a wheel and it bolted forward with a jerk that threw my hat into the road. It was nearly a new hat, and some small boys were playing football with it when we turned the corner.

"Why didn't you stop?" I demanded.

"We've barely time to beat the train."

"I shall catch my death of cold."

"Tie a handkerchief round your head," he suggested.

I commenced knotting my handkerchief at the corners; but Stone turned too sharply at the end of the High Street, and we ran against the curb. In catching hold of the car to save myself I let the handkerchief go. Stone's umbrella went also. I will not say that I was glad, but I hoped it would be a lesson to him, and I told him so.

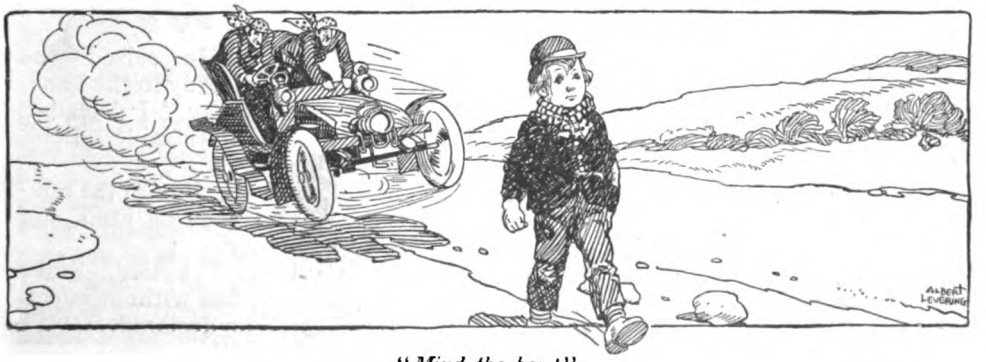
"One must take these little things philosophically," he said. "I've a spare handkerchief that I'll lend you."

It was a large silk one, and made an excellent head covering, but unfortunately it was bright red in color, and excited remarks from people we passed.

"It goes," he remarked, with satisfaction.

"I shall be glad when it stops," I replied. "I don't consider it is under proper control."

"My dear Flint, I can guide it to an inch. See me run over that piece of orange peel; and that fragment of paper. Now round that old woman—Good Heavens!"



"Mind the boy!"

He had overlooked a heap of stones, and we mounted right over them. I turned a backward somersault on the seat, and only saved myself from going out of the car by clasping him round the neck with both legs.

"You've knocked my cap off!" he complained. "With this cold wind I shall be laid up for a month."

"One must take these little things philosophically," I reminded him. "You had better make a cap out of another handkerchief!"

"Umph! You'll have to steer while I do it."

"I don't understand the apparatus."

"You just turn it the way you want to go. It's quite easy. The road is wide enough."

"It's wide," I agreed doubtfully. "But I don't know if it's wide enough!" However, he insisted upon my taking the wheel, while he fumbled with a muffler—a yellow one spotted with green.

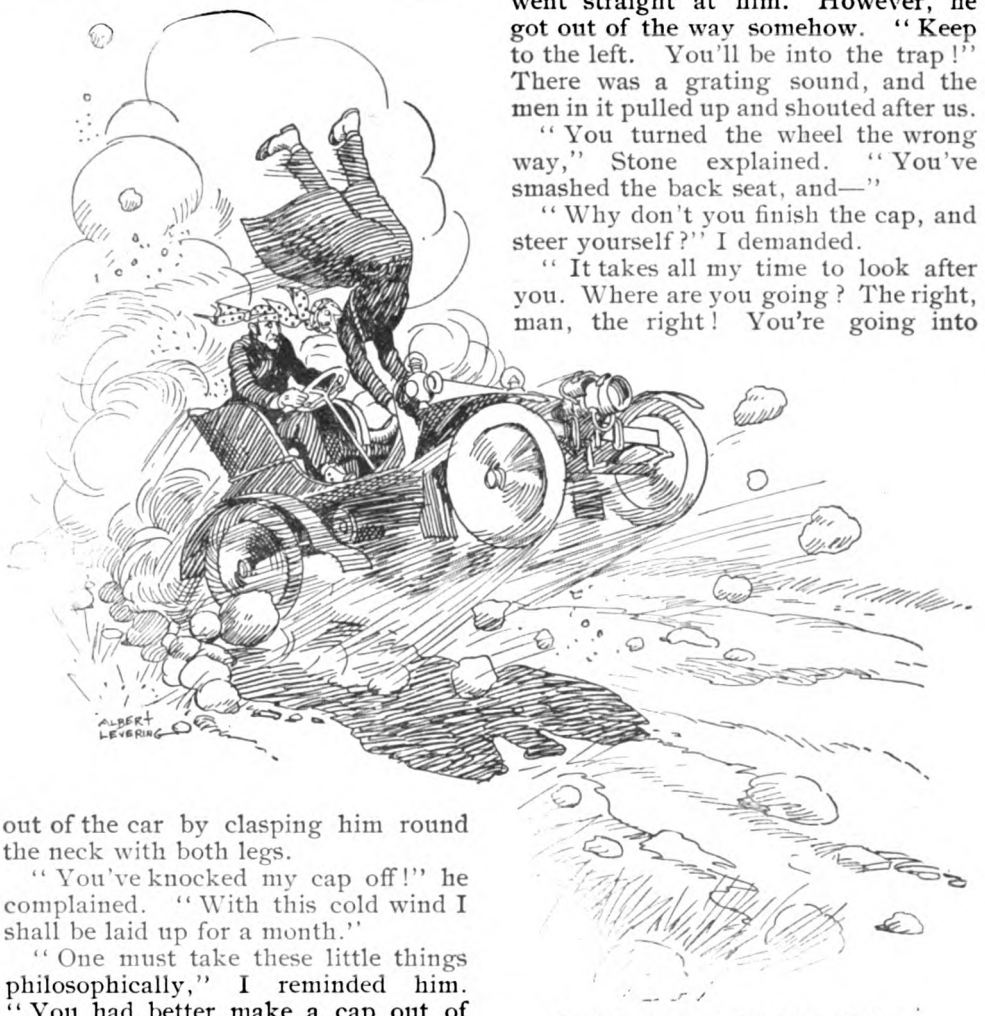
"There's a trap coming," I shouted in alarm.

"It's a mile off. Mind the boy!" I tried to mind the boy, but the thing went straight at him. However, he got out of the way somehow. "Keep to the left. You'll be into the trap!" There was a grating sound, and the men in it pulled up and shouted after us.

"You turned the wheel the wrong way," Stone explained. "You've smashed the back seat, and—"

"Why don't you finish the cap, and steer yourself?" I demanded.

"It takes all my time to look after you. Where are you going? The right, man, the right! You're going into Breakneck Lane!" He seized the wheel, but we were already in the Lane.



He had overlooked a heap of stones.

"It's the quickest way," I declared.

"Quickest! It's unrideable. Look at the policeman!"

A constable was standing in the middle of the road, waving his arms and shouting to us to stop.

"Put on the brake!" I cried. Stone grabbed at a lever, but without effect.

"It won't act," he declared. "We shall run him down!"

We rushed upon the policeman like an avalanche. He bolted for the footpath, shouting something about the County Council and ten miles an hour.

"You will be summoned," I warned Stone.

"*We* shall be summoned," he corrected, "if we are not killed." He made a furious attack upon the brake, but only succeeded in upsetting the steering. We scraped along a wall, snapped off the projecting branch of a tree, and uprooted a mile stone. Then we turned an angle of the road upon a milk barrow.

"Hi!" I shouted. "Hi! Get out of the way, man?"

The man got out of the way but he left the barrow. We dashed through a rain of milk and cans. One of the latter hit me in the face and another blacked my partner's eye. I could not see what happened to the barrow. I suppose the pieces were too small!

"Carts!" I shouted warningly. "Any number of them. Blow the—the foghorn!" He blew it, and the carters drew up hastily on one side of the road, using most shocking language.

"They've escaped from an asylum," cried a lady as we passed. "Look at their caps."

"We shall never hear the last of this," I reproached Stone. He smiled with a sort of foolish satisfaction.

"If we aren't smashed, we shall beat the train by twenty minutes. It means four hundred pounds."

"Less damages," I corrected. "If we—Oh!" The car skipped over a rough place, and I nearly went out.

"Hold tighter," he told me.

"How can I?" I asked indignantly. I was holding as tightly as I could.

It was necessary. The machine was no longer running, but taking long leaps, and whenever we turned a corner we went up on one wheel. When we came to Slowdown Road we were going forty miles an hour.

"The last half mile!" he said cheerfully.

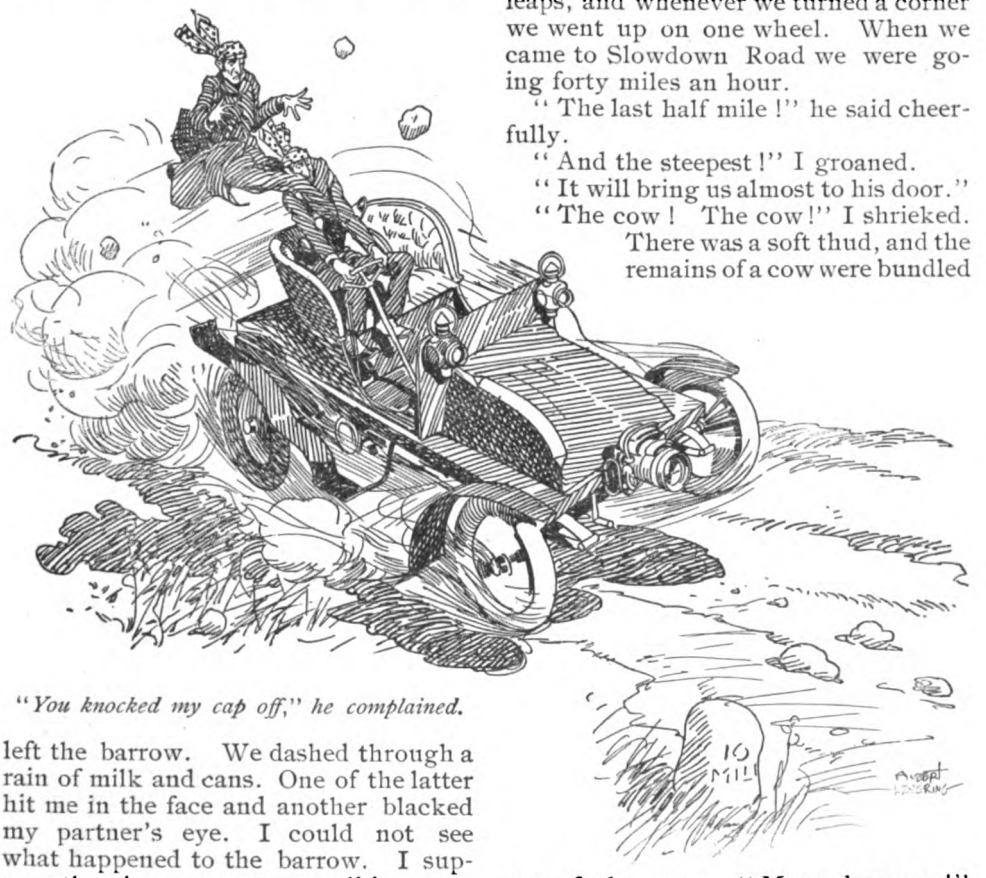
"And the steepest!" I groaned.

"It will bring us almost to his door."

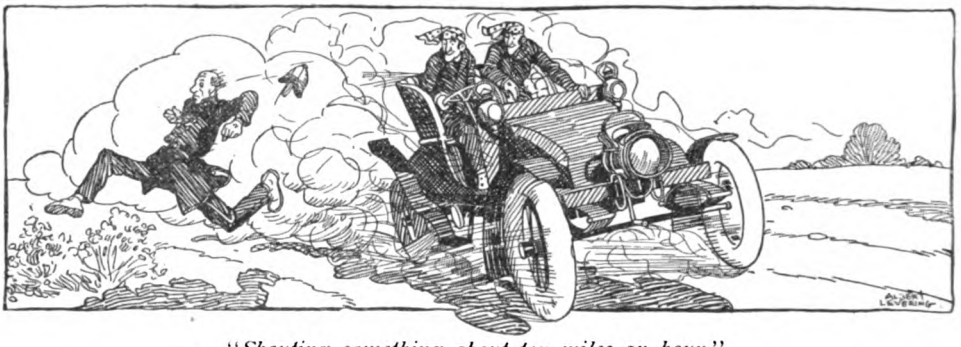
"The cow! The cow!" I shrieked.

There was a soft thud, and the remains of a cow were bundled out of the way. "More damages!"

"It has checked us a little," he consoled me. He is of a foolishly sanguine disposition! "It is up-hill when we reach the pond."



"You knocked my cap off," he complained.



"Shouting something about ten miles an hour."

Just as we came to Slowdown Green, a brewer's van galloped out from the yard of the "Three Keys." Stone turned hurriedly to avoid it, and we reached the pond—at the deep end reserved for swimmers! There was a terrific splash. We were swept from our seats by a torrent of water. I do not remember anything more, except a violent explosion, till some clumsy yokel got me out with a pitchfork.

When I had got some of the water—and the fork—out of me, I looked round and saw Stone wringing his garments and his hands.

"The conveyance is ruined!" he wailed.

"Get it out of your pocket," I cried, "before it's too wet!" He stared at me for a moment. Then he pulled it out. It was scarcely hurt at all.

"I had forgotten this conveyance," he owned.

"Come along," I commanded. "The train isn't in yet.'

"Flint!" he said warmly. "Your presence of mind is invaluable."

We toiled up the hill as fast as we could, and reached McKenzie's just as the train was whistling in the distance.

"Guid Heavens!" he cried, when we entered his room, dripping and breathless. "Weel, weel!"

"We came by motor," Stone explained.

"I thocht ye'd come by sea!" He laughed loudly. Persons of his nationality have a perverted notion of humor.

"We had an accident. If you will sign the conveyance—"

"Ye'll change first," he suggested, pretending that he was trying not to grin. "Ther's nae sich haste."

"Business before pleasure," I reminded him, trying to laugh.

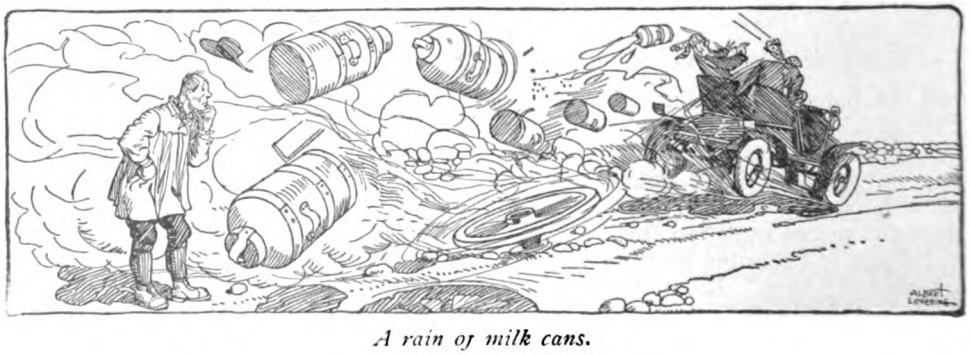
"Some folk tak' their pleasure sadly!" He laughed, as if he had said something funny.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, Mr. McKenzie," said my partner with dignity.

"If ye could see yersels, mon!" he cried, holding his sides. "Luikin' mair lik' a pair o' brigands than honest soleecitors!"

I was about to retort with some asperity upon his looks—he is a great, rawboned, red-headed and red-bearded man—when Stone waved me aside.

"We want to get back by the 12.40,"



A rain of milk cans.

he said. "If you will call in your clerks to witness the document, we shall be obliged."

"But ye mun hae a wee drap first, tae keep oot the cold," he proposed affably.

"Afterwards," I said, "afterwards."

So he called in his two clerks. They were ill-bred young men, and giggled audibly when they looked at us; but we affected not to notice them, and hurried through the business. We had barely concluded, when Donald McKenzie rushed in.

"Is the conveyance signed?" he demanded.

"It is," we told him.

"You are a pair of thieves!" he roared.

"Thieves!" said Stone, turning to the clerks. "You heard that gentlemen?"

"Yes," they said, leering idiotically.

"Disreputable, underhand, lying, pettifogging scoundrels!" he shouted.

"And you heard that, gentlemen?" said I.

"We did," they assured us.

"There is such a thing as libel," I mentioned.

"And false pretenses," said Donald McKenzie. "When you proposed to buy that land—"

"We *have* bought it," I pointed out suavely.

"You have heard that the Railway Company wanted to build there." We rubbed our hands.

"We keep our ears open," said Stone blandly.

"I told you this morning that *I* had heard something about the Company and the land."

"Reserved for swimmers."

"We were obliged for the hint," Stone acknowledged politely.

"Otherwise you would have stayed in Littlebury and—"

"Kept our ears open," I suggested jocularly. He banged the table.

"If you had, you would have heard that the Company have decided to build—" We rubbed our hands—"*elsewhere!*"

I looked at Stone, and Stone looked at me. "We will go, Stone," I said.

"We will go, Flint," said he.

The McKenzies rose together.

"You will go!" they said.

When we picked ourselves up at the bottom of the stairs, Stone was in favor of an action for libel, and I for assault. Ultimately we decided to bring neither.

It is also our endeavor to benefit others. So we would add that the land in question has lately much increased in value, and affords an exceptionally favorable opportunity for investment. The price which we put upon it is merely nominal—£2,500, and any offer addressed to us, care the Editor, will receive prompt consideration.

A FEW REAL BOYS*

By JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE
Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy"

With Sketches by F. R. GRUGER

THE COUNTY FAIR

ONE of the events that with each returning fall threw the town into violent commotion, banished business, and promoted a willy-nilly interchange of ideas between the town as a temporary metropolis and the neighboring towns as suburban attachments, was the County Fair.

The promoters of this gigantic enterprise were men of great adroitness and ingenuity. The closing of the schools during the three days of the Fair was brought about by the ingenious expedient of placing the entire School Committee upon the board of judges for the various horticultural exhibits. In a similar manner a vacation for the mill and machine shop employees was achieved by drafting the superintendents and proprietors thereof upon the staff of the chief marshal, which opportunity, as it enabled these gentlemen to appear in public astride of mettlesome chargers, and resplendent in crimson sashes, yellow gauntlets, and little round rulers covered with gold paper and adorned with blue silk ribbons, was not to be neglected.

What wonder that the idea of having a Fair of his own should suddenly occur to the fertile mind of Beany, as he sat idly drumming his heels on the fence in front of his house?

The inspiration struck him so suddenly that he nearly fell off the fence backwood, but recovered himself in time to jump to the sidewalk and rush over to Plupy's, to whom, after many injunctions to strict secrecy, and many a "Hope to die" and "Cross my throat" on his part, he entrusted the momentous secret.

Now what could have been more natural than that Plupy, feeling his shoulders unfitted to bear so heavy a load of secrecy, and desirous of sharing the burden with some comrade, on the principle that two could keep a secret better than one, should impart that secret to Pewt, or that Pewt, in turn finding the secret uneasy on his soul, should communicate it to Puzzy, who should promptly call in the aid of Bug and Whack to help keep it from escaping.

And so when a council was called by Beany the next day, he was hugely disgusted upon finding that the secret had escaped, especially as most of those bidden to the council declared that they had thought of that long ago.

However the idea was certainly popular and appealed strongly to their fancies, and the conference was long, and, for them, remarkably harmonious. It was decided to hold the Fair after one week's preparation, in the spacious grounds on the east side of Fatty's house. As there was a fine gravel walk running around these grounds, no better place for a race track could be found.

Fatty was immediately elected judge of the races, starter and time-keeper,

* Copyright, H. A. Shute, 1903.

and Dany, conductor of the band, which was disappointing to Plupy, who was consoled by being asked to play first E-flat cornet, that is, a tin tunnel through which he was to ta-ta and tu-tu *viva voce*. Tomtit, Arthur French, Jack Melvin and Skinny Bruce were entered in the races as Empress, Nelly Locke, Regulator and Old Sheepskin. Beany, Pewt, Micky Hickey and Nipper Brown were named as drivers in the races. Whack was the official announcer; Bug the Superintendent of the stock entries; Doc and Parson judges of horticultural exhibits; Cawcaw, Pile and Dutchy, committee on premiums and respectively second whistle and first and second horns in the band. Pile was to impersonate the Wild Man of Borneo in the side show and in the procession; Skinny Bruce was to superintend the poultry exhibit; and other assignments were made to the great satisfaction of the participants.

That afternoon and the next day were devoted to preparing the grounds and race track. The second day was rainy and the grand stand was built in the barn. Great pains were taken in its construction, and such a solid structure was built that, when completed, it was found to be so heavy that the united efforts of the stockholders, aided by the mature muscles of Pat Gilroy and the other farm hands, failed to budge it.

This occasioned great disgust and some recrimination, until Potter suggested a practical solution of the difficulty in taking it apart, transferring it to the Fair grounds, and putting it together again, which was accomplished after prodigious labor.

On the third day a large cage for the Wild Man of Borneo was constructed of a crockery crate, and smaller cages built for poultry and pet stock. Some temporary disappointment was occasioned when it became known that Pile's father, the Honorable Alva Wood, had forbidden his son to play the rôle of Wild Man; but this disappeared when it was found that Skinny Bruce, who at once volunteered to substitute, could howl louder and make noises of a more hideous nature than Pile. Considerable persuasion had been brought to bear on Plupy to induce him to impersonate the Living Skeleton, for which he was eminently fitted, but he firmly declined.

A small tent had been erected for the horticultural exhibits, which were of an extremely varied assortment, consisting of currants, Astrachan and Porter apples, cucumbers and tomatoes. With the promise of a bright day, many exhibits, and good racing on the morrow, the boys went to bed in a great state of expectancy, which, as their labors for the week had been excessive,

Resplendent in crimson sash and yellow gauntlets.

did not prevent them from falling asleep at once.

The next day was clear and cool, a perfect day. The exhibitors were early at the grounds making the final arrangements. Against the fence, and beyond the track, were the exhibits. Plupy exhibited Rocky Mountain fowl and Seabright Bantams; Tomtit, Bolton Grays; Pheby Taylor, Cochin Chinas. Potter exhibited a really fine collection of birds' eggs, butterflies, and a large aquarium of fresh water fishes. Fatty had with much difficulty persuaded Mr. Giddings to let him take a three weeks' old calf for an exhibit and had securely anchored him to an apple tree.

On arriving somewhat late at the Fair grounds, Pheby found his Cochin China rooster in a much damaged condition, as several of the boys, urged thereto by the experienced Plupy, had made a competitive test of the relative merits of that bird and Plupy's old Rocky Mountain, in which the Cochin was badly worsted.

The attendance was gratifying, even in view of the low price of tickets, which had been placed at one cent. Several of the visitors refused change for ten cent scrips, and two gentlemen, Judge William W. Stickney and the Honorable Amos Tuck, who stopped on their way down town, not only warmly commended the exhibition, but donated each a crisp new twenty-five cent note to the treasury.

In his stout cage in a prominent part of the grounds, the Wild Man of Borneo, with a sheepskin thrown around him, grinned, chattered, and raised horrid shrieks to heaven, to such an extent that little Willie Chadwick, who came under the protection of his three brothers, was frightened nearly to death, and was taken home in a state of mind impossible to describe.

At ten o'clock the races were called, and Fatty, accompanied by the Clerk of the Course, Doc, and the Treasurer, Parson, ascended the judges' stand, and rang vigorously upon an old dinner bell. While the horses were being brought up, the band struck into the Wood-up Quicksteps, to the great delight of the youngsters, and the equally great amusement of the adults present.

The first race was between Regulator (Tomtit, with his trousers rolled up to his knees), and Empress (Jack Melville, similarly attired). Regulator was driven by Nipper, while Micky Hickey held the lines over the mettlesome Empress. After scoring a few times they got away on even terms, Empress having the pole. Around the first turn the pace was very fast, but just before they reached the wire an accident happened to the Empress' sulky, and her driver was thrown and dragged some distance, his weight so retarding Empress' speed that she came under the wire fully two lengths behind the black horse.

Micky at once claimed a foul and the race, but he was called before the judges and fined two cents for pulling his horse, and a new driver was put in his place, upon which he stumped the judges to come down and intimated a willingness to "paste time out of them."

Before the next race was called, the Official Announcer drew attention to the fact that Seenyor Plupilo Shuto would play that world-renowned composition "Departed Days" upon the key bugle.

This announcement was greeted with great applause, and that virtuoso modestly arose, feeling the eyes of the world upon him, and placing his instrument to his lips, launched forth into that delighful *morceau* in true artistic style.

Now there was a certain ripe, yellow cucumber that had up to that precise moment peacefully and quietly reposed in a fold of Bug's jumper, awaiting some suitable opportunity when it could be properly introduced into society. To Bug it seemed that the proper moment had arrived, and just as Plupy was performing a most difficult cadenza, with eyes rapturously closed, and with much in-drawing and out-puffing of cheeks, Bug launched the juicy missile. Straight as an arrow it flew to its mark, and striking full in the bell of the instrument, drove several inches of the mouthpiece into the performer's mouth, and deposited about a gill of juice and a few dozen seeds in that gentleman's bronchial tubes, with immediate and astonishing results. Throwing aside his

instrument, poor Plupy, with wide open mouth and distended eyes, alternately bent himself double and straightened himself out, while he coughed, whooped, and strangled in his spasmodic efforts to repel boarders. After he was pounded on the back by the sympathizing bandmen, the foreign elements were expelled from his system, quiet was restored, and the second race was called.

This occasioned the disappearance of the Wild Man of Borneo, who now entered the track as Old Sheepskin with Pewt up, while Nellie Locke with Beany up made a preliminary circuit of the track for a warming up heat. On the last quarter Sheepskin's driver, to avoid being distanced, used the whip freely on Sheepskin, who stopped, smote his driver on the ear, and called him names.

The next and last race was the most exciting of the day. Tomtit and Arthur French were easily the fastest runners of the boys, and the horses they represented were famous racers of the local track, and dear to the heart of every boy in the town.

On the stretch the prettiest race of the day occurred. Without a break or skip Empress went like a bullet, while inch by inch and foot by foot her white rival steadily wore down her lead, until they flashed under the wire with the white flyer a short head to the good.

The finish was so close that the decision of the judges was doubted by some, and so indignant was Empress that she declared that not only could she beat her rival but she could lick him in two minutes, which she was only prevented from doing by the presence of ladies.

In order that there might be no decline of interest in the succession of events, the boys, with the spirit of true showmen, had reserved the most exciting event to the last. There were, moreover, other reasons for its position on the list of events. At five o'clock each afternoon Fatty's adult relatives rode in the family carriage and remained away until six.

It was natural therefore for Fatty and his cronies to perpetrate all especially mischievous or hazardous undertakings during their absence, and it was wisely concluded that this particular event, which was heralded by the Official Announcer as "The most terrific and blood-curdling event of the day, a fearful battle between the Wild Man of Borneo and a fierce and untamable bull," might have received a stern and authoritative veto.

As soon as the announcement was made, most of the young ladies climbed to places of vantage and safety, while the boys, with a fine and ostentatious disregard of danger, which lent added interest in the eyes of the young ladies, strolled into the open space surrounding the post to which the bull was to be tied.

Grinned, chattered and raised horrid shrieks to heaven.

Fatty, who had frequently fed this animal with carrots, now came leading him from the barn, a fine black cross-bred yearling, with short horns just peeping out of his curling front. From occasional persecutions he had become rather vicious and now blew his breath out sharply and swung his head outward and upwards while Fatty, hastily throwing the last carrot before his nose, tied him firmly and quickly got out of reach.

And now the Wild Man of Borneo, holding a short blunt wooden spear in his firm and freckled right hand, chat-

Empress declared she could not only beat her rival, but could lick him in two minutes.

tering his teeth, rolling his eyes, shrieking discordant gibberish while he bent his body and danced a grotesque war dance, slowly approached the bull and waved a bright red petticoat that Fatty had removed from the line containing the family washing.

The bull was eager to take up the challenge, and lowering his head, and stiffening his tail, made a bellowing rush at the Wild Man, only to receive full in his thick forehead the spear, which bounced back out of reach as he was brought up short by the rope. Twice again did he rush at his gibbering tormentor and twice did he receive a resounding thump with the spear, while the Wild Man fairly outdid himself in the variety and hideousness of his howls. The third time the spear dropped inside the dead-line, and the Wild Man, fitting an arrow to the thong of a short bow, sent it whizzing into the bull's ribs. Again he drew an arrow to the head and again it left the bow with the twang of the thong, but missed the bull and struck the poor little calf a cruel blow in the side, which caused it to utter a hoarse " blat " of surprise and anguish.

" I am Kebokibopugatorywhack, the deadly spear thrower of the Flathead Indians of Kamschatka, oskinna wah wah wonny kahoop, yowk, waw wow," shrieked the Wild Man. " I fear not man nor beast, never have I turned my back upon a foe, yah wow," he howled, contorting himself fearfully.

At this moment and while all present were speechless with admiration over the unexpected excellence of Skinny's impersonation, there was a crash of the barnyard fence, and through a whirlwind of splintered boards, with lowered head and tail aloft, old Speckled Face, the famous fighting cow, the Queen of the Upper Road, came charging to the rescue of her calf. Straight toward the renowned " Kebokibopugatorywhack, the deadly spear thrower of the Flathead Indians of Kamschatka, who never turned his back upon a foe," she charged, and that valiant warrior, throwing aside bow, arrows, buffalo robe and all other impedimenta, put the speed of his fleet arrows to shame as he fairly flew across the yard and hurled himself over the fence, whence he took the straightest possible route for Van Lane at marvelous speed.

Balked of her prey, old Speckled Face rushed back, fighting mad, but found none who dared to cross her path. Seeing the red gleam of the cambric with which the exhibit booth was lined, she charged through it, producing an apal-

ling crash of cheap crockery and a shower of fruit and vegetables. This demolished, she turned her attention to the band-stand, crowded with terrified performers, who howled lustily as she bore down on them. What would have been the result had her attention not been distracted is dreadful to contemplate, but catching sight of the bull, she at once charged him, and was met in the most valiant manner head to head.

The plucky little animal was, however, no match for the enraged Amazon, and was rushed back so rapidly that his hind legs sank beneath him and he was forced completely over upon his back, when she leaped over his prostrate body and ran to her calf, which she licked and nozzled in a most affectionate manner, and with which, after many attempts and much persuasion, she was finally led to the barn by that redoubtable but grumbling worthy, Pat Gilroy.

After the field of battle had been cleared, and the crestfallen little bull had been led limping to his stall, one and all were invited to feast on the remains of the horticultural exhibit, and a combined rush was made to the booth, a rush in which the race horses, judges, timekeepers, the band and the living exhibits, led by the tattooed man who, in short sleeves and undershirt, displayed a maze of intricate and beautiful figures that had been imprinted on his youthful neck and arms by that facile artist, Charlie Woodbury, all took a vigorous part. In a few minutes every edible vestige of that admirable display of fruit was swept away, while a pitched battle, with potatoes, cucumbers and tomatoes as ammunition, engrossed the attention of the boys until everyone bore innumerable spots, stains and marks of the encounter.

Upon an equitable distribution of the proceeds, each boy became the fortunate possessor of eleven cents, in which affluent circumstances they joyfully hied them to their several abodes, deeming the future secure indeed.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

In looking back thirty or more years it seems hard to realize that a generation has been born, and has grown to maturity, since we were boys and girls together, and that children then unborn are now dictating to us in business, politics and social matters.

It is only when a boyhood acquaintance returns for a visit, bringing a family of grown children, himself bald, gray, with a face furrowed with lines of thought or care, that we begin to realize that we are progressing a little faster than is agreeable, and we mentally cast a balance, and trust that we do not look as old as our friend Blank. How ardently did we welcome the bicycle that placed the old on an equality with the young. Yea, years ago we conquered the old "bone-shaker," the velocipede of our

Do you remember, Tomtit, the time you attempted to play a trick on old Mr. Pollard?

youth and strength, and e'en to-day bear upon our person various marks and scars received in honorable combat with this fiendish invention. And we, at least such of us whose physical development equalled the responsibilities the golf stocking imposes on its wearer, adopted the game and the costume with effusion.

We long ago lost our wonderful instinct for the woods, and can no longer distinguish a trillium from a dog-tooth violet. We feel no desire to run when the fire alarm rings; cats and dogs pass us by unharmed, even in the snowball season; and even the appearance of an unaccustomed plug hat upon a personal acquaintance awakens but a faint emotion, although the snow is soft and of the right consistency. A street dog-fight has lost in a measure its absorbing excitement, although we cannot deny that we sometimes hurry to our office window to see such affairs. We no longer run after hand-organs or street bands.

He stutters forth his simple plea to the fifth.

Do you remember, Tomtit, the time you attempted to play a trick on old Mr. Pollard, by springing suddenly upon a fence with a shriek as he hobbled by? And do you remember the lightning-like crack upon the head he gave you with his knotted cane? Do you remember, Hickey, the time you made insulting remarks to a deaf man, wholly in fun, for you knew he could not hear a word, and it never occurred to you, until too late, that he could see and read the motions of your lips, and your painful realization of that fact?

And do you remember, Beany, the time you rang your father's door bell, and the time we broke the gaslight, and the fight we had, and the countless other joint transactions in which we were engaged?

Has the age of nicknames passed? I hope not, for a good nickname seems to establish a sort of free-masonry between boys as nothing else can. I am sure that Exeter boys were particularly gifted in that line of word coinage. Shall we ever forget Jabber and Nipper and Pewt, and Beany and Cawcaw and Plupy? And Diddly and Priscilla and Bobberty and Pheby and Tabby? And Chitter and Crusoe and Nibby and Skinny and Stubby and Pacer and Tongley? And Buck and Boosey and Lubin and Zee and Markeye? And Dutchy and Tickey and Blobsy and Game-eye and Nigger and Pop and Pile?

The transition period between roundabouts and bobtailed coats, between false bosoms and linen shirts, was marked by developments in other directions. We no longer disdained to openly affect the society of girls, but competed with one another for the chance to skate cross-handed with them. And we know just how those little red mittens felt.

And in the spring we used to organize mayflower parties and scour the woods. How carefully we would bend

back the branches and pull aside briars, that they might not touch the hem of their garments. How carefully and tenderly we would help them over brooks and puddles and fences, and how we vied with one another in risking life and limb in wading, shinning, and climbing for the woodland prizes.

And we began to go to dancing school, and to take lessons in deportment, which, heaven knows, we needed badly enough, and to display great expanse of shirt collar and of cuffs at church sociables. We received many rebuffs, but, with the buoyancy of youth, persisted. Will Plupy ever forget the time he asked five girls in succession to dance with him at a seminary reception and received five prompt and unconditional refusals? I feel for that gawky youth this moment, as I see him in memory cheerfully approach the first and receive his first snub; with slightly diminished spirits he tries another, and a firm "No, I thank you," is received; with heightened color he essays a third attempt, and a sharp "no" punctuates the silence; with consternation depicted on every line of his countenance he advances trembling to the conquest of a fourth, and she turns her back and giggles; almost demented, and conscious that the eyes of the world are upon him, he feebly stutters forth his simple plea to a fifth; she regards him with a cold stare, before which he wilts entirely, and in a dazed and mechanical fashion he drifts to a seat, where he sits with his hand to his head.

A short time ago I was asked by a lady if it didn't break my heart to think of the good times we used to have, when it was a wonderful delight to live. No; it seems to me that a happy boyhood and girlhood must always exercise a great influence over the mature years of life—an influence for the better.

If a person is unfortunate in life, how much deeper is that feeling if one has bitter memories of an unhappy childhood. There appears to be a special and all-wise Providence that allows the misfortunes, the mistakes and the bitter things of our past to gradually fade from our minds, while the memory of the pleasures, the sweets and the successes remain ever fresh and enduring as our years accumulate and weigh us down.

It is in our children that we are enabled to actually live over the past, and our own past should be the means of guiding them through their childhood and youth. If we have been successful they should double our successes in their lives; if we have failed, then our failures should clearly indicate the mistakes they should avoid making. In so far as our past affects for the better their future, then we should never sigh for the days that are gone, or unavailingly long for their return.

With few exceptions the Exeter boys have done well, and in whatever lines their duties have fallen they have shown the true Exeter spirit.

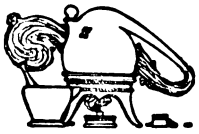
But wait a moment. What about Plupy? It wouldn't do for a moment to leave him out after the ludicrous prominence he has occupied in this story. Well, Plupy entered one of the liberal professions, and to this day is puzzled to know just what the word "liberal" means in this connection.

He was urged to do this by the advice of his friends, who assured him there was plenty of room at the top. Whether this is true or not he has long since come to the conclusion that there will never be any less room there on his account, and as there is a comfortable amount of room at the bottom, and as it requires no effort to remain there, the result is obvious.

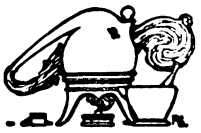
In the ancient forays of the Gauls it was the custom to enlist all the able-bodied men for actual warfare, and to leave the old and sick and worn-out men to tend the camp. It happened that there was always some man not old enough to shirk duty, but yet of no value in the rude sports, the marches and the conflicts of the time.

Such a one was usually employed to chronicle the events, to sing the descriptions of battles and of the prowess of heroes. This position was accorded him, not because he was better fitted for it, but because he was fit for nothing else. And so, perhaps for similar reasons, this position has fallen to Plupy's lot, and, if his description pleases, he is indeed fortunate and grateful.

THE END.



PILLS: AN AMERICAN STAPLE



By J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

THE pill and civilization walk hand in hand. Where the pill is, there, also, is civilized man. In fact, the pill is one of the marks of the highest development of mankind. If Americans may feel justly proud of being citizens of the greatest pill-eating nation on the globe, Detroit, capital of the State which bears the palm for predigested foods, deserves a second wreath of glory as the center of civilization, for she is the world's most prolific, tireless and versatile producer of pills. She sends forth these pellets of health at the rate of one hundred and sixty-six tons of pills a month—nearly two thousand tons a year! Little wonder that America bids fair to lead the world in civilization! It is a mark of the benevolent spirit of Detroit that, with this mighty wealth of pills made within her borders, she consumes but a small portion herself, sending the greater part to ease the ills of other places.

There is no malady on earth that Detroit pills will not alleviate. There are over seventeen hundred varieties of pills made in Detroit, and if pills to suit cannot be found among these, others will be cheerfully made to order. In the matter of pills Detroit aims to please.

If Detroit's crop of pills for a single year was made of any deadly poison one-half of them would be sufficient to depopulate the entire globe, but this would so injure the pill business that it is not likely to occur.

If the annual pill harvest of Detroit was strung on thread, like Christmas pop-corn, the rope of pills would reach twice around the earth, with enough over to tie in a bow knot. If this string of pills was cut in pieces each of the 36,000,000 women and girls in America could have a different necklace of pills for every day in the year, with an extra long one for each Sunday.

Detroit produces 4,000,000,000 pills each year, and yet this tremendous number is only about sixty per cent. of the total quantity of pills made, so that to get a fair idea of the growth of modern civilization and the pill-eating mania the sum must be multiplied by two or thereabouts.

To account for all of these pills would be a thankless task, but it is safe to say that not over one-third of them ever succeeds in getting out of America. This is not because we want a corner on civilization, but because just at present the home demand is about all that American pill manufacturers can attend to. The average consumption of pills in America is something like forty pills per capita each year. If you eat less than forty you are not doing your duty by the pill industry, and cannot be called a good American. In this estimate infants are included as pill eaters, for, from castoria to cod-liver oil there are very few things that escape the vigilance of the pill expert.

From an æsthetic point of view the pill does not yet rank in public opinion with the work of the lapidary and goldsmith, but this is only because the pill has been more largely advertised as a thing of utility than as an object of beauty. That the modern pill is beautiful no one who has visited a pill factory will deny.

In the large factories the pills pass through scores of hands which hunt for their imperfections. An unevenness on one side of a pill, so small that unskilled eyes would not detect it, condemns it. Doubtless it would go down all right with the unthinking pill public, but the pill artist takes pride in his work.

Sometimes the beauty of pills becomes almost dangerous. A few weeks ago in the "Pill City" an enterprising "proprietor" expended several thousand of dollars in sample boxes of pills, which he distributed on the doorsteps of something like fifty thousand homes.

Just what these pills were intended for is not a matter of great moment—here. But they were very round, and very red, and very beautiful. And when applied to the tongue they gave evidence of being very palatable. A little kindergarten maid found this out, and immediately announced her discovery to others.

"They's throwin' candy on all the steps!" she confided joyfully.

Late that afternoon the teacher of the school became greatly perplexed. There was an air of sorrowful uneasiness among her tiny pupils. Suddenly she detected a very small boy transferring something quickly from his trousers pocket to his mouth. She investigated, and after unearthing one of the pill boxes found, by questioning, that nearly all of her seventy pupils had been indulging in a repast of pills. One glance at the label on the box and the teacher flew to her desk. With lightning rapidity she scratched a single word on innumerable slips of paper, and gave each little piece of pill-eating humanity there one of them.

Turning logs into pills. The first process in pill making.

"Now, children, run right home!" she commanded. "Every one of you go to your mothers and tell them just what you have done and how many you have eaten. And be sure, every one of you, to give her your slip, and say the teacher said *that* was the kind of pills they were."

In the all-night work of the doctors which followed this pill escapade it developed that one youngster had successfully done away with three boxes, each containing twenty-five pills.

But taste and beauty is not all that a pill requires. Like a pretty girl, to be really fascinating it must have a pretty name, a suggestive name. Of course there are hundreds of different kinds of pills which go on their merit alone, pills which large manufacturers put out under their own names. But there are scores of others, and they are becoming more and more common, which go out under names that make confirmed pill-eaters crave for them before they have ever seen them. The average pill-eater will choose "Golden Grains" to "Brown's Anti-dyspeptic Pills" nine times out of ten, and because of their name, "Golden Grains," have become known all the world over. When a pale, languid woman passes a drug-store window and reads a sign therein which says, "Take Pink Pills for Pale People," it seems to be an especial message to her. "I will make you pink," say these pills, and what woman does not love to be pink? There is a tartness, a refreshing, straightforward candor expressed in the red letters which spell "Little Devils" on hundreds of thousands of boxes of pills which are sold annually under that name.

Of course there is very little use in a pill's possessing an attractive name or being beautiful unless it is advertised. Oftentimes the advertising of one kind of pills for a single year costs upwards of a quarter of a million of dollars.

Thus far the chief market for pills has been in America, though their exportation is growing rapidly. This does not mean to imply that the limit of American pill-eaters has been reached. Apparently they have just begun to

take up the habit, for their appetite is improving at the rate of twenty per cent. each year. In other words there will be a fifth more pills eaten in the United States this year than last, and a fifth more next year than this.

And this phenomenal improvement has been brought about mainly by women. Correspondence with eighteen of the best known physicians in as many of the representative cities in the United States testifies to the fact that next to candy and beauty washes the average American woman's special weakness is pills! She takes them to grow fleshy, and she takes them to grow thin; she uses them to toughen her epidermis, and then she indulges in another course of pellets to whiten it; some will drive away freckles, and others are sworn to give her that healthy glow for fifty cents for which otherwise she would have to go to the seashore and pay two hundred dollars; there are pills for her appetite and pills for her nerves, brain pills and liver pills, and in Detroit alone nearly seventeen hundred other kinds, most of which at one time or another in her life she tries.

The "mass-room" looks like a huge bakery. Here the pill "dough" of a thousand colors, tastes and smells is mixed.

And yet this list is constantly growing. In Detroit each year sees at least two hundred new kinds added to it. Pill-discoverers are more numerous than inventors. Every medical college is full of them. Almost every physician at some time or other in his career makes a "discovery." He names it, has it made up by some manufacturer in a tempting form, and begins to advertise it. Sometimes he has it "done" in a rich red or a delicate pink. Or it may be jet black, old gold, brilliant yellow, or silvered. That is the way most pills come into existence. They are called "proprietary." The word "patent" has become old-fashioned.

In the "noodle" machine the lumps of "dough" are whirled between two belts and come out in small pipes.

But no matter who discovers the pills, or who makes them, the materials have to be secured. And for the things that go into these pills the whole world is scoured. The hunt for herbs and barks is as unceasing as that for gold, and is no less exciting. Savage lands are explored. The wildest jungles and waterless deserts are overcome in the search. The costliest of expeditions are formed that American pill-eaters may not starve, and all sorts of dangers and hardships

are encountered. Fishing fleets are chartered in the northern seas by great Detroit pharmaceutical institutions, and for several months in each year scour the ocean for fish that contain valuable oils.

In this search for new drugs, costly expeditions have been fitted out by pill-making firms which have penetrated some of the wildest and most impenetrable countries in the world.

A few years ago one house started out an expedition under the leadership of Dr. H. H. Rusby, a well-known botanist, on what has since been looked upon as one of the most daring enterprises of the last quarter of a century. The cost of this venture in the search for new materials for pharmaceutical purposes, all of which are now found in pills, was more than $20,000. Landing at Arica, in Peru, Dr. Rusby journeyed to La Paz, where he made his headquarters for several months in the center of the great coca producing region, studying the therapeutic and physiologic action of that drug. Then he branched southward to Valparaiso, turned toward the Andes and crossed them, and then began preparations for one of the most hazardous journeys that could be taken in South America—the descent of three thousand miles of the Amazon in canoes and on rafts.

From that moment he completely disappeared from the world. For months no word of him came from the jungles and miasmatic swamps of that great river, and he was given up for dead. But Dr. Rusby was taking his time. Surrounded by poisonous serpents, dangerous animals, fever and disease, he analyzed every new botanical discovery he made. Accompanied by natives who could not understand his purpose, and who might prove treacherous at any moment, his nerve never failed him. And one day he discovered that drug which has made him famous, and which is now known as the greatest remedy in the world for a painful disease—Pichi. Since then that expenditure of $20,000 has given a return of many times that sum.

At another time the representative of a Detroit pharmaceutical institution landed at Buenos Ayres, and proceeded overland on horseback across the continent, a distance of over 3,000 miles. Reaching Chili, he proceeded with his investigations in the mountains. Many months after he had started out, and after a fortune had been spent, he discovered Chekan, which is now used by physicians the world over. Another expedition penetrated 2,500 miles up the Amazon, and in the wild, almost impenetrable jungles of the Madeira river discovered the drug Manaca, which now goes into millions of pills annually for the cure of rheumatism. Besides these, expeditions have explored the jungles of India and Africa. They have gone into the wild interior of Australia, and among the tropic islands of the southern seas. They have searched China and Japan, and other far away countries.

Once the materials are secured, it is only a step to the great pill manufactories in Detroit. In a great room that rumbles and thunders with machinery, where the air is filled with dust and whirling splinters, the second chapter in the story of the pill is begun. One would suppose that the business of this room was about as much related to the making of pills as a flour mill is to a brewery. Before one of the machines, which looks like a buzz-saw, stands a little blue-goggled man, with great leather gloves on his hands, and a log as big as himself in his arms. This log is precious sandal-wood from the jungles of far-away India, but the visitor does not guess it. He asks a question, and it seems innocent and proper enough.

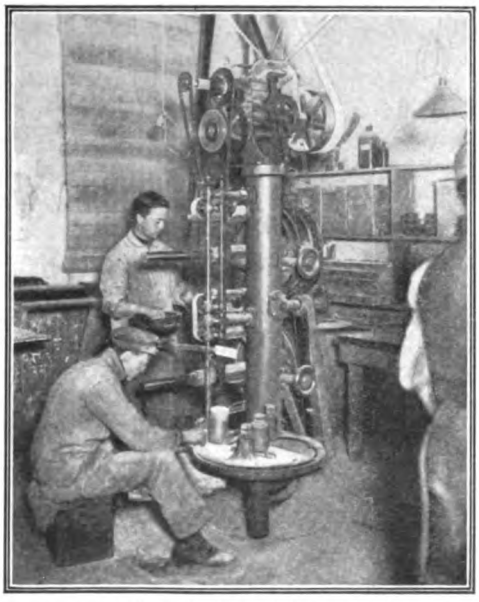
"Is this the box factory—I mean where you make the lumber for your boxes?" he queries.

This is never intended for a joke, but the thin, consumptive-looking man at the machine has grown emaciated and old in answering it. He sees no humor in this eternal grinding up of logs for pills at eight dollars a week, and he opens his mouth just once to deliver the information, and then in a shrill, penetrating voice of defiance it comes in a single word—Pills!

In the logs that this man grinds up day after day is the Santal oil which is

extracted by distilling. Then with other medicaments, which have been secured from various things in various ways, it is ready for mixing up into "dope."

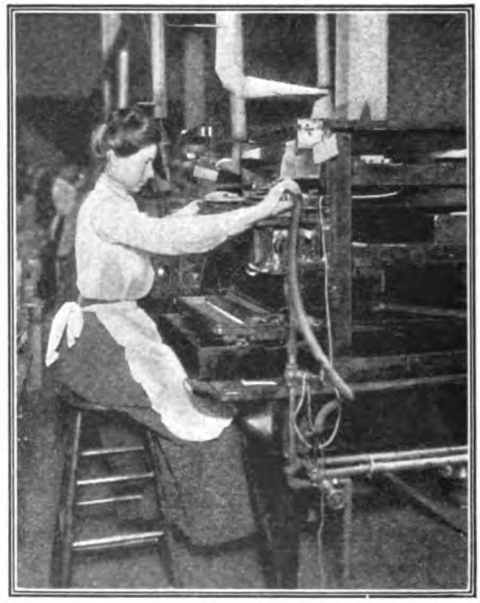
In the "mass-room" the pill dough begins to take form. Here again one might suppose, if he did not know that he was in a pill factory, that he had run amuck of a bakery that worked on a pretty big scale. There are dozens of rollers with men at them mixing all sorts of colored stuffs. One mess looks like delicious gingerbread almost ready for the oven. Another might be angel-cake. But the most of it would be rye bread, if a guess were taken, varicolored and ready for the tins. But these hallucinations would disappear instantly unless one's nose was stuffed with cotton. The odors are suffocating. In a minute or two a thousand particles, each with a taste of its own, seems to fly into one's mouth.



One of the giant machines which turns out 2,000,000 pills a day.

A facetiously inclined person once called the room into which the pill dough is sent the "biscuit and noodle department," and certainly the christening was appropriate. In this room the dough is seized upon by scores of pretty girls whose work is suggestive enough to delight the hearts of young men seeking wives. A little pat here and a little pat there, and these pill biscuits are ready for the dainty hands that feed them into the "noodle" machines, or for those men who dump them into giant pill machines that turn out 2,000,000 pills each day.

When they go through the "noodle" machine the lumps of dough are whirled between two belts moving in opposite directions and come out at the other end in small, perfectly round "pipes." These go to the scores of girls who are making pills by hand. But hundreds of bushels of the "biscuits" are sent direct to the great pill machines. At the very top of each of these machines, so high up that the man who feeds it is compelled to stand on a platform, these pieces of pill dough are fed in. As one of the biscuits falls it is shuffled between two belts until it is in the form of a pipe, when it slips down a chute to a cutter run by the middle wheel of the machine, where it is clipped into even lengths and the pills moulded into shape at the same time.



Bushels of pills receive "skins" of gelatine from these machines.

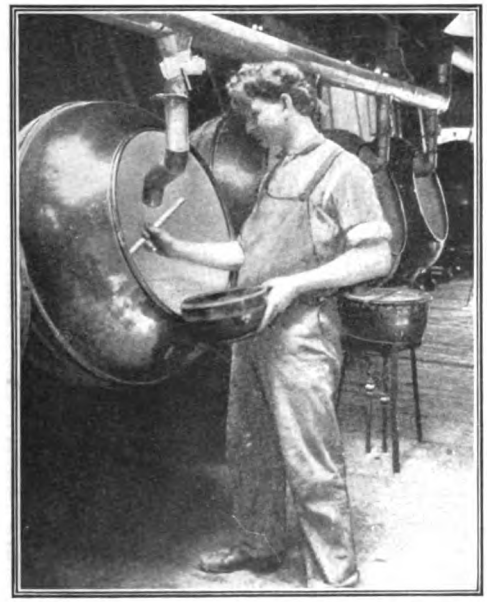
In every pill manufactory there is a

place filled with the most absolute mystery until one is allowed to visit it. As one approaches it strange sounds begin to fill the air. They become louder and louder and finally deafening. There is almost a belief that an army of merry-makers are somewhere about rattling stones in the bottoms of innumerable tin pans. Your guide smiles—then yells. He has to shout in order to be heard when in the neighborhood of this place.

"That noise is made by ten million pills!" he launches at you in stentorian voice.

Up a couple of steps and through a door—what a pandemonium of thunderous rattle and clatter! A score of huge copper pans stretch out in a long row, whirling and whirling with dizzying regularity, and each sending out a deafening tumult of sound.

"This is where we coat 'em!" yells the guide. "Ever see pills coated with gold or silver?"



Gilding the pills to suit aristocratic tastes.

In one pan this interesting process is always going on. Perhaps the individual pills are already beginning to take a golden hue. Then the eye catches the glint of something whirling about in the tossing mass—pieces of torn and crumpled gold-leaf.

"You see," shouts the guide, putting his hand to his mouth, "we put the leaf in an' the pills pound and roll on it until they become colored with gold—not enough to make it so awfully expensive. We do the same with silver-leaf. There's no reason for it, except that some fashionable people won't take pills unless they're covered with that stuff!"

Here is illustrated to the very extreme the "fashion" in pills. Millions upon millions of gold and silver covered pills are made each year. On the other hand, pills are often given a gold and silver coat by manufacturers in order that they may bear some distinction over the great mass of pills and be more readily recognizable by their patrons.

At other pans in this great room are bare-armed men with ladles and crocks in their hands, giving millions of pills the more plebeian dress of colored syrups. Every few minutes these men pour a ladleful of syrup over the whirling pills. Unnumbered thousands of these dance and tumble against one another and up the shining sides of the copper pans, distributing the syrup so evenly over themselves that when they are done no one is more heavily coated than its companion.

But there are millions and millions of pills which are not coated with sugar or gold or silver, but whose "skins" are made of gelatine. Each operator has a hollow bar, to one end of which is attached a flexible tube through which the air is being continually exhausted from the bar. On this bar are several rows of tiny openings, and on these are placed the pills, which are held there by suction while they are dipped into a hot gelatine bath. Then the pills are allowed to cool, are then reversed, and their other half coated.

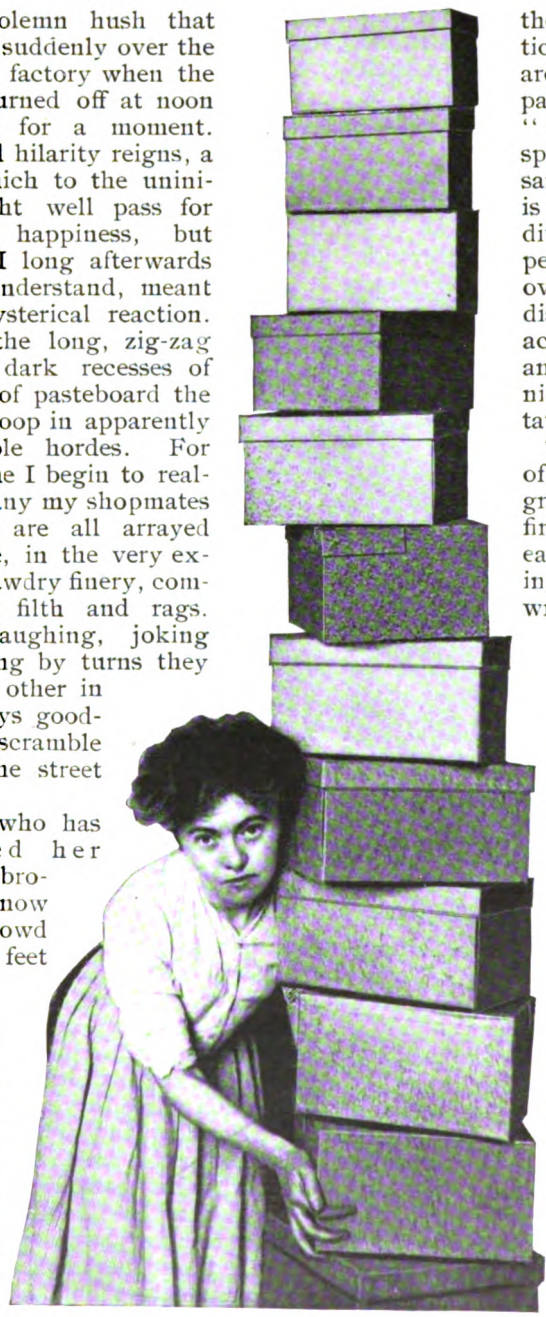
Thus for three hundred and sixty days in the year, and sometimes nights as well, thousands of men, women and girls manufacture food for the constantly increasing army of American pill-eaters.

THE STORY OF ROSE FORTUNE

The first of these episodes in the life of a New York working girl appeared in the December number

THE solemn hush that falls suddenly over the great factory when the power is turned off at noon lasts only for a moment. Soon a mad hilarity reigns, a hilarity which to the uninitiated might well pass for exuberant happiness, but which, as I long afterwards grew to understand, meant only an hysterical reaction. From out the long, zig-zag aisles and dark recesses of this world of pasteboard the box-girls troop in apparently inexhaustible hordes. For the first time I begin to realize how many my shopmates are. They are all arrayed like Phoebe, in the very extremes of tawdry finery, combined with filth and rags. Singing, laughing, joking and swearing by turns they jostle each other in a not always good-humored scramble to reach the street door.

Phoebe, who has discarded her "Paw's" brogans and is now trying to crowd her large feet into a pair of gilded slippers, is still yelling "Hot Air" at everybody in general. At last, with evident pain, she manages to make her way across the room where her particular crowd of shopmates are congregated. They dispatch her to a neighboring "Guiney" bakery for spice cake and ice-cream sandwiches, and while she is gone the lunches are divested of their newspaper wrappings and spread over the ends of tables, on discarded box lids held across the knees, in fact any place where convenience or sociability dictates.



Our pasteboard castles.

The girls lunch in groups of six and eight, each group being composed of firm "lady friends," and each clique acknowledging a leader. By an unwritten law I am included among those who rally to Phoebe's standard. As soon as Phoebe has returned with her pastry she introduces me in informal fashion. The names fill me with an amazement which is only equalled by the appearance of the girls themselves. There are "Goldy" Courtleigh and Georgiana Trevelyan and Gladys Carringford, particular "lady friends," the one in a much soiled taffeta silk gown of a color that had once been a delicate blue; the other in a striped petticoat and dressing sack, her feet encased, for comfort, in rubber overshoes. There is Angelina Lancaster likewise in petticoats,

esented the joint earnings of
. Such being the case, how
xpect to earn enough to keep
soul together? Anyway, un-
sleep, I rose an hour earlier than
and hurried immediately to the
ory, reaching it long before the working day began.

However, I am not the first arrival. A girl is already bending over her paste pot, and the all-night revelers of the "Ladies' Moonlight Pleasure Club" are straggling in by twos and threes. Some of the weary dancers have dropped to sleep, still wearing their ball gowns and slippers and bangles and picture hats, their faces showing ghastly white and drawn in the mote-ridden sunbeams that fall through the dirty windows. Others are busy donning Cinderella garments, which rites are performed with astounding frankness in the open freedom of the big loft.

"Oh, Juliette, you ought to have been there!" Georgiana gushes, dropping her lace trimmed petticoats about her feet and struggling to unhook her corsets. "It was grand, but I am tired to death, and—oh, dear, I've another blow-out to-night, and the 'Clover Leaf' to-morrow night!" and with a weary yawn the society queen departs with her finery.

"You didn't go to the ball?" I suggest to the girl addressed as Juliette, and whom I now recalled as the one that worked so frantically all the day before.

"I always faint dead away when they yell fire."

"Me? No. I don't believe in dancing," she replies without looking up. "Our church's down on it. I come early to get ahead with my order. You can do more work when there's not so many around."

Such strict conformity to her religious scruples, combined with such pathetic industry, would seem to augur well for the superior worth of this tall, blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl. I am anxious to make a friend of her, and accordingly proffer my services until Phoebe comes to claim me. She accepts gladly, and for the first time looks up and rewards me with a smile. I catch a glimpse of an unprepossessing countenance, the most striking characteristics of which are a missing front tooth and lips that hang loose and colorless.

As we work, the conversation becomes cordial. She inquires my name, and I repeat the plain, homely Scotch-Irish title that has been handed down to me by my forefathers.

"Why don't you get a pretty name?" she asks in a matter of fact tone. "All the girls do it when they come to the factory to work. It don't cost no more to have a high sounding name."

Much interested, I protest, half in fun, that I don't know any name to take and beg her to suggest one. She is silent for a moment.

"Well, last night," she went on, "last night I was reading a story about tw girls that was both m on the same fellow. rich and they was p worked, and one names was Rose For

"That's a ve name," I remarked

"Isn't it thoug Fortune—ever so m tier than your own why don't you take I'll begin calling yo right away."

"And what's your name?" ture.

"Mine? Oh, mine's Juliette P foot, only—" she adds hastily, " that's my real name. I was born it. Now most of the girls got theirs out of story books. Georgiana Trevelyan, and Goldy Courtney, and Gladys Carringford, and Angelina Lancaster and Phoebe Arlington, them girls all got theirs out of stories. But mine's my own. You see," and she now drew near that no other ear might hear the secret of her high birth, "you see Proudfoot was my mother's name, and she ran away and married my papa against her rich father's wishes. He was a banker. I mean mamma's papa

was a banker, but my papa was only a poor young gentleman. So grandfather cut her off without a cent in his will, but left everything to me if I would take the name of Proudfoot."

The heroine of this strange romance stopped for breath, and if I had cherished any doubts of the truth of her story in the beginning those doubts were instantly swept away by one glance into her honest blue eyes, into which a tell-tale moisture was already gathering.

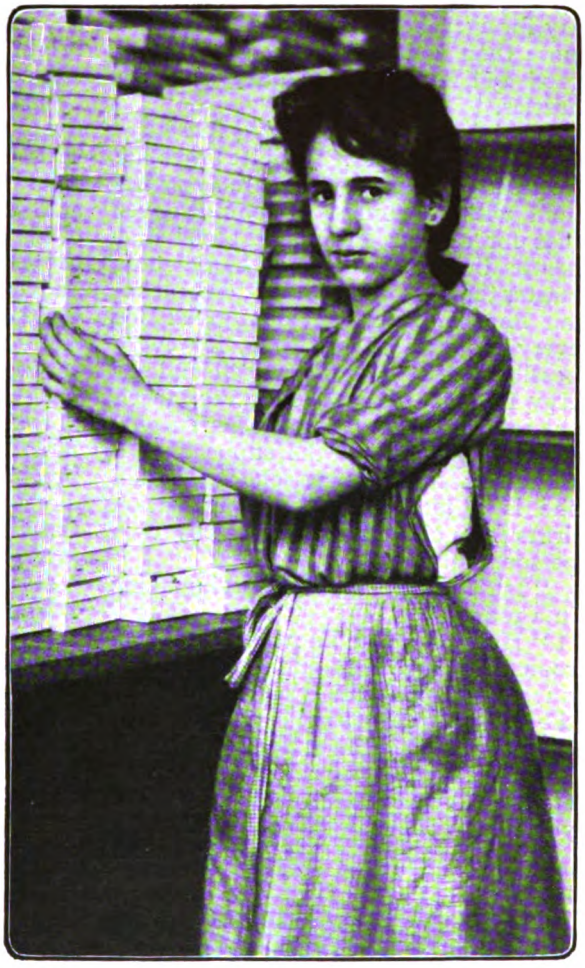
"No indeed," continued Miss Proudfoot. "I haven't always been a working girl. I used to go to boarding-school. I thought I'd be a governess or something, and once I tried to learn book-keeping, but my eyes give out, and the figures mixed up my brains so, and then I got sick, and had to come to this box factory. But I'm the first Proudfoot that ever worked."

I am now thoroughly ashamed of my unjust suspicions that Juliette might not be strictly truthful, and I inquire with sincere interest as to the fate of her ill-starred family.

"All dead and sleeping in our family vault," she replies wistfully.

"And the fortune? Your grandfather's father's fortune? Didn't you get that after all?"

"Oh, you couldn't understand if I did try to tell you," she answered quickly. "It's in—what's that you call it? Litigation. Yes that's the word. We used to have that word at boarding-school. Everything's in litigation. There was a will, and claimants, and a guardian, and lawyers, and oh lots of trouble. But don't let us talk anything more about it. I get so worked up and mad when I talk about the Proudfoots and the way they have treated me and my poor mamma and papa."



"Gee! How I hate Christmas and Easter time!"

The threatened spell with Juliette's nerves is averted by a sudden turning on of the power, and the day's work begins. Phoebe does not appear to claim me, and I work away as fast as I can to help swell Juliette's dividends.

"I guess you can stay with her the rest of the day," Annie Kinzer says, stopping at the table. "'The Moonlight Maids' must have been too much for Phoebe. Guess she won't show up to-day."

Juliette is naturally delighted with the arrangement which will add a few pennies to her earnings. "I only made sixty cents yesterday, and I worked like a dog," she remarks. "It was a bad

day for everybody. We ought to make more than a dollar to-day if we work good and hard. Phoebe says you're a hustler."

Our job is that of finishing five hundred ruching boxes. Juliette urges me frequently to hurry, as we are away behind with the order. I soon discover that for all her Proudfoot blood and gentle breeding she is a harder task master than the good-natured but plebeian Phoebe. Her obvious greed for every moment of my time, for every possible effort of my strength and energy I gladly excuse, however, when she reveals the fact that all her surplus earnings go toward the support of a certain mission Sunday-school in which she is a teacher. The conversation drifts from church matters to my own personal affairs.

"Isn't it awful lonesome living alone in a room?"

"How did you know I lived in a room?" I inquire in surprise, with the uncomfortable feeling that I had been the subject of ill-natured gossip.

"Oh, Annie Kinzer told me. Say, I wouldn't tell her anything about your affairs. She's an awful clack. Wouldn't you like to come and room with me?"

"With you?" I am half pleased, half timid.

"Yes. I've got plenty of room."

"Perhaps I couldn't afford it."

"Yes, you can. I don't put on style. It won't cost us more than $1.50 a week for each—rent, eating and everything else. I was thinking, as you're a learner, it will be a long time before you can make much, and you'd be glad to go halvers with somebody. Two can always live cheaper than one."

A dollar and a half a week! It is indeed cheaper than I am now living. I have only $1.35 in my purse, the rent of the little room at Mrs. Johnston's expires to-night, and pay day, for me, is still a week off. And so I accept the proposition, and by lunch time the news is all over the factory that the new girl will be Juliette's roommate. Annie Kinzer, everybody in fact, approves.

Meanwhile, we "corner" and "tissue" and "lace" and "label." Higher and higher grows our pasteboard castle, which we build as children pile up brightly-colored blocks. At eleven Juliette sends me below for trimmings.

"How do you like your job?" asks the young fellow who fills my order. This is strictly conventional and I respond in kind. While Charlie cuts tapes and counts labels he makes the most of his opportunity to chat. Dismissing the weather and the peculiar advantages and disadvantages of boxmaking as a trade, with brief comment, he diplomatically steers the talk along personal and social lines by suggesting, with a suppressed sigh, the probability that I shall not always be a boxmaker. I reply heartily that I hope not, which only precipitates another question: "Is the day set yet?" My amused negative to the latter and intimation which Charlie interprets as meaning that I have no "steady," are gratefully received and warrant the suggestion that, as a matter of course, I like to go to balls.

"My pleasure club has a blow-out next Sunday night," he remarks significantly, as I gather up my trimmings and depart.

During my five minutes' absence the most exciting event of the day has passed into boxmaking annals. Adrienne, the stripper, has just been carried away, unconscious and with two bleeding finger stumps, which, in an unguarded moment, had been cut off in her machine. Although their work does not allow them to stop a moment, her companions are all loud in sympathy for this misfortune, which is not rare. Little "Black Mamie," the unfortunate girl's turner-in and fellow-worker for two years, weeps bitterly as she wipes away the blood from the long, shining knife, and prepares to take the place of her old superior, with its increased wage of $5.50 a week. The little girl has been making only $3.25, and so, as Juliette remarks, "It's a pretty bad accident that don't bring good to somebody."

"Did they take her away in a carriage?" Juliette asks of Goldy Courtleigh, who has stopped a moment to rest at our table.

"Well, I should say! What's the use of getting your fingers whacked

off if you can't get a carriage ride out of it."

"Yes, and that's about the only way you'd ever squeeze a carriage ride out of this company," comments Juliette. "Now I've two lady friends who work in mills where a sick headache and a fainting spell touch the boss for a carriage ride."

The order on which we work is, like most of the others on the floor to-day, for late afternoon delivery. Finished to-day our ruching boxes must be, even though it takes every moment till six or even seven o'clock. Saturday being what is termed a "short day" we must work with might and main in order to leave at half-past four. This Juliette is very anxious to do, partly because she has her Easter shopping to do, and partly because this is the night I am to be installed in my new quarters. Lunch time finds us still far behind. Therefore we do not stop to eat, but snatch bites of cake and sandwiches as hunger dictates and convenience permits, all the while pasting and labelling and taping our boxes.

The awakening thunder of the machinery bursts gratefully on our ears. It means the last half of the weary day is begun. How my blistered hands smart now! how my swollen feet and ankles throb with pain!

Blind and dizzy with fatigue, I peer down the long dusty aisles of boxes towards the clock above Annie Kinzer's desk. It is only two. Every element of energy, every effort, human and mechanical, all over the great factory, is now strained almost to the breaking point. How long can this agony last?

The head foreman, in a fever of excitement, rushes through the aisles and tells us to "hustle for all we are worth," as customers are all shouting for their goods.

"My Lord! Ain't we hustling?" angrily shouts Rosie Sweeny, a pretty girl at the next table. "Gee! How I hate Christmas and Easter time! Oh, my legs is most breaking," and with that the overwrought girl bursts into a passionate tirade against everybody, the foreman and forelady included, and ended in a fit of weeping, all the while working ahead as best she could.

Three o'clock, a quarter after, half-past! The passion of the terrific tension now reaches the agonizing point. There rises a trembling, palpitating crisis which is not prolonged into the space of a deep drawn breath, when at last comes the snap of release. It is the clear, high treble of a young girl's voice. It is Angelina beginning her everlasting "Fatal Wedding." That piece of false sentiment has now a new significance. It becomes a song of deliverance, and as the workers swell the chorus, one by one, it means that the end of the day's toil is in sight.

By four o'clock the last box is done. Machines are mute, wheels are stilled, and the long, black belts sag into limp folds. Every girl seizes a broom or a scrub pail, and hilarity reigns supreme while we sweep and scrub for the next half hour, Angelina and her chorus singing all the while at their "Fatal Wedding."

Juliette sends me for a fresh pail of water, which I get from the faucet in the "toilet-room"—a place reeking in filth and smells. The floor is slopped over with water from the overflowing and slimy sink, and as I fill my bucket I make a mental inventory of my fellow-toilers' wardrobes. Hanging from rows

Little "Black Mamie."

of nails on all sides are their street garments—a collection of covert cloth jackets, light tan automobile coats, black silk box coats trimmed in white lace, raglans and any other style of fashionable wrap that might be cheaply imitated. Sandwiched among the street garments are the trained skirts and evening bodices of the "Moonlight Maids" of the night before, which will be again disported at some other pleasure club festivity this Easter evening now drawing near. Along the walls are ranged the high-heeled shoes and slippers, a bewildering display of gilt buckles and velvet bows, each pair waiting patiently for the swollen, tired feet of their owner to carry them away to the ball. The hats on the shelf above are in strict accord with the gowns and the cloaks and the footgear—a gorgeous assortment of Easter millinery, wherein the beflowered and beplumed and bestreamered picture-hat predominates.

I hurry back to my scrubbing, and as we move around on our aching knees slopping the steaming soapsuds right and left over the filthy floor, which is so filthy that it would take a dozen scrubbings to clean it properly, I find myself breathing, almost unconsciously, a humble little prayer that the pleasure which my workmates get out of all this gaudy finery may be as great as the day's work which earned it was long and hard. And it may be so, but I doubt it.

At last we are done. The big loft, smelling strongly of soap and wet pasteboard, is left in the quiet and shadow of the early spring evening—a quiet broken only by hurrying feet and a shadow pierced by one solitary sunbeam that somehow has managed to penetrate far enough to dance all over poor Adrienne's machine and to play a moment with the long, bright knife. One by one we tramp down stairs and "ring out" on the register. My new room-mate says never a word until we have turned out of Bleecker street into Broadway. Then, drawing her shabby golf cape about her bent shoulders, she remarked, without the formality of even an apology:—

"Say, Rose Fortune, the girls was all laughing at you behind your back to-day."

"Why? What?" I asked in pained surprise. "What did I do that was wrong?"

"Why, you walk so funny. What makes you walk that way? Why don't you walk like I do? Set your feet firm and solid on the ground. Now watch me," and she trod a few paces ahead, bidding me follow. As I watched her long, lank body pitching and tossing forward, propelled as it was by a nervous jerk first of one leg then of another; as I watched her implant her large, ill-shod feet on the pavement, heel first, I recognized the characteristic gait of the girls at Springer's. My chagrin at being the object of their ridicule gave way to a lively interest in Juliette's unprecedented system of physical grace.

"You must put your feet down firm. It's dead easy when you know how. Now when *you're* walking you'd scarcely think you was walking at all. *You* just kind of move along. Your feet hardly seems to tetch the ground."

"But," I attempted to remonstrate, "you ought to know that that is the proper way to walk—the lighter and easier the better."

Remonstrance was useless, however, as I soon discovered. Juliette's prejudices were strong, and her views were just right and her customs just right, because she could not imagine any one thinking or doing differently. She looked at me contemptuously for presuming to doubt her.

"Well, if that's the right way to walk," she went on to argue, "what's the reason you don't see none of the other girl's doing it? They all walk heavy, like I do, and put down their heels. That shows it's the right way."

We walked in silence for a few blocks and I supposed the physical culture lesson at an end, when she suddenly blurted out:—

"And, if you don't get mad, I'd like to tell you something else you don't do right."

"Oh, certainly not."

"Well, then, I don't mind telling you that it's the way you stand."

"The way I stand!" I exclaim

aghast, wondering what possible fault she can find with me on that score, for I may add right here that when I stand I am as straight as a poplar tree, in fact that I have a phenomenally erect carriage. I mentally compare my own straight, flat back and high. roomy chest with those of poor Juliette and her companions at the factory, all of them sunken and bent with their years of hard toil, and hiding my irritation as best I can I ask, perhaps a little stiffly:—

"What's the matter with the way I stand?"

"You look like a telegraph pole," was the blunt answer. "You're too straight. Now you don't see us stand that way, do you, now honest?"

I agree readily that never have I seen any girl at Springer's box factory stand as I stand.

"Of course you don't. They all stand, well—well—they just stand sort of easy and natural. But I suppose everybody in the country walks and stands like you do. Farmers have such queer notions. But I guess you'll learn if you just take notice and try," and with that the lecture ended, and we walked on in silence once more. I was still wondering far more seriously than poor Juliette imagined, how long it would be before my elastic step should have disappeared in the boxmaker's heavy, unsightly tread; how long before my straight figure should be warped and bended like the boxmaker's—that figure which I had been mean enough, in a vain moment, to compare even mentally with that of the poor, strange, mistaken creature, who, with all her strangeness, had yet offered to help me solve the problem of existence in this great city and I begin to feel like a criminal for that bit of vanity.

On, and on, and on we walked, I knew not whither. Out of one dark, ugly street into another still darker and uglier, across patches of park dropped here and there to relieve the squalor, under the trellisses of elevated railroads, I followed unquestioningly that tall woman in the shabby golf cape. When we have passed into a street more wretched than any I have yet seen in New York, a street filled with the thunders of the overhanging elevated railroad, Juliette breaks the long, long silence.

"I hope though," she says, her loose lips parting in a smile that is as unpleasant as it is pitiful," I hope though you don't go off like my last roommate."

"Why, what did she do?" I ask.

"Went crazy. Stark, raving crazy the very first night. I guess she had to work too hard at her job. I couldn't do nothing with her, and the next morning they sent her to the Island."

"To the island?" I repeat. "What island."

"Why just 'the island,' the place where they send crazy people is that have no folks of their own," and here Juliette turned into the door of a shabby house which she informed me was our destination.

TO POLLY

By ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

The twinkling stars in midnight skies
Are not so bright as Polly's eyes,
When they are not cast down;
And when they are, their beauty flashes
From 'neath two rows of drooping lashes.—
And Polly's eyes are brown.

The crimson edge of clover tips
Is not so red as Polly's lips,
Whose curves my soul beguile:
And all the world is filled with light,
Although the sun appears less bright,
When Polly deigns to smile.

That little dimple in her cheek
Plays merry games of hide and seek,
And sometimes fades from view;
My dream of greatest earthly bliss
Is to pursue it with a kiss,
Ah, Polly! would that do?

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

By EDITH S. MACLEOD

"TOM," said I one morning at the breakfast table, "do you know what day it will be next Wednesday?"

Tom ate a few mouthfuls in meditative silence before he answered:—

"So it will."

That is the way with Tom. He always understands.

"Well, what shall we do?" I persisted.

"Probably I shall work all day in the office and you in the kitchen. That's what we'll do."

"I propose," I continued, without paying any attention to this bitter outburst, "that you get off early and we go to—to—"

My face was beaming. Tom sat with a piece of steak upraised on his fork waiting for the end of my sentence.

"To Sandy Beach!" I finished.

Now Sandy Beach had been a favorite resort for us both in that golden time when we were first engaged, and the very sound of the name, I could see, sent a responsive thrill through Tom's being. To visit a place memorable for past joys on the anniversary of one's marriage was a distinct piece of inspiration on my part, and I felt it so when Tom rose from his seat and, bowing grandly in my direction, addressed an imaginary audience: "I move that we give the president a vote of thanks for this highly interesting suggestion!"

After that we commenced to remember things. "The band played 'O Promise Me!' Do you remember, Tom? And the moonlight on the beach! And the people—how amusing that old lady was who glared at us when she caught us spooning," and so on.

And thus it was planned.

The eighth of September dawned clear and bright, and my heart was gay as I washed the dishes after breakfast. I felt so sentimental that I hummed "O Promise Me" at intervals all through the forenoon.

I had to wait a long time for Tom. Of course, it was unavoidable; but the little car station where we had planned to meet was not a diverting place. I had forgotten to take any thick wraps, and I noticed that the wind had turned to the East. When Tom arrived, perspiring and nervous, just two minutes after the car had gone out, somehow I did not feel in exactly a good humor.

"We'll have to wait fifteen minutes," was my rather tactless greeting.

"Can't help it." Tom fell into a seat, squeezing me against a very ponderous woman who was reading a novel, apparently oblivious to all outside. She did not move, though there was plenty of room on the other side of her.

"I had to wait a long time for Tom."

"Do wipe your face," I implored. "Have you got a coat?"

"No, of course not." Tom looked his contempt. "Thermometer at seventy-five degrees and you talk of coats! Say, but I'm tired! I had some work come in the last thing, and I thought I should never get off. You look a little dragged yourself," he observed with a concerned glance at me. Now if there is anything in the world that makes me feel out of sorts it is to be told that I look tired or ill. It was as if a wet blanket had descended on my

head. I began to feel tired immediately.

"Let's have something to drink," suggested Tom after five minutes had been whiled away in watching a party of six across the room—two women and four small, happy children.

While we were drinking soda, Tom suddenly caught sight of our car standing outside. It was unexpectedly early. Leaving our glasses unfinished on the counter we prepared to make an undignified rush for it.

In the doorway stood the fat woman with her novel gazing vacantly at the hurrying crowds outside. She seemed no part of the strenuous life around her, and she effectually blocked the doorway. Tom touched her on the shoulder. "Excuse me," he murmured and deftly slipped by. It looked easy and I was about to follow, when the woman turned on me fiercely: "If you want to get by why don't you say so? Instead of knocking decent people off their feet, pushing and crowding."

She stood majestic and immovable.

"For heaven's sake, let me by!" I cried in desperation. "I shall lose my car."

And lose it I did, with Tom making frantic gestures, first to me and then to the conductor. All was of no avail. It was crowded and seemed in a hurry to be off.

"Why didn't you come, Bess? I thought you were right behind." Tom looked at me reproachfully as we stood forlornly watching it vanish into the distance.

"It was that miserable old fat woman!" I cried quite loud enough for her to hear if she were anywhere about. Of course, she had disappeared now that the mischief was done.

When we finally arrived at Sandy Beach it was nearly five o'clock. Straggling groups of people were coming out of the grounds, the children whining and tired, the mothers sad and stern. In the distance we could see men in uniform moving about. Tom pointed to a sign at the entrance which read: "Welcome, Knights of Pythias." Somehow it was not exactly reassuring.

"It seems very quiet," I remarked as I buttoned my coat across my chest and turned up the collar. "And how strong the sea breeze is!"

"It *is* cold." Tom looked injured and shrugged his shoulders.

"You will find you ought to have brought your coat," I could not resist saying.

At this moment we were met by more people, evidently on their way out.

"There's one good thing," I remarked cheerfully, "it will be nice and quiet, and we can have things to ourselves. I always hated the crowds. Don't you remember how we used to—" Here I stopped. "Where's the band?" I faltered.

Sure enough, the stand was deserted, and all the music to be heard was a wheezy sort of waltz, issuing forth from the dance hall in the large barn-like hotel.

"We'll go round to the beach, and stay till supper," said Tom. "There will probably be music in the evening."

There were only two people on the bench—a girl in a white shirt waist and her lover. They were so rapt in each other's presence that they had thrown propriety to the winds. Her head was on his shoulder, and his arm showed black about her waist. Somehow the sight of that thin, white shirt waist made me shiver, and, as we stood facing the cold wind which blew in an unremitting blast, and crept up one's sleeves and down one's neck, Tom looked at the

Plenty of room on the other side.

If it had not been so cold it would have been easier to feel sentimental.

couple in an incredulous sort of way. "They must have it bad!" he ejaculated. I do not ordinarily like that way of talking about love, but I could not deny that there must be considerable warmth between the two to weather this gale.

We sat in silence, watching the gray waves lap up on the beach. If it had not been so cold, it would have been easier to feel sentimental. As it was, the mist seemed to envelope us like a garment, and the distant outlook did not thrill me. Even the wheezing waltz had ceased, and the only encouraging sound was some faint cheering from the Knights of Pythias and their friends.

"Confound those fellows," growled Tom unreasonably, and then he shivered perceptibly.

"Bess, let's get out of this! Let's have something to drink. Whiskey's what we need," he added grimly. "Hello, they're having a good time." This, as the happy lovers on the next bench exchanged a fond kiss.

I felt ready to cry as we sauntered listlessly back to the hotel. Was it true that because we were married we had to be entertained, and no longer found each other's society sufficient? I had never suffered from cold in those old days. The weather had not mattered. I could even remember once when it had rained, and how we laughed at the mishap.

At the soda fountain, Tom did not consult my taste.

"Malted milk," he briefly demanded.

The clerk, a thin, sallow, unwholesome-looking fellow, looked blank.

"Haven't got it," he said after a pause, in which he seemed to be estimating the amount of our intelligence.

"We'll try Moxie, then," I suggested, trying to smile.

"Haven't got that either. But you might try Kola Rays," he continued insinuatingly. He got no farther. Tom had turned away, and was stalking wrathfully toward the hotel. I touched his arm conciliatingly when I could catch up.

"Never mind," I said, "we can eat supper at the hotel. A fish supper?" I added tentatively.

Tom looked grim.

"If there's anything I detest, it's a fish supper." He spoke through closed teeth, with a threatening light in his usually calm eyes.

"Fried clams, and *fried* lobster, and *fried* oysters, and *fried* everything else with fins—and you dream of your grandmother all night. No thank you. What's more I don't intend to stay another minute in this blasted place, if I go hungry till bed time. It's colder than Greenland!"

That is always the way with a man. He hasn't the artistic instinct, and never will conceal his feelings for the sake of sentiment.

We began to stroll toward the entrance, when a shrill voice from behind us was heard calling my name.

Tom stopped. "Listen! Who's that?" he exclaimed. I gave one glance. Then I said in rapid undertone:—

"It's cousin Ella Barrett. For pity's sake, come on, and pretend we don't see her."

It was too late. Even as I spoke, a little, nervous woman with a narrow forehead and pale blue eyes came up to us panting, but beaming with delight and surprise. She shook hands with Tom, and kissed me on the cheek, interspersing these little attentions with a running commentary on our looks, and the joy she had at seeing us.

"Well this *is* fortunate. Now you're coming over to take supper with me. It's no use *declining*, for I shall consider it a *slight* when you are so near, if you go without visiting your old cousin."

"We were just about to start for home." Tom looked uncomfortable. "I have an engagement this evening," he added feebly. Cousin Ella paid no heed to this wicked lie.

She was chattering to me. "It's so long since I've seen you. Are you just as happy as you expected to be? Hey?"

She patted me on the arm, and gave Tom an arch glance. He looked sheepish, and drew out his watch to cover his confusion.

"We must be going," he said shortly.

"Oh, yes!" Cousin Ella took my arm and started in a direction at right angles to the one we had been taking.

"It's only a little walk," she explained. "The doctors advocate walking for one's health, and I think they are right."

Tom claims to this day that we walked three miles along the beach to get to Cousin Ella's. To be strictly truthful, however, I will not put it at not more than one.

Cousin Ella's house was a queer little cottage in dingy reds and yellows. The sun had almost set, and the dark hanging curtains at the windows of the room into which we were ushered gave a somber and forbidding look to the place which chilled me.

"Now if you'll just sit down a few minutes and make yourselves comfortable I'll go and get supper on the table." She smiled and disappeared, leaving us to our own gloomy reflections. And they were decidedly gloomy. Tom began to pace the room, flapping his arms about to keep warm.

"We had to come some time?" I broke the silence apologetically.

"Oh, yes, and to-day is a *very* good time." The sarcasm in his voice was terrible. Presently he paused in his restless walk and took up a book from the table. It was one of Marie Corelli's novels. He stood at the window and read, while I sat in a creaking rocking-chair and rocked. The silence was unbroken.

After fifteen minutes of this Tom consulted his watch. It had grown quite dark.

"What time is it?" I timidly inquired.

Three miles along the beach to Cousin Ella's.

"Quarter of seven."

I laughed. It was the *only* thing to do. In a moment we were both shaking with merriment and fatigue.

"Heavens, Bess! Don't you smell fish?" Tom stopped laughing and sniffed. Sure enough a faint scent as of fried lobster was wafted through from an adjoining room.

"This is too much. Isn't there any way for us to escape, quietly withdraw, or something?" Tom's hand was on the latch of the door. For a minute a wild idea of flight also took possession of me, but the next moment I recovered my self-control.

"No, Tommy, she'd see you. Besides, she'd never forgive us. She has longed to see more of you, and we are really giving her pleasure."

"I wish it was mutual," said Tom fervently.

At exactly seven o'clock came the welcome summons to supper. I was hungry enough to eat anything, but Tom's withering glance at the objectionable lobster might have spoiled it where it stood, if that had been possible. He would only eat a baked potato, and Cousin Ella was much concerned about his health. Did he suffer from indigestion? If so, had he tried Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets? She told of a friend, a clergyman, who had been completely cured of a very dreadful form of dyspepsia by these same little tablets.

At this Tom began making fun of all patent medicines, with wholesale bitter condemnation of the whole list. He even gave a side hit at the more popular systems of Physical Culture, with a satirical reference in passing to vegetarianism and other food fads. These were Cousin Ella's pet theories, and her face grew longer and longer as he went on. After supper she did not urge us to stay. She gave me a pamphlet called "The Fat of the Land," and told me in confidence, out of Tom's hearing, that she thought he would find himself mistaken. She also asked me if I was *really* happy—in a pitying kind of way.

It was a subdued couple that sat in the electric car some minutes later speeding homeward. I was too tired and cold to laugh. About half-way home it began to drizzle—an easterly storm which had come to stay. On the way up the hill to our own little house, which I confess had never seemed so dear before, Tom suddenly stopped and commenced hunting in his pockets. The blank despair which spread over his face as he came to the last one was enough to tell me the awful truth.

"You haven't lost the key!"

"Well, what does it look like?" he snarled. "Plague take it, I left it in my other coat pocket."

"What shall we do?" My tones were plaintive.

"Oh, there are the windows."

When we arrived at the house Tom went systematically along the piazza trying the windows. He took a ladder from the back-yard, next door, and, at the risk of his life, made a thorough examination of all the others. I have always prided myself on my carefulness about locking things up, and this was no exception. We stood on the piazza and gazed through the senseless glass at our cozy little living room, and it was like looking into Paradise, from that other place without, where are "dogs" and other horrible things. It must have been several moments that we stared in silence. Then Tom put his arm protectingly around my shoulders.

"It'll have to be done!" said he. "Wait here a minute." He returned presently with a huge stone. "Stand back, Bess!" he commanded. With all his might he hurled it at the window—and in a very short time he stood at the front door bidding me enter. "Welcome home!" he cried joyfully, though he had cut his hand on the glass.

He lit up all the rooms, and then returned to me.

"Why, you're crying! What's the matter Bessie?"

"It's such a miserable failure," I moaned. "We used to have good times. That fellow and girl on the beach had a good time. It's because we are grown older and more critical, and don't feel the same." I was sobbing on Tom's shoulder.

He smoothed my hair. "Do you want to go back to that stage?" he inquired very gently.

"No, but—"

Tom built a fire in the stove. From the depths of the refrigerator he brought forth a large bowl of lamb broth. With

a plate apiece of steaming broth we sat on opposite sides of the kitchen table and ate in comfortable silence, while the rain pattered on the window panes.

"This is better than Cousin Ella's fried lobster," said I. Tom laid down his spoon and reached his hand across the table.

"Shake," said he.

Another silence.

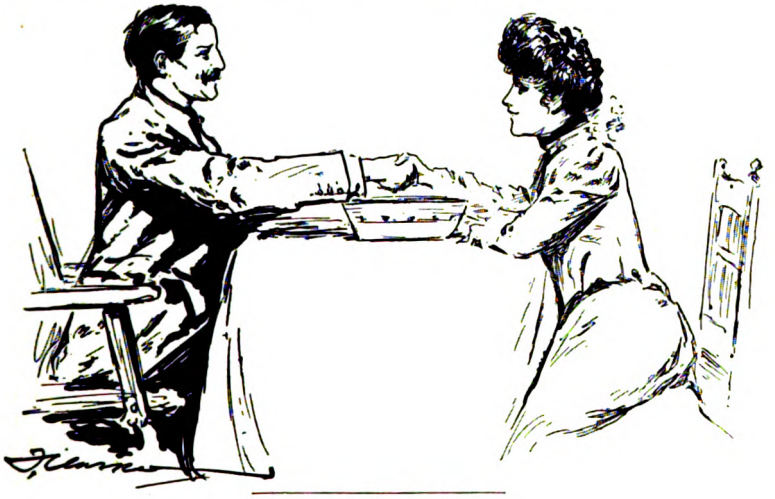
Presently he leaned back in his chair with a contented smile.

"Bess, if there's any celebration equal to sitting together in our own little home, with no fuss, suggest it, please?" said he.

"You're right," said I.

"You may talk about Love's young dream as much as you please," he continued, "but the kind of dream that would make one *really enjoy* a train of ill-luck such as we went through this afternoon, is a state of mind which is only fit for the insane asylum, or the hospital. I'm glad I have passed it. Three cheers for September eighth!"

And I joined.



DOMESTICITIES

By J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee Macgreegor"

MRS. M'CRAE ATTENDS A JUMBLE SALE

"I NEVER gaed to a jungle sale afore," remarked Mrs. M'Crae as she and her friend, both dressed in their best, stepped out of the close into the street, which was bright with the afternoon sunshine.

"Weel, it's no' the first time I've been at a *jumble* sale," returned Mrs. Murray smiling. "No' that I'm whit ye might ca' a frequenter o' *jumble* sales," she added. "But whiles ye get a bargain, an'—"

"Ye're shair there's no' gaun to be ony rattles, Mistress Murray?" Mrs. M'Crae interrupted anxiously.

"Na, na. I tell't ye afore there wud be nae *raffles*, so ye needna be feart, Mistress M'Crae. Yer man cudna ha'e ony objections at ye gaun to the jumble sale. Ye see, a jumble sale is a vera different thing to a bazaur. Near a' the things at a bazaur is new; but a' the things at a jumble sale is auld. 'Deed, ay! Some o' them's gey auld! But then ithers is no' that auld. Gentry folk is no' needin' to weer holes in their claes, an' I've seen rale nice-like things gaun dirt chape. I mind the last sale I wis at—na, I'm wrang; it wis the yin afore. Weel, there wis a young leddy's hat—a beautiful hat—an' it wis nae stranger to me,

fur the young leddy—she's Miss Smith, Doctor Smith's dochter—sits in oor kirk no' faur whaur we sit. Aw, it wis a beautiful hat, a' trimmed wi' roses, rid yins an' yella yins an' bew—na! there wisna ony bew yins. An' whit d'ye think it wis priced at the jumble sale? Whit d'ye think, Mistress M'Crae?"

"I'm shair I cudna guess, Mistress Murray."

Mistress Murray drew a long breath. "May I dee this vera meenit," she said solemnly and slowly, "if the beautiful hat wisna priced tippence! TIPPENCE!"

"Weel, I never!"

"That was the price! An' I wudna wunner if it cost Miss Smith near ten shullin's when it wis new. An' there it wis priced tippence!"

"Did ye buy it?" inquired Mrs. M'Crae.

"Na. It wis nae use to me. But I'm jist tellin' ye the hale story to let ye see hoo things whiles gangs dirt chape at jumble sales. An', mind ye, I've heard o' folk buyin' auld things fur hauf naethin' an' sellin' them efter fur five pound—ay, an' ten pound!"

"It bates a'! Whit kin' o' things, Mistress Murray?"

"Picturs, an' clocks, an' cheeny, an' ither things that's aulder nor they're bonnie. I mind hearin' o' a wife wha bocht a pictur fur a shullin'. The gless wis broke, an' she tuk it to a man fur to get a new gless. An' whenever the man seen the pictur he speirt if she wud sell it. An' she wis jist gaun to say 'half-a-croon,' when he said 'five pound.' An' she got the 'five pound.' Ay! that wis a bargain fur ye, Mistress M'Crae!"

"An'—an' wull they be sellin' picturs at the jungle sale the day?" Mrs. M'Crae asked breathlessly.

"Ay, but ye mauna be lukin' fur a five pound pictur at every jumble sale," said her friend smiling. "Na, na! Ye see, it's jist a chance in a hunner thoosan'."

"Mphm!" muttered Mrs. M'Crae disappointed and a little ashamed of her eagerness. "I'm thinkin' there's a guid bit o' rattlin' wi' anither name at yer jungle sales."

"Hoots-toots! Ye're no' to say that, Mistress M'Crae. As I said afore, it's a' square an' fair."

"A jumble sale is a verra different thing to a bazaar."

"I ha'e ma doots, Mistress Murray, I ha'e ma doots."

"Aweel, ye'll shin be there, an' ye'll see it a' fur yersel'. Ye dinna need to buy onythin' unless ye like."

"Are ye gaun to buy onythin' yersel'?" asked Mrs. M'Crae, regaining her good humor.

"Weel, I wis thinkin' o' buyin' a fender, if I cud get yin aboot fowerpence."

"A fender fur fowerpence!"

"Jist that! I've seen fenders gaun fur less. Of coorse, they're no' jist bran new, an' whiles they're gey sair bashed an' roostit. But it's wunnerfu' whit ye can dae wi' elbow-greace."

"Fine I ken that, Mistress Murray, fine I ken that! But a fender fur fowerpence! I never heard the like!"

"Aw, that's naethin' to whit ye'll see afore ye're dune! Mind, if yer wantin' to buy onythin',

"Wha wudna let ye sit doon?"

dinna gi'e the leddies a' they ask. If they ask a shullin', say ye'll gi'e saxpence, an' ye'll likely get the thing fur ninepence."

"But I thocht the money wis fur the kirk," said Mrs. M'Crae, looking thoughtful.

"Ay; it's fur the kirk. But a bargain's a bargain. But here we are," said Mrs. Murray.

"Is this the place? You gang furrit, Mistress Murray. My! whit a crood o' folk."

"Ye sud see it at nicht," returned her friend. "Some sales has an auction at nicht, and I can tell ye, it's a sicht! But I dinna like the auction business masel'. I aye buy things I dinna want. I yinst got landit wi' a spy-gless that naebody cud see through. I'm shair I dinna ken to this day whit I bocht it fur, an' ma man lauchs at me yet. But we best tak' a luk roon' afore the crood gets bigger. Come awa', Mistress M'Crae. Dinna be feart."

It was an hour and a half later. The two friends, who had lost each other for a portion of the period, met beside a group of chairs, all of which were more or less worn and damaged.

"Is this whaur ye've been a' this time?" Mrs. Murray inquired solicitously. "I'm shair ye're wearit."

"I'm that warm. I aye get that warm when I'm in a crood. So I jist said to masel' I wud wait here, an' ha'e a sate. But they wudna let me sit doon unless I bocht the chair."

"Wha wudna let ye sit doon?" demanded Mrs. Murray, almost fiercely, glowering at some ladies in the neighborhood.

"Aw, I cudna tell ye that noo . . . Never heed, I'm no' as warm as I wis, an' I'm rale gled to see ye again."

"Wis ye feart?"

"Och, I'm no' that easy feart. Did ye buy a fender?"

Mrs. Murray shook her head. "The fenders I seen wisna worth takin' awa'. I never seen sic like fenders! An' they wudna sell yin unner saxpence. Some folk ha'e an' awfu' neck!"

"Weel," said Mrs. M'Crae, "I'm vexed ye didna get a fender. Wis there naethin' else ye wis wantin'?"

"Na. Everythin's ower dear the day. I'll maybe come back the morn when the sellin' folk ha'e gotten some o' the concate ta'en oot o' them. I think we'll jist gang noo."

"I—I wis thinkin'," began Mrs. M'Crae, and paused.

"Eh?"

"It wis—it wis a wee chair I seen in the corner thonder—a wee chair, ye

ken—" and she paused again.

"Are ye wantin' to buy a chair?" said Mrs. Murray. "Ye're no' needin' a chair, are ye?"

"It wis a *wee* chair, Mistress Murray."

"Oh, I see! Fur yer son John's wee lassie?"

"Jist that. Aw, ye never seen a bonnier wean! Ye never—"

"An' whaur's the chair?"

Mrs. M'Crae sighed. "It wis ower dear. They wantit fower-an'-sax, an' I hadna that on me."

"I'll len' ye the money, an' welcome," said Mrs. Murray kindly. "Maybe I'll be able to bate them doon a saxpence onywey."

"Ye're awfu' kind!" said Mrs. M'Crae, gratefully.

"Havers! I'm rale gled I didna spend ma money. Whaur's the chair?"

Mrs. M'Crae conducted her friend to where she had left the wee chair.

"It's awa'!" she exclaimed, suddenly depressed.

"Shairly no'!" cried her companion hopefully.

But on inquiry they found that the wee chair had been sold five minutes previously.

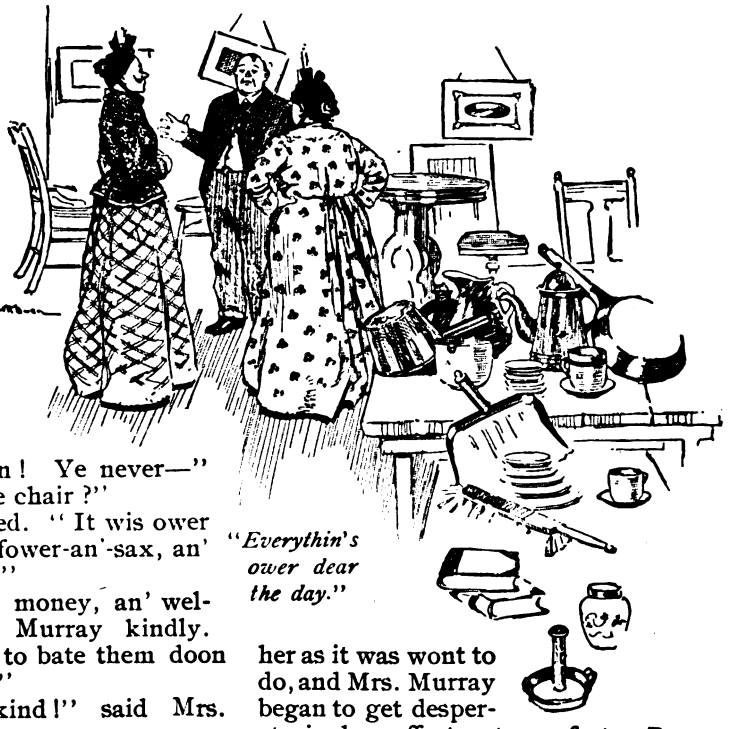
"It was the nicest wee chair ye ever seen. Jist the thing for ma son John's wee lassie when she's a bit bigger. Sirs, the day!"

"Never heed, Mistress M'Crae, never heed."

But Mrs. M'Crae was inconsolable. "I had set ma hert on it. It wis that like the yin John had—it wis stolen at the flittin', an' I wis sair vexed. An' I thocht I wis gaun to git yin to tak' its place, an' noo—"

"Come awa' hame wi' me, an' ha'e a dish o' tea," interposed Mrs. Murray, and led away her old friend, who continued to mourn.

Even the dish of tea did not cheer her as it was wont to do, and Mrs. Murray began to get desperate in her efforts at comfort. But at last she succeeded.



"Everythin's ower dear the day."

"Efter a', Mistress M'Crae," she said softly, "ye micht no' ha'e been as pleased wi' the chair if ye had gotten it. I dinna think ye wud ha'e liket gi'ein' it to yer son John's wee lassie."

"Whit wey that?"

"Weel, ye see, ye wud aye be remindit that ye had bocht it at a jumble sale, an' a jumble sale's a' vera weel fur buyin' fenders an' things fur yersel', but it's different fur buyin' a present."

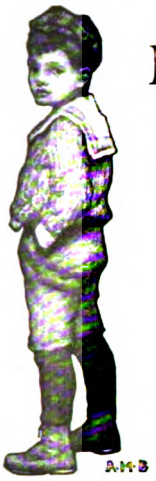
"Ye wudna buy a present at a jungle sale?"

Mrs, Murray shook her head impressively and said firmly: "No' if I got it fur naethin'."

Mrs. M'Crae thought for nearly two minutes. "Weel, maybe ye're richt," she admitted.

"An' I wis gaun to say that ye cud easy get a wee chair made. I ken a man that wudna chairge mair nor the cost, him an' me bein' auld freens. An' ye cud get the wee lassie's name carvit on it, an'—"

"Aw, Mistress Murray!" cried Mrs. M'Crae in a burst of delight.

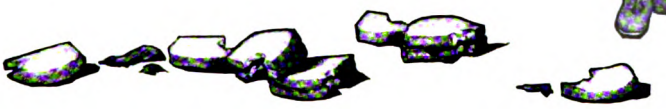


MARGINALIA

THE SUBTLETY OF ISAAC

By CLARA NORTON

With drawings by ALICE M. BEACH



ISAAC was small, but he was constant and he was implacable. James B. Van Uxem would have liked him better had he been essential to the neighborhood. But he was not. He was decidedly unessential. In fact he was every bit as valueless and fully as exasperating as the smell from the woolen mill when the wind blew in the wrong direction. James B. had stubborn ideas about loving one's neighbor, and Miss Grand also had stubborn ideas, both abstract and concrete, on the same subject, and she invited James B. to remain after school. When he heard the boys clatter along the halls and down the stairs he felt very guilty and alone in the big, empty room with nothing but the teacher and the blackboard and a fly buzzing on the window pane.

She laid her hand gently on his shoulder. Her hands were so clean that the veins showed through.

"James," she began, "remember that Isaac is a little boy like yourself."

"He's older," and his face reddened as he caught sight of the shoe-lace he forgot to tie.

"But he's a small, little boy," expostulated Miss Grand.

"He's big's me," argued James, blinking stubbornly.

Then Miss Grand talked very gently in her company voice, and assured him that Isaac had a heart just like his, and a soul, and to tease Isaac and to express so many candid desires to punch him were each and all unchristianlike. Then she told him over and over again, in that nice voice she used when visitors came, that he must love his neighbor as himself.

"But Isaac ain't my neighbor," interrupted James. "He's a Jew, and he lives down by the river."

"James, listen. Everybody is your neighbor," and Miss Grand was sweetly emphatic.

"Everybody," he exclaimed in surprise—"dagoes and hurdy-gurdy men and sheenies, all my neighbors?"

"Italians and street-musicians and Hebrews are each and all your neighbors, James," said Miss Grand with a trifling hint in her statement.

"And I got to love 'em all?" asked James turning up a pair of impressive eyes.

"Yes, everybody."

"Well, Miss Grand, I don't like everybody," and he was very honest and very positive.

"Whom do you like? Now, James, tell me frankly."

"Well, I like Shorty McGraw and Spike Kennedy and—and most all that bunch."

"You mean 'crowd,' don't you, James?" asked the teacher, though hardly with a desire for information.

"Yes, ma'am. And then there's Lafe with a hunch. He drives a laundry wagon. I like him a lot. He gives me rides. Then Gabler, that runs the restrunt—the whole gang likes him, o' course."

"You mean 'crowd'?" and Miss Grand again lifted her brows inquiringly, still not, however, with a desire for information.

"Yes, ma'am. I like lots of my neighbors. But, thanks, no Isaac in mine."

James B.

Miss Grand drew her mouth into a demure little pucker of perplexity that was becoming to her at any time of the day.

"Now, James, I want you to promise me that you will try to like Isaac. I don't ask you to love him. I only ask you to like him."

Now James had no objections to do things, even real, trying things. Since his mother had hinted mysteriously about turning the bathroom into a natatorium he spattered only the littlest bit of water, and he picked up Miss Grand's pocket handkerchief and handed it to her before the whole school, and any number of little things requiring tact and courage he had performed with careful amiability. But his mother and teacher were forever exacting the most unfair evidence of his private affections, and "down in that dumb region of the heart where we dwell alone with our willingnesses and unwillingnesses, our faiths, our fears," James made many heroic sacrifices. It was very hard to resist Miss Grand when she spoke to you with her company voice.

"But I don't think I can like him, Miss Grand."

"But I only ask you to try."

He gulped two or three times, and when the lump in his throat disappeared he said, heroically non-committal: "I'll try to try."

Miss Grand patted his shoulder and was so winsome and so pleased that he resolved that he would not only try to like Isaac, he would try to love him. This resolution lasted until he caught sight of Isaac around the corner.

James B. Van Uxem had two classes of playmates. One was James B.'s choice, the other was Mrs. Van Uxem's choice. James B.'s choice had no caste, and It climbed over the back fence and dared him to come on when It wanted to play with him. Mrs. Van Uxem's choice, on the other hand, had an over-supply of caste and walked in the front door and sat with It's mamma in the parlor. It shook hands with James and said: "Pleased to meet you," and both It's mother and James B.'s mother exchanged approving smiles. Then James sat in a high-backed chair and looked at It. And It sat in a high-backed chair and looked at James. Then, with the familiarity of speaking acquaintance, they stuck out their tongues and exchanged faces, and, indeed, with prodigal generosity, showered upon each other every indication of cannibalistic desires and wriggled uncomfortably in their chairs when the elders glanced in their direction. James had every proof that It hated him quite as heartily as he hated It. But, with sympathy born of understanding, he felt sorry for little boys that had to go calling with their mammas, for they, of course, left behind a lot of vociferous spirits like the ones that at that moment were whistling shrilly and frantically for him.

Shockingly inconsistent with his upbringing, James B.'s social ambitions lay humbly and hopefully with the boys who never went calling with their mammas because their mammas never went calling. They were a

They held up their glasses of soda and sucked temptingly through their straws.

band of sturdy Christians, known among themselves as the Rowdy Ten, but, to cross old ladies and nervous old gentlemen, by adjectives more luridly comprehensive. Any cause they espoused and endorsed he espoused and endorsed. They hated Isaac the Hebrew boy, so he hated Isaac the Hebrew boy. They didn't say, "Come along, kid," as they did to other boys; they said: "Where's your hot-foot, Sheeney?" So James B. said: "Where's your hot-foot, Sheeney?"

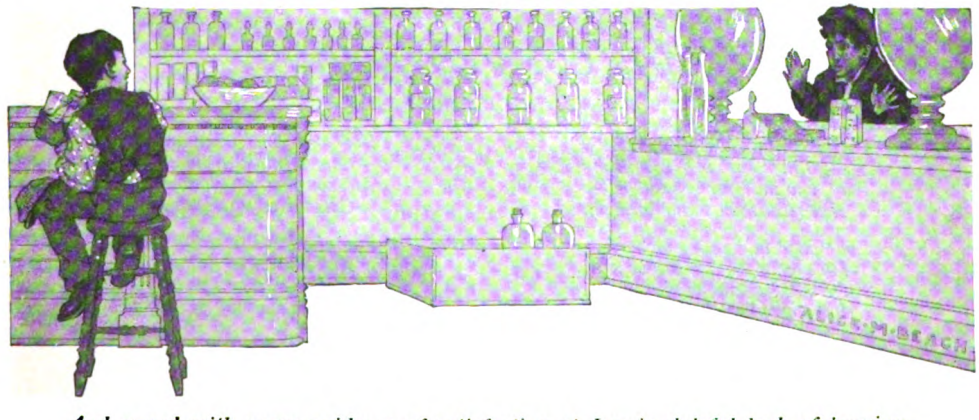
And Isaac hung on the outskirts of the Christian Assembly with a docile, simpering grin. Sometimes he winked, sometimes he said: "Ach, yah," sometimes he shook his head. He smiled often and laughed never. He was noiseless and subtle and uncommunicative. The Rowdy Ten said he was sneaky, and James B. agreed with them.

When they repaired to the drug store in solemn file, with thirsty throats and jingling coin, Isaac brought up the rear. They promptly consigned him to the sidewalk when they discovered him in line before the soda fountain. With due regard for his feelings, however, they held up their glasses of soda and sucked temptingly through their straws. They gazed with every evidence of satisfaction, both tranquil and serene, upon his wide smile, his doleful, ingratiating look of longing. He jumped up and down and clapped his hands as he peered in at them. Then with a hungry, determined hope ran out a long, red tongue and began to lick the window-pane with such vigor that the proprietor got nervous and ran out and brought him in and hurried a plate of ice-cream into his small, rapacious fists.

"Aw, say, mister, that ain't fair," protested the boys as they filed out with many murmurs of intense disgust. Isaac looked after their retreating figures with his broad, wide smile, then he winked. Isaac's wink was really more than a wink. It was an operation. He closed one eye craftily and screwed his face up ready to crow. His cunning, malicious delight was both substantial and unique. Not that he was vulgarly malicious. He was too artful for anything so honest as vulgarity. But his wink and the startling expression on his face denoted so much rest and future confidence that they decided to take all undue conceit out of him by an expedient method described vaguely as handing him a bunch of something on the jaw.

Mrs. Van Uxem's choice.

It was not until after school on Friday that Isaac appeared again. And he was so small and shrunken and docile and dirty and humble, not even the least suspicion of guile or brag or boast about him, that their more strenuous plans of action fell through. However, they then and there made their minds up and brought their fists down with as much energy as if they were landing on Isaac. They decided they must get even at all hazards. He was sneaky, they must be sneaky. As all affairs of moment gain unction and dignity from being eaten over, the Rowdy Ten and James B. Van Uxem who, each and all, did nothing but eat when they had money, and



And gazed with every evidence of satisfaction at Isaac's doleful look of longing.

thought of nothing but what they would like to eat when they hadn't, hastened off to Gabler's restaurant.

The boys remained outside while James B. bought the edibles. As each boy took a seat on the sidewalk James B. counted him and handed him a sandwich—a nice, well-buttered tongue sandwich. But Isaac, always an interested onlooker, remained uncounted and unsandwiched. He hovered about there, however, casting up his appealing, hungry, obsequious eyes, his thoughts all the while burning with the friction of activity. All at once he became consumed with anxiety for the moral welfare of the Rowdy Ten, who, with the exception of James B. Van Uxem, were all good Catholics. And it pained Isaac's sense of the orthodox to see Catholics devouring meat on the forbidden day. As their teeth sank into the sandwiches for the first tasty relish, he threw up his cap excitedly and screeched: "It's Fritay, Fritay, Fritay!"

In shame and guilt and confusion they threw the bread and meat to the ground and walked away with downcast, sheepish faces. James B. threw his down, too, though he hardly knew why. He, however, refused to walk away with the rest. He doubled up his fists and squared off with serious intentions.

"Ah, come on, Jim," they called to him. "It's one on us, all right, even if it is a Sheeny trick. Come on."

This was a new order of ethics he couldn't understand. For some reason he thought Isaac ought to be thrashed, and he fairly itched to be the one to paste him. He turned upon him once or twice irresolutely, but finally followed his companions. Then when one flung a rock at a cat and said he wouldn't go snooks with a Sheeny for a dock full of dough, James B. said he wouldn't go snooks with a Sheeny for a dock full of dough, and frowned and wondered what it meant, and hurried home to tell Chris, the stableman, before he might forget.

Meantime, Isaac, with becoming industry, gathered the mass of bread and meat into his omnivorous arms and beckoned his little sister to help him. And he shook his head and winked and smiled and said: "Ach, yah!"

Ach *Yah!*

HIS COMPENSATION

By EVA WILLIAMS MALONE

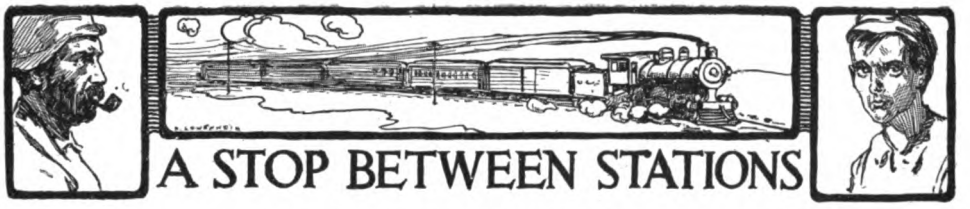
I'm "kep' in" when I'm "tardy."
An' I'm "kep' in" when I'm "late";
I'm "kep' in" for "position"—
That means not settin' straight.

I'm "kep' in" on my joggerfy,
My readin' an' my writin',
An' I'm "kep' in" some for laughin',
But I'm "kep' in" most for fightin'.

I'm "kep' in" when my marbles
Comes rattlin' from my pockets,
An' sometimes when my matches
Gets mixed up with my rockets.

I'm "kep' in" ef I whisper,
An' I'm "kep' in" ef I chaw
The piece of gum I've borried
An' am warmin' in my jaw!

The truth is, 'at I'm "kep' in"
Most everthing I do!
But one jolly thing about it
Is, the teacher's "kep' in" too!



A STOP BETWEEN STATIONS

By MARY AGNES GRIFFIN

THE train cleared the crowded noisy city and sped out into the fresh Spring air of the country. The passengers relaxed from their formal positions and lounged easily upon the seats. Hats and gloves were removed, and a dignified bald-headed gentleman carefully adjusted a black silk cap. A man arose, and taking a magazine from his satchel, walked into the smoking car, leaving behind him the fragrance of lilacs as he opened and closed the door. The train boy entered with his basket, and pressed boxes of lemon drops into the laps of the children. With the same discrimination he gently laid the latest novel and the current monthly upon the seats of the sprucest looking passengers. The conductor passed through with a sprig of lilac in his coat. He joked with the drummer on the rear seat, and chucked a baby under its fat chin when he started to collect the tickets. The engine puffed up to the little country station, chugging impatiently as the conductor went in for orders. Pulling out again it thundered along down grade, rattling the coaches, and upsetting the plump infant, who was standing in the aisle. A man yawned aloud, and stretching his arms over his head, asked the drummer at what station the train would stop for lunch. At that moment the engine whistled shrilly several times, slowed up, pushing steadily backward with a grinding sound, until every car came to a hesitating, uncertain stop. The passengers looked wonderingly out of the windows. The spire of a village church was just visible to the eye, and the open country lay all about them. The drummer hurried out to the platform of the car. Through the open door came the sweet, penetrating notes of a meadow lark. "Something must have happened up in front," the drummer called in, and jumped off the car. Men and women followed him bare-headed, the old gentleman coming gravely behind in his silk cap. The more curious pressed eagerly ahead, while others stood shrinking on the outskirts of the crowd. A tall man was giving orders to a little group near the engine, and it melted away before his command, bringing into view a huddled, desolate heap upon the grass. A half-grown laboring boy in blue overalls stood close by, his face gray with the horror of the sight.

"A section hand," the conductor said hurriedly in answer to the question—"He was cutting out grass between the tracks—and didn't hear the train. God only knows why he was so careless—say, can't some one find me some boards—say, boy, hunt some boards, can't you? We have got to get out of here—" glancing at his watch, "immediately."

The boy found the boards and the man pushed back the morbid crowd which had drawn near again. "You take the feet," ordered some one of the lad, but he shook his head, and another did it for him. The poor, bruised burden was lifted into the baggage car, the brakeman yelled, "All aboard," and the passengers ran for their coaches.

The boy stood by the heap on the floor while the short run was made to the town. The train slid into the station, and gentle hands carried out the body. The boy stumbled clumsily on the platform step and the tall man laid his hand on his shoulder. "First accident you have seen?" he inquired kindly. The boy in broken English answered "Yes."

"Did you know the man?" he continued, still guiding the awkward, uncertain steps. The boy's eyes, full of dumb misery, were following the pathetic little procession, as it turned into the shed back of the station.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "He's my father!"

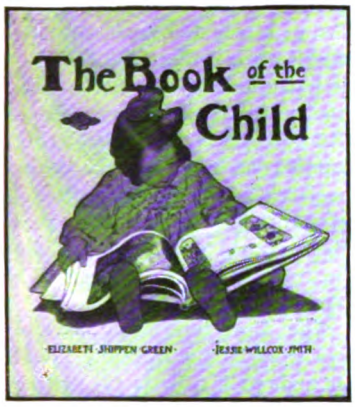
THE annual crop of children's books is just as certain an event nowadays as the annual crop of children themselves. Each year there appears new editions of all the old favorites, the perennial children's books, with new illustrations and new covers, but the same ever fresh and inimitable stories inside. Occasionally, too, an eld classic appears, not only in new covers but brought up-to-date by a modern interpretation. This Christmas Mr. Schultze has created a "Foxy Grandpa's Mother Goose," which offers a decidedly fresh and original treatment of one of the oldest classics in the English language. Each year, too, there is a long list of new juveniles, some of which last over more than their first season, and a few endure year after year. It is not often, though, that a child's calendar serves two years, or that it is elevated into a book after doing its work as a mere record of days and weeks. Yet "The Child," a calendar for which Jessie Willcox Smith and Elizabeth Shippen Green made the drawings, proved so deservedly popular that this year the drawings are published as a book, with stories and verses by Mabel Humphrey to accompany them, and a new cover, the whole to be called "The Book of the Child." Another book of the same size and kind is "The Book of the Cat," by Elisabeth F. Bonsall. Miss Bonsall draws her cats from the life, and a cat's inborn dislike to be looked at fixedly makes the posing of the models no light task. They generally insist on posing in the artist's lap, and a bird's-eye view of them is the only practical sketch that can be made. Miss Bonsall's results, however, effectively conceal the difficulties of her work.

Hurluk and Kroo.

Another young people's book, and one of mingled adventure and instruction, is "The Young Ice Whalers," by Winthrop Packard. The story has plenty of incident and excitement, and the local color is accurate to the point of photographic illustration. The reproduction of the snapshot of Hurluk and Kroo, on this page, is an example of the pictures made from the photographs which Mr. Packard himself took in Eskimo Land. This illustrating of pure stories by photographs seems to have become more and more the fashion, and certainly offers a proof of the sincerity of the author's attempt to write a story which is not out of keeping with the realities—even the cinematographic realites—of life.

There is another children's book brought out this year, called "My Wonderful Visit," which is as much of a contrast to "The Young Ice Whalers" as a story well could be. The illustrations, one of which is reproduced on the next page, are of the dreamy, semi-poetic kind, whose charm consists in their imaginative quality, and the story itself, which is the tale of a week spent in the country by a small girl, is as imaginative as the drawings.

One of those curious histories of lost paintings, this time one of a portrait of a child, has been brought up again by the death of James A. McNeill Whistler. The picture in question was one of Laura Barr, daughter of Robert Barr, the novelist,



who wrote "Over the Water" and many other stories, some of which have appeared from time to time in this magazine. Mr. Whistler frequently spoke of this painting as one of his most important works. It was done at a time when Mr. Barr was posing for Whistler and doing everything in his power, indeed, to divert the painter's mind from his difficulties.

It occurred to Mr. Barr one day to take with him to a sitting his little daughter Laura, as Whistler had been much attracted by the child during his visits at Mr. Barr's home, and as Mr. Barr himself thought that he saw means of lessening the number of his sittings as a model, which made somewhat heavy demands upon the time of an extremely busy man.

Laura Barr was a beautiful child, with luxuriant hair, and immediately after her arrival at Whistler's studio the artist asked permission to paint her, and this was readily granted. For many weeks the child and the artist were together day by day, and when Whistler did not feel inclined to paint the two took long walks and amused themselves together.

Soon after the completion of the painting, which was viewed by its maker with very great interest and affection, Whistler was unexpectedly summoned to Paris, but refused to go without the portrait and had it carefully packed to be dispatched to the French capital. The painting then disappeared, and from that day until the present time has never come to light, although it was hoped that it might be discovered in the thorough search made among the artist's belongings after his death.

Gelett Burgess, who has just brought out a new book of "Goops" in this country, spent some time in England while he was producing his circular little people, at the same time writing stories for the English periodicals, and having a good many amusing adventures on the side. "One day," he says, "when I was at the National Liberal Club with Harold Frederic, who was drinking variously-colored beverages, playing billiards and entertaining callers, all at the same time, I was introduced to some dozen men by Mr. Frederic, beginning with 'Charlie' Hoyt and ending with—Maurice Maeterlinck. These two men were in the room at the same time, and it would, perhaps, be difficult to offer a more glaring antithesis than the author of 'A Hole in the Ground' and the author of 'Pelleas and Melisande.' But to make the occasion forever memorable, Hoyt leaned over to Harold Frederic and said, looking towards Maeterlinck: 'Say, d'you know I don't care much for that man's plays; but I guess I like 'em about as well as he likes mine?'"

One of the best books of musical reminiscence that has appeared for a long time is "Thirty Years of Musical Life," by Hermann Klein. These memories take in practically all the singers of note, from Jenny Lind—the only musician not a composer who has any memorial in Westminster Abbey—to the Bispham and Nordica of our own day. The illustrations of the book have that interest which theatrical photographs always seem to possess.

The Book of Cats.

One of the most essentially Christmas

books of the year is "Colonel Carter's Christmas," by F. Hopkinson Smith. No one who has known Col. Carter in the past needs any introduction to him in this his latest appearance.

N. Hudson Moore, the author of "The Old China Book" and "The Old Furniture Book," is a woman—not a man, as seems generally to be taken for granted from her signature and the details of her work.

N. Hudson Moore.

"I have had to break the news gently" she says, "to scores of people that their crockery was *not* worth hundreds of dollars; that their sideboards were *not* Chippendale if they were ornamented with inlay. But in many cases I have hesitated to insinuate ever so modestly that N. Hudson Moore is a dame, not an esquire, particularly since the curator of an Historical Society considered it wise to bring another man as chaperon to the society's rooms when he discovered through the telephone that the supposed 'Mr. Moore,' whom he was to meet there, was a woman.'

The most interesting part of my work is the traveling about visiting private and public collections, finding an unexpected rarity here and unearthing some choice bit there, reading old manuscripts, town records, etc., of Colonial days.

THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF POETRY

By JIM K. HANNA

IT has always seemed a pity to me that so much time is spent by pupils of the public schools in learning arithmetic and so little in learning the rudiments of poetry. Speaking as a poet, I can say that very little arithmetic is necessary in life. As a poet, I have never been called upon to deal with sums larger than twenty dollars, but the questions of rhyme, meter and versification in general are of great value.

It is to supply this needed poetical education that I have opened the Hanna Correspondence School of Poetry, through which any one of ordinary intelligence can, in twenty lessons, learn to write a pretty good article of poetry. I charge only ten dollars for the entire course, which includes odes, sonnets, lyrics, epics, plain and fancy poetry, blank verse and Kipling. Each lesson is neatly typewritten and includes diagrams, and I correct all poems constructed by the student, and return them with a printed blank, just like a real editor. Every one finishing the course receives a beautifully printed diploma authorizing him to claim that he is a child of the muses.

I have often mourned over the present decay of the poetical art. I use the word "decay" because it is more refined than the word "rotten," and I think poetical subjects should be treated in a rather refined manner, no matter what Kipling thinks. "Rotten" is a better word than "decay," because it has good old Anglo-Saxon blood in its veins, and it applies to nearly all the poetry of to-day, but I am not one of those who think only Anglo-Saxon words are fit to use. In my own poems I use any words that fit in. For example, in the couplet:—

> "The greatest nations pass away,
> E'en as the strongest oaks decay,"

it is evident that the lines would lose much of their rhythm and beauty if we substituted the word "rot," thus:—

> "The greatest nations pass away,
> E'en as the strongest oaks rot."

Even the poorest sort of a critic would see that "rot" and "away" do not rhyme, and

it is always best to get the rhyme as nearly correct as possible.

This brings me to my subject and the first lesson of the Hanna Correspondence School of Poetry. I teach by what may be called the Rapid Method, which is similar to the Phonetic Method of learning foreign languages.

LESSON I—RHYME AND METER.

Ordinarily poets spend much valuable time learning the rules of meter and rhyme. This is unnecessary. Every rhyme and every style of meter has already been used. It is a waste of energy, then, for the poet to hope to create new rhymes or new meters. It follows, therefore, that he cannot do better than to use the rhymes and the meter of some dead poet who cannot sue for damages. Let the beginner get a book of poems and open it at random. Take the first eight lines at the top of the right hand page, and construct your poem, using the meter and rhymes of those eight lines. This, in one moment, does away with all necessity for filling the mind with tiresome rules, and assures the use of rhymes sanctioned by eminent authority.

For example I open my "Anthology of English Verse" at random and read:—

"A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears;
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees!"
—*Wordsworth.*

If we analyze th we find that the meter runs regularly in this manner:—

Te *tum*, te *tum*, te *tum*, te *tum*,
Te *tum*, te *tum*, te *tum*,
Te *tum*, te *tum*, te *tum*, te *tum*,
Te *tum*, te *tum*, te *tum*.

And that the rhymes are:—

..... seal
..... fears
..... feel
..... years
..... force
..... sees
..... course
..... trees.

Now when we want to write a poem we look at these rhymes until they suggest something to our minds. The first word, "seal," suggests a poem about that animal for the children's page of a Sunday paper, so we write the rhymes on a sheet of paper, one below the other, in their regular order. It is evident when we again study the rhymes that the "seal" "fears" to "feel" the "years," but that when something comes in "force" the seal "sees" and thinks its best "course" is to take to the "trees."

Having thus secured our idea, all that is necessary is to fill in enough other words to keep the "te *tum*, te *tum*'" running smoothly. This will be the result:—

THE SILLY SEAL.

"Unto the musk ox thus the seal
Expressed his greatest fears—
'I hope I'll die before I feel
The pains that come with years.'
Just then the sealers come in force—
Then said the seal—'One sees
Too late that schools should have a course
To teach seals to climb trees!'"

This is not good poetry, nor good sense, but one of the first things the poet should learn is that the editors of the Children's Pages prefer verses of this sort. Their position is logical. "Adults prefer good poetry; children are not adults; therefore, children do not prefer good poetry."

But let us suppose we have an order for a poem for a religious publication, instead of for a children's page. We write down our rhymes as before.

Ah! We "unseal" something that has something to do with "fears" and makes us "feel" something about "years," and this gives us the necessary "force" so that something "sees" a "course" that brings in "trees."

We have here the motive for a fine poem. When we pad it out we get:—

FAITH.

"Who would not willingly unseal
Pandora's box of fears,
If Faith came forth to bid him feel
More sure of future years?
For Faith alone supplies the force
To strengthen him who sees
His errors, marking all his course,
Like dead and withered trees."

This variety of poem does not mean as much as it seems to, which is a great point in successful poem writing. I give the two following poems as examples of the political ode, which are always salable in political years. In making these we proceed as before:—

ROOSEVELT.

'Come drink his health in good White Seal—
Here's to the man who fears
No foe; who makes the Demmies feel
Worse than they have for years!

Our Ted's the boy who has the force
To win. We bet he sees
Another presidential course
Among the White House trees."

FOUR YEARS MORE OF GROVER.

"The fate of Theodore we shall seal
And calm the nation's fears—
The tyrant trusts our wrath shall feel
Four Democratic years—
So let our donkey go full force
Until the goal he sees—
We'll win this presidential course
Or bust our axle-trees."

These four examples will be sufficient to give the student an idea of the noble possibilities of poetry done by the Rapid System. Remember that practice makes perfect. Do not despair. Keep at it. Above all do not fail to remit ten dollars for the succeeding lessons.

The further lessons treat of the Poem of Passion—how to write passionately although you owe two weeks' board—how much passion the public will stand—passion as an advertisement. The Kipling style—how to write dialect ballads—how to make folks angry—how to realize on their anger. The Humorous Weekly Poem—how it differs from really humorous poems—why it should not be humorous. The Love Poem—how to write as if you were in love when you are not—poems to accompany gifts—poems to send when the gifts are returned — how to continue writing love poems after marriage, etc.

DR. MORTON GRINNELL, the naturalist who wrote "Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream," recently discovered a hole that showed signs of occupancy by some wild creature. He dug this out, and at a distance of about six or eight feet diagonally into the earth were found three little new-born creatures, helpless and with unopened eyes.

Dr. Grinnell brought them to the farm buildings, when the stable cat, who had a litter of kittens, at once adopted them and nursed them.

Alfonso XIII. of Spain.

It took more than a month before the little animals were known to be gray foxes. They were very playful, and they delighted to play with two kittens which were placed in the pen with them. As they grew older they did not seem to lose their gentleness, but at the latest accounts would climb over their master and show marked evidences of affection.

The foxes and their foster mother.

No one knows just what the young King of Spain will be able to accomplish, but most people have a vague idea of the difficulty of his work. Leonard Williams, who, as correspondent of the London *Times*, had ample opportunities for observing present Spanish conditions, seems to feel, according to his new book, "The Land of the Dons," very hopeful about the future of the country, and very confident that the young king will at least try to live up to his task.

There is no more legitimate subject for satire in this country than the tittle tattle of the people who steep themselves weekly in the "society columns" of the Sunday newspapers. It is such people as these that Mr. James L. Ford wittily describes in "The Brazen Calf." They are the kind of women who, at the latest titled wedding, sought uninvited admission to the church through the coal hole.

THE GIRL I LOVE

By HAROLD MELBOURNE

I've broken off with Gwendolen
As I broke off with Nell,
And Angeline, and Clementine,
And Dorothy, and Belle.

For I have met a maiden fair,
And by me she's adored;
I love her more than Leanore,
Or Beatrice, or Maude.

Matilda's lips were not so red,
Nor Mabel's eyes so blue,
And Charlotte's hair was ne'er so fair,
Nor Saidie's heart so true.

She has a way suggesting May,
Of cooing like a dove;
Oh, she's a dear, and it is clear
She is the girl I love!

TAMMAS

By ELIZABETH BURWELL

SCOTTISH servants, unlike the American variety, never change their place of servitude, and the office of butler, gardener, cook or maid is handed down in families from generation to generation. I recall quite well crusty old Tammas, who was a retainer for years in the family of the Kerrs of Kerrsknow. He was capable, honest and somewhat overzealous in looking after the interests of his "laird." One evening, when the Kerrs were giving a dinner party, young Mrs. Kerr, who was an Englishwoman, called the attention of the old servant to the fact that Lady Scott, who sat beside her, had no spoon. Tammas resented the public rebuke, and drawing himself up he replied with much dignity, "The last time Lady Scott was here mem we missed a spune."

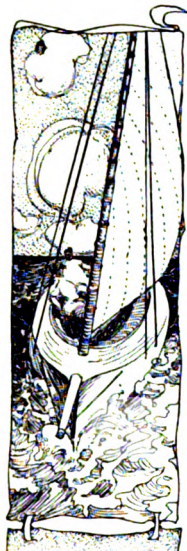
Tammas' familiarity with the gentry he served near got him a dismissal,—a most unusual indignity,—on one occasion. The Kerrs had been giving a hunting party, and after the chase, the guests returned tired and hungry, and bothered old Tammas overmuch with their incessant demands for his help in serving the cold meats, game-pie and ale, from the sideboard.

Tammas, harassed beyond endurance by their importunities, exclaimed, "That's recht. Speak a' tagither. That's the way tae git served."

This outburst and some over-officiousness on the part of the old man sorely tried the irascible temper of the elder Kerr, who at last decided to dismiss Tammas. He approached the subject one day after this fashion, "Tammas," said he, "I'm afraid you and I will have to part."

"Eh," said the startled Tammas, "And where dae ye think o' going, Laird?"

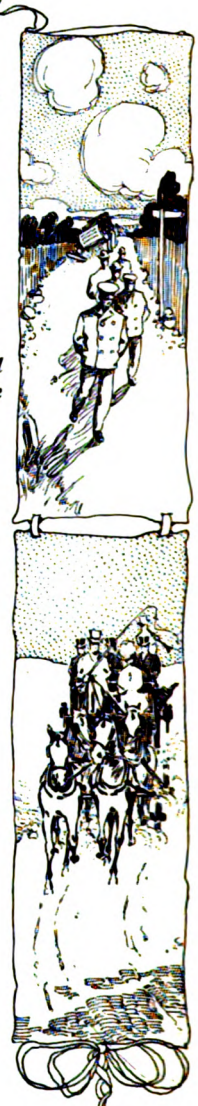
The Ballade of the Automobile



When our yacht sails seaward on steady keel
And the wind is moist with the breath of brine
And our laughter tells of our perfect weal,
We may carol the praises of ruby wine;
But if, automobiling, my woes combine
And fuel gives out in my road-machine
And it's sixteen miles to that home of mine—
Then ho! for a gallon of gasoline!

When our coach rides smoothly on iron-shod wheel
With a deft touch guiding each taut drawn line
And the inn ahead holds a royal meal,
We may carol the praises of ruby wine;
But when, on some long and steep incline,
In a manner entirely unforeseen
The motor stops with a last sad whine—
Then ho! for a gallon of gasoline!

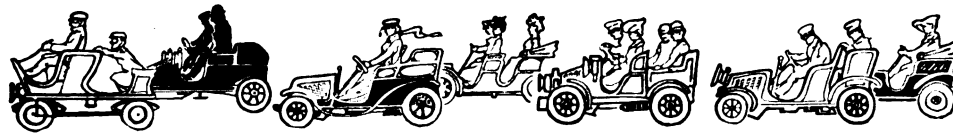
When the air is crisp and the brooks congeal
And our sleigh glides on with a speed divine
While the gay bells echo with peal on peal,
We may carol the praises of ruby wine;
But when, with perverseness most condign,
In the same harsh snowstorm, cold and keen,
My auto stops at the six-mile sign—
Then ho! for a gallon of gasoline!



ENVOY

When Yacht or Coach Club fellows dine
We may carol the praises of ruby wine;
But when Automobile Clubmen convene
Then ho! for a gallon of gasoline!

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



IT is four or five years now since the comic papers began to hail the advent of the automobile with pictures of motor cars rearing wildly at the unwonted sight of a horse on the public highway. Business men do not care to risk capital or to prophesy unless they know, but they invested a good many millions in the automobile from the beginning. Yet business men understood very well that the manufacture of automobiles could never be put on a permanent industrial basis by building "Red Devils" for millionaires and victorias for millionairesses. The only people who can support a great American industry are people in moderate circumstances, who can pay for a convenience what they will not pay for a luxury. The opportunity was a great one, the manufacturer seized it, and the result is the mightiest revolution in transportation since Stephenson stoked his first locomotive.

The automobile has come to stay. Already the prophetic eye of the suburbanite sees himself emancipated from the commutation train; the country doctor's horse will not be hitched eternally to the front post; the trucking horse is passing as certainly as the horse of the "bob-tail" car. From a luxury the automobile has become a convenience. From a convenience it will become a necessity. And the public knows it. During the past year we have seen among our readers multiplying signs of interest in the subject of automobiles. To focus this interest and to bring to our public the information concerning automobiles which otherwise could only be gathered piecemeal, from a multitude of separate sources; to give this information in a clear, concise way; to put before the prospective buyer all the cars manufactured by reliable firms, which are open to his choice—in a word, to put the Case for the Automobile before the great American jury—that is the object of this Automobile Number.—THE EDITORS.

AUTOMOBILE POSSIBILITIES

By STEPHEN WALLACE MERRIHEW, Technical Editor of *Motor-World*

IT has been well said that the automobile is destined to duplicate on the highways and the byways the performance of the locomotive on its steel tracks. This is simple, sober truth, and yet it is only a half-truth. The locomotive is a highly specialized machine, the product of a century's ceaseless endeavor, which has resulted in bringing it to approximate perfection. Human skill and ingenuity can go but little farther in that particular direction, and already the conviction is forcing itself upon discerning people that something better than the steam locomotive will soon be needed.

The automobile is mechanically a mere infant, yet already it gives the promise of developing into a giant. Originally a contemporary of the steam engine, and preceding the locomotive, it suffered from persecution and neglect which resulted in its disappearance from sight for a century. The sum and substance of its progress since its reincarnation is measured by one short decade. In 1893 there were in existence but a few experimental machines—most of them in France and a few in Germany and the United States.

It is quite within bounds to say that the automobile will do for the individual what the locomotive has done for mankind collectively; and it will do it on the roads which—good, bad and indifferent—are now in existence in every civilized country as well as in many uncivilized ones.

The automobile must be viewed in three ways: as a vehicle of sport, of pastime, and of business. Hitherto the first and second have absorbed the lion's share of attention, as a natural consequence of the experimental state of the machine, its absolute novelty and its possibility for exciting sport.

The racing automobile and its driver have loomed large of late—unduly so. Cars equipped with engines of enormous power have found their way into the hands of injudicious people and the logical result has followed. But, after all, the racing automobile has wrought the immeasurable improvement of the species as surely as the training of runners and trotters has improved the breed of horses.

Of scarcely less value to the industry has been the influence of the pastime of automobiling. With a generosity and prodigality such as enthusiasts alone are capable of, a gallant band of pioneer automobilists have poured out treasure and effort.

There remain the business users of the automobile. Two or three years ago even, they were in the minority. In the main they were actuated by an ardent desire to obtain advertising from the novelty. To-day they seek emancipation from the domination of the horse. They found ready to their hands a carriage which, if not exactly ideal, was yet practical and practicable, which did the work of three horses in a fraction of the time and with a minimum of the labor.

To-day this class has grown enormously and is growing with steadily increasing rapidity. It is probable that for every future purchaser who regards his automobile as a pleasure vehicle there will be two who acquire it to use mainly, if not solely, for business purposes. The term business purposes is used in its large sense. The man who employs an automobile to transport passengers—himself, his family, his friends—is embraced in it as well as he who transports goods.

The existing systems of transportation have been revolutionized within a century. The railroad fell just short of working miracles. The later trolley car proved to be a fitting complement to it, having its strength where the railroad was weak—in the cities and towns, and in linking them with the suburbs and even the country. The bicycle at one time promised to eclipse the trolley. But, as it turned out, there was room for both, though the bicycle is still a growing force, especially in the rural districts.

The fourth epoch-making invention is the automobile. Some conservative observers look to see it oust the horse, out-distance the bicycle, and equal railroad and trolley car.

The railroad train and the trolley car are circumscribed in their operations by their tracks. The automobile goes wheresoever its driver wills, and at a cost per passenger of from one-half to one-sixth that of the railroad. It does this at any desired speed—equalling at will the horse in slowness, the locomotive in swiftness. It is always ready, can start on a journey of one mile or a thousand at a moment's notice, needs but one person to operate it and provides accommodations for from two to six or more passengers. The choice of routes is world-wide, and it can rise superior to considerations of weather. In short, there are no bounds to its capabilities, no appreciable limit to its usefulness.

In considering the permanency of the automobile, the bicycle inevitably invites comparison. Much that is said in commendation of the automobile applies with equal force to the bicycle. The analogy is close, the resemblance striking—up to a certain point; that reached, it falls completely to the ground. The bicycle has for its mainspring of action human physical endeavor. The automobile does all that the bicycle does and does it without physical exertion. It is a machine, pure and simple, tireless, exhaustless.

To-day the automobile is thoroughly efficient and reliable. It is the cheapest vehicle in existence, initial cost and operating expenses being considered. The value of the annual product of automobiles in the United States reaches tens of millions of dollars.

Yet this is but a shadow of the future which awaits it. The development of the automobile has reached a stage where, as far as present knowledge and belief go, progress must necessarily be slow. The work will be along present lines and improvements in detail alone seem possible. The electric, the steam and the gasoline machines all have their field and will continue to appeal to different clienteles. Those clienteles will grow and grow, until the day will come when the poor man will have his automobile as surely as the rich man or the man of moderate circumstances; he will use it to bring his suburban home and his workshop close together, and also for his outings. A house without an automobile will be the exception. The automobile will become an indispensable adjunct to modern civilization.

WHAT NOT TO BUY WHEN YOU BUY AN AUTOMOBILE

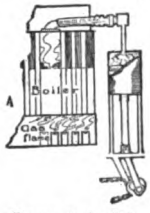
By P. M. HELDT, Technical Editor of *The Horseless Age*

WHEN the prospective automobilist has finally made up his mind that he must have a "machine," he is confronted with a very serious and perplexing problem—that of selecting from the multitude of makes and styles offered in the market the one best suited to his needs.

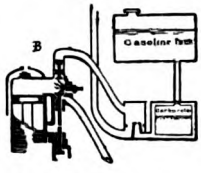
Of the many motive powers suggested and commercially exploited during the past ten years only three have proven successful so far—those popularly known as electricity, steam and gasoline. Gasoline is the source of mo-

tive power in both the so-called gasoline and steam vehicles, a fact which is the cause of the frequent confusion of the two types in the popular mind.

Motor principles.



Steam principle.



Gasoline principle.

The difference in the use of the gasoline in the two types of cars is that in one it is burned in a burner under a steam boiler to generate steam, which is used in a steam engine which drives the car, while in the other it is burned directly in the cylinder of a gasoline or explosion engine which drives the vehicle.

Each of the motive powers may be said to have its special field, though the ranges of practical application of steam and gasoline overlap considerably. The electric car, being dependent upon power houses, is thereby limited to use in cities and suburbs, where charging stations are sufficiently numerous. The range on one charge of an ordinary electric vehicle varies between twenty-five and sixty miles, although over two hundred miles have been made by a specially built machine.

The manufacture of electric cars has been concentrated in the hands of a comparatively small number of large concerns, and all parts of these vehicles, with the exception of the battery, have long passed the experimental stage and reached a high degree of development, so that no matter what machine the purchaser buys, he does not run the risk of making a great mistake.

Generally speaking, the larger the capacity of a battery in proportion to its weight the less its durability, and for this reason few electric vehicles are equipped with batteries which are good for more than forty miles on one charge on fair roads.

Don't purchase a second-hand electric carriage without scrutinizing the condition of the battery. When an electric machine is offered for sale second-hand the reason often is that the battery is nearly or completely worn out and the owner dreads the expense of renewal. A trial of the car, if it can be had, is a fairly convincing test, as the mileage, or total distance run on one charge, drops with the deterioration of the battery.

Considering only the highest developed types, the steam and gasoline systems are both eminently suited to long distance touring as well as to local work. The most advantageous feature of steam power is its flexibility, the property which admits of temporarily increasing the power far beyond the average amount available, a feature particularly to be appreciated in mountainous sections. Steam vehicles are also more free from noise, smell and vibration than gasoline vehicles. In steam machines the boiler and burner are perhaps the most valuable parts, and they should be carefully examined by the purchaser and watched by the driver.

The advantages of the gasoline system as compared with steam are that it is more economical of fuel, and that the gasoline car, generally speaking, is gotten under way more quickly when starting on a run, and is more immune from fire risks.

The weak point of the gasoline machine is the mechanism which produces the spark necessary in the use of this kind of power, but improvements are constantly being made in this direction. A certain amount of muscular effort is necessary in the "cranking" or turning the wheel which starts the gasoline mechanism. This effort is not required on steam autos, nor always indeed on gasoline machines of the four-cylinder type which are largely self-starting. By the application of the flash system in the steam machines the time necessary for getting under way has been reduced to about five minutes.

In the choice of an automobile the purchaser's financial status is, of course, a determining factor. The price of stock cars varies roughly from $500 for the lightest types of runabout to $12,000 for the powerful imported touring cars. The qualities the purchaser requires in a car are about as follows, in the order of their relative importance: Safety, reliability, comfort, economy, appearance.

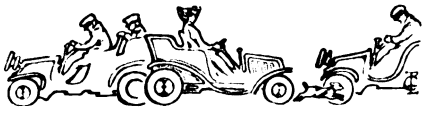
Do not purchase a machine because of its speeding ability or its track records. Speeding or scorching is the cause of a very large majority of automobile accidents. In spite of the very defective construction of most of the earlier machines, there was not a single fatal accident in this country between 1895, practically the beginning of the automobile movement, and 1900. It was when the speed craze developed and machines became overpowerful that serious accidents first occurred. Excessive speed should be deprecated, while on the other hand, good hill climbing ability is

essential. This is partly a question of gearing.

Do not buy a car which has a defective brakeing system. The safety of a car is largely dependent upon its brakes. While it would be wrong to consider a car having only a single brake unsafe, in the writer's opinion two independent brakes are much better than a single brake. Some brakes are so constructed that they hold only in one direction and cannot prevent a car from running backward down hill should the power fail during an ascent. To depend on such brakes alone is to invite accident. Few cars are now constructed without at least one break holding in both directions, but many cars of the older styles now offered for sale second-hand have only one brake, and that operating in one direction only. It is well not to buy such cars, or if they are bought, they should be immediately fitted with good double acting brakes.

Almost as important as the brake, from the standpoint of safety, is the steering gear, and a machine with a defective or frail steering gear should be avoided. The steering gear and brakes of a car should be given periodical inspection when the car is in use.

The extent to which a car possesses reliability can hardly be determined in any other way than by an extended trial.



WHAT A CHAUFFEUR SHOULD KNOW

By S. M. BUTLER, Secretary Automobile Club of America

THE motor car of to-day, as its name indicates, consists briefly of two parts—the motor and the car. Thus we have two factors to deal with: first, the car to be propelled—the dead factor; and, second, the propelling power, the motor or engine—the live factor. The car without the engine is powerless; the engine alone may run without effect. Only when they are coupled together do we have a resulting active combination which must be guided by the hand of the driver. The engine having been started, is connected with the car by means of a hand or foot lever within easy reach of the driver, which controls the connecting mechanism known as the clutch. "What shall I do to stop?" then simply becomes a matter of pulling out the clutch—disconnecting the engine from the car—and applying the brake to bring the car to rest. So intimately connected are the clutch and brake as factors in stopping that in many cars the throwing on of the brakes at the same time throws out the clutch. In other cars, however, the clutch must be first pulled out before the brake is applied. In his first driving the question of stopping will be the one which will most agitate the novice, and in "ganging o'er his fundamentals" he might well rehearse to himself with many reiterations: "To stop! Clutch out. Brake on." Later in his experience he may be confronted with the "forcible" proposition of "What shall I do to start?" (when the engine refuses to turn), but that is something about which he can take his leisure and learn by experience, whereas the stopping is often a situation calling for immediate and rapid action.

Whoever aspires to run the rapid and untiring motor car in town or country in place of the slower and soon-tiring horse must remember that the machine will supply the power, but he must furnish the brains; that if he will feed it (with oil, etc.), clean, inspect and care for it with one-half the regularity that he would feed and care for his horse, he will get a manifold return in work done and enjoy an exhilaration and pleasure which must be tasted to be known; it cannot be adequately described. If, however, he expects, as many do, that simply *because* the motor car is a machine it will run week after week without care and attention, he will be doomed to disappointment.

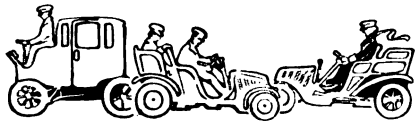
To the man who is the fortunate possessor of an inclination toward mechanics, the motor car affords a fertile field for the employment of such a talent. Americans as a class adapt themselves rapidly to new purposes and things, and by the average man, therefore, though he may have no especial mechanical faculty, the intricacies of the motor car are soon learned, and if he puts into practice the instructions received from the maker's mechanic, the *operation* of the car will be rapidly acquired.

As to maintenance, he should first, above all, avoid the not uncommon error of "taking things apart" to see how they are put together. Presumably the car is delivered to him properly adjusted and in order, and it should be allowed to remain so until ordinary wear and tear makes it necessary for new adjustments to be made or worn parts replaced.

An inspection of the car should be made at the end of each day if touring (and at frequent intervals at other times), for the tightening of a bolt or nut which may have jarred loose will often prevent breakdowns and future repairs and replacements. Great care should be exercised in regularly oiling all necessary parts, and it should be remembered that want of lubrication is the cause of more than half the ills the motor car is heir to. These inspections and daily oilings one will quickly be able to perform himself, and he will soon acquire sufficient familiarity with the workings of his car to remedy without assistance the minor difficulties which may arise. Locating motor car troubles should always be approached by a system of elimination, which very nearly approximates that of medical diagnosis, eliminating in succession each possible cause as indicated by the symptoms, until the ultimate cause is reached and cured.

In driving at first, one should be more than ordinarily careful on down grades not to allow the car to get away from his control. As with the horse, always keep the car in hand by means of the brakes, which should always be examined before starting out to insure that they are in proper condition. Avoid the too frequent use of the horn. It indicates timidity and says plainly that you want the whole road. It frequently alarms pedestrians and horses and causes them to take an unexpected course. Use the horn judiciously when necessary, but do not compel everyone on the road to get out of your way. It is generally easier to keep out of *their* way.

Above all things drive with consideration for the other users of the highway on foot or with horses, and remember that they are having their troubles in accustoming themselves and their animals to the new method of locomotion.



THE HORSE AND THE AUTOMOBILE

By VICTOR R. LOUGHEAD, Technical Editor of *The Motor.*

TWO arguments are commonly advanced against the automobile by partisans of the horse. One expresses a merely sentimental preference for the animal; the other denies the utility of the machine. The first claim is not likely to be entertained seriously by any considerable proportion of road users. It is already an established joke among automobilists that the horseman who has once enjoyed a good ride in a comfortable, smooth-running machine is rarely thereafter to be found preaching the delights of horse using. The utility argument is even less substantial. It is becoming daily more obvious that the horse is less reliable and less economical than the modern automobile for a given service.

Three principal types of automobiles are in successful use. There is the electric, driven by electric motors deriving current from a storage battery; the steam, equipped with a power plant consisting of a light steam engine and boiler—the latter heated by a gasoline flame; and the gasoline, run by an internal combustion motor in which gasoline is ordinarily used, but in which alcohol, acetylene, and kerosene can be used, though perhaps not commercially as yet.

Each type has its advantages and disadvantages. The electric is the simplest, but it can only be run in the vicinity of charging stations, and it is not highly efficient or likely soon to become so, even should batteries two or three times as light as the ones now in use be invented. The steam machine is silent, powerful, and easy to control, but consumes more fuel than the gasoline and cannot as readily be prepared for a run or left unattended, especially in freezing weather. The gasoline engine is highly economical and simple, but its control is sometimes more complex than that of either of its rivals.

Present practice is rather in favor of the gasoline machine. In two important endurance tests recently conducted, in which one hundred and thirty-eight machines competed, nine were steam and all the rest gasoline. Ninety-four gasoline cars and six of the steamers finished.

All three types are perfectly safe if run with reasonable caution. Steam and gasoline machines both use highly inflammable fuels and therefore demand the same precautions that are essential to the safe operation of a kerosene lamp or gasoline stove. There is hardly a case on record, however, where personal injury has resulted from an automobile fire, the damage usually being confined to the machine. As for other accidents, it has been conclusively demonstrated that at given speeds an automobile can be stopped, started and manœuvered more quickly than a

horse vehicle. A horse rarely goes as fast as twenty miles an hour, and practically all the fatalities and serious injuries due to automobiles have occurred at higher speeds than this, proving that it is the abuse, rather than the use of automobiles that results in accidents.

The popular impression obtained from observing roadside repairs comes from a failure to understand that the few minutes so spent are the equivalent of the hours of grooming, feeding, resting, that the horse must have *every* day and the occasional shoeing and doctoring, without which he not only deteriorates—but dies. The automobile cannot die.

Merely guiding and controlling an automobile is as easy as merely driving a horse, and certainly automobile engineering is hardly as abstruse as the combination of veterinary science, blacksmithing, harness making, and carriage building that is requisite to a full technical understanding of that which some wag has termed the hippomobile.

An automobile will go farther and faster than a horse. This is not so much due to its high speed as it is to its capacity for maintaining a maximum speed ten hours as well as ten minutes. With good roads, any place within a hundred miles can be visited and returned from the same day, at an easy touring pace.

An automobile properly powered and geared will go up any grade or over any surface on which its wheels can secure traction. The worst muddy and sleety roads can be taken easily if ropes or chains are wound around the tires. Sand and deep mud make hard pulling for the automobile, but they are not easy for a horse. The one superiority to be conceded the horse in rough traveling is his ability to ford deeper streams.

The general utility of the automobile is best shown by what it has actually accomplished. Three automobiles—one light runabout and two heavy touring cars—have crossed the continent by their own power from San Francisco to New York, at average speeds of over one hundred miles a day. In an endurance test recently conducted from New York to Pittsburg, twenty-five of the thirty-four starters finished, over abominable roads and under weather conditions so severe as to tie up railway systems in the same section of the country. It is estimated that 50,000 automobiles are in use to-day in the United States.

A new automobile costs from $375 to $17,000, the difference being more in size, finish and speed than in usefulness. Second-hand automobiles may be had for less, but are rarely worth more than is paid for them, and are apt to be particularly poor bargains if at all out of date. Weights range from 400 to 3,500 pounds for pleasure and light commercial vehicles, and carrying capacity runs from 25 to 50 per cent. of the weight.

The life of any good automobile, with renewable bearings and interchangeable parts, should be at least as long as the working life of several horses. The maintenance of a machine must be figured on a different basis from that of a horse, as a horse costs so much per unit of time kept, while an automobile costs so much per unit of work done. In practically every instance on record, however, individual users have found the machine less expensive than the animal, even under the severe conditions of constant use. For irregular use, the automobile makes a still better showing, as it cannot eat its head off in idleness. Fuel and lubricants for gasoline or steam machines will cost from one-half to two cents a mile. Current for an electric machine usually costs considerably more. A small annual outlay for repairs and replacements is always to be expected. Tires cost from $40 to $240 a set and will run 2,000 to 15,000 miles, according to the weight of the vehicle, the character of the roads and the speeds ordinarily maintained. One of the gasoline machines that recently accomplished the transcontinental trip made the distance on a tire expense of one and a half cents a mile, and a fuel and replacement expense of one cent a mile. Three passengers were carried most of the way. With five, the vehicle's full seating capacity, the cost of transporting each passenger would have been one-half cent a mile—equal to a railway fare of $15 for 3,000 miles. A lighter vehicle, or better roads, would have reduced all expenses

From the foregoing it seems clear that no horse-user should hesitate to change to the automobile. There are several matters he should consider, however. In the first place, he should not be influenced in his selection by any consideration of what this or that type of automobile may have been last year or the year before. A year or so ago the good automobile was uncommon; now the poor one is the exception. Another point is the use for which the machine is intended. For the maximum of comfort in long-distance touring, the high-priced, heavy touring car is the only machine to use. If economy is of importance, a light machine will reduce fuel and tire bills to the lowest limit.

PLEASURE AUTOMOBILES

A LIST OF THOSE ON THE AMERICAN MARKET

A short explanation of technical terms for the uninitiated.

Gasoline automobiles generally have their engine or motor mounted vertically or horizontally, either in front, under a bonnet or hood, or "amidships," or close to the rear axle. The cylinder or cylinders are kept cool either by water or by air. Air cooling is accomplished by directing the natural draught of the moving car against the cylinders, which have cooling or radiating flanges (a fan is sometimes used to facilitate cooling). The water-cooled engine has its cylinders encased in a water jacket (water is circulated through this jacket and through a cooling radiator by a pump or natural circulation). Multiple-cylinder engines usually have the cylinders mounted vertically, in groups of two, four or six. A few have the cylinders mounted horizontally, with the piston thrust of each cylinder in the same common direction. Another plan is to have the cylinders of a horizontal engine "opposed"; that is, with the piston thrusts alternating toward each other.

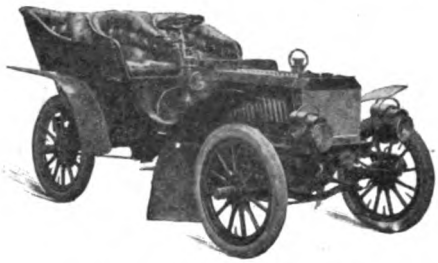
Variable speed gears enable the engine to develop its full power at slow speed for hill climbing or for driving on rough or muddy roads. These gears permit from two to four different rates of speeds forward and one or more backward. The speed of the car is also controlled by engine-throttle and ignition-spark levers.

Steam automobile engines are now of the compound type, using the exhaust from one cylinder in another before exhausting it into the air. A condenser is used to condense the exhausting steam, and most of this is turned back as water into the boiler.

The frame or "chassis" is constructed either wholly of channel or angle iron or steel, or of wood and iron. Wheels are in most cases of the "artillery" type, of wood or tubular steel; wire wheels, of the suspension type, are used on some of the lighter cars.

The wheelbase of a car is the distance between the axles, and the tread the distance between the wheels on one side of the car and those on the other side. A long wheelbase insures an easy riding vehicle.

CARBURETER.—A gasifier or mixing valve for mixing gasoline and air into an explosive gas. MUFFLER.—An arrangement for deadening the noise of the exhaust of an explosion, or internal combustion motor. GARAGE.—A storage and repair station. SPARK PLUG.—The instrument which ignites the gas in the engine cylinder, causing the explosions that supply the power. SPARK COIL.—A coil of wire, wound after certain principles and thoroughly insulated, to increase the energy of the electric current, which causes the spark in the cylinder. TONNEAU.—A style of rear seat construction peculiar to automobile bodies.

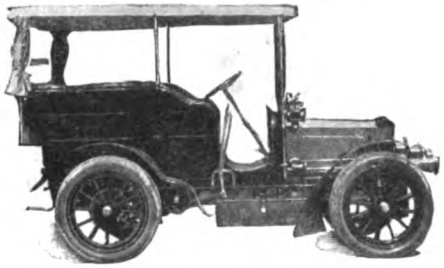


THE PIERCE ARROW.

Double cylinder, 15-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; sliding speed gears; bevel-gear transmission; 3 speeds and reverse; tubular frame; 32-inch artillery wheels and 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 81 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 5 gallons; weight, 1,700 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $2,500.—George N. Pierce Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PACKARD, MODEL L.

Four cylinder, 20-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; sliding speed gears, transmission direct or high gear; cellular radiator with fan; throttle control; steel frame, with Packard system of 3-point spring suspension; 34-inch artillery wheels and 4-inch tires; weight, 1,850 pounds; wheelbase, 94 inches; seats 5 persons; price, $3,000.—Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.



APPERSON TOURING CAR.

Four cylinder, 40-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; cellular radiator; 4 speeds and reverse; steel frame; 34-inch artillery wheels; wheelbase, 96 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 20 gallons; water, 5 gallons; weight, 2,800 pounds; seats 6 persons; complete, with top and electric lights, $6,000. A 25-h.p. car, of similar construction, weighing 1,800 pounds, sells for $3,500.—Apperson Bros. Automobile Co., Kokomo, Ind.

THE 1904 WINTON.

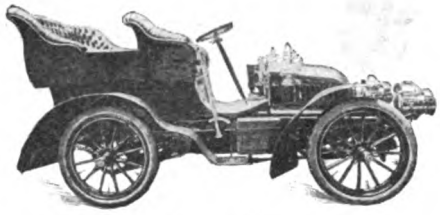
Double cylinder, 20-h.p., water cooled, horizontal engine mounted amidships; sliding-gear transmission; channel and angle-steel frame; 34-inch artillery wheels; wheelbase, 7 feet; tread, 56 inches; gasoline capacity, 12 gallons; water, 11 gallons; weight, 2,300 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $2,500.—The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE ELMORE TONNEAU.

Double cylinder, 12-h.p., water cooled, horizontal, 2-cycle motor in front; 3 speeds and reverse; angle-iron frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 77 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 3 gallons; weight, 1,500 pounds; seats 4 persons; price, $1,400.—Elmore Mfg. Co., Clyde, Ohio.

PEERLESS 24-H.P. MODEL.

Four cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; force-feed lubrication; sliding speed gears and bevel-gear transmission; 3 speeds and reverse; channel-steel frame; 34-inch artillery wheels and 4-inch tires; weight, 1,850 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $4,000.—The Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



LOCOMOBILE TOURING CAR.

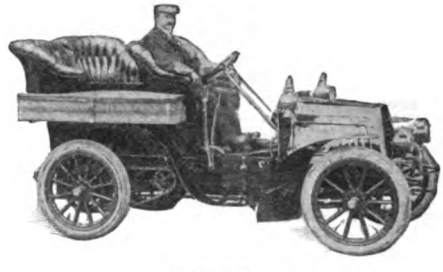
Four cylinder, 16-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; sliding-gear transmission; 3 speeds and reverse; angle-steel frame; 34-inch artillery wheels; 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 84 inches; tread, 51 inches; gasoline capacity, 15 gallons; weight, 2,200 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $4,500. Nine-h.p., double-cylinder car sells for $2,000.—The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

PEERLESS 35-H.P. MODEL.

Four cylinder, 35-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; sliding speed gears, with direct connection on the high speed; bevel-gear transmission; 4 speeds and reverse; cellular radiator, with fan; channel-steel frame; 34-inch artillery wheels and 4½-inch tires; wheelbase, 102 inches; seats 6 persons; price, $6,000.—The Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE STEARNS.

Double cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, horizontal opposed engine mounted amidships; 3 speeds and reverse; all controls at steering wheel; armored-wood frame; 34-inch artillery wheels and 4 and 4½-inch tires; wheelbase, 96 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 17 gallons; water, 8 gallons; weight, 2,800 pounds; seats 6 persons; price, $3,000.—The F. B. Stearns Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



THE BERG.

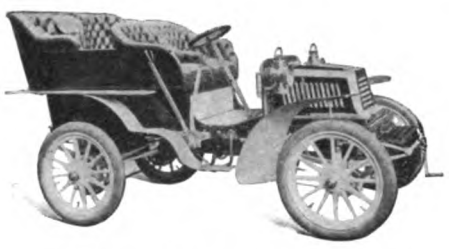
Four-cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; sliding-gear transmission; 4 speeds and reverse; armored-wood frame and semi-elliptic springs; 34-inch artillery wheels; 4-inch tires; wheelbase, 90 inches; tread, 54 inches; seats 6 persons; price, $3,500.—Berg Automobile Co., 100 Broadway, New York.

THE THOMAS.

Three cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; cellular radiator; planetary transmission gears; 2 speeds and reverse; steel frame and artillery wheels; wheelbase, 84 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 15 gallons; water, 5 gallons; weight, 1,900 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $2,500. The 8-h.p. model has horizontal motor, and sells for $1,250.—E. R. Thomas Motor Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE 1904 ELDREDGE TONNEAU.

Four cylinder, 16-h.p., water cooled, horizontal opposed motor in front; cellular radiator, with fan; throttle control; sliding speed gears; bevel-gear drive; angle-steel frame and semi-elliptic springs; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 86 inches; tread, 56½ inches; gasoline capacity, 11 gallons; water, 3½ gallons; weight, 2,300 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $2,000.—National Sewing Machine Co., Belvidere, Ill.



THE MODEL L RAMBLER.

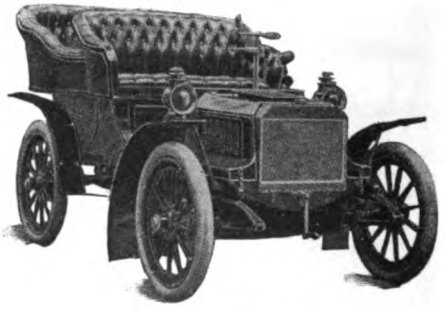
Double cylinder, 14-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor mounted amidships; 2 speeds and reverse; angle-steel frame; 30-inch artillery wheels and 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 87 inches; standard tread; weight, 1,900 pounds; seats 5 persons; with canopy top price is $1,350.—Thos. B. Jeffery & Co., Kenosha, Wis.

THE MODEL K RAMBLER.

Double cylinder, 14-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor mounted amidships; angle-steel frame and full elliptic springs; 30-inch artillery wheels and 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 87 inches; standard tread; weight, 1,500 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $1,100; price with tonneau, $1,200.—Thos. B. Jeffery & Co., Kenosha, Wis.

HAYNES-APPERSON 1904 TONNEAU.

Double cylinder, 17-h.p., water cooled, horizontal opposed motor in front; 3 speeds and reverse; angle-iron frame and artillery wheels; wheelbase, 80 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 10 gallons; weight, 2,300 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $2,500. Cut shows $2,400 car; cellular radiator will be used.—The Haynes-Apperson Co., Kokomo, Ind.



THE AUTOCAR.

Double cylinder, water cooled, 11-h.p. horizontal opposed engine in front; 3 speeds forward and 1 reverse; steel and wood frame; 30-inch artillery wheels and 3-inch tires; wheelbase, 76 inches, and tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 3 gallons; weight, 1,675 pounds; seats 4 persons; price, $1,700.—The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa.

THE PHELPS.

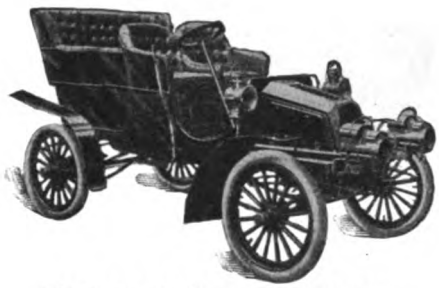
Three cylinder, 15-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; 3 speeds and reverse; armored-wood frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 85 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 8 gallons; weight, 1,500 pounds; seats 4 persons; price, $2,000.—Phelps Motor Vehicle Co., Stoneham, Mass.

THE MATHESON.

Four cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; 3 speeds and reverse; steel and ash frame; 36-inch artillery wheels; 4-inch tires; wheelbase, 97 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 15 gallons; water, 3 gallons; weight, about 2,500 pounds; seats 6 persons; price, $5,000.—Matheson Motor Car Co., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE 1904 ST. LOUIS.

Single cylinder, 10-h.p., water cooled, horizontal engine mounted amidships; 2 speeds and reverse; angle-iron frame; 30-inch artillery wheels; 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 82 inches; tread, 52 inches; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 6 gallons; weight, 1,650 pounds; seats 5; price, $1,500; runabout, with 9-h.p. motor, sells for $1,200.—St. Louis Motor Carriage Co., St. Louis, Mo.

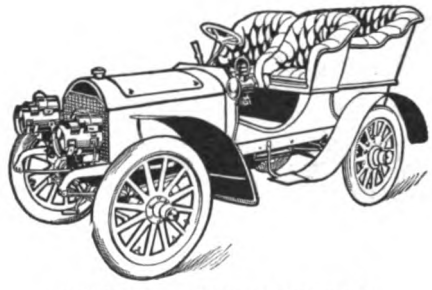


THE FREDONIA TONNEAU.

Single cylinder, 10-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor mounted amidships; planetary transmission gears; 2 speeds and reverse; channel-steel frame and full elliptic springs; 30-inch artillery wheels; 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 87 inches; tread, 56 inches; gasoline capacity, 9 gallons; water, 3½ gallons; weight, 1,650 pounds; seats 4 persons; price, $1,250.—The Fredonia Mfg. Co., Youngstown, Ohio.

THE 1904 S. & M.

Four cylinder, 18-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; honeycomb radiator and fan; 4 speeds and reverse; wood and angle-iron frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 90¾ inches; gasoline capacity, 25 gallons; water, 2 gallons; weight, 1,200 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $5,500.—Smith & Mabley, 513-519 7th avenue, New York.

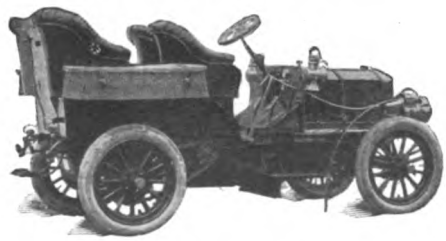


ROYAL 16-H.P. TOURIST.

Double cylinder, 16-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; cellular radiator; sliding speed gears; 3 speeds and reverse; bevel-gear transmission; pressed-steel frame and 34-inch artillery wheels; wheelbase, 90 inches; standard tread; weight, 1,700 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $2,300.—Royal Motor Car Co., Lake and Marquette streets, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE FOUR-CYLINDER PREMIER.

Four cylinder, 40-h.p., water cooled, vertical 4-cycle motor in front; sliding gears; 3 speeds and reverse; pressed-steel frame and semi-elliptic springs; 34-inch artillery wheels; 3-inch tires; wheelbase, 96 inches; tread, 54½ inches; gasoline capacity, 14 gallons; weight, 2,250 pounds; seats 6 persons; price, $5,000. Double cylinder, 20-h.p., 2-cycle motor model sells for $2,500.—Premier Motor Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



THE ROBINSON.

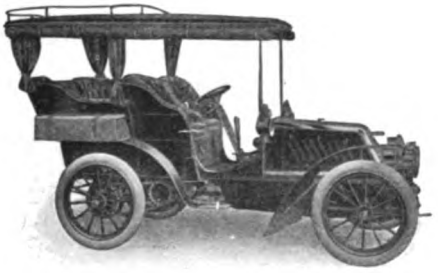
Four cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; cellular radiator; sliding-gear transmission; 3 speeds and reverse; channel-steel frame; 34-inch artillery wheels and 4½-inch tires; wheelbase, 96 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 20 gallons; weight, 2,600 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $5,000.—Pope-Robinson Company, Hyde Park, Mass.

THE 1904 POPE-TOLEDO.

Four cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; spark and throttle control levers on steering wheel; sliding-speed gears, with direct connection on the high speed; 3 speeds and reverse; channel-steel frame; 32 and 34-inch artillery wheels, with 4-inch tires; wheelbase, 91 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 14 gallons; weight, 2,350 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $3,500.—Pope Motor Car Co., Toledo, Ohio.

THE 1904 COMPOUND.

Three cylinder, 35-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; 2 cylinders high pressure and 1 low pressure; sliding-gear transmission; 3 speeds and reverse; 36-inch artillery wheels and 5-inch tires; wheelbase, 112 inches; tread, 56½ inches; gasoline capacity, 30 gallons; water, 20 gallons; weight, 3,100 pounds; seats 7 persons; prices, $6,000 and $8,000.—The Eisenhuth Horseless Vehicle Co., Middletown, Conn.

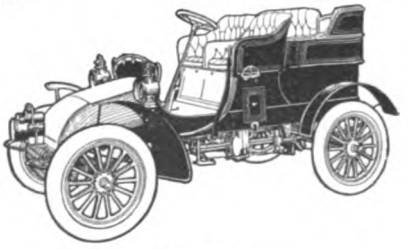


THE COLUMBIA TOURING CAR.

Four cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; sliding-gear transmission, with direct connection on the high speed; 4 speeds and reverse; false frame supporting engine mechanism; weight, 3,000 pounds; gasoline capacity, 12 gallons; seats 6; price, $4,500 and $5,000. A double cylinder, 12-h.p. car to sell for $1,800, will also be built.—Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

THE "SANTOS-DUMONT."

Double cylinder, 14-h.p., water cooled, horizontal opposed engine mounted on frame under front seats; channel-steel frame; 30-inch artillery wheels and 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 82 inches; standard tread; weight, 1,850 pounds; seats 4 or 5 persons; price, $1,500.—The Columbus Motor Vehicle Co., Columbus, Ohio.



THE YALE.

Double cylinder, 16-h.p., water cooled, horizontal opposed motor mounted amidships; 2 speeds and reverse; artillery wheels and 4-inch tires; wheelbase, 88 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 6 gallons; weight, 1,800 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $1,500. Thirty-h.p. model, with vertical motor in front and 104-inch wheelbase, sells for $2,500.—The Kirk Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio.

THE 1904 DAIMLER.

Four cylinder, 20-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; 4 speeds and reverse; channel-steel frame; artillery wheels; 4-inch tires; wheelbase, 96 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 15 gallons; water, 5 gallons; weight, 2,600 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $5,000. The 30-h.p. model sells for $7,500.—Daimler Mfg. Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

THE 1904 PANHARD.

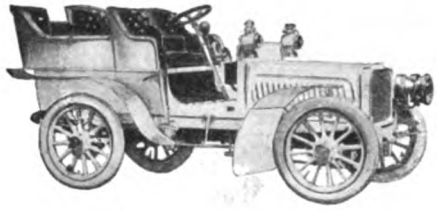
Four cylinder, 15, 18 or 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; sliding-gear transmission; 4 speeds and reverse; steel and wood frame; artillery wheels; gasoline capacity, 25 to 35 gallons; seat 4 to 6 persons; price of chassis without body, $5,500, $7,250 and $8,850.—Panhard-Levassor, Paris, France. American branch, 230-232 West 13th street, New York.

THE RENAULT.

Four cylinder, 16-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; sliding speed gears; with direct connection on the high speed; 3 speeds and reverse; tubular and steel frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 98 inches; tread, 4 feet; gasoline capacity, 15 gallons; water, 5 gallons; weight, 1,900 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $6,000.—Société Franco-Americaine d'Automobiles, 12 East 27th street, New York, U. S. agent.

MORS 18-H.P. MODEL.

Four cylinder, 18-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; throttle control; cellular radiator, with fan; 4 speeds and reverse; pressed-steel frame; artillery wheels; gasoline capacity, 20 gallons; water, 5 gallons; wheelbase, 101 inches; tread, 55 inches; seats 4 to 6 persons; price, $8,000; the 11-h.p. model sells for $5,000.—The Central Automobile Co., 1684 Broadway, New York, U. S. agent.

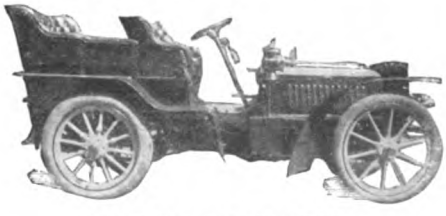


THE DECAUVILLE.

Four cylinder, 16-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; cellular radiator; sliding-gear transmission, 3 speeds and reverse; pressed-steel frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 84 inches; tread, 54 inches; weight, 1,800 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $6,000.—Standard Automobile Co. of New York, 39th St., New York, U. S. agent.

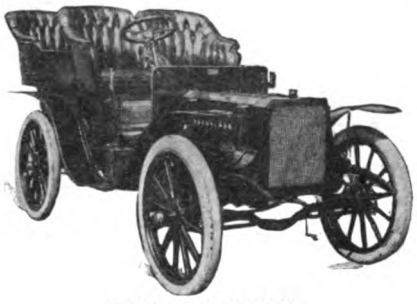
FOUR CYLINDER 1904 DARRACQ.

Four cylinder, 24-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; hand and automatic throttle control; cellular radiator, with fan; sliding speed gears; bevel-gear transmission; 3 speeds and reverse; channel-steel frame and artillery wheels; wheelbase, 86 inches; tread, 54 inches; weight, 2,800 pounds; seats 4 to 6 persons; price, $6,500; with top, $7,000.—American Darracq Automobile Co., 652-664 Hudson street, New York, U. S. agent.



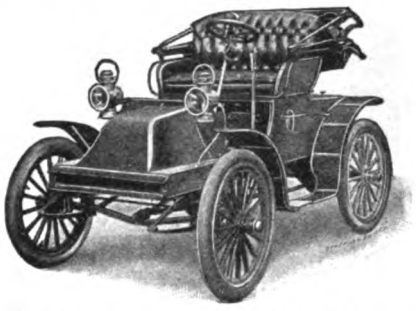
THE DE DIETRICH.

Four cylinder, 30-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; 4 speeds and reverse; armored-wood frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 93½ inches; gasoline capacity, 22 gallons; water, 8 gallons; weight, 2,400 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $9,700.—Automobile Exchange & Storage Co., 133-139 West 38th street, New York, U. S. agent.



THE CLEMENT.

Four cylinder, 18-h.p., water cooled, vertical engine in front; 4 speeds and reverse; stamped-steel frame; artillery wheels; gasoline capacity, 12 gallons; water, 3 gallons; weight, 1,800 pounds; seats 5 persons; price, $5,000.—Société Franco-Americaine d'Automobiles, 12 East 27th street, New York, U. S. agent.

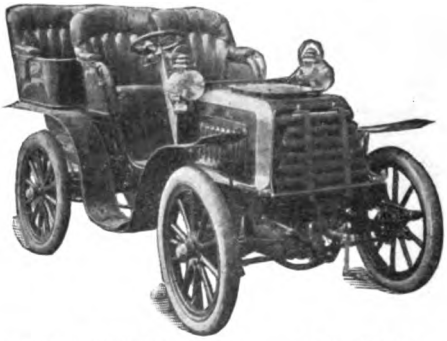


HAYNES-APPERSON LIGHT CAR

Double cylinder, 11-h.p., water cooled, horizontal opposed motor in rear; 3 speeds and reverse; angle-iron frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 75 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 6 gallons; seats 2 persons; price, with top, $1,550.—The Haynes-Apperson Co., Kokomo, Ind.

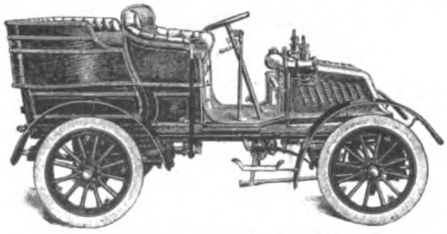
THE 1904 CUDELL.

Four cylinder, 16-h.p., air cooled, vertical motor in front; sliding speed gears; 4 speeds and reverse; bevel-gear drive; steel and wood frame; artillery wheels; gasoline capacity, 20 gallons; wheelbase, 74½ inches; tread, 54 inches; seats 5 persons; price, $4,500. Cut shows 22-h.p. car, with water-cooled engine.—Clodio & Widmayer, 10 West 33d street, New York, U. S. agent.



TWO CYLINDER 1904 DARRACQ

Double cylinder, 12-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; 3 speeds and reverse; steel and wood frame; semi-elliptic springs; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 77 inches; tread, 50½ inches; gasoline capacity, 5 gallons; water, 5 gallons; weight, 2,000 pounds; seats 4 or 5 persons; price, $3,500.—American Darracq Automobile Co., 652-664 Hudson street, New York, U. S. agent.



DE DION-BOUTON TONNEAU.

One, two or four cylinder, water cooled, vertical engine, of from 3½ to 25-h.p. in front; 2 or 3 speeds; tubular frame; wire or artillery wheels; wheelbase, 6 to 7 feet; tread, 52 inches; gasoline capacity, 6 to 15 gallons; water, same; seats 2 or 4 persons; price $1,200 to $3,000.—K. A. Skinner, 179 Clarendon street, Boston, U. S. agent.

THE ROCHET-SCHNEIDER.

Four cylinder, 20-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; 4 speeds and reverse; wheelbase, 94 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 21 gallons; water, 3 gallons; weight, 2,500 pounds; seats 5 or 7 persons; price, $7,500.—Alexander Fischer, 239 West 50th street, New York, U. S. agent.

THE CREST-MOBILE.

Single cylinder, 7-h.p., air cooled, vertical motor in front; 2 forward speeds and 1 reverse; sliding-gear transmission; tubular frame; steel artillery wheels, with 2½-inch tires; wheelbase, 74 inches; tread, 54; gasoline capacity, 5 gallons; weight, 930 pounds; seats 4 persons; price, $850.—The Crest Mfg. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

PIERCE STANHOPE.

Single cylinder, water cooled, 8-h.p., vertical motor on rear axle; 2 forward speeds; tubular frame and full elliptic springs; 28-inch wood wheels and 3-inch tires; wheelbase, 70 inches, and standard tread; gasoline capacity, 5 gallons; water, 6 gallons; weight, about 1,200 pounds; seats 2; price, $1,200.—George N. Pierce Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FRANKLIN.

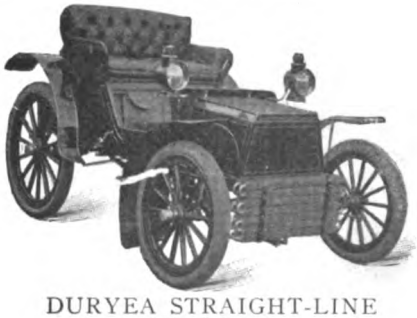
Four cylinder, 10-h.p., air cooled, vertical engine in front; no fan; 2 speeds and reverse; steel frame and 28-inch artillery wheels; wheelbase, 72 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 7 gallons; weight, 1,100 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $1,300.—H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

ELMORE CONVERTIBLE RUNABOUT.

Single cylinder, 6½-h.p., water cooled, horizontal, 2-cycle motor on center of frame, 2 speeds and reverse; wheelbase, 68 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 7 gallons; water, 3 gallons; weight, 1,050 pounds; seats 2 or 4 persons; price, $650.—Elmore Mfg. Co., Clyde, Ohio.

THE FORD.

Double cylinder, 8-h.p., water cooled, horizontal opposed engine mounted amidships; 3 speeds and reverse; wheelbase, 72 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 5½ gallons; water, 1½ gallons; weight, 1,240 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $750. Price, with tonneau, $850.—Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

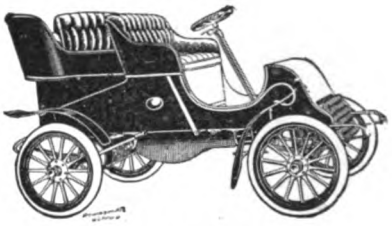


DURYEA STRAIGHT-LINE PHAETON.

Three cylinder, 12-h.p., water cooled, inclined motor under seat; wood and iron frame; artillery wheels and 3-inch tires; wheelbase, 72 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 8 gallons; water, 8 gallons; weight, 950 pounds; price, $1,350.—Duryea Power Co., Reading, Pa.

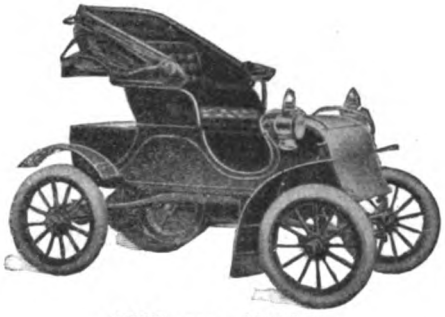
THE DURYEA TONNEAU.

Three cylinder, 12-h.p., water cooled, inclined motor under center of body; planetary-speed gears; 2 speeds and reverse; armored-wood frame; artillery wheels; 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 92 inches; standard tread, gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 15 gallons; weight, 1,350 pounds; seats 5 or 7 persons; price, $1,750.—Duryea Power Co., Reading, Pa.



THE CADILLAC.

Single cylinder, 6-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor mounted amidships; planetary gears; 2 speeds and reverse; angle-steel frame; semi-elliptic springs; 28-inch artillery wheels and 3-inch tires; seats 2 persons; price, $750; with tonneau, $850.—Cadillac Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.



THE 1904 KNOX.

Single cylinder, 8-h.p., horizontal, air-cooled motor on center of frame; planetary transmission gears; 2 speeds and reverse; angle-iron frame and side springs; 30-inch artillery wheels; 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 78 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; weight, 1,850 pounds; price, $1,350. Double cylinder, 16-h.p. car, $2,000.—Knox Automobile Co., Springfield, Mass.

THE STEVENS-DURYEA.

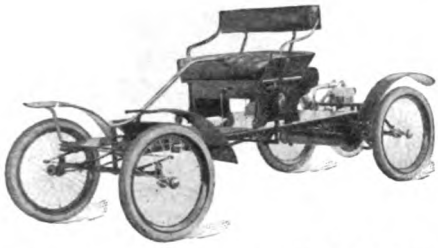
Double cylinder, 7-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor under seat; 3 speeds and reverse; tubular frame and full elliptic springs; 28-inch artillery wheels and 3-inch tires; wheelbase, 69 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 6 gallons; water, 5 gallons; weight, 1,300 pounds; seats 2 or 4 persons; price, $1,300.—J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

THE 1904 COVERT.

Single cylinder, 6-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; sliding speed gears; 2 speeds and reverse; bevel-gear transmission; angle-iron frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 68 inches; tread, 54 inches; gasoline capacity, 5 gallons; water, 4 gallons; weight, 750 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $750.—B. V. Covert & Co., Lockport, N. Y.

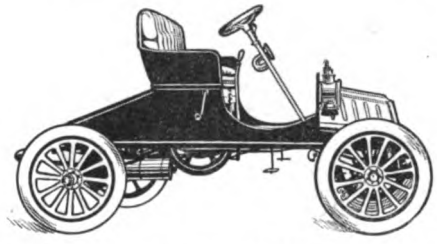
THE FREDONIA RUNABOUT.

Single cylinder, 9-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor on center of frame; planetary gears; channel-steel frame; full elliptic springs; 30-inch artillery wheels; 3-inch tires; gasoline capacity, 8 gallons; water, 3½ gallons; wheelbase, 84 inches; standard tread; weight, 1,300 pounds; seats [illegible] sons; price, $1,000.—The Fredonia [illegible] Co., Youngstown, Ohio.



THE 1904 ORIENT BUCKBOARD.

Single cylinder, air cooled, 4-h.p., vertical motor mounted on rear axle; 2 speeds; buckboard frame, with 2 full elliptic springs in front; 26-inch wire wheels and 2½-inch single tube tires; gasoline capacity, 100 miles; weight, about 500 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $425.—Waltham Mfg. Co., Waltham, Mass.

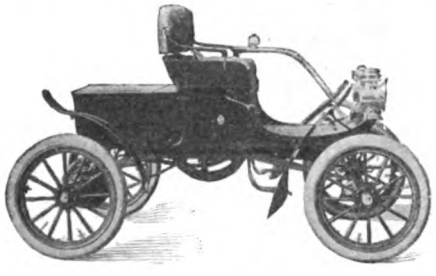


THE 1904 AUBURN.

Single cylinder, 10-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor amidships; planetary transmission gears; 2 speeds and reverse; angle-steel frame and half-elliptic springs; artillery wheels; body has detachable tonneau; wheelbase, 78 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 9 gallons; weight, 1,500 pounds; seats 2 or 4 persons; price, $1,000.—Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Ind.

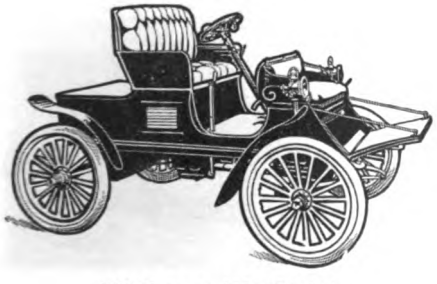
THE NORTHERN.

Single cylinder, 6-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor on center of frame; 2 speeds and reverse; tubular frame and Concord springs; 28-inch artillery wheels; wheelbase, 70 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 8 gallons; water, 4 gallons; weight, 950 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $750.—Northern Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.



THE OLDSMOBILE.

Single cylinder, 4-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor on center of frame; sliding speed gears; 3 speeds and reverse; Concord springs; 28-inch artillery wheels and 2½-inch tires; wheelbase, 72 inches; standard tread, gasoline capacity, 4 gallons; water, 2 gallons; weight, 850 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $650.—Olds Motor Works, Detroit, Mich.

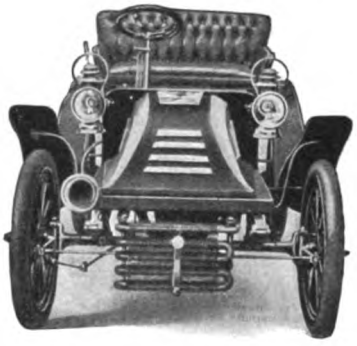


THE 1904 NIAGARA.

Single cylinder, 5-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in rear; sliding speed gears on axle; 2 speeds and reverse; steel and wood frame; full elliptic springs in rear, semi-elliptic in front; 30-inch artillery wheels, with 3-inch tires; wheelbase, 70 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 5 gallons; weight, 1,100 pounds; seats 2 or 4 persons; price, $850.—Wilson Automobile Mfg. Co., Wilson, Niagara Co., N. Y.

THE 1904 ELDREDGE RUNABOUT.

Double cylinder, 8-h.p., water cooled, horizontal opposed motor on center of frame; 3 speeds and reverse; armored-wood frame and platform springs; 30-inch artillery wheels and 3-inch tires; wheelbase, 66 inches; tread, 56½ inches; gasoline capacity, 6 gallons; water, 6 gallons; weight, 1,150 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $750.—National Sewing Machine Co., Belvidere, Ill.

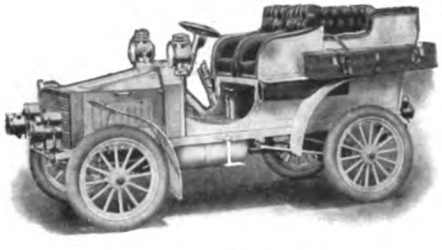


THE HOLLEY.

Single cylinder, 5-h.p., water cooled, vertical motor in front; planetary transmission gears; wheelbase, 58 inches; tread, 47 inches; gasoline capacity, 3½ gallons; water, 2 gallons; weight, 850 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $650.—Holley Motor Car Co., Bradford, Pa.

THE SANDUSKY.

Single cylinder, 7-h.p., water cooled, horizontal motor on center of frame; sliding-gear transmission; 2 speeds and reverse; angle-iron frame and Concord springs; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 72 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 5 gallons; water, 4 gallons; weight, 1,000 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $650.—Sandusky Automobile Co., Sandusky, Ohio.



WHITE 1904 MODEL.

Double cylinder, 10-h.p., vertical compound steam engine in front; steam condensed; throttle control; steel frame; bevel-gear transmission; 30-inch artillery wheels and 4-inch tires; wheelbase, 80 inches; tread, 56 inches; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons; water, 15 gallons; weight, 1,650 pounds; seats 4 persons; price, $2,500.—White Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE ELMORE RUNABOUT.

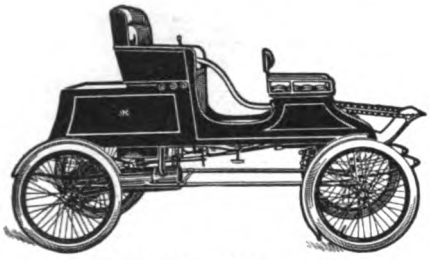
Double cylinder, 8-h.p., water cooled, vertical 2-cycle motor on center of frame; 3 speeds and reverse; angle-iron frame; artillery wheels; wheelbase, 68 inches; standard tread; gasoline capacity, 7 gallons; water, 3 gallons; weight, 1,400 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $800.—Elmore Mfg. Co., Clyde, Ohio.

LOCOMOBILE RUNABOUT.

Double cylinder, compound steam engine under seat, armored-wood frame; wheelbase, 75 inches; tread, 54 inches; water capacity, 32 gallons; gasoline, 14 gallons; seats 2 persons; price, $850.—The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE GROUT TOURING CAR.

Double cylinder, 12-h.p., horizontal steam engine just forward of center of frame; boiler under bonnet; 30-inch artillery wheels; water capacity, 40 gallons; gasoline capacity, 15 gallons; wheelbase, 86 inches; tread, 56 inches; weight, 2,000 pounds; with tonneau, seats 5 persons; price, $2,000.—Grout Bros., Orange, Mass.



STANLEY RUNABOUT.

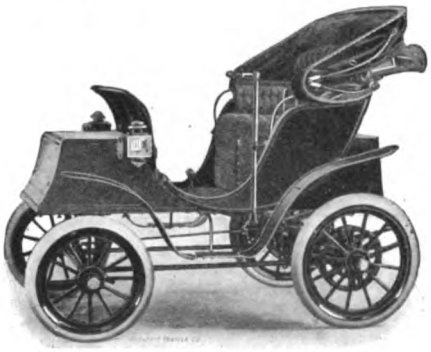
Double cylinder, compound horizontal steam engine, rear end on rear axle and front end, suspended from body of car; water capacity, 20 gallons; gasoline, 13 gallons; wheelbase, 78 inches; tread, 52 inches; weight, 720 pounds; seats 2 or 4 persons; price, $670.—Stanley Motor Carriage Co., Newton, Mass.

POPE-WAVERLEY CHELSEA.

Single, 3-h.p., electric motor on rear axle; 30-cell battery; herring-bone gears; 30-inch artillery wheels and 3-inch tires; wheelbase, 80 inches; tread, 54 inches; seats 2 persons; price, $1,100. Stanhope sells for $1,400.—Pope Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

WOODS 1904 VICTORIA.

Two 2½-h.p. electric motors mounted on rear axle; 40-cell battery divided in body; 4 speeds; maximum, 18 miles an hour; wheelbase, 70 inches; standard tread; weight, 2,700 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $1,900. Broughams, coupés, landaus and landaulettes, from $2,100 to $3,500. —Woods Motor Vehicle Co., 110 East 20th street, Chicago, Ill.



COLUMBIA VICTORIA.

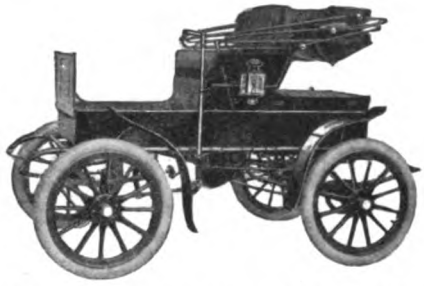
Two electric motors on rear axle; battery divided in body; "herring-bone" gears; maximum speed, 13 miles an hour; 32-inch artillery wheels and 3½-inch tires; price, $1,600.—Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

POPE-WAVERLEY TONNEAU.

Two 3-h.p. electric motors, with total overload capacity of 12-h.p. on rear axle; 40-cell battery under body; herring-bone transmission gears; speed, 5 to 15 miles an hour; armored-wood frame and full elliptic springs; 30-inch artillery wheels and 3½-inch tires; wheelbase, 84 inches; tread, 54 inches; seats 5 persons; price, $1,800.—Pope Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

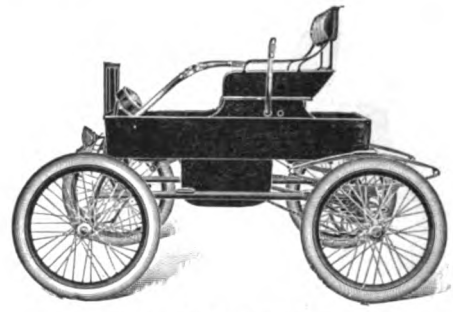
NATIONAL TONNEAU.

Single electric motor, 6-pole type, with 9-h.p. overload capacity mounted on rear axle; "herring-bone" gears; 4 speeds; 5 to 15 miles an hour; battery divided under hood and tonneau seat; armored-wood frame; price, $2,000. Other models are runabout, $950; special runabout, $1,200; trap, $1,250, and stanhope, $1,500.—National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



THE STUDEBAKER RUNABOUT.

Single, 2 to 4-h.p., electric motor on center of frame; 24-cell exide battery; wheelbase, 61 inches; tread, 54 inches; weight, 1,450 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, without top, $975.—Studebaker Bros. Co. of New York, 7th avenue and 48th street, New York.



THE BAKER RUNABOUT.

Single, ¾-h.p., multi-polar electric motor under center of body; 12-cell battery; armored-wood frame; wheelbase, 58 inches; tread, 52 inches; weight, 650 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $850.—The Baker Motor Vehicle Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE BAKER STANHOPE.

Single, 1¾-h.p., multi-polar electric motor mounted centrally under body; 12-cell battery; 3 speeds; maximum, 14 miles an hour; armored-wood frame; wheelbase, 64½ inches; tread, 52 inches; weight, 950 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $1,600.—The Baker Motor Vehicle Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE STUDEBAKER STANHOPE.

Single, 2 to 4-h.p., electric motor center of frame; 24-cell exide battery; tubular frame; wheelbase, 61 inches; tread, 54 inches; weight, 1,560 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, with top, $1,175.—Studebaker Bros. Co. of New York, New York.

BUFFALO 1904 TONNEAU.

Two electric motors, 5-h.p. each, mounted on rear axle; 40-cell pasted plate battery; wheelbase, 84 inches; standard tread; weight, 3,600 pounds; seats 4 persons; price, $5,000.—Buffalo Electric Carriage Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

COLUMBIA SURREY.

Two electric motors on rear axle; exide battery, divided under seats; maximum speed, 13 miles an hour; 32-inch artillery wheels and 3½-inch tires; seats 4 persons; price, $1,500.—Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

POPE-WAVERLEY ROAD WAGON.

Single, 3-h.p., electric motor on rear axle; 24-cell battery; herring-bone transmission; speed, 5 to 15 miles an hour; wheelbase, 61 inches; tread, 54 inches; seats 2 persons; price, $850; with top, $900; physician's model, price, $850.—Pope Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

COLUMBIA RUNABOUT.

Electric motor and battery mounted amidships on frame; exide battery; Concord springs; 30-inch artillery wheels and 3-inch tires; price, $750. A new model runabout for 1904; will sell for $800.—Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

THE WOODS 1904 STANHOPE.

Two 2½-h.p. electric motors on rear axle and directly geared to road wheels; 40-cell battery in body; weight, 2,650 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $1,800. Single motor runabout, $950.—Woods Motor Vehicle Co., 110 East 20th street, Chicago, Ill.

BUFFALO 1904 STANHOPE.

Single, 2½-h.p., electric motor on frame; pasted plate battery in body; wheelbase, 66 inches; standard tread; weight, 1,800 pounds; seats 2 persons; price, $1,650.—Buffalo Electric Carriage Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO 1904 GOLF BRAKE.

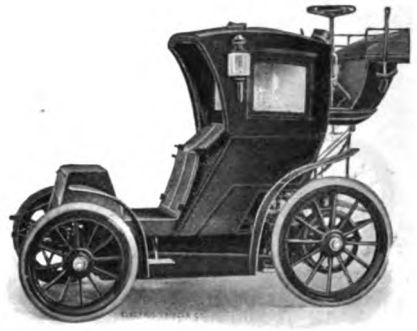
Two 2½-h.p. electric motors on frame in rear; pasted plate battery; wheelbase, 66 inches; standard tread; weight, 2,200 pounds; seats 6 persons; price, $2,200.—Buffalo Electric Carriage Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

POPE-WAVERLEY EDISON BATTERY WAGON.

Single, 60-volt, ball-bearing motor on rear axle; 48-cell Edison battery; herring-bone transmission gears; wheelbase, 103 inches; tread, 54 inches; seats 2 persons; price, $2,250.—Pope Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

COLUMBIA VICTORIA PHAETON.

Two electric motors in rear; underslung battery; herring-bone gears; maximum speed 13 miles an hour; long wheelbase; artillery type wheels and solid tires; price, $3,000.—Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.



COLUMBIA HANSOM.

Two electric motors in rear; underslung battery; herring-bone gears; maximum speed 13 miles an hour; long wheelbase; artillery type wheels and solid tires; seats 3 persons; price, $3,500.—Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

COLUMBIA COUPE.

Two electric motors in rear; underslung battery; herring-bone gears; interior trimming dark green morocco; long wheelbase; equipped especially for ladies' use; price, $3,500.—Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

COLUMBIA BROUGHAM.

Two electric motors in rear; underslung battery; herring-bone gears; interior trimming dark green morocco; extension front pattern; long wheelbase; artillery type wheels and solid tires; seats 4 persons inside; price, $3,500.—Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

The eighty-eight cuts and descriptions of motor vehicles which we have gathered together in the preceding list will give our readers an accurate idea of what the markets provide and of what is the most practical machine for them to buy. That any industry can offer a catalogue of this size and variety, of a product which fifteen years ago was almost unheard of in this country, is a most remarkable record. If the motor vehicle industry continues to grow in the future as it has in the past few years, it will not be long before the prophecies of the automobile enthusiasts will be realized. The public is always cautious about trusting their safety to any new method of transportation. What we have tried to show to our readers is that the motor vehicle method of transportation is no longer in the experimental stage; that it has come to stay and has reached the point where conservative people are justified in making use of automobiles as a practical means of adding to the pleasure and ease of their existence.

10 CENTS a Copy

FEBRUARY, 1904

$1.00 a Year

Frank LESLIE'S Popular MONTHLY

THE FIGHT FOR COPPER

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VS
THE AMALGAMATED CO.

A TREMENDOUS STORY

A FIVE-MINUTE INTERVIEW with HAND SAPOLIO will equal in its results hours of so-called Health Exercises, in regard to opening the pores and promoting healthy circulation. Its use is a fine habit—its cost but a trifle.

BY A METHOD OF ITS OWN HAND SAPOLIO cleans the pores, aids the natural changes of the skin, and imparts new vigor and life. Don't argue, Don't infer, Try it! It's a lightning change from office to parlor with HAND SAPOLIO.

ATHLETES, to keep in good trim, must look well to the condition of the skin. To this end, HAND SAPOLIO should be used in their daily baths. It liberates the activities of the pores and aids their natural changes.

Table of Contents of this Number on Third Advertising Page.

Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull.

HE WAS NOT LIKE A BUCK OF THE SUMMER TIME

"On the Taquamenon," page 337.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

VOLUME LVII. FEBRUARY, 1904 NUMBER 4

DOES IT PAY TO BE A DOCTOR?

By ARTHUR GOODRICH

THERE is no group of men of like importance in this country whose pictures and personalities are so unfamiliar to the public as those of our distinguished physicians and surgeons. The fact is a striking commentary upon the unique conservatism which has marked a single profession apart in our commercial age. The interesting portraits which we have chosen to accompany this article are representative in the best sense of the word, but space prevents our including in the list more than a very small number of the eminent men whose pictures would fittingly serve to illustrate an article dealing with the profession in America.—THE EDITORS.

"SO much to do, so much to do, and yet it's marvelous how much you can accomplish if you only keep pegging away."

One of the greatest of modern physicians made the remark, half wearily at first and then more vigorously as his memory selected achievement after achievement which had made landmarks in his career. It sums up the really successful doctor's life. "So much to do"—not, mark you, so much to make—and unceasing "pegging away."

Another doctor, unknown except to a small circle of poverty-squeezed patients, said when he was asked the secret of success in medicine: "There is only one way, the way of the 'big men.' Charge big fees."

The renowned physician started to study his profession late in life. He worked to make himself most helpful in his private practice, then to hospital patients, and finally as a professor to the young men who were beginning the long, uphill journey he had made. He has worked as nearly all of the so-called "big men" have worked, with philanthropic intent. He has an income of perhaps $60,000. The second man started work early; he has done a great deal of good, but his eye has been constantly reflecting the glitter of golden profit. He has an income of about $4,000.

This, then, is the rock—the rock of money madness—upon which the profession splits into professional doctors, merchant doctors and quacks. Of these the profession recognizes only the first and draws rigid lines against the other two. Among reputable physicians there are, of course, many who have as acute an itch for money as a Wall Street broker,—the doctor who said "charge big fees" is a reputable practitioner in the profession;—but every doctor is a member of a vigilance committee against commercial methods, and the hand of the profession, through the county medical societies and other organizations, holds the men in line. Every doctor knows that once a man is cast out it is almost impossible for him to regain his standing in the profession, the standing he has worked years and spent thousands of dollars to obtain. So the doc-

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Dr. William Williams Keen of Philadelphia.

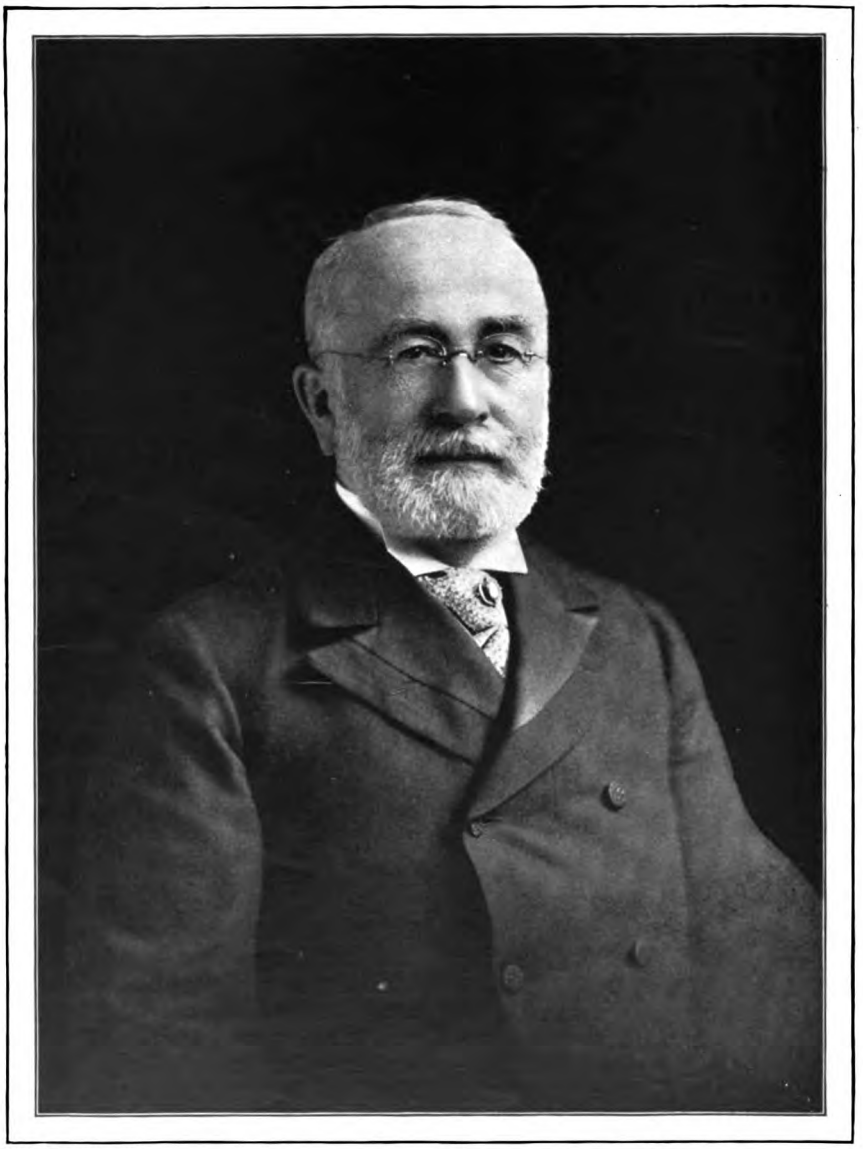


Photo by Gutekunst.

Surgeon in hospital and private practice in Philadelphia; Professor at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania College of Fine Arts, and elsewhere.

tor of the old school triumphs and the profession holds to its philanthropic ideal against the frenzy to get rich at any cost.

"Bah!" says the practical business man with his hands legally searching his neighbor's pockets. "Hypocrisy!" says the man who sees that attitude of superiority which comes naturally to doctors, who must always know more than their patients. "Cant!" cries a clever Philistine, who scoffs at the

Dr. Nicholas Senn of Chicago.

Photo by Fredericks.

Native of Switzerland, citizen of Chicago, Specialist in Abdominal Surgery, Chief Surgeon Sixth Army Corps during the Spanish war.

"learned professions." It is human nature to balk at the profession of unselfish service and to judge other people by one's self. But none of these gentlemen would call a physician whom they believed thought more about his fee than about the service he could render.

How does the profession, as a whole, justify its pretensions to philanthropy and purposely limit its business success for the sake of the people? In what

way does the practice of medicine differ from that of law or from business? Was there ever a movement on the part of lawyers, as a body, to prevent unnecessary legislation? Most certainly not. Have manufacturers ever banded together to limit production or to restrict sale? The medical profession, as a body and by individuals, is striving constantly to improve the general health of every community in which it works. The many sided labors of Boards of Health are all in the hands of physicians working at ridiculously small salaries; the private practitioner aids them whenever he can. And every added help to public health means a decrease in the income of the profession. Doctors may be said to thus literally take the bread from their own mouths.

If a machinist invents a tool he patents it and draws royalties. No doctor who invents a new surgical implement or apparatus thinks of patenting it or of getting any money for it. The better it is the more other doctors need it.

It is exactly this that the outcasts from the profession, the merchant doctors, often do. Take for example a certain institute, founded recently with a great flare of trumpets, for the curing of inebriates. The doctor at its head had discovered a certain treatment that was more or less valuable. He kept it to himself, formed a sanitarium, has advertised it widely, and is probably making money. How much progress would have been made during the last century in medicine and surgery if all doctors were merchants?

In every other profession general publicity is looked upon as legitimate. Business concerns pay hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly for advertising. Very recently a surgeon performed a rather remarkable operation. A Sunday paper praised it in a column-long article. Other doctors shook their heads in doubtful suspicion, and when it was learned that he had sent a marked

Dr. William Osler, of Baltimore.

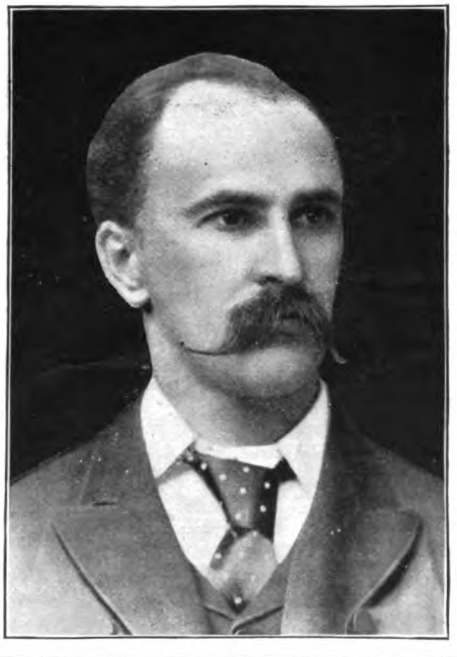


Photo by Gutekunst.

Physician and Professor of Internal Medicine at Johns Hopkins University, and author of medical text books.

Dr. James William White, of Philadelphia.

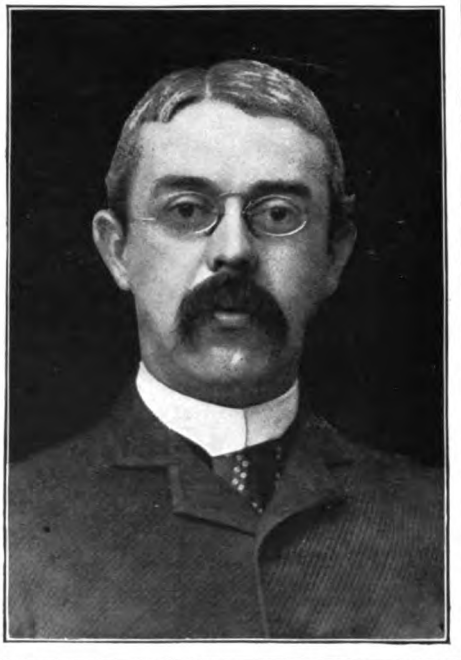


Photo by Gutekunst.

Surgeon in general practice, and Professor of Surgery at the University of Pennsylvania.

copy of the paper to one of his patients he was severely reprimanded by his county medical society and warned against repeating his offense. Any kind of personal publicity is looked upon askance by the profession. How seldom one reads in the newspapers of any medical achievement or sees the names of doctors. The profession looks upon its work as private with its patients. Valuable results doctors publish for other doctors' use. Hundreds of physicians and surgeons are constantly doing things that are really great. The public has never heard of them and probably never will. The profession knows them and respects them. If the strict attitude were relaxed the sag to rampant commercialism would be quick and fatal. The insignificant men alone would advertise. As it is the public hears only of the dramatic achievements, and then only as achievements, not as glorification of men's personalities or of their general work.

Rich men who become doctors have no advantage over men of small means except that they may be able to prepare themselves more fully for their work. One of the most famous surgeons in the east was years ago a machinist in the Long Island railroad shops. He learned telegraphy during his hours off duty. When he had mastered the code, he left his position, obtained another as night telegraph operator and went to a medical college in the day time. Two young doctors in the middle west who started with nothing have built up an immense practice in a town of about 1,500 inhabitants. People come to them from Canada and from neighboring States. They alternate each year in perfecting their equipment in Europe where, among doctors to whom scientific knowledge is the single aim, they have attained international reputation.

If there were no other proof that the practice of medicine is philanthropic,

Dr. W. T. Councilman, of Boston.

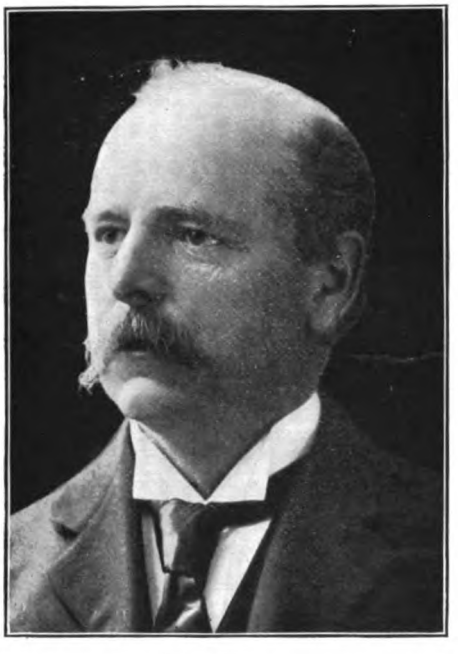


Photo by Purdy.

Scientist and Pathologist, popularly connected with investigations of the smallpox germs and Professor at Harvard University.

Dr. J. Collins Warren, of Boston.

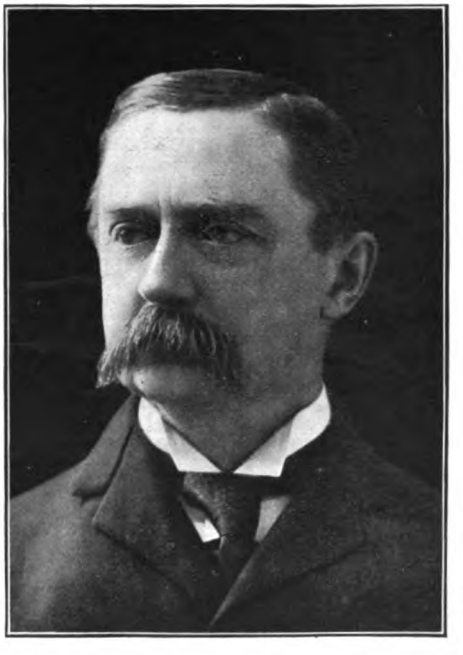


Photo by Purdy.

Surgical Pathologist, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of London, and Professor at Harvard University.

Dr. Charles McBurney.

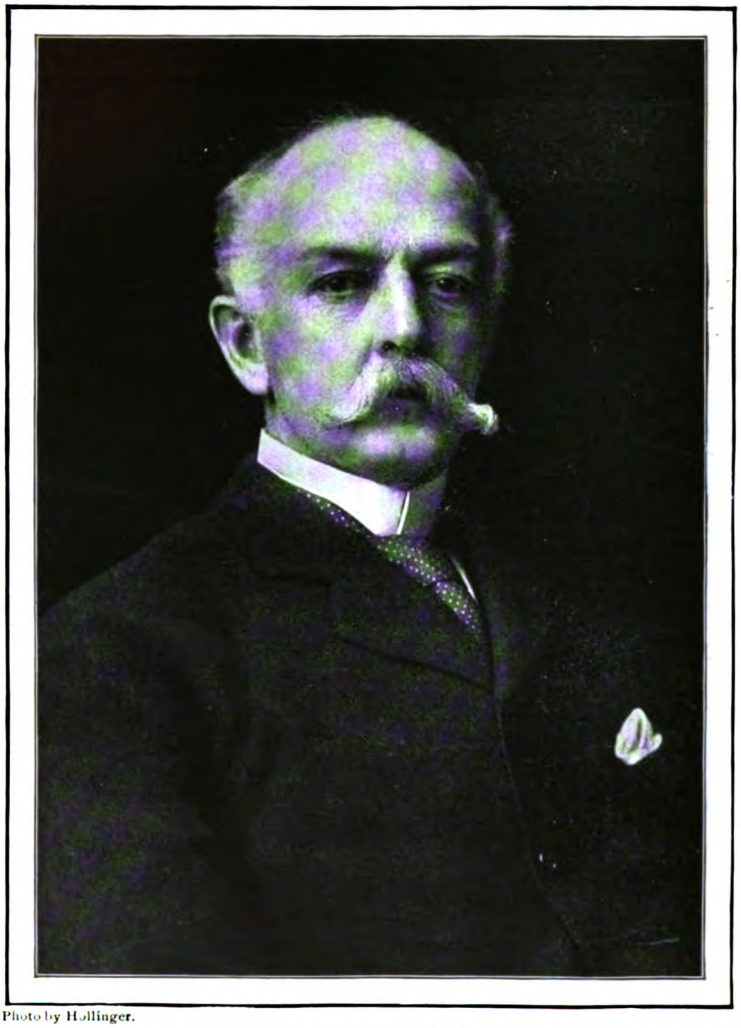


Photo by Hollinger.

New York surgeon, formerly Professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and attending and consulting surgeon at a number of hospitals.

the large amount of charity work doctors do every day should be sufficient. Anyone who sees a physician's work at close range knows that he spends hours of conscientious labor for which he never means to get a money return. The dispensaries of hospitals are filled constantly with the sick who cannot pay and, be it said to the shame of the public, with the sick who can pay as well. It has, in fact, been estimated that seventy-five per cent. of dispensary patients are able to pay something for medical help. The great surgeon who performs an operation for a thousand dollars one day will do the same operation the day after for nothing, if it is necessary. Doctors are marks for respectable as well as every day "dead beats," but they usually take their losses quietly and forget them in the press of new work. The doctor who after fifty-four years of practice was doing half of his work for charity and who died recently leaving scarcely $1,000, is not an exception in the country, nor indeed even in the city, although hospital dispensaries take some of this work away from the private practitioner. In many poor communities in city and country will be found "cut-rate" doctors who serve

Dr. E. L. Trudeau.

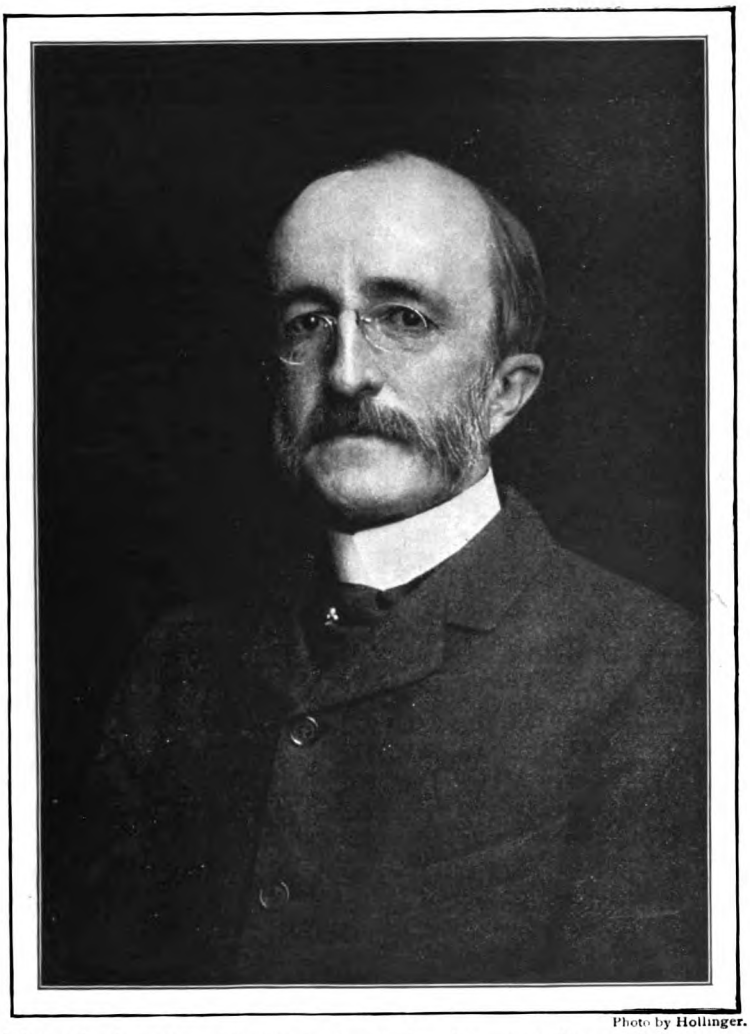


Photo by Hollinger.

A physician who has spent his life in the study of consumption, and in organizing a model sanitarium for consumptives in the Adirondacks.

many people as well as they can for fifty cents a call. And every physician cuts bill after bill in halves and quarters, if he knows the patient cannot afford more.

Granting at the start, then, that the practice of medicine is philanthropic in intention, how does business mingle with professional duties, what is considered financial success in medicine, and how does a doctor attain success, financial and professional?

There are about 200,000 doctors in the United States, or about one for every 350 people. It has been approximately estimated that the average yearly income of these men is $750, or that the public in the country pays $150,000,000 annually for medical attendance, omitting entirely the money spent for patent medicines which bring millions of dollars to manufacturers, or the amounts spent for doctor's prescriptions, or paid to quacks and commercial doctors. The preparation for the practice of medicine that gives a man good standing in the profession means an expense of, liberally speaking, $4,000 for four years in a reputable medical school, $1,000 for general expenses during two years hospital service, and perhaps another $1,000 for setting up in practice. A

Doctors Roswell Park and Matthew D. Mann, of Buffalo.

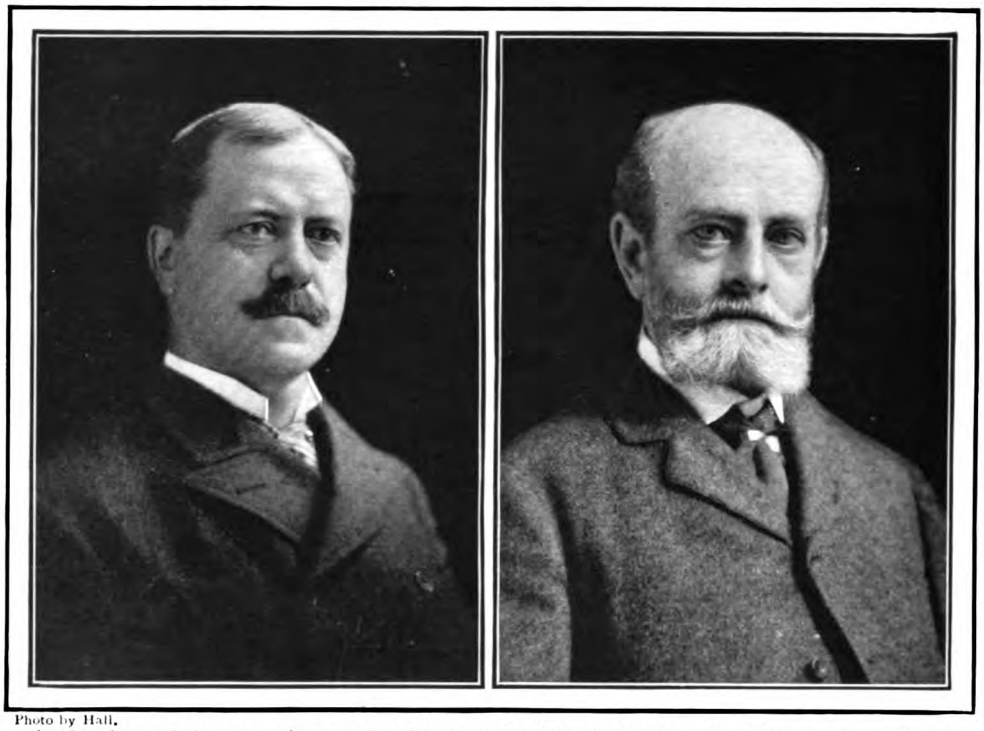


Photo by Hall.

At the time of the operation on President McKinley at Buffalo, Dr. Park, as the younger practitioner, deferred readily to Dr. Mann—an instance of courtesy usual among physicians, but almost without parallel in other professions.

year or two in Europe will also help him. A man can still obtain a cheap degree from western medical schools, but the yearly stricter State examinations are making not only the poorer colleges but many of the better ones stiffen their courses and insist upon longer resident study. He can also neglect a service as interne in a hospital,—and many who would like such a service are not able to obtain it,—but a well-known doctor said recently that he would prefer having a man fresh from hospital service attend him rather than a man who, lacking hospital work, had been in general practice fifteen years. The rugged experience of new responsibility, the opportunity to see a great variety of cases, many of which one would not meet once in ten years of general practice, the chance to watch older and experienced surgeons operate, and the introduction such a service is among doctors are probably worth much more than they cost. The resident interne receives, of course, no salary. He is usually simply furnished room and board of varying grade.

After four years of a general academic course, four more years of grinding work in a medical college—and no one except those on the inside realize the many kinds of intricate theory that are crammed by rapid lectures, demonstrations and quizzes into the fledgling's head at Columbia and Harvard, Johns Hopkins, the University of Pennsylvania and elsewhere—two years of practical experience in a hospital and an expenditure of about $6,000 in medical preparation alone, the man is ready for private practice. No other profession needs so great an expenditure of time and money before earning power is reached, and then it is earning power limited by philanthropy. It has been estimated that one doctor in five hundred makes a financial success, that fifteen per cent. make a good living, that thirty per cent. make a living and that the rest,

more than half, exist. Twenty-five per cent., it has been shown, give up their practice after a few years to enter some other kind of work that brings greater returns.

If he can, the young city doctor works at a dispensary during his first years in practice, getting added experience in hours which are often empty of private work, and receiving no money directly, although occasionally patients will come to him from his dispensary labor. Perhaps he will get an opportunity to examine applicants for life insurance at fifty cents each, but few men have this good fortune. During the rest of his time he must wait for patients, filling in the odd hours with perfecting his equipment at hospitals or in his library. He cannot go out after patients.

The ways in which his practice grows are varied and usually come slowly. Older and busy men who are specializing send him patients. He takes some one's practice while that doctor is on his vacation. His personality and his work count. Personality in the practice of medicine is almost as valuable to a man as scientific efficiency, and naturally, because, in a large number of cases, people who might get well shortly without help call doctors for the sake of the confidence their presence brings. People speak of him to neighbors. His work grows in amount. Perhaps some attending surgeon or physician at a hospital has been watching his work and appoints him an assistant. This means more reputation for him. He has some interesting experiences in his practice, and writes a paper for one of the medical journals or for his county medical society. But his work and nothing else must beget his added work, and he is at the beck and call of a vacillating public which is likely to praise him one day and call some one else the next, and which gets life and death services from him and refuses to pay his bill. He must do nerve-racking labor days and nights at a time; he is never certain of a free moment, and if he is conscientious and sympathetic he carries the worries and sorrows of his patients constantly on his heart.

Perhaps, if he is eminently successful and if he makes a life study of some special work, he will be called to a professorship. Most of the men of great reputation teach in colleges, but remember, they are few. Here he will obtain not merely the added name and better regulated and, in time, infinitely better paid endeavor, but he will have many little perquisites of the position he has earned. His old students will, for example, call him as a consultant. He will receive a good-sized fee and will continue to be a help to the men he has taught. The well-known specialist receives some large prices for his work, but in exactly the same proportion the value of the time he gives away is increased. There probably is not a a doctor in the country who makes $100,000 regularly every year, those who make $50,000 are a mere handful, and the average physician, it should be remembered, has an income of $750. It might be said that the difference between the financial reward of the "big men" and that of the average practitioner is large for a philanthropic profession.

The difficulties a doctor has, aside from the every-day tragedy and sorrow he meets, and the limitations the profession puts upon him—and these limitations hold all but the very efficient, tireless, conscientious and, it may be added, business-like physicians to a mere competence in private practice—are many both from the public and from the shysters and charlatans who fool the people at his expense.

The public which made a great outcry when, at the time of the shooting of Millionaire Mackay in California, the doctors who cared for him presented a bill for $25,000, and which said nothing when the lawyers charged $100,000 for settling his estate, is as likely as ever to begrudge the doctor's fee and to try to beat it down a dollar a call, because "the last doctor charged only so much a visit." People who talk to doctors about "filling them with drugs" and to surgeons about "cutting for mere pastime" are many. Even worse are the people who call a physician and fail to carry out his orders and then blame him for the result. In his isolated and

Dr. Francis Delafield.

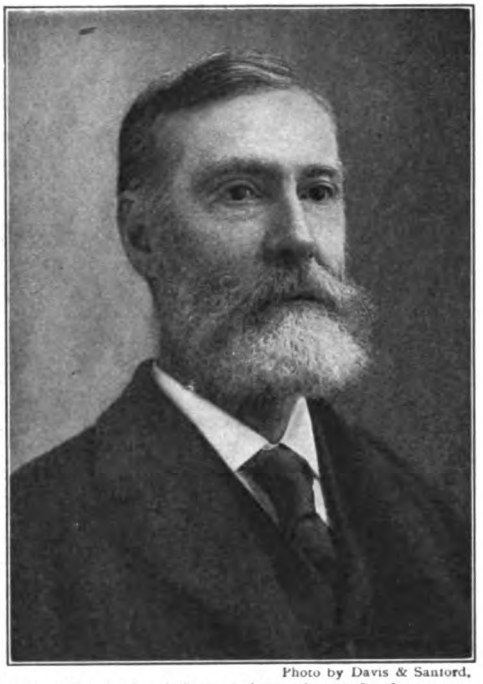


Photo by Davis & Sanford.

New York physician and teacher who has concentrated his work on medical pathology. Formerly Professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

peculiar position he is the butt of ready gossip. He travels hours at night to find his patient entirely well and merely worried. His life is in danger of infection and contagion daily. Although he has an office hour, people usually prefer coming at some other time. He receives the constant criticism which a servant of the people must expect.

This impulsive public which is always ready to doubt his sincerity and to generalize quickly from isolated cases about which it knows little and imagines much, is the easy mark of the charlatan who talks of his remedies while the doctor says nothing. The commercial doctor gives impressive treatment at his sanitarium for a large fee. The quack goes from town to town advertising widely his more or less worthless wares. The patent medicine man makes fortunes out of concoctions, some of which might be good for individual cases, but which never can be made to fit many people of totally different physical organization, and many of which are worthless impositions. One well-known remedy contains two ingredients in rather dangerous combination, one of which costs sixteen cents and the other twelve cents a pound. The simple combination the public buys greedily at from $3 to $5 an ounce. Unscrupulous druggists can be even more harmful in their right-and-left selling of any drugs for money. It is scarcely more difficult for a morphine fiend to get opium than it is for an intoxicated man to get liquor. Then there are the faddists and fakirs who have existed in various forms ever since Hippocrates. They live for a time and are replaced by others. Two or three centuries ago England went wild over Perkins' tractors, a small piece of steel which would draw pain or inflammation from any part of the body. There are no Perkinites now and the tractors can be seen only in an occasional medical museum. Doctors have practiced some of the principles of Christian Science upon nervous patients for years, but they have never called it Christian Science or divine healing or faith cure. They have used massage and its associated methods, but they have not called it Osteopathy. Whenever any methods are shown which help to heal, doctors use them, and occasionally the faddists suggest things to them. In the meantime all these various methods of healing are keeping the authorized doctors from helping thousands of people who need them.

Specialization usually comes only after years of general practice. The surgeon has generally had medical work as well. Success gives him an opportunity to do the thing he feels himself best able to undertake. There are a considerable number of certain, though usually small, salaries for doctors in work for the Boards of Health, insurance companies and in the army and navy. In the army, for example, a young surgeon receives $133.33 a month. After five years he is advanced to $183.33, and after ten years to $200. A major receives $2,500 a year and a

ten per cent. advance for each added five years of service. These army and navy doctors have, when their routine is done in time of peace, considerable time for study and the perfecting of personal equipment. Their life, too, is necessarily a broader and even more rugged one than that of the regular practitioner. The doctors on Health Boards often have time for some private practice as well as for their duties for the boards.

Large financial rewards, then, come to few men in the practice of medicine, and to them only after a lifework filled with devotion and unselfish endeavor. The service each one of these few well-paid doctors has done contains discoveries, inventions and advances in the cause of public health, anyone of which compares favorably in value with, for example, Professor Pupin's invention for furthering telephonic communication. It takes even these great men of the profession years to earn as much money as the Bell Telephone Company is reputed to have paid Professor Pupin. And the company evidently bought that invention to get it out of the way and not to use it, though it was meant for the public good. The doctor with a fair income spends most of his profits yearly to better his equipment. There are so many things that he needs that his money goes almost as rapidly as he makes it. It is doubtful if there is a reputable member of the profession who has become really wealthy from his practice. And it has been shown that the majority of doctors merely exist.

There are, however, other rewards, not for the doctor who plays politics or who uses "judicious advertising" without being caught, but for the conscientious, earnest man, "what amplest recompense." Saving lives by quiet heroism, healing the sick, lengthening and lightening the days of many a chronic sufferer, daily deeds of kindness and charity, constant self-sacrificing service; these form a heritage that money can scarcely measure. An old and successful business man, after a conversation with a poor country doctor whom he knew as a boy, remarked with a tremble in his voice that cried sincerity: "I'd give all I've got for that man's memories."

Dr. Abraham Jacobi.

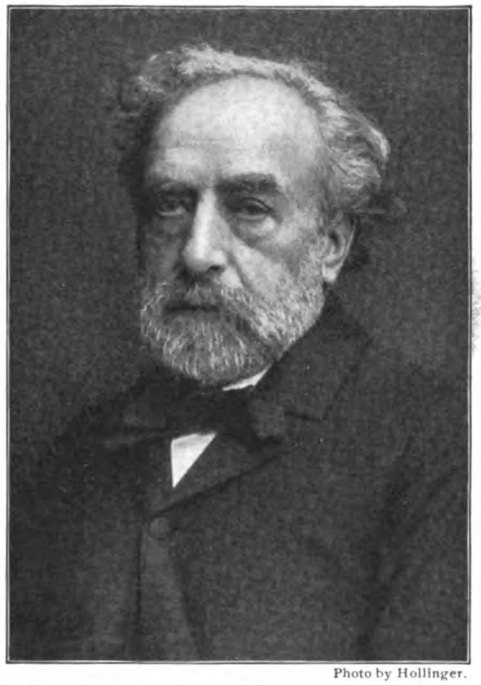


Photo by Hollinger.

A fighter for Free Germany in his youth, and to-day a New York specialist in the diseases of children.

Did you ever see a surgeon at work and feel the calm with which he unostentatiously does wonderful and dramatic things? Have you ever met a good doctor of experience and failed to feel his usually quiet, dignified, forceful personality, with the sentimental edges knocked off by rugged experience, but with sympathies quickened and chastened by suffering? He is certainly different from the everyday man with whom you do business. Is it true that he is a dying relic of an "old school," or is he one of the bands between the old and a more vital future which will have in it the vigor and progressiveness of the present day, ripened and mellowed with old time gentleness and charity?

The girl.

THE GIRL IN THE PUNT.

By ARTHUR H. ADAMS

With Drawings by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

IT was in the long vacation. Under the shadow of the elms along the bank lay the man. He was pretending to read, but the magazine—"The Nineteenth Century and After"—lay ignominiously on the grass, and sacrilegious beetles wandered unconcernedly among its portentous periods.

The man let his hat slip down over his face, and dropped into dreaming thought. The hot sun found here and there little rents in the green ceiling of leaves, and small round pools of sunlight lay untidily on the grass. Below the bank on which he rested the river dimly moved through an avenue of shade, and sometimes a boat full of Summer-girls slid quietly past.

The man's thoughts were not pleasant. He was not young, not old; he stood restlessly on the waiting platform between those two stages of his journey, wondering. It had come upon him this afternoon that he was growing old. He had come to a stopping-place where he would have to pause, to reflect, to read just the value of life. Till now life, for him, had flowed irresistibly on, urged forward by a force he dreamed and knew not of. But now he was beginning to wonder if, after all, his way of life would lead to the haven for which his spirit dimly craved. There was Old Age, for instance? He had hardly taken that into account, certainly not realized it as a reality that would surely come to him, a sea into which his life must assuredly flow. Waiting for him, at some corner out of sight, but not far off, was Age. And how was he going to meet that grimly waiting, silent one? Was he ready to go along with him quietly as a friend long expected, to take his arm with a glad sense of security and peace? Or was he unready, unprepared for that quiet comfort? Had he lived his youth out yet? Was Age the only companion that life now held for him, or would he have a friend to go with him, and with her gentle presence soften that grim acquaintance's ways? What had he done with his forty years of life if now he was as lonely, as solitary, as when he entered life? Nay, there was his mother. She was his still, but was she his mother now? He wondered. To her he had never grown up; he was still the child she had nursed into life; but he was a man, full-grown, alert, brainy, of wide interests, with varied calls upon his individuality. Of course he was always very tender to her, but he was of a newer generation; and between two generations there is no gateway save a mother's heart. He was shut off from her, and could only dimly divine how much she loved him.

No, he craved a companion of his own generation. There were his men friends, all glad to see him, to have his company, to discuss and argue with him, to introduce him to their wives, to let him be god-father to their children, but they were not the friends he had once known. They had grown apart from him with the wider interests that had entered into and shaped their lives.

And then there was her. He had always been a shy man, happy with his books, a little afraid of people. And women never seemed to care much for him. He had never seen passion in a woman's eyes; he wondered if this love of which literature was so full, was not somewhat exaggerated. His few woman friends treated him not quite as they treated other men. They liked him, but he felt beneath their friendship a lack—of what he scarcely knew, except that it was something for which his whole being vaguely craved.

Then she had come into his life. And he had loved her with a vividness, an emotion, that had startled him out of himself. And she had been kind, and when he had asked her to join her life to his, she had assented with a strange show of reluctance that he put down to shyness. But from that moment he had grown to love her with a love that made all that he had read of love seem drab-tinted and dull. Then she had written to him that letter, telling him with a cruel frankness that she was mistaken. She did not care *that* way. Since she had left him she had met some one who had awakened her to the fact that she had been on the verge of making a terrible mistake. Would he release her, and forgive her for the pain she knew she was inflicting? And he had answered in the only way a man could answer, and gone back to his books with an infinite compassion for the girl whose love he had so nearly trapped. After all, women did not greatly care for him, and he had been presumptuous in dreaming that even she could really love him.

But he missed her presence, her talk, her many unconscious disclosures of herself; above all, he missed her daily letters to him. He had grown into the habit of writing to her all his thoughts, he put her in touch with all his moods, he told her of all his doubts, his strivings, his mental blind alleys. That had been the need of his life—some soul to which he could freely confess himself.

Mentally he had always been conscious of a terrible loneliness. And in his daily letters to her that feeling had been, as he thought, for ever assuaged. And her answers had been so sane,—so stimulating, so compassionate, so tender! And now—for the rest of his life—until he met that grimly waiting one—he was shut up again with his own soul—the worst loneliness in this life.

A little gust of wind that had lost its way under the trees lifted his hat from his eyes, and he suddenly sat up. Along the narrow stream was leisurely coming a punt, and standing in it a tall girl in pink. She had thrown her hat in the bottom of the punt, and her head was crowned with a glory of richly tinted brown. Her firm, brown arms were bare to the elbow, and as she slowly propelled the light craft her figure showed graceful lines of bosom and limb. As she came nearer he saw dark eyes looking out of a face that would have been beautiful if it had not been for a nose that tilted irresponsibly and a mouth that smiled too often to retain its classic shape. In the boat were some baskets that pointed to the probability of afternoon tea. But she was alone.

"She is going to meet him further up," the man said to himself with a vague envy.

She passed graciously and quietly. She gave him one swift glance, then bent all her strength to prevent the punt from fouling a skiff that came shooting round the bend. The man stood watching her. Before she went from sight, lost in the green coolness of that avenue of shade, she looked back once. In that glance the man thought he saw a little hovering smile. But he put the thought from him with a laugh; women did not waste their smiles on him. He picked up "The Nineteenth Century and After."

But he could not read. He found himself wondering whether she met the man, whether they enjoyed their afternoon tea, whether. . . . He determined to wait and see the punt return. But it might not return down that channel? Anyhow, he would wait.

Perhaps there was such a girl waiting for him somewhere in the world? Perhaps she was coming to meet him now, her path and his might join not a day ahead? Perhaps, it was hardly possible, but it might be the girl in the punt?

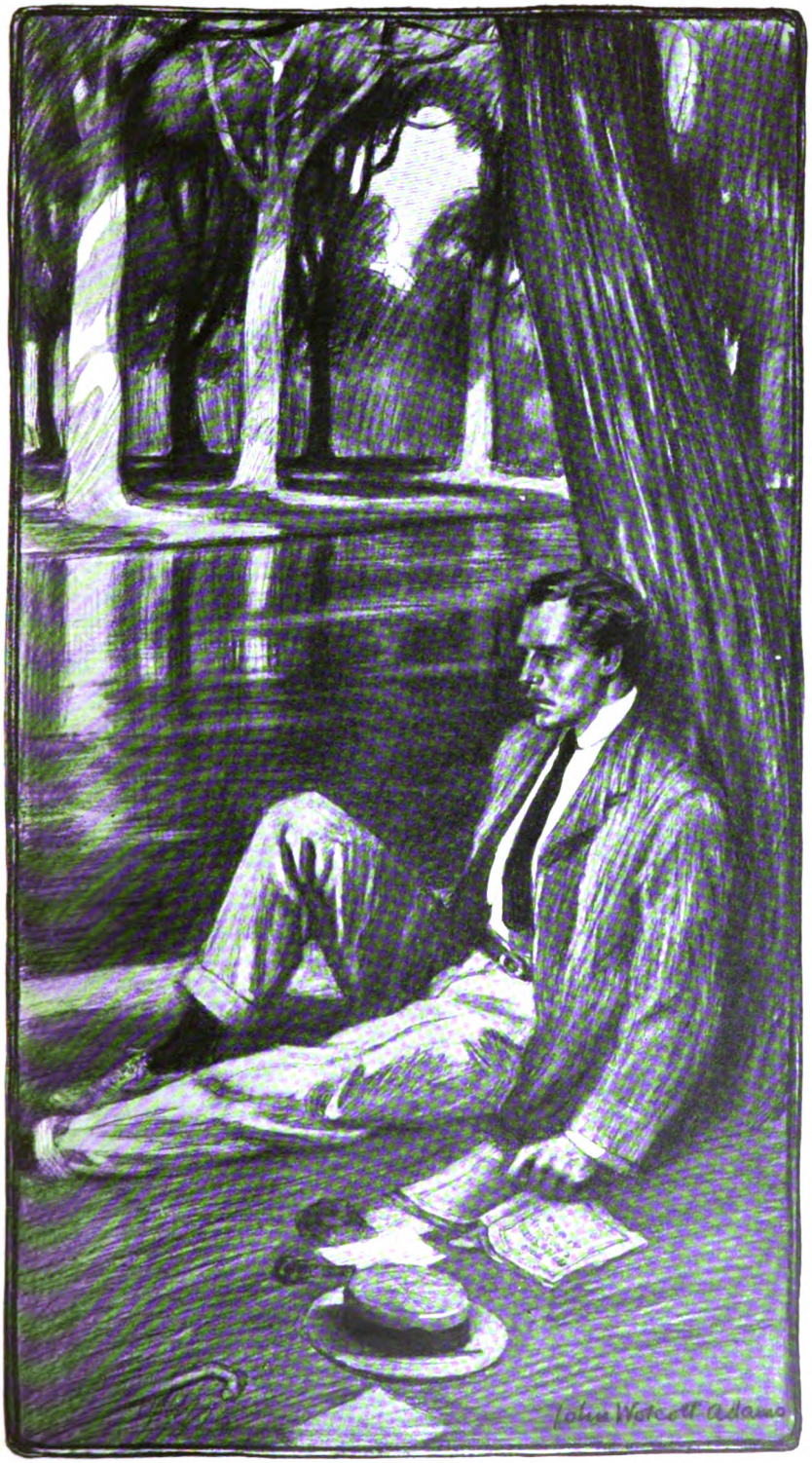
Then, with a short laugh at himself, he took out some sheets of paper and with his fountain pen began a letter. It was headed "To the Girl in the Punt."

In the delightful afternoon which the girl spent in the punt no man had any part. She loved the river with a devotion few suspected. Those quiet, curving waterways, over-arched with cool green, were to her something almost God-given. And so soon she was going away to leave them all, perhaps for ever! The last few afternoons were hers, and she meant to take an intimate farewell of these narrow streams she so much loved.

So she had gone to all her remembered banks of green, had dallied beneath her great, drooping trees, had looked long and long at each familiar stretch of calm. Then she had tied her punt up to the side of the best-loved bank of all, had made her tea, and taking a magazine—not so interesting a magazine as "The Nineteenth Century and After"—had read and slipped into a pleasant dream in the shadow. To-morrow she would come again.

Then in the evening, as she was slowly drifting down stream, she paused as she came to the bank where she remembered to have noticed the man. For she saw no man, but a collection of articles that plainly donated his recent presence. A walking stick, a pipe, a tobacco-pouch, a "Nineteenth Century and After," and some scattered sheets of loose writing-paper lay unheeded on the grass.

First carefully assuring herself that the owner of these man-things was not present, the girl poled her punt to the bank and stepped out. It was surely a very careless being. She would collect them and put them where they would not run the risk of being taken by any passer-by, and he would return for them by and bye. She took up the magazine and began to put the loose sheets of paper inside its pages. But in



He craved a companion.

the action she paused. Her eye had caught the heading, "To the Girl in the Punt."

She stared. "Why," she said with a little laugh, "I believe he has had the audacity to write to me! The impertinence! And such a quiet, sensible sort of man, too! I wonder what he says?"

Womanlike, she never doubted that the letter was for her. She did not pause to reflect that there might be other girls in other punts. She began to read. It was wrong of her, I know; but the letter was addressed to her; and with a nose that so obviously tempts its owner to be irresponsible, a girl must be excused if she occasionally does the irresponsible thing. I am sure the busy little black beetles that lost their way in the heavy reflections in "The Nineteenth Century and After," forgave her.

This is what the girl read:—

"To the Girl in the Punt:—You passed me just now, and as you went I thought you smiled at me."

"I didn't!" the girl said hotly. "The conceited thing!"

"But I know—" the letter continued, "that you did not. It was my fancy that led me astray."

"Singularly unobservant young man!" reflected the girl. "After I took the trouble to smile at him, now he says he did not see me!"

She read on. "But I am a lonely man, and perhaps grow somewhat childish in my loneliness. And ever since . . . . *that*—and it is two years ago now—"

"I *thought* so!" sighed the girl.

"—Since that I have drifted, as it seems without guide or sign. Companionship, friendship, love—that is the one need of my life. A man does not say these things out, but to you who are a total stranger I may tell all without fear of your scorn or of your laughter. For once I thought I had grasped that which I have so long unconsciously sought—a woman's love; but it slipped away, as so much I have clutched at in this life has slipped away. And now I see how impossible it is for anyone to care for me. And yet it means something to me to dream that someone comprehends, would be a little sorry for me, perhaps. So I have written to you. It is a weak and foolish thing to do, unmanly perhaps, but I have been strong and self-contained so long, have hugged my reserve so jealously, and all I have won from life has been isolation. I have shut myself out from sympathy, shut myself from love. And it has been such a relief to tell someone this! And as, when I have signed this letter I shall tear it up, as I know that you will never receive it—"

The girl smiled. "Cautious man!" she remarked.

"Yet it is something to me—" she read—"to dream that you will answer it, with a sympathy, perhaps with a love in every line! It is all absurd, of course. Yet it may be that you are like me, soul-solitary, craving for one of your kind, asking all unconsciously for love. It may be that I am unknowingly drifting toward you, and that to-morrow, as you go past this bank, in your punt—how beautiful, how graceful you showed to-day! Your face reminds me—no, it but hints of her, and your eyes are like none else. And your mouth—"

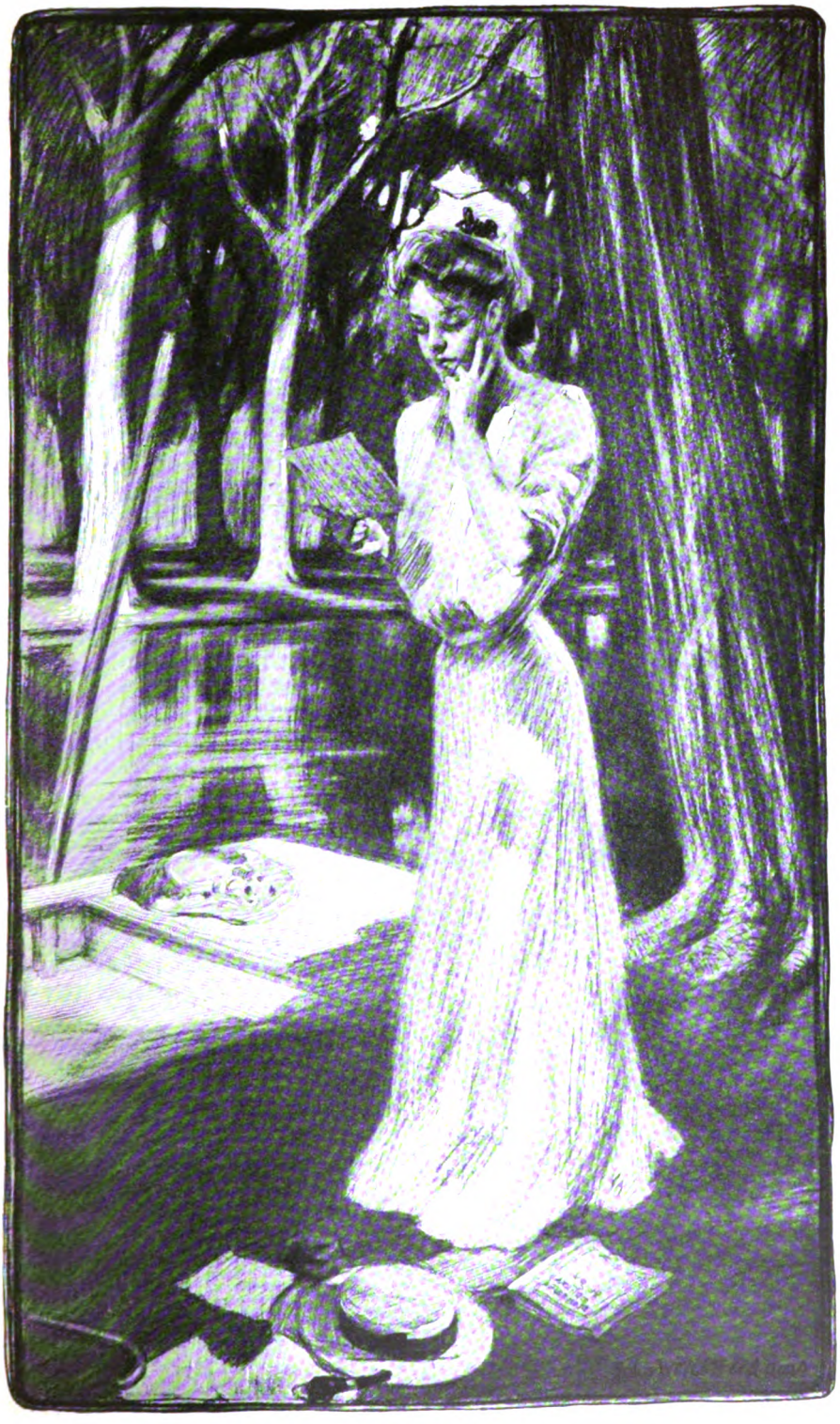
"He does not seem to have noticed my nose," said the girl. "Nobody does. But perhaps it is just as well." She made a little grimace. An irresponsible nose carries its penalties.

She read all that he had to say of her mouth. The letter ran on. "To-morrow, perhaps, as you pass this bank you will pull up to the river-edge without a word, and I shall step in as if it were my right, and you will say, "So you are in time?" and I shall reply, "I have been waiting for you all my life, would I miss you now?" Then I shall lie in the punt and lazily watch you poling me up the river until we come to a certain overhanging willow—"

"My willow!" said she. "How dare he!"

"And there you will get out the tea-things, and I shall light the spirit-lamp—I saw one in the punt as you passed—and—"

"And that's all," said the girl. The



"And such a quiet, sensible sort of man, too!"

letter broke off suddenly. The fountain-pen with which he had evidently written it lay on the grass at her feet.

"He was in a hurry," she thought, "I wonder why?"

But there was no answer. "The Nineteenth Century and After" looked as if it knew all about it, all about everything, in fact; but the girl did not believe it. She tore the letter into a hundred pieces and scattered them on the grass.

"That was what he said he'd do, anyhow, and it was addressed to me," she said in her own defense. Then as she pushed off in the punt she sighed: "Poor fellow!" Then, with a swift change of mood, she pushed the punt viciously down the stream. "I daresay he knew I would get it when he wrote it to me, and he was hiding somewhere near and watched me read it. I won't come this way again."

As she was walking home she met her cousin. "Did you hear of the accident this afternoon on the river?" the other asked.

The girl of the punt went white. "What was it?" she asked swiftly, and before her eyes she had a vision of those scattered things on the river bank.

"A boy was nearly drowned."

She gave a quick sigh of relief. "Only that!"

"It was pretty serious," said the other girl indignantly. "If that man hadn't been so prompt and rescued him, he would have been drowned."

"What man?"

"He was reading by the river, and when the little girl ran to him he just flung his book down and plunged in as he was. The water wasn't deep luckily, because he couldn't swim, and when he got the boy out he seemed dead. But the man was a doctor and set to work to revive him. It was over an hour before the boy regained consciousness, and all that time the man worked over him. And then he took him home, carried him off himself."

The girl of the punt reflected. "After all," she thought, "I may go that way to-morrow."

The man was reading on the bank. Only this afternoon it wasn't "The Nineteenth Century and all the Other Centuries"; it was Marpessa. And at he read he heard the suck of a puns across the water. He looked up. The girl was in white, but even far down that avenue of shade he knew her to be the same. She was leisurely poling the punt up the stream.

Then the man was glad that he had torn up that foolish letter he had written to her yesterday just before he had to pull that boy out of the water and bring him back to life. He had wondered a little when he came back that evening to collect his belongings to find that he had torn up the letter before he had scrambled up to go to that boy's assistance. Yet he was glad he had torn it up. It was a foolish, futile thing to write, and then how embarrassing it would have been if the girl in the punt had received it! She would regard him as an impertinent fool. Yet he caught himself just for a moment picturing the possibilities of his dream. Suppose she had received his letter, suppose she did not regard him in consequence as an idiot, suppose she stopped at the bank and waited for him to step in!

As the girl approached she looked up at him almost with a smile. Then with a quick pressure on the pole she turned the punt and its prow shot into the soft grass. Without a word she waited.

The man went a dull red. He looked at the girl in the punt. The girl waited. He stepped in. She pushed the punt off.

"So you are in time?" she said softly.

"I have been waiting for you all my life, would I miss you now?" he replied.

So she had read his letter? Yet such a thing were impossible. What then? His astonished mind refused to follow the thing to any conclusion. He let his thoughts drift. Was this girl the one toward whom he had been for ever gradually verging? Their paths had met. He was lapsed in a great content.

"So you expected me?" he said at last, looking up at her slim, fair figure crowned with its glory of vivid brown.

"Of course," she replied. "I knew you would be here."

It was enough. He ventured no further questions. He might shatter the dream. This day was his.

The girl was greatly happy. There were no explanations, no introductions to their comradeship. Immediately they had drifted into the position of dear friends; they were intimate at once. He told her of his life, of the other girl.

"I know," said the girl in the punt with dimming eyes.

And it did not seem strange to him that she should know. But she told him little about herself, except that she had won happiness in life and was content.

The tea was a success. The dainty meal over, they drifted lazily down the stream, languidly talking, with long silences between that brought them more intimately together than words may ever do.

Through the silence of the evening he poled the punt down the river. When they came opposite the bank under the elms he got quietly out.

"You will come again to-morrow?" he said.

And the girl in the punt said softly, "Yes."

"Then good-by," she said, and standing fair and slim and white in the stern of the punt she went slowly into the avenue of green shade, glimmering quietly in the gathering dusk.

And the man gazed long after her, wondering, yet well content.

Then it suddenly came to him that he did not even know her name.

"But she will come to-morrow," he said.

But the girl in the punt did not come on the morrow, or any morrow, though the man waited under the elms many afternoons. For the morrow was her wedding-day with the man she loved. And sometimes in the years of quiet happiness that followed she thought of the man on the bank of the stream, and knew that for one afternoon she had given him a great happiness.

And he remembered always and was thankful.

FROM KANSAS

By ROY ROLFE GILSON

YOU remember Burrows—lean, lanky fellow, sat on the back row in school and rolled marbles. Remember how they'd rumble away under the seats, hitting this desk and that one, and the teacher mad as a wet hen because she could never catch on where they started?

Well sir, Burrows—same old Burrows—dropped in Wednesday. Looks the same, acts the same, same grin, same chuckle, same long legs, and I'd have sworn they were the same old trousers, hitched to the shoe-tops, if it hadn't been twenty years since I last saw him.

"Hello, Bill," I heard, and looking up, there stood Burrows, chuckling.

"Just thought I'd take a run down to New York," he said, "to see Wall Street and the Statue of Liberty. How's all the folks?"

"Well," said I, "I'm about all the folks there are in my family, Burrows; I'm pretty well."

"What," said he, "not married?"

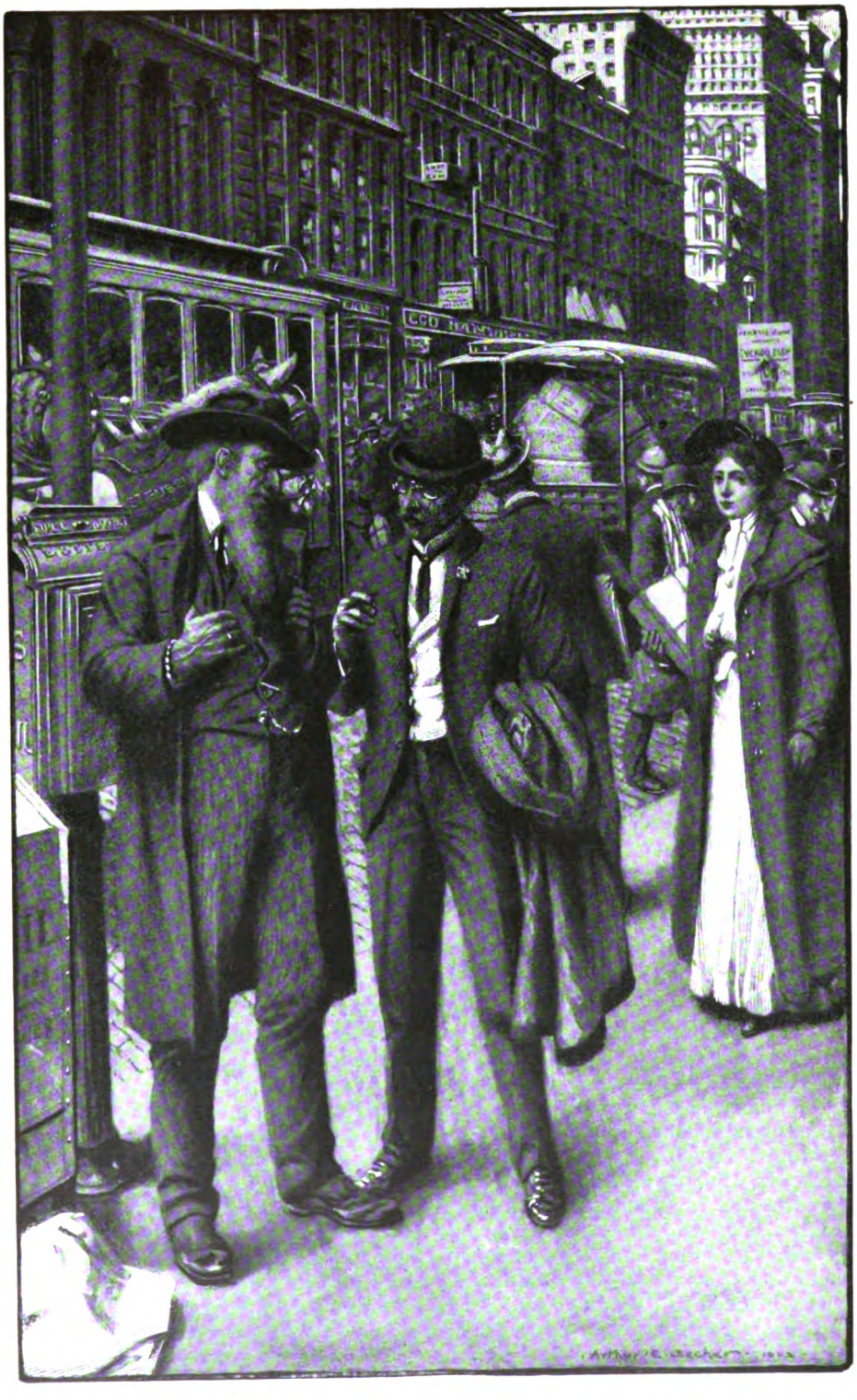
"No," said I, "not yet, Jim."

"Pshaw!" said he. "That's too bad, isn't it? Why, I've got a wife and seven children, Bill, and a feed store, out in Kansas."

"You've done well."

"Yes, manage to get along," said he. "Not married, you say?"

"No, we don't marry early, as a rule, in New York. It's too expensive."



"Why, Bill, we live in Kansas."

"Pshaw," said he. "That's too bad, Bill."

My name is William, but I used to be Bill, in Kansas.

"No," said I. "It costs about all I can earn to support myself, Burrows."

"Pshaw," said he. "You don't say so. Why you—you must be getting pretty nigh onto forty."

"Well—yes," said I.

"And not married, you say?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, well. Why, you used to be fond of the girls, Bill, in Kansas."

"Ever been in New York before, Burrows?"

"No," said he; "that is, not as I remember," and chuckled—same old chuckle.

"Well," said I, "you'd be likely to remember it if you had, wouldn't you?"

"Might," said he, still chuckling.

"Well," said I, "what do you think of Wall Street?"

"Hm," said he, "narrow, ain't it? Kind of an alley. But I suppose now, if you'd shake one of them there buildings, you could pick up dollars and half-dollars and bonds by the bushel—eh, Bill? But where's the trough?"

"Trough?" said I.

"Why, yes," said he, red in the face and shaking like an earthquake. "Trough where they w-water their—you know—*s-stock*!" said he, and burst, clumping me on the shoulder.

Well sir, Burrows had made up that stale old joke in his feed store out in Kansas; just 'lighted on that cast off, musty jest he had, and chuckled, and brought it with his old valise all the way from the prairies simply to fatten it on my New York blood and make a whole yarn of it to carry back to "the boys" in Kansas.

There I was, in that Broad Street bedlam, trying to show him the great buildings, and the Sub-Treasury, and the statue of Washington, and the banks and offices; straining my lungs above that infernal din to impress the man with the majesty of the financial spectacle—but great guns! You take one of these country Kansans, *they* won't forget their apple-barreled jokes. *They* won't let on they're thunder-struck, even when they're looking at the very things they'll go home and brag about for six years after.

Why, I took Burrows to Carnegie Hall in the evening.

"Pretty big place," said he gazing around him.

"Pretty big!" said I. "Biggest hall *you* ever saw, Burrows."

"Guess you're right," said he chuckling—same old chuckle. "Guess you're right, Bill, though I *have* seen Silas Winter's new barn," said he. "Did I ever tell you about Silas' new barn?"

And off he went with his little story, which was just as funny to him there in Carnegie, with the great orchestra playing Wagner, as it would have been sitting on a rail fence listening to the katydids in Kansas.

There was a man who had come a thousand miles to see New York—and still in Kansas!

"New York," said he, "is a great place to *come to*—buildings and Statue of Liberty and all—but I wouldn't live here, Bill. You couldn't hire me. It's too big, and there's too much rushing around, and shoving, and racket. And it costs too much. It costs too much for victuals and drink and beds to sleep in; yes, and for water and sunshine and air, by thunder—things you get free where I come from in Kansas.

"What's the use? You're making money. So am I. You're making thousands where I make hundreds, but you're spending hundreds where I spend tens. So what's the odds? You're dressed up a little tonier, sure—but you ain't married, and you haven't a chick or a child in the world, Bill. Why, you look tired and worried. You look yellow. Liver out of kilter? You ought to come out and plow awhile and husk corn—in Kansas."

"What do you do evenings, Burrows?" I asked by way of diversion.

"Evenings? Why, we smoke, and read, and gas a little, and play cards—and go to bed."

"Well," said I "*we* smoke, and read, and gas a little, and play cards—and go to the theater."

"Well, I forgot the theater," said

Burrows. "We go to the theater, too, now and then—'Uncle Tom's Cabin' once a year or so, and the circus. Children just love the circus. *You* ought to have children, Bill. It would cheer you up."

"Why, I'm all right. What are you talking about?"

"Ye-ss, but you aren't all right. Bill, I tell you, you look bad. You're bilious."

"Oh, your grandmother!" I said.

"Well, now, Bill, look at your eyes. They aren't right, I tell you. They—"

"Besides," I broke in, "suppose I *had* children—"

"That's right, Bill; you ought to."

"Well, suppose I had children, would I be less bilious? Good heavens, Burrows, if I *were* married, down here in New York, I wouldn't dare to have children, on my income!"

"Pshaw!" said he. "You don't tell me! Have to keep 'em dressed up, I suppose—and nurses."

"Of course," I said.

"Pshaw!" he muttered. "That's too bad, isn't it? Now children," said he, "are the light and life of Kansas."

"Hm!" said I.

"Yes, sir," he went on, chewing a toothpick. "You take children running around all over the place, like chickens, I tell you it's *nice*, Bill. You can't help loving the little scamps, always up to some mischief or other. Why, I'll tell you what it's like, Bill, when there *aren't* any children. You know the best bedroom that's kept shut up and only slept in now and then when there's company; you know how it smells—close and dead, especially if there's matting. Now that's what home is, without children to keep the air alive. Why, say, the whole blamed farm of mine—outdoors and in—seems dead to me when my kids go a-visiting."

"I never heard it put just that way," said I. "That's very new to me—and interesting."

"Well," said Burrows, his eyes twinkling, "I'm from Kansas—eh, Bill?" And he nudged me. Now if there's anything I don't like, it's a man who nudges; but they all do it, I suppose, in Kansas.

Oh, as I say, I enjoyed Burrows—enjoyed seeing him again, and hearing him talk, and all that, you know, but think of the nerve, think of the sublime impudence of a man coming all the way from Kansas to beard a New Yorker, and joke him, and lecture him, and *pity* him, mind you! Fancy being pitied by an old hayseed from Kansas!

"But, Burrows," I said, "you don't understand at all. You don't grasp the situation. Once get you down here, and acquainted a little, and getting on, why the longer you stayed the harder it would be to tear yourself away."

"For fear I'd *miss* something—I know," said Burrows. "Same way with people in insane asylums: the longer they stay, the loonier they—"

He waved his hand.

"Bill," said he, squinting one eye at his nickel watch; "Bill, it's just forty-five minutes past nine, *now*, in Kansas."

Now what can you say to a man like that! What can you talk about? What is there, anyway, in all New York, to compare with Kansas? What do *you* do with a man who is always preaching and wanting to argue? What does the government do with Kansas?

"Bill," said he, "you're a New Yorker—not born and bred, of course, but an adopted orphan, like most New Yorkers that amount to shucks. I take it that you're a fair sample."

"Well, yes—if you want to put it that way," I muttered. I was getting wary.

"A fair sample," repeated Burrows, "of a loyal New Yorker."

"I think so."

"*Well*, ever been to the Aquarium, Bill?"

"No, not that I remember."

"You'd be—likely to remember it—if you had, wouldn't you?" said he, more softly.

"Might," I said.

"Ever been in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Bill?"

"No; can't say I have."

"Been to Grant's tomb, I suppose?"

"Been *by* it."

"Went inside, of course?"

"N-no; but—"

"Been over to Governor's Island, no doubt, to see the soldiers?"

"No, I haven't; but what the devil has that to do with my being a New Yorker? Those are the show places, of course—things you tourist's visit, but what in thunder—"

"Of course, Bill, you've climbed the Statue of Liberty? All loyal New Yorkers—"

"Burrows, I wouldn't climb that infernal statue for—"

"Say, Bill, *you're* not a New Yorker. You're not *living* in New York—really living here, you know. You're just stopping awhile, like I am, only a little longer, that's all. And when you've made your pile, you'll be coming back to Kansas.

"Why, Bill, in Kansas, there isn't a place where a man was hung or shot, or any other historic spot, that our folks don't decorate, some time or other, with a picnic. Why, Bill, we *live*—all over the blamed place—in Kansas!

"Now I'm not urging a man to stay in Kansas if he don't like Kansas. I've nothing to say when a born and bred Kansan packs up his duds, and leaves, and laughs at his old mother State over his shoulder. He has a right to laugh—if he wants to. If he can find it in his heart to do such a miserable, contemptible turn-coat trick, I've nothing to say, Bill—nothing to say, 't all.

"But, Bill, just let me catch the sucker who'll laugh at Kansas when he's living right on her soil, eating her bread and butter, and drinking her waters, and breathing her air! Don't you ever let that kind of a Kansas grasshopper come nigh me—or I'll brain him with an ax-helve! I will, so help me.

"Just as I feel about this here going abroad! If an American doesn't like the United States, let him live where he darned pleases, *I* say; but the kind of American that stays right here, and drinks his country's pap, and gets chubby on it, Bill, and *whines*—don't you ever let that kind of an American come nigh Jim Burrows, if he wants to *keep* chubby, that's all. Just take him to one side and tell him that where I come from, we celebrate Fourth of July *old* style—speakin', and fireworks, and pie-eat—in Kansas.

"I'm down here in New York, Bill, but by gosling! I want everybody to know I don't belong here. I want 'em to know I come from Kansas. I've stayed in Kansas because I've liked Kansas. I found her waiting around for me when I was born, and she's been like a wet-nurse to me ever since, and when I die, Bill, I want 'em to lay me in the same old dirt I made mud-pies of when I was a boy. Bill, that's *me*. Put her there. Say, you look peaked. Drink up. Well—here's to Kansas."

ONCE UPON A TIME

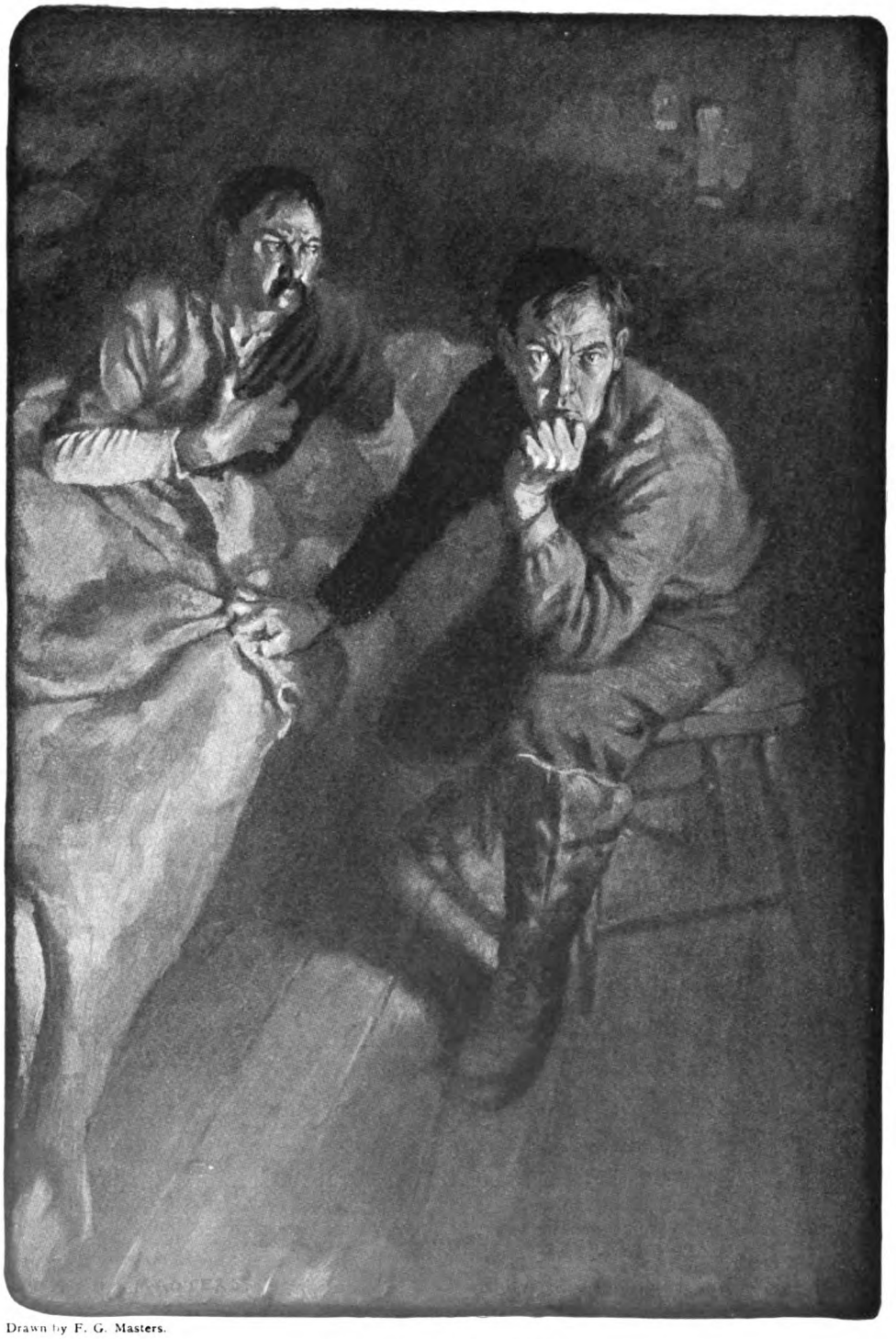
By CLIFFORD CHASE

Heard I once my old nurse telling
Stories by the fire at night,
All about big, bearded giants
Till I shivered in affright;
Then her voice came from a distance
From a drowsy, far-off clime,
Echoing the sweet old cadence,
"Once upon a Time."

Read I once a golden story
Of King Arthur's wonder court,
Lancelot and Guinevere,
All the Knights of brave report.
But amidst the loving, hating,
Still I heard the insistent chime
Like a cuckoo clock repeating,
"Once upon a Time."

Will our lives when we have lived them
Seem like stories we have read?
Stories which our nurses told us
As we lay all snug in bed?
Will they seem as vague as dreams are,
All the days we thought sublime?
Shall we hear the faint, low whisper,
"Once upon a Time"?

When the earth and day and sunlight
Grayly fade away;
When the years that we have lived here
Seem like one brief day;
Shall we hear again at twilight
Echo of our nurse's rhyme,
"Here you lived and loved and labored."
"Once upon a Time"?



Drawn by F. G. Masters.

"Doc, you're a coward!"

A CASE IN SURGERY

By Dr. A. C. SEELY

THE doctor had dropped in to see Tatters. He and Tatters were great friends; he liked Tatters, but then, as far as that goes, everybody liked Tatters, and no one knew why. Tatters made his first appearance in camp in a novel manner. He was found clinging to a bare rock in the middle of the rapids and holding the doctor's head out of the water to keep him from drowning. The situation was interesting from a heroic standpoint. The doctor was unconscious and Tatters had a broken leg and the rocky dangers of a waterfall were just beyond the rapids! Tatters' endurance in clinging to the rock was all that intervened between them both and eternity. Eternity would be reached just over the falls.

Pittsburg Pete found them in this position. With a lariat and some trouble and the aid of the other four members of the camp they were rescued.

The explanation of the position was short. The doctor was coming down the trail when his horse slipped and threw him into the water. Tatters was camping near, and seeing that the doctor couldn't swim he plunged in to pull him out, and he would have easily done so had not a floating log broken his leg. The rapids did the rest.

The doctor was a detached member of the camp. Tatters was a tramp. When his leg was sound again he became a miner and the seventh member of the camp. He retained the name that Pete had given him at their initial meeting, and he gave no other.

Just now Tatters was not well. He was lying on his couch in the little miner's cabin that he shared with Pittsburg Pete since his accident the year before. He had been indisposed for some time. His usual answer to inquiry was, "that some carpenters were inside doing work and the nails they drove in hurt." He was telling the doctor about it:—

"It's an awful pain, Doc," he was saying, and his eyebrows drew down sharply into two little, vertical furrows that had recently developed on the erstwhile smooth brow. "Not just to say a sharp, sticky pain, but a worryin', achin' pain, that's reg'lar—somethin' like the tickin' of a clock, a beatin' and a hammerin' away at somethin' in my insides.

"Sometimes I think I could stan' it better if it was a real healthy, heavy pain that would jest about rip me up the back an' then leave off awhile an' gi' me a bit of rest, but it don't. I have fig'erd on a count I tallied an' I find this trip-hammer business comes about seventy times a minute. Well, Doc, I jes' got to thinkin' about that pain a comin' seventy times every minute, and that would be somethin' like four thousand times every hour, an' then when I got to thinkin' of that f'r twenty-four hours every day, an' the days a-gettin' to be weeks, an' so on—Doc, maybe you'll think I'm a baby, but I jes' couldn't help cryin'. I was worse nor a maveric that's been let run too long with his mother. It nearly took me off my rocker, an' I'm jes' about plum' locoed at the present minute as it is."

Tatters' talk brought a new idea into the doctor's head. It made him look a bit grave Heretofore he had not considered Tatters' complaint as being serious enough for an examination. The doctor was not inclined to take anything seriously. He was not practicing at all. He had a taste for geology and metallurgy and came West to satisfy it. He had foregathered with this camp of miners because they were few and he liked their company. And, of course, he never refused to do anything for them that he could, and they had greater faith in him than he had in himself. Now he asked Tatters to allow him to make a physical examination of his chest. His gravity increased when he

discovered that Tatters had an aneurism of the left subclavian artery. He was just debating in his mind if he had best tell Tatters or not, when Tatters settled it for him by saying :—

"You don't seem to be tickled to death over what you've found, Doc, but don't be afraid of speakin' right out in meetin'. I ain't been shy since I was sixteen, an' I guess I c'n stan' about all the bad news a-goin' as long as it don't come by telygraph. I don't mind acknowledgin' that I do hate the sight of them yaller flimses. I ain't never been a big 'nuff stock broker yit to git used to market q'otations by wire."

The doctor smiled slightly at the talk Tatters was giving him, and he took his hand with a quick impulsiveness that told better than words how he appreciated his patient's mind.

"Spit 'er out, Doc," insisted Tatters. "I ain't a greaser, an' you ain't an Indian. Let's have the sentence ; there's some things that's easier to stan' than waitin'."

"Well, Tatters, it looks like you were close to your finish," said the doctor sadly.

"Any closer than the day we took the bath ?"

"Yes, much closer."

"Then it's a purty heavy sentence," said Tatters soberly. "Means cashin' in my checks, I s'pose—eh ?"

The doctor nodded.

Tatters was silent awhile, then he asked :—

"What's the offense ?"

"Subclavian aneurism," began the doctor abstractedly. He was figuring on about how long Tatters had to live.

"Break it into little bits, Doc," he smiled. "Don't take advantage of a man when he's flat on his back."

Then the doctor did his best to explain what was the matter and Tatters listened attentively. At the conclusion he said :—

"Weak spot in my hydraulics, I sabe. What's my time."

"That is very uncertain."

"That means I'm likely to go off at any time, like a gun with a bad spring. That's an awful mean sentence, Doc ; it's a bit like being ambushed. Any chance f'r a reprieve ?"

"One in a million," said the doctor as he rose to go. He pressed Tatters' hand with sympathetic kindness and told him to be brave.

"I may mill a bit, but I won't stampede," he said with a smile.

Then he left, and Tatters was alone with his prospect. He was a bit apprehensive, but no more so than the doctor, who came to see him the next day.

Tatters broke out immediately without ceremony. Ceremony was not Tatters' strong point.

"Look here, Doc, you said yesterday that there was about one chance in a million f'r me to pull through."

"Yes, I know I did ; but I said it merely to show you there was a mortgage on your time."

"But is there a chance in a million ?"

"Just about."

"What does that chance hang on ?"

"An operation that is little short of a miracle."

"I'll take that chance."

"But—" began the doctor.

Tatters stopped him with a wave of his hand and went on :—

"I've been takin' chances all my life," he said. "I've taken 'em on less prov'cation than this, when there was everything to lose an' nothin' much to gain. Now, I've got everything to gain and nothin' to lose. Now, what's this opyration ?"

"Ligation of the subclav—"

"Easy Doc."

"Oh, I forgot. It is that the artery be tied above and below the—the—"

"The break in the hose ?"

"Yes, that is something like."

"That seems easy."

"Talk is always easy."

"I s'pose the sooner it's done the better f'r me, eh ?"

"Certainly, if it was going to be done."

"Then, I guess you'd better begin."

"Do you mean for me to do it ?" asked the doctor in a startled voice.

"You don't s'pose Pete nor I could do it, do you ?"

"But it is a thing I never did in my life," the doctor protested.

"We are about matched in experience, I've never had 't done before."

"But, Tatters, you don't understand; it is a very serious operation."

"'Tain't any more dangerous than to let it go, is it?"

"You would die on the table, that is, I mean to say, you would quite likely die in the operation."

"Even that is better than the sure thing the other way."

"What other way?"

"Lettin' it go without doin' anything."

The doctor walked up and down the room a few times and then said with decision:—

"I am sorry, Tatters, but there is no use in raising false hopes, it is quite out of the question."

"But you said there was a chance," persisted Tatters.

"Yes, a miraculous chance. Do you know it is one of the rarest operations in surgery?"

"No, I can't say as I do. I've kinder lost track of the figgers, but it won't be so rare when you've done this one."

"Do you know how many operations of this kind have been made?" asked the doctor, bent on convincing his patient of the inadvisability of operating.

"I can't even guess an' I don't care a damn, but if it will ease your mind any, you c'n tell me."

Then the doctor went into details and gave a few statistics. What he said was moderately free from technical terms and Tatters saw a straw, and he burst out:—

"Doc, you lied to me, simply lied. Why the chances are a lot better than you said. Why that makes a million to one shot look like a ghost, and I was willing to take even them odds."

"But, my dear boy, you are simply clutching at straws."

"Well, a straw looks a purty good size to a drownin' man, they say."

The doctor had been the drowning man once, so his understanding was good, but this looked less than a straw to him and he continued his walk in silence, till Tatters asked:—

"Say, Doc, how many of them cases that wasn't operated on got well?"

"None of them."

"That makes the straw look bigger, an' I guess you'd better opyrate before the straw gits to shrinkin'."

The doctor sat down by his bed and tried to tell him of the enormity of the operation; his risk; his own inexperience and his lack of equipment and assistants. When he was through, Tatters asked:—

"As f'r the experience, Doc, you ought to be tickled to death, now is your chance. As f'r the 'normity of it, I'm the man that's a takin' the chances; an' as f'r the help, there's the boys, they'll help you as free as huntin' a cattle runnin' greaser, an' I guess there ain't nothin' freer than that."

"But the boys don't know anything at all about such work," the doctor protested.

"Then you'll have to use up all your spare time a learnin' 'em, they won't mind addin' to their ejycation."

"But—" began the doctor.

"But nothin'," said Tatters. Then he turned on his side and looked square into the doctor's face and said: "Look here, Doc Hobson, you've got the repytation of bein' a square, fair man; a man as wouldn't hurt a dog a purpose, an' yit you won't give me the one little chance I've got to git well. I ain't much of a man an' never claimed to be, but if I says it as p'raps shouldn't, I never yit went back on a pal in my life. I'm not that kind of a yaller dog. Say Doc, I always c'nsidered you white, clear through, an' I'm sorry to say you ain't; you've got a mean streak of yaller, after all. Doc, you're a *coward!*"

Then he settled back on his pillow and covered his eyes with his hands in a hopeless, helpless way.

The doctor was on his feet, writhing as if he had been struck in the face with the loop end of a wet lariat. After a nervous turn or two up and down the room, he sat down again by the bed and in a low, tender voice that was near to breaking, he said:—

"Tatters, old man, I never thought you would speak to me like that: I never

thought you'd even think it. Why, Tatters, I owe my life to you, as you know better than any one else, and I would freely lay it down to help you."

"I never thought I'd have to speak to you like that, an' I don't want you to lay your life down, all I ask is to jes' give me my chance," said Tatters in a choked voice.

"I'd like to feel that I still had your respect and—"

"Then give me my chance," cut in Tatters sharply.

"I'll—I'll do it," the docter whispered in a strained voice, "but I feel as if I was condemned to execute you."

"Good, old Doc," said Tatters, pressing his hand gratefully.

Then they were both silent. Silence was too eloquent for mere words to be of service.

Late that afternoon the doctor had callers at his cabin. The callers were the "boys." The "boys" were Pittsburg Pete, he was Tatter's mate; Irish Mike, Bully Bill, Spot Brown and the Indiana Idiot. Pete opened the conversation with a terse interrogative:—

"You've seen Tatters?"

"Yes."

"He says you said he had about one chance in a million to pull through."

The doctor nodded.

"He says you offered to give him his chance."

"He forced me into promising it and his chance is nothing more nor less than murder; isn't that a fine prospect for me?"

"Tatters didn't give us much of a trail to go by. We sorter thought you'd be able to clear up the sluice a bit. Now, what's the lay out?"

The doctor then proceeded to give them a sufficient outline of the situation without going into the details.

"We kinder thought Tatters was a fiddlin' with his talk, that's why we come down here to see you. But Tatters was right, Doc; you'd a been a coward not to give him his chance."

"But you don't know, you can't know," protested the doctor bitterly. "But 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'"

"That's a half brother to 'where igner'nce is bliss it's dam foolishness to be otherwise.' I don't take much stock in them sayin's. They gener'ly chase around in pairs like a couple of sneakin' coyotes, an' I've noticed that a man hain't got much trouble in findin' one to suit his case, jes as all the churches git a differ'nt brand f'r their cattle outen the bible," said Mike.

"Well, I've promised," said the doctor with an air of finality.

"So Tatters said. He told us you'd want some help an' you'd tell us what to do, an' as Tatters don't seem to have much extra time to waste, we've come down to start into school right away. Now what's the first lesson?"

The doctor was silent a moment and then he began:—

"I've tried to tell you something about the gravity of this undertaking—"

"There ain't goin' to be any undertakin', Doc, you'll get through all right," said Mike.

The doctor frowned at Mike's pun and continued:—

"It will be a miracle if he gets through and the day of miracles is over. This operation requires the coolest kind of an operator. As my old professor of surgery used to say: 'It takes the heart of a lion, the eye of an eagle and the touch of a lady,' for this kind of work—"

"From my place up the tree, it looks to me as if you'd got a purty fair stock of those luxuries," said Bill.

And the rest of them drew an emphasis under this indorsement in a way that goes to men's hearts.

The doctor coughed and then drawing out a handkerchief stepped over to a looking glass with the remark that he had got some dust in his eye.

Bill suddenly drew his revolver with the exclamation:—

"There's a hawk!" and began blazing away in the air miscellaneously.

"Never touched him," said Pete with an eye on a little, white cloud—the only visible thing in the sky, as the doctor saw, when he went to the door."

"There isn't any hawk," he said in some wonder.

"Yes, there was," said Mike, "you

had dust in your eyes and couldn't see."

They looked away from each other and smiled slightly and the doctor began again, rather hurriedly :—

"As I said, it takes lots of nerve to do this operation; the least slip or mistake and you've destroyed a human life. But I've promised to do it, with your help, but you can't blame me for feeling afraid of your help. I know you've got willing hands—"

"Don't say anything about our hearts, Doc," said Brown.

"I know you would do all you could, but I have seen men faint at their first operation."

"We ain't a pack of women," said Bill.

"I wish you were," replied the doctor bluntly. "A woman that had any sabe at all, would be right handy in this case. But as we haven't any women, we will have to do without them."

"A case of 'Hobson's choice,'" said Mike grinning.

"Look here, you chaps; this isn't going to be a picnic, I want you to understand that, right now," said the doctor with considerable spirit.

"Good, old Doc," they said. "Now, sail in, and give us the range and say when. You're the doctor."

"As I said before, you might faint at a critical period—"

"That would be a comma, wouldn't it?" said the irrepressible Mike with a grin.

"The smell of blood—" went on the doctor, without taking notice of Mike'e attempt at humor.

"Oh, come, Doc, we're not quite kids," said Bill, "we've smelt both blood and powder."

"Yes. I know that very well, but what about human blood when it's running from a man you know and like and his life is running out with it, then what?"

They began to look grave.

"Doc," said Pete, "we ain't much, an' we know we're worse than a lot of measily maverics, but we'll try to do our best, if you'll show us an' tell us."

Then their lessons began.

The doctor was trying to make nurses and assistants of five, raw, earthy men in two days. He didn't take any longer time, because he said two days would be as good as two weeks and then, the suspense on Tatters was too trying.

Pete was to give the anaesthetic. He put the Idiot to sleep three times, with the doctor's assistance, by way of practice to get his "hand in" the business. He also had to learn how to use the hypodermic needle to throw stimulants into Tatters' arm if necessary.

Mike was to be first assistant and the doctor showed him how to sponge up the blood and taught him the names of things he might want him to hand him during the operation. Bill was to be second assistant and his duties were to see that Mike got his hands on the right things when they were wanted. Brown was to see to the hot water and to help Pete. The Idiot was to make himself useful, if he could.

On the third day, at ten o'clock in the morning, they were ready, that is, they were as ready as they could be, under the circumstances. They were short of a lot of things they ought to have, but since they could not obtain them they had to get along without them as best they could.

Tatters was put on the table and started under the ether.

The Idiot was the first to go off.

"What's that?" asked Tatters as he heard the Idiot fall.

"The Idiot's gone to sleep," said Pete anxiously.

"Oh, he's beat me off! It ain't fair. You ought to 'a' handicapped him, Doc. This is my maiden race, an' he's a three times winner," said Tatters, struggling with the ether.

The doctor tried to grin, but he couldn't; his tension was too high. He told Tatters to go to sleep so sharply that he went off without a murmur.

"Now!" said the doctor.

And the men all settled down as if they were in their saddles on a dark night and the cattle were milling.

At the first incision, when the blood welled up, Mike turned white, but he bit his lip and held on to his nerve and Bill turned his head away.

Then an artery was severed and a gush of hot, red blood slithered into Bill's face and across Mike's. Mike's teeth came down on his lips, and the blood he spit out was not all Tatters'. Bill fainted dead away and fell into the tub of hot water. Brown fished him out and let him lie, and added Bill's duties to his own.

The doctor's eyes were everywhere. Tatters' temples, neck and wrists were red from the blood on the doctor's fingers as he made quick darts after his pulse at times. Once he thought Tatters was going, and he told Pete to let up on the ether and to shove in the needle; as soon as they had him going again they went on with the operation.

When he began the doctor was in his shirt sleeves, though he kept his vest on. The men wondered a little at the vest, since it was a hot day, but they said nothing. Brown thought he could relieve him and made as if to remove his vest, but a look from the doctor put him back in his place again. Mike mopped him when he got a chance.

At last they finished, and everybody but the doctor relaxed and drew a long breath.

"An hour and ten minutes, from start to finish," announced Pete, looking at his watch.

But the doctor was not done. Tatters' face was bloodless; his finger-nails and lips were livid and his pulse and breathing scarcely perceptible. He was in a condition of "surgical shock."

Pete helped the doctor with Tatters while the others got Bill and the Idiot out of the way and cleared up things. The doctor had told them that the first forty-eight hours would tell the tale of defeat or victory, and they were doggedly awaiting the end of this time.

The doctor began his real fight in trying to tide his patient over the "shock." Mike and Pete took turns in staying with him. Though the doctor had no one to relieve him, yet he did not relax, but hung to his post.

At 3 p. m. Mike reported, on the outside, that Tatters was just barely living. The men forgot to whisper, but looked with set eyes at the blue tops of the mountains.

At 6 p. m., when Pete relieved Mike, Tatters was still comatose.

"What does Doc say?" asked Brown.

"Nothin'. I don't believe he's even batted an eye since we begun."

"Good, old Doc!" they whispered to themselves and settled down more doggedly in their places to wait.

At 8 p. m. Pete reported a slight change for the better. The men's lips quivered as they heard it.

"Did Doc say anything?" they asked.

"Nary a word. Onct when I asked him if he wasn't hungry, he jes' shook his head; but he took a little nip of whiskey."

At midnight, when Mike went on duty, Tatters had opened his eyes and smiled, ever so slightly, and had immediately sunk away again.

"What did Doc have to say?" they asked again.

"He said he was afraid of three o'clock in the morning. That's the time, he said, when most people die."

"I wonder why?" asked the Idiot.

"You don't su'pose I stopped to ask fool questions like that on this kind of a 'casion, do you?" said Pete indignantly.

Then the men lay down on the ground where they were and looked in silence at the stars above them. Some one proposed a prayer, but as none of them knew any they had to drop it; but they did not sleep.

At 3 a. m. Mike came out with a long face. He told the men that Tatters had been vomiting and was worse.

"'Nuff to make a man sick," said the Idiot, with his own experience of ether in mind.

"Shut up, Ijit. What did Doc say?" asked Bill.

"Nothin'."

Shortly afterward Mike came out again. He wanted Pete.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Pete in a whisper.

"Nothin'. It's—it's jes' so lonesome. Doc don't say a word, an' he looks so awful," whispered Mike without looking into Pete's eyes.

At 6 a. m. Tatters began to rally and Pete came out at once with the news.

"Say, fellers," he said in finishing, "Doc hain't had a thing to eat, an' he's gettin' tuckered out. He looks

like a ghost. Now I want you chaps to fly around right lively an' git some milk an' aigs so we can make an aig-nogg. Maybe Tatters will take some, too. Mike 'll make the aig-nogg.

"Milk!" said Bill in astonishment. "Why, there ain't a milk cow in a hundr'd miles of here."

"Brown's cayuse pony mare's got a colt," said Pete tersely.

"An' the aigs—what about them?" asked the Idiot. "We ain't even got a prairie chicken here."

"Look f'r 'em," he said grimly as he went back into the house.

The men started immediately to do as they were bid. They had to lasso the mare and throw her down to milk her, and then they only got about half of a pint. In the matter of eggs, after considerable searching they discovered four crow's and two owl's eggs, which they took to Mike.

"They'll have to do," said Mike, looking at them dubiously. "I can't say as I'd choose this breed of aigs if I'd a had a choice, but as I didn't, an' it's a case of life and death, they'll have to do, an' I guess as long as he don't know anything about it, it won't hurt him for this oncet."

When Mike had it finished Pete coaxed the doctor to take some of the mixture that they let masquerade under the name of "egg-nogg."

And a couple of hours later, when Tatters roused a little and they forced him to take some of the mixture, they felt more than repaid for their trouble.

Thus the fight went on till the morning of the next day, when Tatters rallied and asked for something to drink. His fever had fallen and he was much better.

The doctor came away leaving Mike on watch. He was white and haggard and his lips were twitching. While they were looking at him, in a half-awed manner, he tumbled over, quiet and inert. It was as flat a faint as either the Idiot's or Bill's.

They rushed up to him in a body and did such things as came within their comprehension. Bill threw water in his face; Brown chafed his hands and Pete opened his vest; when he did so, out fell a revolver, with every chamber loaded.

They stared at it for a moment as if it was a curiosity, then light seemed to break in on them and they looked at each other, then at the unconscious doctor and at the revolver and their look was full of significance, and they said, in a hushed whisper:—

"Good, old Doc!"

THE CRIMSON CORD

An Adventure of Perkins the Great

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I

I HAD not seen Perkins for six months or so and things were dull. I was beginning to tire of sitting indolently in my office with nothing to do but clip coupons from my bonds. Money is good enough, in its way, but it is not interesting unless it is doing something lively—doubling itself or getting lost. What I wanted was excitement—an adventure—and I knew that if I could find Perkins I could have both. A scheme is a business adventure, and Perkins was the greatest schemer in or out of Chicago.

Just then Perkins walked into my office.

"Perkins," I said, as soon as he had arranged his feet comfortably on my desk, "I'm tired. I'm restless. I have been wishing for you for a month. I want to go into a big scheme and make a lot of new, up-to-date cash. I'm sick of this tame, old cash that I have. It isn't interesting. No cash

"Mystery! Blood! 'The Crimson Cord,' Daggers! Strangling! Clues!"

is interesting except the coming cash."

"I'm with you," said Perkins," "what is your scheme?"

"I have none," I said sadly, "that is just my trouble. I have sat here for days trying to think of a good practical scheme, but I can't. I don't believe there is an unworked scheme in the whole wide, wide world."

Perkins waved his hand.

"My boy," he exclaimed, "there are millions! You've thousands of 'em right here in your office! You're falling over them, sitting on them, walking on them! Schemes? Everything is a scheme. Everything has money in it!"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Yes," I said, "for you. But you are a genius."

"Genius, yes," Perkins said, smiling cheerfully, "else why Perkins the Great? Why Perkins the originator? Why the Great and Only Perkins of Portland?"

"All right," I said, "what I want is for your genius to get busy. I'll give you a week to work up a good scheme."

Perkins pushed back his hat and brought his feet to the floor with a smack.

"Why the delay?" he queried, "time is money. Hand me something from your desk."

I looked in my pigeon holes and pulled from one a small ball of string. Perkins took it in his hand and looked at it with great admiration.

"What is it?" he asked seriously.

"That," I said, humoring him, for I knew something great would be evolved from his wonderful brain, "is a ball of red twine I bought at the ten cent store. I bought it last Saturday. It was sold to me by a freckled young lady in a white shirt waist. I paid—"

"Stop!" Perkins cried, "what is it?"

I looked at the ball of twine curiously. I tried to see something remarkable in it. I couldn't. It remained a simple ball of red twine and I told Perkins so.

"The difference," declared Perkins, "between mediocrity and genius! Mediocrity always sees red twine; genius sees a ball of Crimson Cord!"

He leaned back in his chair and looked at me triumphantly. He folded his arms as if he had settled the matter. His attitude seemed to say that he had made a fortune for us. Suddenly he reached forward, and grasping my

scissors, began snipping off small lengths of the twine.

"The Crimson Cord!" he ejaculated. "What does it suggest?'

I told him that it suggested a parcel from the druggist's. I had often seen just such twine about a druggist's parcel.

Perkins sniffed disdainfully.

"Druggists?" he exclaimed with disgust. "Mystery! Blood! 'The Crimson Cord.' Daggers! Murder! Strangling! Clues! 'The Crimson Cord'—"

He motioned wildly with his hands as if the possibilities of the phrase were quite beyond his power of expression.

"It sounds like a book," I suggested.

"Great!" cried Perkins. "A novel! The novel! Think of the words 'A Crimson Cord' in blood red letters six feet high on a white ground!" He pulled his hat over his eyes and spread out his hands, and I think he shuddered.

"Think of 'A Crimson Cord,'" he muttered, "in blood red letters on a ground of dead, sepulchral black, with a crimson cord writhing through them like a serpent." He sat up suddenly and threw one hand in the air. "Think," he cried, "of the words in black on white with a crimson cord drawn taut across the whole ad.!"

He beamed upon me.

"The cover of the book," he said quite calmly, "will be white—virgin, spotless white—with black lettering, and the cord in crimson. With each copy we will give a crimson silk cord for a book-mark. Each copy will be done up in a white box and tied with crimson cord."

He closed his eyes and tilted his head upward.

"A thick book," he said, "with deckle edges and pictures by Christy. No, pictures by Pyle. Deep, mysterious pictures! Shadows and gloom! And wide, wide margins. And a gloomy foreword. One fifty per copy, at all booksellers."

"One million copies the first impression"

Perkins opened his eyes and set his hat straight with a quick motion of his hand. He arose and pulled on his gloves.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Contracts!" he said. "Contracts for advertising! We must boom 'The Crimson Cord.' We must boom her big!"

He went out and closed the door. Presently, when I supposed him well on the way down town, he opened the door and inserted his head.

"Gilt tops," he announced. "One million copies the first impression!"

And then he was gone.

II

A week later Chicago and the greater part of the United States was placarded with "The Crimson Cord." Perkins did his work thoroughly and well, and great was the interest in the mysterious title. It was an old dodge, but a good one. Nothing appeared on the advertisements but the mere title. No word as to what "The Crimson Cord" was. Perkins merely announced the words and left them to rankle in the reader's mind, and as a natural consequence each new advertisement served to excite new interest.

When we made our contracts for magazine advertising—and we took a full page in every worthy magazine—the publishers were at a loss to classify the advertisement, and it sometimes appeared among the breakfast foods, and sometimes sandwiched in between the automobiles and the hot water heaters. Only one publication placed it among the books.

But it was all good advertising, and Perkins was a busy man. He racked his inventive brain for new methods of placing the title before

She didn't even wear glasses.

the public. In fact so busy was he at his labor of introducing the title that he quite forgot the book itself.

One day he came to the office with a small, rectangular package. He unwrapped it in his customary enthusiastic manner, and set on my desk a cigar-box bound in the style he had selected for the binding of "The Crimson Cord." It was then I spoke of the advisability of having something to the book besides the cover and a boom.

"Perkins," I said, "don't you think it is about time we got hold of the novel—the reading, the words?"

For a moment he seemed stunned. It was clear that he had quite forgotten that book-buyers like to have a little reading matter in their books. But he was only dismayed for a moment.

"Tut!" he cried presently. "All in good time! The novel is easy. Anything will do. I'm no literary man. I don't read a book in a year. You get the novel."

"But I don't read a book in five years!" I exclaimed. "I don't know anything about books. I don't know where to get a novel."

"Advertise!" he exclaimed. "Advertise! You can get anything, from an apron to an ancestor, if you advertise for it. Offer a prize—offer a thousand dollars for the best novel. There must be thousands of novels not in use."

Perkins was right. I advertised as he suggested and learned that there were thousands of novels not in use. They came to us by basketsful and cartloads. We had novels of all kinds—historical and hysterical, humorous and numerous, but particularly numerous. You would be surprised to learn how many ready-made novels can be had on short notice. It beats quick lunch. And most of them are equally indigestible. I read one or two, but I was no judge of novels. Perkins suggested that we draw lots to see which we should use.

It really made little difference what the story was about. "The Crimson Cord" fits almost any kind of a book. It is a nice, non-committal sort of title, and might mean the guilt that bound two sinners, or the tie of affection that binds lovers, or a blood relationship, or it might be a mystification title with nothing in the book about it.

But the choice settled itself. One morning a manuscript arrived that was tied with a piece of red twine, and we chose that one for good luck because of the twine. Perkins said that was a sufficient excuse for the title, too. We would publish the book anonymously, and let it be known that the only clue to the writer was the crimson cord with which the manuscript was tied when we received it. It would be a first-class advertisement.

Perkins, however, was not much in-

terested in the story, and he left me to settle the details. I wrote to the author asking him to call, and he turned out to be a young woman.

Our interview was rather shy. I was a little doubtful about the proper way to talk to a real author, being purely a Chicagoan myself, and I had an idea that while my usual vocabulary was good enough for business purposes it might be too easy-going to impress a literary person properly, and in trying to talk up to her standard I had to be very careful in my choice of words. No publisher likes to have his authors think he is weak in the grammar line.

Miss Rosa Belle Vincent, however, was quite as flustered as I was. She seemed ill-at-ease and anxious to get away, which I supposed was because she had not often conversed with publishers who paid a thousand dollars cash in advance for a manuscript.

She was not at all what I had thought an author would look like. She didn't even wear glasses. If I had met her on the street I should have said: "There goes a pretty flip stenographer." She was that kind—big picture hat and high pompadour.

I was afraid she would try to run the talk into literary lines and Ibsen and Gorky, where I would have been swamped in a minute, but she didn't, and although I had wondered how to break the subject of money when conversing with one who must be thinking of nobler things, I found she was less shy when on that subject than when talking about her book.

"Well, now," I said, as soon as I had got her seated, "we have decided to buy this novel of yours. Can you recommend it as a thoroughly respectable and intellectual production?"

She said she could.

"Haven't you read it?" she asked in some surprise.

"No," I stammered. "At least, not yet. I'm going to as soon as I can find the requisite leisure. You see, we are very busy just now—very busy. But if you can vouch for the story being a first-class article—something, say, like 'The Vicar of Wakefield' or 'David Harum'—we'll take it."

"Now you're talking," she said. "And I do get the check now?"

"Wait," I said; "not so fast. I I have forgotten one thing," and I saw her face fall. "We want the privilege of publishing the novel under a title of our own, and anonymously. If that is not satisfactory the deal is off."

She brightened in a moment.

"It's a go, if that's all," she said. "Call it whatever you please, and the more anonymous it is the better it will suit yours truly."

So we settled the matter then and there, and when I gave her our check for a thousand she said I was all right.

III

Half an hour after Miss Vincent had left the office Perkins came in with his arms full of bundles, which he opened, spreading their contents on my desk.

He had a pair of suspenders with nickel-silver mountings, a tie, a lady's belt, a pair of low shoes, a shirt, a box of cigars, a package of cookies, and half a dozen other things of diverse and miscellaneous character. I poked them over and examined them, while he leaned against the desk with his legs crossed. He was beaming upon me.

"Well," I said, "what is it—a bargain sale?"

Perkins leaned over and tapped the pile with his long fore-finger.

"Aftermath!" he crowed, "Aftermath!"

"The dickens it is," I exclaimed, "and what has aftermath got to do with this truck? It looks like the aftermath of a notion store."

He tipped his "Air-the-hair" hat over one ear and put his thumbs in the arm-holes of his "Ready-tailored" vest.

"Genius!" he announced? "Brains! Foresight! Else why Perkins the Great? Why not Perkins the Nobody?"

He raised the suspenders tenderly from the pile and fondled them in his hands.

"See this?" he asked, running his finger along the red corded edge of the elastic. He took up the tie and ran his nail along the red stripe that formed

"Very light and trashy, but grammatically O. K."

the selvedge on the back, and said: "See this?" He pointed to the red laces of the low shoes and asked, "See this?" And so through the whole collection.

"What is it?" he asked. "It's genius! It's foresight."

He waved his hand over the pile.

"The Aftermath!" he exclaimed. "These suspenders are the Crimson Cord suspenders. These shoes are the Crimson Cord shoes. This tie is the Crimson Cord tie. These crackers are the Crimson Cord brand. Perkins & Co. get out a great book, 'The Crimson Cord!' Sell five million copies. Dramatized it runs three hundred nights. Everybody talking Crimson Cord. Country goes Crimson Cord crazy. Result—up jump Crimson Cord this and Crimson Cord that. Who gets the benefit? Perkins & Co? No! We pay the advertising bills and the other man sells his Crimson Cord cigars. That is usual."

"Yes," I said, "I'm smoking a David Harum cigar this minute, and I am wearing a Carvel collar."

"How prevent it?" asked Perkins. "One way only,—discovered by Perkins. Copyright the words 'Crimson Cord' as trade-mark for every possible thing. Sell the trade-mark on royalty; ten per cent. of all receipts for 'Crimson Cord' brands comes to Perkins & Co. Get a cinch on the aftermath!"

"Perkins!" I cried, "I admire you. You *are* a genius. And have you contracts with all these—notions?"

"Yes," said Perkins, "that's Perkins' method. Who originated the Crimson Cord? Perkins did. Who is entitled to the profits on the Crimson Cord? Perkins is. Perkins is wide-awake *all* the time. Perkins gets a profit on the aftermath and the math and the before math."

And so he did. He made his new contracts with the magazines on the exchange plan—we gave a page of advertising in the "Crimson Cord" for a page of advertising in the magazine. We guaranteed five million circulation. We arranged with all the manufacturers of the Crimson Cord brands of goods to give coupons, one hundred of which entitled the holder to a copy of "The Crimson Cord." With a pair of Crimson Cord suspenders you get five coupons;

with each Crimson Cord cigar, one coupon; and so on.

IV

On the first of October we announced in our advertisements that "The Crimson Cord" was a book; the greatest novel of the century; a thrilling, exciting tale of love. Miss Vincent had told me it was a love story. Just to make everything sure, however, I sent the manuscript to Professor Wiggins, who is the most erudite man I ever met. He knows eighteen languages, and reads Egyptian as easily as I read English. In fact, his specialty is old Egyptian ruins and so on. He has written several books on them.

Professor Wiggins said the novel seemed to him very light and trashy, but grammatically O. K. He said he never read novels, not having time, but he thought that "The Crimson Cord" was just about the sort of thing a silly public that refused to buy his "Some Light on the Dynastic Proclivities of the Hyksos" would scramble for. On the whole I considered the report satisfactory.

We found we would be unable to have Pyle illustrate the book, he being too busy, so we turned it over to a young man at the Art Institute.

That was the fifteenth of October, and we had promised the book to the public for the first of November, but we had it already in type and the young man, his name was Gilkowsky, promised to work night and day on the illustrations.

The next morning, almost as soon as I reached the office, Gilkowsky came in. He seemed a little hesitant, but I welcomed him warmly, and he spoke up.

"I have a girl I go with," he said, and I wondered what I had to do with Mr. Gilkowsky's girl, but he continued: "She's a nice girl, and a good looker, but she's got bad taste in some things. She's too loud in hats, and too trashy in literature. I don't like to say this about her, but it's true, and I'm trying to educate her in good hats and good literature. So I thought it would be a good thing to take around this 'Crimson Cord' and let her read it to me."

I nodded.

"Did she like it?" I asked.

Mr. Gilkowsky looked at me closely.

"She did," he said, but not so enthusiastically as I had expected. "It's her favorite book. Now, I don't know what your scheme is, and I suppose you know what you are doing better than I do; but I thought perhaps I had better come around before I got to work on the illustrations and see if perhaps you hadn't given me the wrong manuscript."

"Someone has flim-flammed you."

"No, that was the right manuscript," I said, "was there anything wrong about it?"

Mr. Gilkowsky laughed nervously.

"Oh, no!" he said, "but did you read it?"

I told him I had not, because I had been so rushed with details connected with advertising the book.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. This girl of mine reads pretty trashy stuff, and she knows about all the cheap novels there are. She dotes on 'The Duchess,' and puts her last dime into Braddon. She knows them all by heart. Have you ever read 'Lady Audley's Secret'?"

"I see," I said. "One is a sequel to the other."

"No," said Mr. Gilkowsky, "one is the other. Someone has flim-flammed you and sold you a typewritten copy of 'Lady Audley's Secret' as a new novel."

V

When I told Perkins he merely remarked that he thought every publishing house ought to have some one in it who knew something about books, apart from the advertising end, although that was, of course, the most important. He said we might go ahead and publish "Lady Audley's Secret" under the title of "The Crimson Cord," as such things had been done before, but the best thing to do would be to charge Rosa Belle Vincent's thousand dollars to profit and loss and hustle for another novel—something reliable and not shop worn.

Perkins had been studying the literature market a little and he advised me to get something from Indiana this time, so I telegraphed an advertisement to the Indianapolis papers and two days later we had ninety-eight historical

The author was a sober, industrious young man, just out of the high school.

novels by Indiana authors from which to choose. Several were of the right length, and we chose one and sent it to Mr. Gilkowsky with a request that he read it to his sweetheart. She had never read it before.

We sent a detective to Dillville, Indiana, where the author lived, and the report we received was most satisfactory. The author was a sober, industrious young man, just out of the high school, and bore a first-class reputation for honesty. He had never been in Virginia, where the scene of his story was laid, and they had no library in Dillville, and our detective assured us

that the young man was in every way fitted to write a successful historical novel.

"The Crimson Cord" made an immense success. You can guess how it boomed when I say that although it was published at $1.50 it was sold by every department store for fifty-four cents, away below cost, just like sugar, or Vandeventer's Baby Food, or Q & Z Corsets or any other staple. We sold our first edition of five million copies inside of three months, and got out another edition of two million, and a specially illustrated holiday edition, and an *edition de luxe*, and "The Crimson Cord" is still selling in a paper-covered cheap edition.

With the royalties we received from the aftermath and the profit on the book itself, we made—well, Perkins has a country place at Lakewood, and I have my cottage at Newport.

A LITTLE PALMISTRY

By EDWIN ASA DIX

Author of "Deacon Bradbury"

"WHAT is *your* particular line of robbery?" he asked as he approached her small, canopied table at the Fair.

"Palmistry," she returned smilingly. "It's easier than either pincushions or peanut-brittle."

"And just as useful?" he laughed.

"Quite. Shall I read your hand? It costs a dollar."

"I'm afraid you might discover my true inwardness. Let me read yours. I'll pay the dollar just the same."

"Very well," she said readily. He sat down opposite her at the little table and she placed her hand on the small, velvet cushion.

"A dark gentleman loves you," he began promptly.

"Which one?" she inquired demurely.

"Several. They are all villains. Avoid them."

"Thanks. That is very important. What else?"

"A blonde gentleman also loves you. He is about my height and color."

"I shouldn't call you a blonde, exactly."

"Well, then, I shouldn't call him a blonde, exactly."

"Is he a villain, too?"

"Not at all. You will be very happy if you marry him."

"He hasn't asked me," she said.

"No; but he's going to."

She studied her own hand.

"I see him," she cried. "How wise you are! He is now far from here."

"He isn't!"—indignantly. "He is very near."

"Oh, then it can't be the same one."

"The one I mean is the one you should marry," he said.

"Oh, yes, now I see the one you mean," she said. "There, on that cross-line. But he is very attentive to a short, blue-eyed lady."

"Not at all. She's only a—

"Sister to him?"

"No; not even that. Just a calling acquaintance."

"But he calls her by her first name."

"That's what I meant by a calling acquaintance. But how do you know he does?"

"I've heard him," she said with positiveness.

"I thought this was palmistry."

"Oh, so it is. Well, I find it in the line under this finger."

"Well, they're old friends, you see."

"But you said she was only a calling acquaintance."

"I was looking at the wrong line," he said hastily. "Let's go on. This not-exactly-blonde gentleman is going

"You will be very happy if you marry him."
"He hasn't asked me."
"No; but he's going to."

to be very wealthy. He will give you every luxury."

"How about all the dark gentlemen? Some of them are wealthy already."

"They will lose it all—last winter you were quite ill."

"You knew that anyway," she remarked.

"I am judging by a small break in the life-line. The not-exactly-blonde gentleman sent you flowers."

"Yes. It was very kind in him. So did the dark gentlemen."

"Theirs meant nothing."

"What did his mean?" she queried.

"Undying devotion."

"How nice! That must be the blonde gentleman who is so far away."

"It isn't, either! It is the one who is very near."

"You seem to read a good deal about other people in my hand," she observed.

"Maybe I wasn't looking at it as altogether your hand," he said audaciously.

"Whose would it be, pray?"

"Suppose we call it mine. One ought to be able to read one's own hand pretty well, you know."

She withdrew her hand.

"It's possible that you read more in it than I do," she said.

"In my hand?"

"In mine."

"Is it the same thing?" he begged.

"How about the short, blue-eyed lady's hand?" she asked.

"She can give it to one of the dark gentlemen."

"Well, that might be a good arrangement. But as to giving mine to the blonde gentleman—"

"Yes?" eagerly.

"That," she said mischievously, as she arose, "isn't a question of palmistry. Besides, you've had your dollar's worth already. Here comes one of the dark gentlemen."

IMPORTED AMERICANS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

THE OVERFLOW

Second in the series of the personal experiences of an immigrant

I DO not think there was a soul of reasoning years within a radius of several miles of the mountain village of Gualtieri-Sicamino who did not know that on the last Tuesday of September, 1903, Antonio Squadrito, with a part of his family, a number of neighbors and his two American friends, would be leaving for Naples, to embark thence on the *Princess Irene* for New York. When, in the sixth year preceding, Antonio had been one of a handful of the first emigrants from that section, every one, even his own family, had been dubious and pessimistic about the venture. Since then more than one-tenth of the population has followed him, and if there still was pessimism it was restrained, and everywhere those who were too poor to go, too old or too well situated to take new chances, openly expressed their envy of the travelers.

From San Filipo, a nearby village, where almost one-half of the people have the dreaded eye disease, trachoma, an old man hobbled over to Gualtieri to ask if there was not some way that he could go to America. He had a nephew earning $1.20 a day in the mines in Belmont County, Ohio, and he felt sure that if he got there his nephew

Young Giunta's family entertained Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg at a farewell luncheon in their garden. Mrs. Brandenburg sits at the right of the picture.

A pretty Calabrese going to America to marry a neighbor's son whom she had not seen since she was a little girl.

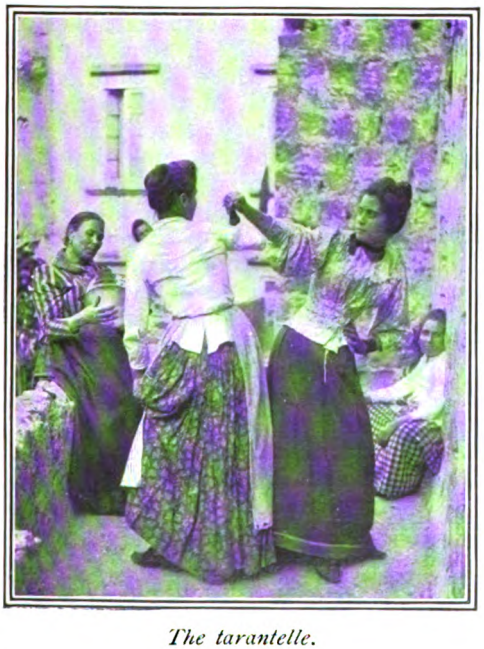
would find him work enough to do. He said he could sell his few belongings for five hundred lire, enough to take himself and his wife to Ohio. I looked at his gaping, granulated lids and told him that he could never go. He sat with his head bent on the top of his staff for a long time in silence, then, with working features and trembling hands, rose and said good-by. A day or so later a very brown, shy little girl brought over three fine squashes, a present to us from the old pair.

I was somewhat concerned when I learned that Concetta Fomica, a beautiful young girl of sixteen, a relative of the Squadrito family, who was to go with us, was the daughter of a San Filipian and had lived in the afflicted village. She had some slight inflammation of the eyes, but it did not seem to be trachoma, and Dr. Giunta, the village medico, assured me that, though her father had it, she did not. Since

the disease is highly contagious by contact of hand, towel, handkerchief or anything that the head touches, and there are few oculists who claim to be able to effect cures and none who are able to remove the cicatrices from the inside of the lids, the causes for concern can be easily understood. Those who are known to have the disease are required to have separate toilet articles for their own use.

Antonio, as the actual head of the Squadrito family, was in hot water constantly over the matter of who should go to America and who should not. All of the remaining members of the family, with the possible exception of the eldest daughter, Giovanina, and the mother, were wild to come to America and join the three brothers at their little barber shop in Stonington, Conn. Giovanina alone was looking forward to the day of her marriage with her soldier lover. The small boys were simply insane on the subject of America. One of them approached my wife with an air of great mystery one day and confided to her a plan whereby he would himself borrow the money to buy his ticket and she could hide him under her shawl and bring him through. But a great reversal in the family plans came when Giovanni, the father, who had returned with Antonio after spending two hard years in America, announced that he had come home to stay. He said he liked home and village life too well to go back. I told him that I believed the restless germ of the American spirit lurked somewhere in his system and that he would change his mind. This has proved entirely true. As I write a letter lies before me in which he says that he wants to come back. Home comforts and familiar pleasures and labors are all right, but he can't stand it.

Teresa di Bianca.



The tarantelle.

When the father had so decided there was no question as to whether the mother should come and the small boys' chances were effaced. Nicola decided to stay by his prosperous smithy, Maria clung to her mother, and Vincenzo was told to wait till his eye had been operated upon and then he might come. Of course, there was a small storm, especially from the younger members of the household ; but Antonio poured oil on the troubled waters by promising to return next year and take every one who would go. It was a treacherous compromise, and since the father has changed his mind, I believe this year will see the entire family in America.

In the party were four sturdy peasant boys, destined for the Banca Gelantado, Philadelphia and affording a fine example of the present methods of violating the spirit of the contract labor law. Their destination was the Pennsylvania coal mines. They had no contract in writing, merely the letter of an

uncle of one of them promising work if they would come. He was not to employ them, but he would turn them over to men who would. This is the method by which scores of big corporations in America, which dare not import Italian laborers by reason of the law, do it by making the contract here with a relative or "banker" of some group of men in an Italian community and the relative or "banker" brings them over. The men are instructed to answer the question as to whether they have been promised work or not by saying they have not. Out of last year's approximate million emigrants only 1,086 were refused admittance as alien contract laborers. One large industrial corporation at Buffalo, N. Y., alone received nearly half that many, and those who passed successfully through to other parts of the country can be easily imagined. I do not hesitate to say that it is impossible to defeat this fraud by any operations on this side of the sea.

The first official procedure of the many and intricate ones necessary for the departure of the emigrants and their admission to the United States was the obtaining of passports for the male members of the party. The women and children are entered on the passport of some man of their family or party. The first step is getting the birth certificate from the secretary of the municipality in which one is born, so Antonio, the elder Pulejo, Concetta's father, young Giunta, Curro, and the father of the Socosa boys went before Giacomo Marini, and when he had consulted the register and found that all had been duly born in Gualtieri, birth-certificates were issued, signed by himself and the president of the municipality or mayor. As for myself, wishing to return as an Italian to America and not as an American, a birth certificate was issued to me as having been born *nel commune di Londra*, son of Paolo Brandi and Migone Caterina. I regret to say it was necessary to take undue advantage of the old secretary to carry my point. Precious little good it did me though.

A Gualtieri patriarch.

These birth certificates were then forwarded by Carmelo Merlino, the shoemaker-steamship agent, who was on a high wave of prosperity through sending so many people at once, to one Mazzulo, in Messina, whose nominal duties are to take the birth certificates before the *questura* or police headquarters of Messina district, where the personal record of each man in the district is kept for both military conscription and reserve, as well as criminal vigilance purposes. If there was anything in that record which would cause the *questor* to think one of our party should be refused permission to depart, he would not issue the passport and the emigrant could not leave the country as each person must have a passport in which is an identifying description of the bearer so complete as to make an exchange of passports impossible with the careful scrutiny which is given them by the Italian police officials in Naples.

As things fell out none of our party were refused the very necessary passport except myself. The accuracy of the Italian system is shown by this. I was refused because they had no record of me, and my birth certificate was returned

as irregular and the local police would have arrested me if I had persisted in trying that method.

Now, all of this goes to prove one of the most important facts in connection with Italian emigration; that the *questor* of each district is slowly and effectually clearing the district of its criminal class by dumping the lot into North and South America, the most dangerous coming to the United States as the best field for their further operations.

Here is the syllogism :—

Since American police records and prison statistics, especially those of the United States secret service, show large and increasing numbers of Italian criminals in this country:

And since the mass of these can enter only by immigration:

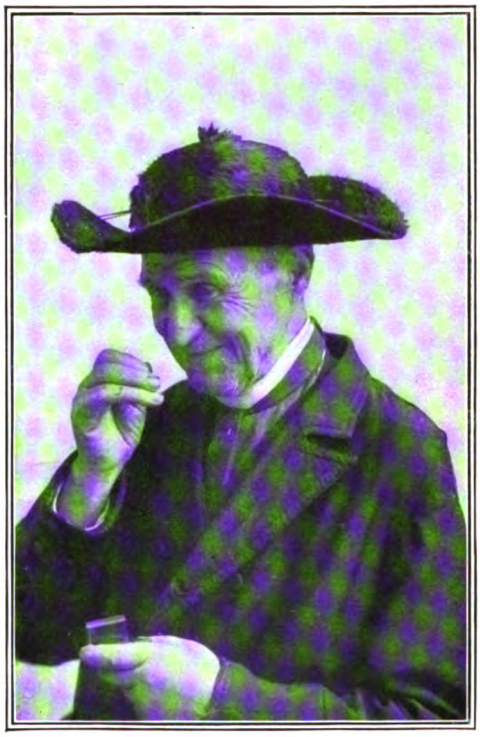
And since the emigrant must have a passport from the chief of his local police district:

And since every criminal's record is kept in the district in which he was born and he must go there to get the birth certificate on which he gets his passport:

Then these thousands of passports issued annually to criminals are given by chiefs of police who know the records of the men who are receiving them and are thus deliberately ridding their districts of them to save themselves trouble and increase their reputation for efficiency.

That those secret instructions which are issued from Rome to the chief of each district advise any such procedure I do not believe. They do advise, so I have been reliably informed, that passports be not issued to prostitutes easy of detection or to persons over forty-five not accompanied by sons, inasmuch as both classes are very nearly sure to be turned back and to become a matter of expense to the government. That is the bugaboo of Italian statesmen, expense.

In my own case I knew I would have no difficulty concerning a passport until I came to the gate in the police-office in Naples; then I must have a passport either American or Italian. Any chance of getting an Italian one had been quickly shattered and yet if I went on the ship's manifest as an American I would not be entering the United States in the rôle which I wished. The solution of the difficulty was not reached till we were in Naples.



The un-Americanism of snuff.

When Antonio and the others had their passports, then the tickets were issued to them by the agents, the lot being returned to Gualtieri by post. Now there was no turning back.

One day Antonio Nastasia's father went to Messina taking some of the money which he had labored hard as a tin-smith and sheet iron worker to accumulate, and spent nearly all of it in buying clothes for little Antonio to wear. Curro spent a month's wages on a new suit. Giunta's relatives prepared for him a considerable wardrobe, and altogether nearly half as much as was needed to pay the passage of the entire party was spent in buying Italian clothes to wear in America. The senselessness of this proceeding is plain when it is said that few of these new clothes were worn after the first day or two in the States.

A burden-bearer at seventy.

Something equally ill-advised was the making of huge trunks by Nicola Squadrito and others in which the families of the departing ones packed quantities of every conceivable sort of supply, just as if the voyagers were going to a new, wild land to begin life as best they could. Despite the protestations of Antonio, my wife and myself, Camela crammed into huge boxes two sets of heavy mattresses with all the accompanying bedding, large cans of *pomidoro*, olive oil, sticks on which dried figs were impaled, flasks of wine, forms of cheese, old clothes, cooking utensils, many of which were new, and Concetta Fomica's mother repeated the performance. Enough excess baggage, freight and customs duty were paid, before we were through, on these big encumbrances to replace the whole lot twice over in America.

The last days were at hand. We were to leave on Tuesday before dawn. On Saturday afternoon a request came from an old woman up the valley that we see her, she being unable to come to us, before we departed. As we followed the stony *torrente* path to her home her story was told to us. Twenty-three years ago, when she was a bride of little more than a year and a mother but a month, her husband had gone to America, the first man to emigrate from all that region, nearly eighteen years before Antonio Squadrito and the others had started the flood. She had received one letter in which he said he had changed his name to Frank Smith as nobody had any patience with his Italian name. She never heard from him after that, and after her one boy died she continued to live alone in the little house Francesco had built for her waiting for Francesco's return. For a living she worked in the summer in the fields and in the early autumn in the vineyards and the lemon, olive and orange orchards.

We found her spinning with an old distaff in the sunshine before her door. She set before us such humble hospitality as her hut afforded, and then told us she wanted us to search in America for a Frank Smith, and she desired to turn over her savings, thirty-two lire ($6), to defray the expenses. She could not understand why we would not take it. It may be that these lines will fall beneath the eye of a man who has long since left all his Italianism behind him and is a thorough-going American and no longer Francesco. If so, I bid him remember that there is a faithful woman waiting for him in the Sicilian hills.

As the sun was sinking this Saturday the bells in the tower of the principal church began an unwonted clangor, and I was told that the Squadrito relatives had paid for a special service at vespers for the safe journey and prosperity of our party. As we wound along our way to the village we could see little groups of people, some in holiday dress, the others, for the most part, in the clothes in which they left the fields, the wine-presses, the cheese-shops, the smithies and the orchards. As we entered the square we met one of the priests, a benign old man, one of the truest types of the rural clergy I have ever seen. After taking a pinch of snuff, he offered the box to me with a quizzical smile, know-

Hands that are never idle.

Children begin their life work in the fields before they can talk plainly.

ing full well the un-Americanism of snuff. There was a hasty exchange of compliments and well-wishes, and he passed on to the sacristy.

As we entered, an old man with furrowed face, horn-spectacles and raucous voice, and a slender, Raphael-faced boy, both in vestments, were chanting from well-thumbed books held in the light of the candles about the saint's figure. Overhead in the choir the old organ toiled uncertainly through the music of the service, and ever and anon the boy took up and rang the tinkling silver bell.

The boy's clear, superb, soprano voice was in fine contrast with that of the elder singer, but the whole scene, the portion of the service at the altar, the muffled murmur of the people repeating the forms, the rustle and stir as they knelt or rose, the shifting of the shadows on the wall, was all so strange, almost barbaric, yet so harmonious and beautiful that its very detail was evasive.

As we left the church the father of the child who had just been baptised by the priest invited us to his home where the christening was to be celebrated.

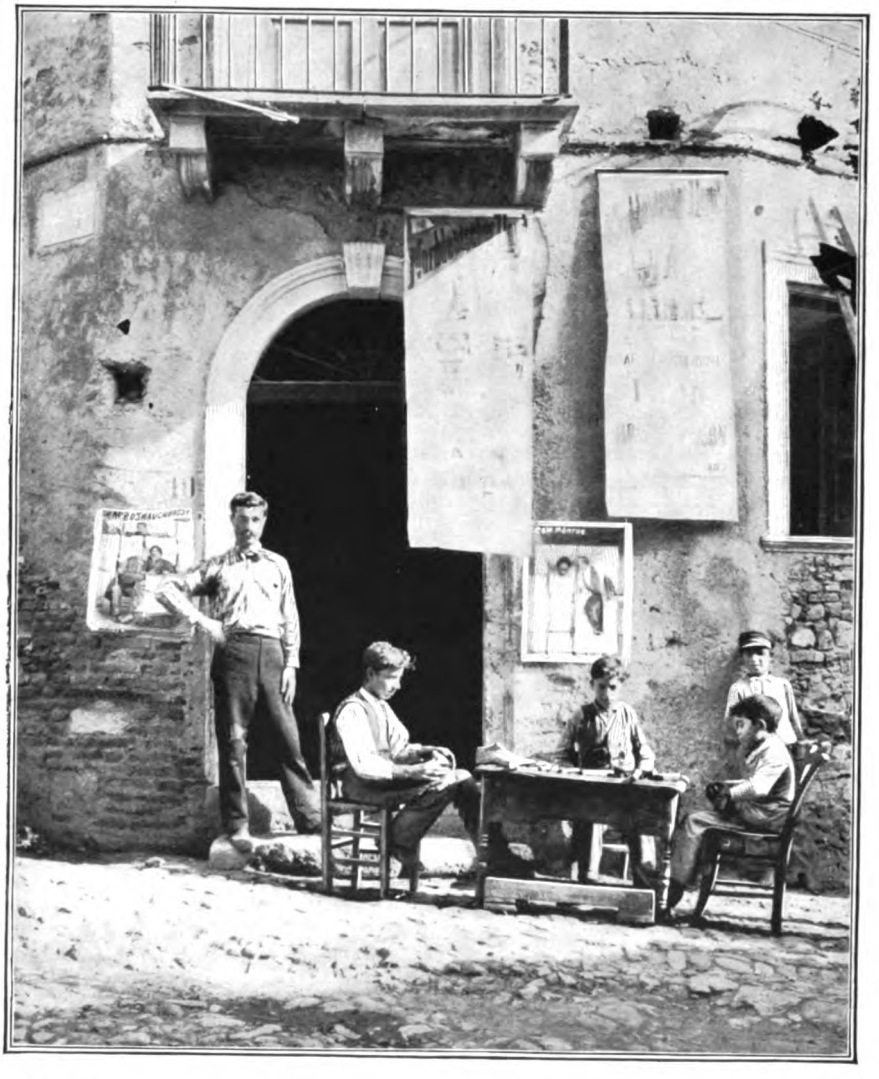
With the tact of woman-kind, my wife brought some trinkets of American origin as a gift for the child, whereat the assemblage beamed its appreciation, and just before we left the father said to me aside, as if it was a secret he was keeping from his wife : "If I can save twenty more lire, the next one will be born in Pittsburg, praise the Holy Mother."

At home all the favored neighbors and relatives had gathered that night for a dance. The large room on the ground floor of the Casa Squadrito was ringed around with a double row of guests. On the stairway were seated the youngsters already drowsy; crowding around the wide door opening into the street were the unbidden but none the less interested and curious. The head of the Menino family, weary with the labors of his sixty years and the fatigue of a stiff, home-laundried collar, was nodding before the music struck up, occasionally raising his head to blink at the light solemnly and to make sure that none of the young men were unduly near his daughter, the heiress of his hard-got wealth.

All were awaiting our arrival, for Antonio, who was with us, was host as well as chief musician. A home-made acetylene lamp, of the blacksmith-brother's contriving, was lighted and set high up on a bracket, throwing every object in the room, even to the boys perched in the transom, into sharp relief. The mandolins and guitars hanging on the wall were taken down and with a skilful, brilliant prelude, for he is an excellent mandolin player, Antonio swept into one of the stirring, if monotonous, time-honored tarantelle airs.

Even though eyes were dancing in young faces all around the room, all were too shy to take the floor till Giovanina and Maria Squadrito urging into acquiescence two of the Di Bianca girls, the four formed a square and began a swaying, pirouetting movement, preceding the whirling and crossing

Carmelo Merlino's shoe shop and steamship agency, with American theatrical posters as advertisements of the delights of American life.



over with the accompanying snapping of the fingers in imitation of the castinet, and the smiting of the tambourines. Round and round they whirled, across and back, first one set of partners then the other, the assemblage applauding a little shyly as yet.

Then Nicola, the blacksmith and the shoemaker-steamship agent, persuaded a third loutish youth to take the floor, but a fourth dancer was lacking. At the instant when the last of the other men had refused to take the floor as yet the village butcher appeared in the door and was hailed with acclaim by those who knew his terpsichorean gifts. He glided into his place on the tiles, drew tighter the knot in his neckerchief, ran his hand through his Saturday night stubble of beard, tossed his hat to a friend and entered upon the most startling, dashing, yet graceful and self contained feats in dance movements I have ever seen. He was on his tip-toes the greater part of the time and gave a perfect reproduction of the dance that is as old as the people.

Then something happened that is rare—the men and women danced together, waltzing—and when, after a

An affecting incident of the last service before leave-taking was the farewell procession of Ina's girl friends.

number of varied dances, tarantelle and square, a dance by the old folks was called for, the first person to respond was Mrs. Squadrito. In vain the people of his own age endeavored to get the slumber-smitten Menino on his feet. At last Giovanina, who had been dancing almost constantly, filled the vacant place among the elder people and the music broke forth once more. I caught my wife's eyes turned to me in amazement and I replied in kind. Caterina Squadrito, with fifty-five years of hard labor and the bearing and rearing of ten children behind her, danced a long round of the tarantelle with an ease, grace and abandon which put to shame the efforts of her youngest daughter. When she was gyrating and swaying in the middle of the floor, with all the mass of people about keeping time to the music, laughing and applauding, that room presented a picture which I shall never forget.

Not long after this the mothers who were holding their sleeping children in their arms grew too weary and started for home. The others made haste to follow and filed by us, bowing formally as they offered their hands, wish-

Watching the last grand-child depart. The Fico d' Indias alone remains to support them.

ing us good night and "*bon riposo.*"

Sunday morning bright and early the entire family began that weekly process of cleaning and dressing up which is, I believe, general in the rural districts of all Christian countries. Little Ina was arrayed in a pretty little white dress, with a long white veil, and on her head was set a wreath of artificial leaves and white flowers. Going by in the street were others. It being her last Sunday, all of her little friends put on their festa dress in her honor and a procession of the children was held from a church in another quarter of the village to the one on the square.

In the afternoon Camela took little Ina by the hand and set off to some place by herself. I noticed that a sort of solemnity pervaded the household; that she was crying as she went; no one offered to accompany her and that she carried a large bouquet of flowers. I soon learned that she had climbed the hill behind the town to the graveyard on its summit to pass the last hours she could ever spend beside the graves of her father and her mother.

Monday evening was a time of turmoil. First of all the great mass of trunks were got off to the station before dark. Then those who had delayed till the last minute to bring messages for friends and to bid us farewell appeared. I took all the messages, but drew the line at presents for relatives in Missouri, especially twenty pound forms of cheese and five gallon cans of olive oil. In the Squadrito household there was too much excitement for great grief, only now and then one of the members would break out with a wail and throw his or her arms around some one of those who were to go. By eleven o'clock everything was packed up and Antonio dismissed all the neighbors and sent everybody to bed. As the silence of the outer night crept into the house, there became audible the sobbing of the poor old mother as she lay thinking of the near separation from her own flesh and blood.

The heads of the weary and worn seemed scarcely to have touched their pillows before awakening voices rang in the house and street. The feeling of dread, chill, exhaustion and discomfort that goes with sleep-breaking at one o'clock seemed to rest numbingly on every one. The tumultous grief of the

night before had given place to a sort of hushed woe. A short time to dress, a bite to eat, then into the dark, narrow streets with sleep-heavy eyes, to meet a crowd of hundreds come to see the party off. It is wonderful how little noise that concourse made as it moved out of the square, over the ancient bridge to the beginning of the mountain road.

The parting with the mother and sisters occurred at the door of the Squadrito home. The mother was so overcome with her sorrow that, shaken with dry sobs and murmuring broken blessings, her daughters, unable to speak themselves from weeping, loosened her arms from about Antonio and Camela and bore her to her couch.

At the edge of the village a group of donkeys was in readiness. Here the crowd paused. Not more than seventy-five elected to walk the seven miles to the station and back, and there were few relatives among them. Antonio's father was as completely broken down as if he was giving his favorite son and the other to the grave instead of their departing for a happy land.

It was with difficulty that those natural leaders among the people effected the final separations, but at last, in the starlight, the two groups drew apart on the highway, the cavalcade with its foot retinue moving along the face of the hill ascending, the great, black mass of the crowd grouped about the end of the bridge shouting farewells. Some one struck up a farewell song, several voices joined in, among them the Vazzana boy's clear soprano, but one by one they broke, and soon the song failed and ceased, and as the procession turned the corner that hid the town from view the long file of those left behind could be dimly seen moving back to the darkened homes.

It was not long before we wound down to the little station, day began to break in the east, turning the great cloud of vapor over Stromboli into the semblance of a huge pink rose growing up out of the island volcano. Many of the people from the country about were gath-

Relatives and neighbors lined up at the station gate.

The lunch in the little restaurant in Messina.

ered to see their own friends off, for there was quite a party by this time. Soon the train crept around the coast from Milazzo and brought up with a jerk and a blast of the conductor's horn. Here farewells were brief. I heard the Socosa boy's father cursing the train because it was the agent of the separation from his son, and then out of the hurly-burly came a slamming of compartment doors, cries of "*Pronte! pronte!*" another blast of the horn, and we were hurried away to Messina.

It was at the station that Antonio's first wrestling match with the mountain of the party's baggage occurred. At Santa Lucia there had been abundant willing hands to pile it on the train, and no other baggage with which to confuse it. Also, nothing had been said about excess charges. At Messina it was ripped open by the city customs officials, then hustled from place to place till at last it was dispatched to the North German Lloyd office and Antonio emerged from the encounter a dripping wreck of his former immaculate self. We next saw it piled in a barge, and standing guard over it was a uniformed government official who begged piteously before he departed for enough money to buy his dinner and was well satisfied with thirty centesimi (about six cents).

She has waited twenty-three years for her husband's return.

I have previously described the operations of the *questura* of Messina. Passports in hand, the entire party joined the great mass of people from all parts of eastern Sicily already crowded into the steamship broker's office. Here each person was compelled to make a declaration which answers the twenty-two questions that are propounded regularly at Ellis Island. When the Socosa boys said, in answer to the question as to whether they had work promised or not, that they had, the agent advised them

to answer this question in the negative. When Giunta and Curro said they expected no one to meet them they were advised to get some one, and so on through the group. The steamship broker's agent, in filling out the blanks of this declaration, thus fortified the emigrant in the weak places of his case for admission, and if the emigrant is turned back he has no claim for damages against the brokers. Numbers of suits were formerly brought and won, but under the present system none have been successful, and in cases where the returned emigrant is able to pay for the passage on his deportation the broker can force him to do so.

Bella, the author's mount.

It will be noticed that I have used the term broker instead of steamship agent. The explanation will be a revelation to most people in the United States, for I found not long since that officials high in the Bureau of Immigration were not aware of the following facts, which is another bit of proof how weak our system of dealing with immigration from this side of the water is. The steamship company does not book the third class passengers. Emigration is promoted by sub-agents in the villages, such as Carmelo Merlino in Gualtieri, who operate under district agents such as Colajanni in Messina, who are selected, appointed and bonded by the Italian government and not by the steamship company. They are responsible to the government and not to the steamship company. They deliver their passengers at so much per head to the steamship company at the foot of the plank, and a percentage of their receipts finds its way to the government treasury.

They are required to have their offices in what is called a judicial town,

Some gay parties came down to the dock in "carretas" to see us off.

Our party making the declarations in the broker's office in Messina.

where there is a *questura* and the operations of the ticket brokerage system and the police passports dovetail nicely.

The process of clearing all papers, baggage receipts, tickets to the steamer to Naples, and tickets to America from Naples, was passed through by our party and then, it being but little after noon and the hour for going aboard four o'clock, they scattered. Many went to homes of relatives in Messina for a final visit. Several of the boys spent unwarrantable sums of their precious money in ugly looking knives with which to face the dangers that they had read so much about in the papers, cheap, worthless watches and clothes that would only be thrown away.

On my first visit to Messina I had the pleasure of intimate knowledge of the discovery of a bold fraud, the arrest and punishment of the thief. He was a man of fair appearance, who had for three years made a practice of stopping emigrants just before they were about to go aboard the steamer by means of the small boats in the harbor and demanding if they had had their tickets stamped "by the American doctor." The frightened emigrant, knowing that somewhere in the process he would encounter "the American doctor," to him an object of dread, would reply that he had not. The party would then be taken to a small office in an alley way opening off the water front and a stamp put on the ticket for which the victims would be charged three francs sixty, about seventy cents each. Mr. Charles M. Caughy, the American consul at Messina caught this fellow and saw to it that he was soundly punished. Our party escaped with a few minor mishaps, thanks to the vigilance of Antonio and myself. One of the boys fell a victim to a fake street dentist who had a carriage, a set of tools and a professional air. He related the sufferings with toothache experienced by emigrants on the Atlantic and advised the extraction of all bad teeth. One old woman from Catania had three taken out at a franc each.

We lunched in a little restaurant off the Via Umberto, entertained by really good music from a beggar violinist who was accompanied by a woman and little girl, both of them cursed by trachoma.

The fine Navagazione Generale steamer *Reina Margherita* was the one on which we were to travel to Naples.

She went first to Reggio di Calabria to get the crowd there gathered from Greece, Syria, Turkey, Apulia and Calabria. There were not many of the Orientals as a large part of them expected to sail on the *Citta di Napoli*, of the La Veloce line, leaving Naples before the *Princess Irene*.

Some gay parties came down to the dock in *carretas* and on foot, singing and beating tambourines, and one of these brought Gaetano Disalvo, a boy from Scilla going to join his uncle in Buffalo. He was one of several from that vicinity who came under my care in a way. The town of Scilla is the ancient Scylla and is one of the finest examples in all Southern Italy of the effects of depopulation by emigration, having a population of 7,000 with a housing capacity for 12,000.

When the steamer put back across the Straits to Messina, there was a grand rush to get the emigrants and their baggage aboard. The boatmen who took our party out, though they had been paid by the steamship broker, all such things being included in the $40 ticket, demanded and succeeded in getting two lire (forty cents) for their ferrying. We were in the first rapids of the systematic extortion which the poor emigrant passes through from home to Ellis Island, where it stops so suddenly that he is mystified.

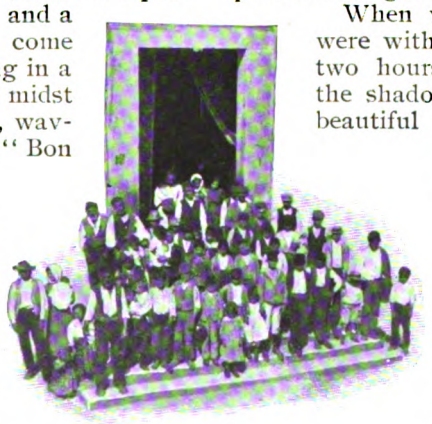
It was a striking scene as our last boat put off from the quay, leaving little Antonio Nastasia's father, Nicola Squadrito, Giunta's friends and a few more who had come from Gualtieri standing in a weeping group in the midst of the many hundreds, waving hats and shouting "Bon viaggio, bon viaggio!"

It was a rough and tumble fight to get aboard with the baggage, and the difficulties were increased by the unnecessary and purposeless brutality of the ship's stewards. Here began the blows, the jerkings about and the hustlings, which never ceased throughout the whole process till the poor, ignorant people, driven and herded like cattle, were in the shelter of Ellis Island.

At last we were settled, each into his place on the lumpy jute mattresses covered with coarse, dirty bagging, which served as the bedding in the iron bunks arranged in blocks eight or nine wide in the middle of the ship with supplementary rows along the sides. All were in double-tiers, upper and lower.

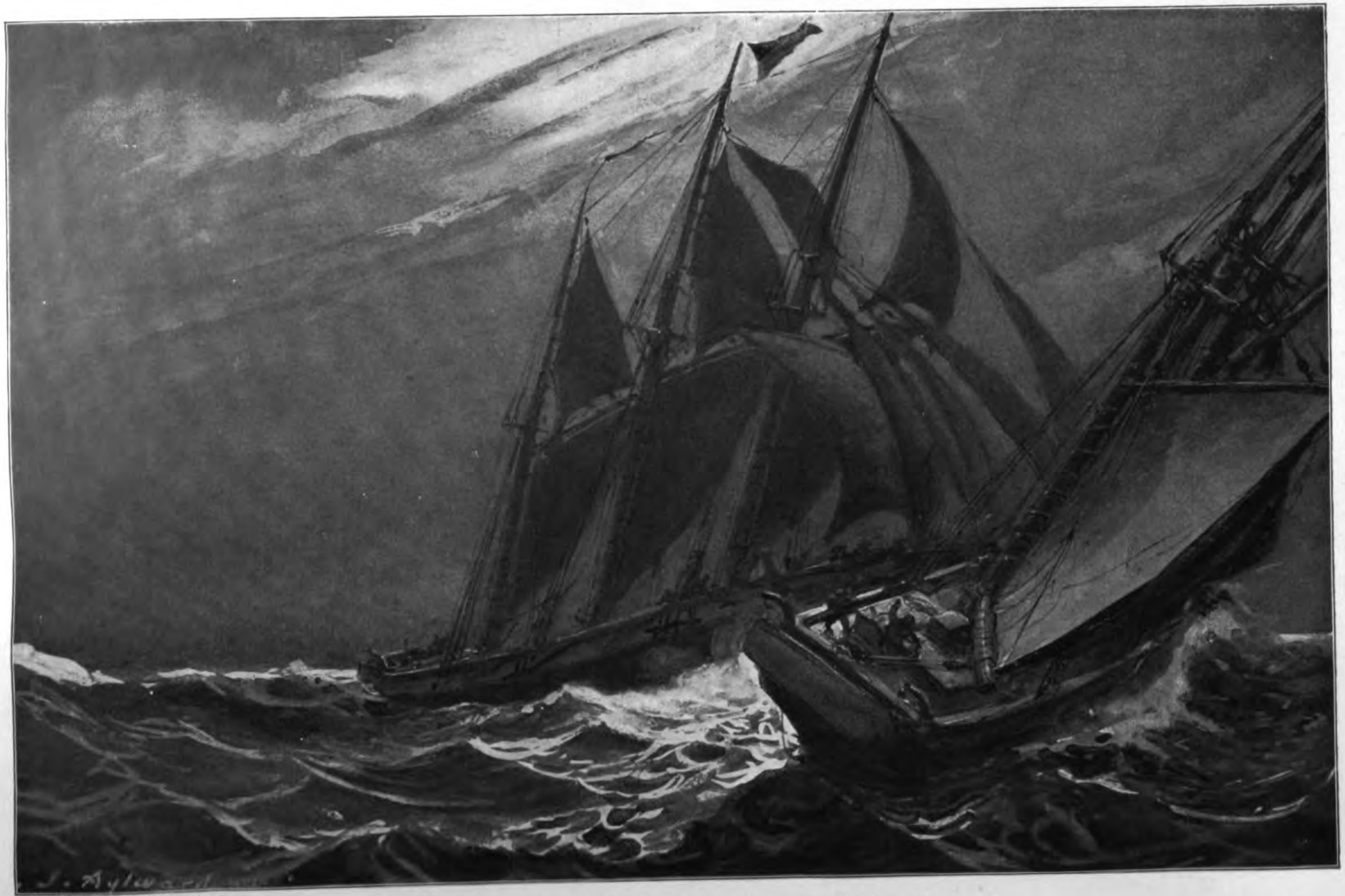
There was no attempt to feed us made aboard and, anticipating such a condition, we had fortunately brought food with us. Despite all their discomforts, the wilting heat and the foul smells, I do not remember ever having seen a happier crowd of people. On every hand musical instruments were out and groups were singing or chattering like magpies.

Far into the night we lay on the deck dreading to go below into the reeking atmosphere there. When we did at last the tumult of crying babies, of people who could not sleep and so essayed to play harmonicas and sing was almost unbearable. The rule of men and women being separated had not been enforced, and so Antonio and I stayed near the women of our party for their protection, not from the other passengers, but from the ship's people. At last dawn came, and the haggard look on my wife's face told me what she had passed through.



On the church steps.

When we went on deck we were within sight of Capri, and two hours later we slid under the shadow of Vesuvius into the beautiful bay of Naples, and when we had snuggled in beside the Palermo steamer unloading its throng of emigrants before the custom house, we, too, were dumped off in the hot sun and left to wait until our turn came to experience that interesting process the emigrant undergoes in Naples.



Drawn by William J. Aylward.

"The 'Jane' struck 'er fair amidships, jes' es Hank wanted 'er to."

HANK MARTIN'S GRAVEYARD

A Tale of the Inland Sea

By JOHN D. WELLS

YOU never heard of Blake's? That's funny. It's between Rescue Mission and the 'Longshoremen's Union-rooms and the length of a policeman's beat from the docks—far enough for sailing men to forget the f'c'sle. There are two lights in front, one red and the other white if you don't consider the dirt that the rays filter through. They're range lights for fresh water sailors and they haven't made port entirely until they shift between the two dingy lamps and come to rest in the barren, unwholesome office of Blake's Anchor.

It smacks of the sea—does Blake's—of the great fresh water sea—treacherous, foreboding, frivolous, cruel—as exacting in its demands for human tribute as the ocean god.

It is a narrow beach on which is cast up wreckage of a ghastly sort. Shivering hulks, end of what was once seaworthy, drift into the Anchor. Some, in the swirl of it, ground and stay at Blake's. Others strike the steady current again carrying them out into the indefinite, uncertain paths where miles are marked by ghostly stones and the only travelers are derelicts.

It is of those who stay that I would speak. Society has branded them as vampires, sore spots, the scum of God's universe. Society is sometimes wrong. I know them and to me they are wholesome and kind. Within the shell, beaten and storm-tossed into physical imperfection, I have found hearts as honest and true as ever society held out to me and boasted of.

Aside from the human barnacles that cling to it Blake's still is of the sea. Little squat tables that savor of the messroom are planked close up against the wall and pewter dishes are scattered sparsely over the oilcloth covering.

On one wall hangs a cheap print of *Walk-in-the-Water*, the first lake steamship. It is fly-specked and its once gilded frame is tarnished and cracked. On the shelf behind the bar—for Blake's has a bar—is a full-rigged sailing-craft. When the lamps are lighted and all hands are piped to the "big room" fantastic shadows play on the dingy walls and, if the wind be blowing strong, strange tales are told in quiet voice—tales of the inland seas—weirdly in keeping with the shadow picture in the farthest corner of the "big room."

It was late in the season, in fact the end. The last grain boat had tied in Moore's slip in the afternoon, her bow encased in ice, her bulk looking like a huge berg as she rode loggedly in the teeth of a fierce December gale. Jim Todd was there to see the last line cast. Now, when the wind increased in fury and came screaming out of the darkness like a thousand devils, the spell came. The siren at the Point blew long intermittent blasts which were borne inshore in the maw of the gale.

"'Laddie, 'tis such a night as Hank Martin shows," and Jim jerked his thumb toward the offing.

"Who was he?" I asked anxiously.

"Gord, boy, ye never heard o' Martin's grav'yard?" gasped the old man as he clutched the table and peered into my eyes, his own showing abject terror.

The old frame shuddered as the wind came screaming and moaning in turn, quite drowning his last words.

"It's up thare," he said, nodding his head toward where the night was blackest and the wind moaned. "Gord, sonny, I saw him onc' an' all his dead folks."

Jim filled his pipe and the bulky shadow on the wall behind was stilled.

"Hank Martin was in bein' long afore you wus born, laddie. It wus in

sailin' days, afore th' devil brought steam craf'. No one ever knowed whare he com' from, an' Lor', sonny, his endin' wus a sight more creepy 'n his beginnin'. Jes' blowed into port, an' no one ever knowed which way th' wind wus comin' from. Afore night he had shipped—package for Duluth—an' when he come back he wus master o' th' *Tildy Jane*. The boys 'lowed he never opened his clam on th' hull stretch. But th' owners see him aboard an' reckoned he ware a salt-fish an' set ol' Domley—him as wus master—right down on th' wharf 'thout 's much as I, yes er no. He wus a ornery cuss, an' they want an hour in th' day he want cussin' his Maker er callin' th' wrath o' Gord down on his hull mislucky crew. 'Lowin' fer his cussedness—Lor' rest his bones this night—he wus th' best cap'n as ever follered a lake course—an' follerin' that very same thing them days want what 'tis now, laddie, with bells shooin' ye into th' path an' channel lights straighter nor Gilderoy's kite string. 'Twas sed o' Hank Martin thet he never took anything out thet he didn' bring back. I 'low thet's gospel savin' fer th' last trip, th' same's I'm tellin' about.

"Hank worked 'twixt here 'n Duluth an' worked well, an' at the end o' th' fourth season he bought th' *Tildy Jane*, as fas' a sailin' craf' as ever poked 'er nose apast Win'mill P'int. Fair big, she ware, an' stanch, an' every time she tied up here she'd put a darn hansom' penny into Hank's pocket. Hank jes' looked sour, cussed th' deckhan's an' sed nothin' civil t' nobody.

"When Hank hed been doin' 'bout all one feller could do in th' way o' makin' money, he met a woman—a devil of a woman, er a woman o' th' devil, I don't 'low which. She'd long, black hair, an', Bill Jenkins 'lowed, th' puttiest black eyes thet ever looked into a cook's galley fer dirt. She com' from up Superior way, an' one day when the *Tildy Jane* tied up here she hed two masters instead o' one.

"Well, sonny, I wouldn't 'low splicin' would make so much change in a feller. Hank jes' spruced right up, an' maybe he didn't say a lot, but what he did say ware civil like. Fellers thet wouldn't uster put a port ahind o' 'em till Hank Martin wus out o' sight, begged fer a berth on th' *Tildy Jane*, fer, law me, th' cookin' wus righteous good.

"Th' next season thare wus three masters o' th' *Jane*. The new one want old enough fer his papers, jes' th' pinkes' lil' cuss y' ever see, an lookin' powerful like his maw.

"'Twas thet season thet Nichols showed—th' smoothest talkin' chap y' ever see. An' he wus a han'som' devil, too—th' kin' wimin takes to. Saunderson, him as wus carryin' lumber them times, want long in pickin' him up. Kind o' liked Nichols stories' of the salt water, I guess. An' he hed som' good 'uns, d—n him. Leastwise he wus master of the *Hope* afore the ice stopped us. The *Hope* an' th' *Jane* laid up at Duluth thet winter.

"Next spring we all laid out t' do a store o' work. Lumber wus heavy an' th' West wus openin', meanin' package freight fer the up trips. When th' fust boats come down, 'sides from bringin' lumber they brought a lot o' stories 'bout Nichols an' Hank's pretty wife.

"We who'd been doubtin' wus sartin of it when Hank come in afore th' last rotten ice wus out. He looked jes' like he did th' fust time I ever see him. Hank hed a birth mark on his neck, he did, an' when he maddened th' thing got red-like. Now it wus like a daub o' fire. He left port 'thout 's much as hailin' anybody. Th' next time down it wus the same an' th' mark gittin' redder. Th' *Hope* made port thet night an' agin late arternoon poked 'er nose out. Glosser's men 'lowed they never worked s' hard unloadin'.

"The *Tildy Jane* unloaded agin night an' afore the storm broke she wus ready t' go. Jes' agin castin' off word passed she want shippin' a full crew. Two o' th' masters wus gone, leavin' one, an' th' red mark gittin' redder. Hank walked for'ard an' looked into the offin'. It ware a wicked face Hank Martin put about. The men smelt it, too, an' four on 'em went b'low an' sneaked their kits ashore. A full crew wus needed fer th' devil's work Hank Martin hed in his min' fer thet night.

"'Whar boun'?' sez I, him a-hailin' me.

"'T' hell,' sez he, an' his teeth a-showin' mad-like.

"I 'lowed he couldn't git clearance fer thet port, an' anyway I didn' jes' like th' looks o' things. Howsumever, I wen' aboard.

"Th' cloud bank got bigger 'n' bigger, an' agin' the fillin' o' th' crew she wus blowin' a gal', an' every timber in th' *Tildy Jane* ware creakin' an' moanin' like all git out. Th' craf' hadn't cleared Glosser's wharf afore James Turnbull Washington Todd, th' same as is afore ye now, would promised t' stay ashore till doomsday 'f he could jes' strike solid ground agin. I jes' looked at thet wharf, an' t' myself sez I, 'Jim Todd, it's yer las'.'

"We cleared th' p'int and come into th' mouth o' th' terriblest gale I ever struck. Gord, sonny, in my salt days I've weathered th' Cape in som' bad 'uns, an' hugged th' Banks when hell want farther off 'n a cod could sneeze, but them wus gladsome showers alongside of this one. Mean, choppy sea when ol' Erie 's actin' bad an' she shor' wus actin' rare wicked thet night.

"Hank wus at th' wheel an' no better man thar wuz. Nary a word did he speak savin' a shout now and then t' us poor devils as stuck t' anything we could. Seems how almos' I could see th' mark of his mother gittin' redder 'n redder. Nary a word tho' an' his eyes t' win'ard on th' *Hope*. At dark we'd cleared Willetts an' th' old man wus holdin' her well. But, Lor', sir, the storm turned col' an' th' rain froz. It ware lik' skatin' over hell's pits on a wire to cross the deck o' th' *Jane* 'thout ropin' yerself. Hank's ileskins froze t' his hide but he 'lowed no man sh'd take th' wheel but hisself. We brought th' lamps but he ordered 'em all below. It wus orful. Blacker'n ink an' we swingin'-like 'twixt heaven an' hell, an' no chance.

"It wus pas' midnight and th' storm no less when th' *Hope's* lights showed through th' rain an' snow ahead. Want mor'n a long hail on a fa'r day.

"'Light ho, dead ahead,' shouts th' lookout, and th' holler didn' cut mor'n two feet o' thet gale—an' he hed a powerful raspin' voice.

"But nary a word did Hank say, jes' looked wilder 'n wilder. Th' *Jane* run close by an' we passed th *Hope* an' her two squintin' lights within hail. But they want no hailin'. Hank took 'er a sneakin' by 's if she'd don' som'thin' sham'ful. Want long afore her lights ware a blinkin' and a bobbin' well astern o' th' *Jane*. An' Hank all this tim' keepin' his tongue.

"An hour after when th' red an' green lights ware like two pin-pints, an' no bigger, a pec'olar thing happens —leastwise we all thought it wus funny then, but I reckon I see how 'twas now. When th' wind was blowin' hardes' an' th' sleet wus creepin' into a feller's marrer bones Hank put about. Lor' Gord, sonny, it ware reesky. 'Haint a man from Schade's dock t' Superior thet 'd do it now an' Hank wus th' only man as would dar' do it then. Th' *Jane* took th' trough o' th' sea' in provokin' bad fashion. She jes' rolled an' rolled till she scooped, an' the water come in over th' rail on th' list. Seems how every minit wus goin' t' be our last. An' what I say is thet th' devil ware with Hank Martin thet night les' he never could o' done it. Want mor'n a dozen minits doin' of it but them wus th' orfulest minits I ever see. Then she stuck 'er nose int' th' sea an' runs with th' win, dead 'head fer th' *Hope*.

"'All canvas' on,' shouts Hank an' then he laffed th' orfulest laff I ever hearn. When th' wind blows an' moans—I can hear it agin, jes' like then. Thare want a man as would go alof' in thet gale mor'n he'd fly, so we jes' hung harder t' what we wus hangin' to.

"'D—n cowards,' sez Hank when he see they want any of us hankerin' fer it. Quick's a flash he pulled out a gun —an aggravatin' weepin'—an' p'intin' it at us as wus cuddled down in shelter, he sez kind o' slow an' cold-blooded.

"'On with thet canvas.' Lor', sir, we could do it then. We know'd a gun in Hank Martin's hand thet night wus 's good 's fired.

"We went alof', hangin' an' slippin'

an' finally we put out th' canvas. Gord A'mity shor' held our han's thet night les James Turnbull Washington Todd wouldn't be here this minit speechifyin'. An', sonny, I've seen runnin' in my time, but th' way th' *Tildy Jane* run afor' thet gale ware a caution an' her nose p'intin' right 'atwixt them two lights thet want bigger'n a pin-pint. Lor', laddie, if it hadn't been th' devil wus standin' on th' bow o' thet craf' an' his twin brother at th' wheel, she'd never held 'er canvas'.

"We kep' gittin' closer'n closer til almos' we could see 'er timbers an' we a gittin' mos' uncomfor'ble skeery.

"'Light, dead ahead!' shouted th' lookout, but nary a word from th' wheelsman, jes' a laff, th' same devil laff 's afore, an' we runnin' closer. All of a sudden-like we see Hank Martin's game—seems 'f we all see it t' once. We all creeped round til' we got t'gether an' then thare wus some tall thinkin'. 'Twant no crime t' mutiny thet night. Holdin' an' hangin' t'gether lik' 's many school boys playin' skinth'-cat, we started plum fer th' wheelhouse. An' thar, standin' in th' dark, whare we could jes' see him, ware Hank Martin. One hand wus on th' wheel an' th' same tuggin' powerful hard, an' in th' other wus thet ugly gun, nothin' fit fer a sailin' man t' carry. We want mor'n ten feet from Hank when he up an' blazes 'way an' thare wus a sag in th' middle o' our line. An' Hank jes' laffed an' laffed louder 'n th' wind, an' sed: 'We're goin' t' hell—t' hell—t' hell.' Yes-sir, Hank wus stark, ravin' mad—madder 'n a hatter.

"Thar want anything t' do then, on'y jes' wait, an' thet want long. We cud see th' *Hope's* lights sputterin' an' the mischief want mor'n a minit off.

'Well, sonny, I hain't what chu'ch folks 'd call a religious feller now, an' th' Lord knows I want then. But I am a God-fearin' man, an' when I see what wus comin' I jes' got down on my knees an' prayed lik' a cuss. An' it com' jes' when I hoped, when I was on my knees an' ready fer it.

"Gord, sonny, it wus orful. Th' *Jane* struck 'er fa'r amidships—jes' as Hank wanted 'er to—an' Hank was 's sure ez a globe sight. Thar wus a splittin' an' a crashin' an' then fer a minit thar want anything but th' win'. Then thar wus a kind o' fallin' ' way, an, th' *Hope* jes' breaks clean in two, like a bean pod. She settled in th' middle an' in two minits thar wus nothin' but a roarin', rushin', whirlin', hissin' soun' left ahind of 'er. Sudden-like, when we looked, we see a flash an' could hear a cracking louder 'n th' wind, an' we know'd Hank Martin hed euchered Davy Jones.

"We was bad stove for'ard, but we lowed with th' pumps we could keep 'er up til' mornin'. We could hear th' rush an' feel th' *Jane* settlin', an' mor'n more she rid lik' she was water-logged. Houser an' Stevens went b'low an' com' back a-kitin', 'lowin' we'd no mor' chance than a sinner in Hell with tallow legs. We cut 'way a boat an', Lor, sir, 'twus jes' like droppin' it in th' fire. We cut 'way another an' jes' th' same. When we cut away th' last one th' *Jane* begin settlin' bizness-like an' we mad' fer it—me'n Tucker—on a hatch. It wus too dark t' see, but we heerd th' same hissin', whirlin' soun' an' we knowed thar want no mor' *Tildy Jane*.

"When morn' com' Tucker 'n' me wus high an' dry an' almos' friz on a sand beach. We made for th' nearest farmhous' an' laid up. It wus a for'-night afore we wus back here agin, an' they 'lowin' we wus ghosts.

"An' thet wus th' way, sonny, Hank Martin started his grav'yard off Long P'int. Not a stick o' timber ever com' ashore, an' Davy Jones kep' every carcass."

The wind had lessened not a whit and tore screaming through the bare masts along the water front. It moaned and groaned—an unearthly sound. Lurching over the squat table, Jim whispered:—

"An' they do say, laddie, thet want th' las' time Hank Martin cavorted roun' his grav'yard. Gord, sir, I know it want, fer I seen him myself.

"I ware mate o' th' *Glo'ster* when she went down off thet p'int. An' orful night it wus, too. Jes' sech a moanin'.

groanin' soun' 's in th' wind this night.

"An' when she wus a settlin' an' we was a drawin' of lots fer th' las' boat, I hearn that laff o' Hank Martin's plain 's I see ye now—an' th' same hissin', whirlin' soun', too. Gord, laddie, it wus wuss than th' fust tim'. Th' las' boat from th' *Glo'ster* left sixteen men standin' on th' deck an' nary a one of 'em ever come ashore—all of 'em straight down int' th' sand.

"Then th' *Idaho* come next. She carried sixteen men, an' foundered in th' same place, an' every mother's son of 'em went down to Martin's grav'yard. An' Gord, sir, 'tware sech a night thet she went down—jes' sech a night 's Hank Martin always shows."

MISS FLUTTERLY

On Politics and the Drama

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

With Sketches by MAY WILSON-WATKINS

I SEEM to be always meeting little Miss Flutterly and having conversations with her. The other day I clambered up to the top of a Fifth Avenue stage, in emulation of the example of the late Walt Whitman, and I was no sooner seated than a sweet voice came to me from the seat behind:—

"I'm so glad to be kept in countenance by you. I never rode this way before. Isn't it fun?"

I looked behind me, instinctively raising my hat as I did so, and there sat Miss Flutterly, all by herself and looking prettier than ever in a—well, it was in very good taste and I presume it had been made by a tailor, but I cannot describe it. That's why I was never able to write fashion letters.

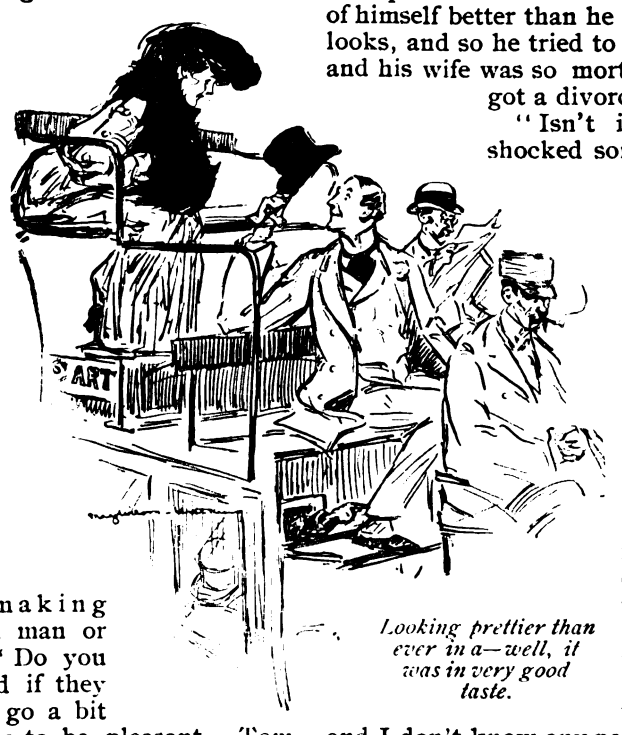
I climbed to the seat beside her, and as I sat down her eye caught a headline in the newspaper of a man beside the driver.

"WILL ROOSEVELT BUST THE TRUSTS?" said she, half to herself, and then in a louder tone, "I do hope he will. I haven't anything against the trusts personally, although I do think they must be horrid things judging from the cartoons I see—over people's shoulders, you know. I never buy those papers myself. But really, I admire his courage in trying to demolish anything so big and horrid. Brother Tom says that he's sure he will either be renominated or else he won't and all on account of his fighting the Trusts. Now some men wouldn't dare fight the Trusts on account of the politicians. You see a great many of the Trusts are Democrats and they don't like the way Roosevelt is interfering with them, and brother Tom says that Roosevelt doesn't stand a ghost of a chance of being nominated by the Democrats. I think it would be an awful pity if he wasn't elected again because it is so interesting to read what his children are doing.

"He isn't a bit handsome, but I think he would have made a splendid actor, because he's always doing something

that makes people admire him, and his being a cowboy that way during the Spanish War—although a gentleman born—I think it was just splendid.

"Pa says people like him in spite of his grand stand play, but I think that's the best part of him. Now some presidents don't look or act the part at all. I saw Loubet when we were in Paris and he didn't look the least bit wicked: the way you'd expect a French president to look. He didn't have a fierce mustache and they say he never does anything dashing. I believe in a man's doing what he's paid for, and the French are so dashing and unconventional that I should think they'd just hate to think that they had a man there who looks so like a kind pussy cat.



Looking prettier than ever in a—well, it was in very good taste.

"Speaking of cats, don't you love them? I perfectly adore them, myself. The first thing I say when I'm thinking of making friends with a man or a woman is: 'Do you like cats?' and if they don't I never go a bit out of my way to be pleasant. Tom says that I'm just like Shakespeare in that. He says that Shakespeare said that a man who did not have the love of cats in his soul was fit for treason, strategems and spoils. Those are the very words.

"Do you remember the cats they had in Paris, those lovely Angoras? And I will say that the French are very kind to their cats. They are awfully cruel to their horses, but cats and little dogs they adore, and I think that that shows they have some good qualities.

"Don't you hate to come across a person without any good qualities? Imagine waking up in the night and realizing that you hadn't any good qualities at all. It must be awful.

"*Did* you see that picture of Hanna in that man's paper. I don't suppose he *can* look like that all the time. I tell Pa that if I was a politician I'd be sure to have all my features straightened before I ran for office, because the cartoonists do notice anything the least bit queer in the hang of a lip or the tilt or bend of a nose. Tom says he heard of a politician who liked the cartoons of himself better than he liked his own looks, and so he tried to look like them and his wife was so mortified that she got a divorce.

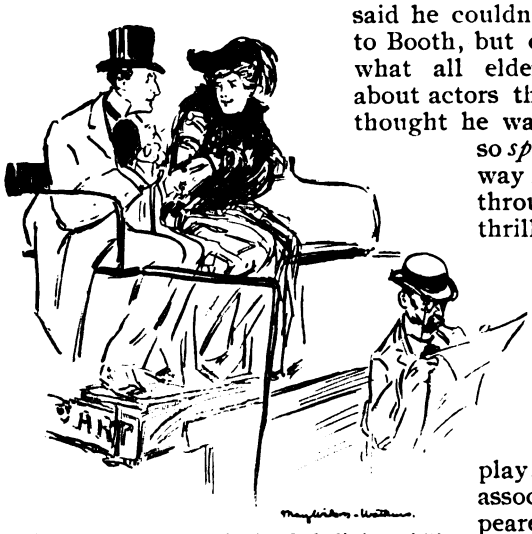
"Isn't it queer how shocked some people are if you talk about divorce. Mamma says that when she was a girl it wasn't considered respectable to even mention the word, much less to be divorced, and if people *had* to be they sank right out of society. I think people are much broader now. Mind you I don't think it's nice and I don't know any people who have ever done more than thought of getting one, but it doesn't seem half as bad as heavy drinking, because you can be divorced and nobody would know it at all, but if you drink heavily it's sure to show.

"Speaking of drinking reminds me of the perfectly delicious soda water I had the other day at the French place on Fifth Avenue—I'm perfectly terrible about names. It was called orange flower and it tasted just like Mendelssohn's Wedding March—don't you know what I mean? I told Pa that

when I got married I'd have the guests drink libations—wasn't that what the old Romans used to do—in this soda water. Now there's something the Romans never had. Just fancy Caesar ordering a vanilla ice cream soda with a straw and a spoon! Wouldn't it be weird? I wonder what it would be in Latin. I don't suppose I ever will know for Latin is something I never could grasp. I fell panting by the wayside at the end of the first book of Caesar and Pa said it would be cruel to have me go on. How in the world Caesar, with all the other things he had to do, could write a book in such horribly beautiful and difficult Latin I don't see. I was so glad that when Richard Mansfield gave 'Julius Caesar' last season he did it in English. Wasn't he perfectly beautiful as *Brutus*, when he saw those ghosts in the last act? It must have been awfully depressing — almost as bad as Ibsen's Ghosts. I saw that and I was depressed for as much as a half hour afterward. I simply adore Ibsen. I know its unusual, but it seems so intellectual, and I adore intellectuality. I saw his *Hedda Gabler* and I couldn't help wondering why he gives his characters such outlandish names. *Hedda Gabler!* But she did talk a good deal. Mrs. Fiske, you know. I went to see her one afternoon and then I went to see 'Babes in Toyland,' and it was just as different. I don't think Ibsen's plays are a bit American, but 'Babes in Toyland' is.

"Mamma's awfully funny about the stage. She's always afraid of being shocked ever since we went to see 'Du Barry'—or that red-headed woman. Of course there are lots of things you hear an actor say on the stage that you wouldn't think of letting a gentleman say in your parlor, no matter how well behaved he was, but I think that that's what makes up the fascination of the stage—you never quite know what's coming next. When I go with Mamma we always have seats near the door so that she can slip out when she's shocked, and I don't like it a bit, for she is so old-fashioned that she hardly ever stays through the first act and it seems a wicked waste of money. It's an awful waste anyhow the prices they charge for a good seat, and half the time it's to see some book acted that you've had out of the library so you know how it's going to end.

"Mamma did sit out one play; that was Sothern—I mean in 'Hamlet.' She said he couldn't hold a candle to Booth, but of course that's what all elderly people say about actors that are dead. I thought he was perfectly fine, so *spirituelle*, and the way he kills *Polonius* through a portiere is thrilling. I don't see how he knows where to stab. It seems wonderful that Shakespeare was able to write a part that Sothern could play, for you always associate Shakespeare with all those old English literary people you read of at school; and it all seems so long ago and Sothern is awfully up-to-date in his picture. I had a photograph of him on my bureau until I learned he was married and then I gave it to my cousin.



"Wasn't Cecilia Loftus' 'Ophelia' sad?"

"And wasn't Cecilia Loftus' *Ophelia* sad? And those shrieks when she's going mad. It was exactly as if she was imitating something.

"A friend of mine saw her buying candy in Huyler's at just the very time Sothern was killing *Laertes*. When I heard it at first I was just sick. I'd thought of her in the damp, cold earth—and to have her buying candy.

"How *do* you get off these dreadful things? Oh, thanks, awfully."

AHEAD OF THE DRUMS

By JOHN T. McINTYRE

With drawings by W. Glackens

A DOOR directly across the way flew open and, scarlet with excitement, Mrs. Burns' lord and master appeared, shouting:—

"Kate, will yez come intill the house an' not be gaddin' about the neighborhood! Bedad the cat have lapped up every sup av the milk, Mickey have knocked the bust av Wolf Tone off av the mantel-shelf, an' Jamey an' young Patrick are garrotin' wan another on the cellar steps!"

Mrs. Burns gasped at this catalogue of misdemeanor and, stooping, caught up her basket.

"Thim young villyans 'll put me intill me grave yet!" exclaimed she as she darted into the house, and a few moments later the vast commotion that came from behind the closed door showed that the wrongdoers had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Mrs. Brennan looked at the clock and her face resumed the petulant expression which had been dropped a few moments before.

"It wants but a hair av twilve," said she. Then she arose, opened the stair door, and called:—

"Eddie! Eddie! D'yez hear me speakin' till ye! Is it stop in the bed all day yez'd be doin'?"

"All right," came her son's voice in a muffled reply. "I'll be down in a minute."

"Sure, an' yez have told me that a dozen times already. It's try the patience av a saint ye would, ye bla'gard! Git up wid yez this minute, or I'll clear off the table an' scure till not the bite av breakfast yez'll git the day!"

The factory whistles across the railroad began to shriek dismally; an exclamation came from above followed by the sound of some one leaping out upon the floor.

In the room above Eddie Brennan scowled at himself in the little mirror as he pulled on his clothes.

"I must 'a' slep' like a dead one!" he muttered. "There won't be any use goin' to the wharf to-day any more; everyt'ing 'll be picked up. An' it's me best day, too," regretfully. "I could a-made t'ree bones dead easy."

It was small and square, this room of Eddie's, with a cot bed, a single chair and a few cheap prints tacked upon the whitewashed walls. A burnished cornet lay gleaming upon a wooden shelf, under which stood a skeleton-like music stand of japanned iron, holding a quantity of thumbed band books and worn music for the cornet. Both the cornet and the stand had been presented to Eddie upon the occasion of the Emmet Band's fifth annual picnic by his admiring fellow members. The instrument had his name and the date of presentation engraved upon it. But young Brennan only blew the cornet upon practice nights in the band room now, for when the Emmet's turned out upon any public occasion he was at their head in the huge shako and gold-laced, scarlet coat that hung in the corner, together with the ribbon-wrapped drum major's staff.

As the young man dressed he caught the feeble wailings of a child, mingled with a woman's crooning of an Irish cradle song, coming from the other side of the lath and plaster partition that divided his room from that of Mrs. Grady, next door.

"I ain't knockin' anybody," said Eddie, "but I cert'n'y wish Grady's kid was well. It'd be better for every one sittin' in the game." Some one was cutting a block of ice down in the alley; the "chug, chug" of the axe came plainly to his ears. Heavy footsteps sounded upon the stairs next door and a man's rough voice interrupted the low-droned song.

"It's Spot Driscoll, on his second trip," murmured Eddie. "An' he's got some ice for the kid. Spot's a good guy, an' that's no pipe! I remember the time when—"

He paused suddenly and listened; another voice was speaking—a low, clear, modulated voice, soft, sympathetic, soothing. Eddie caught but a few of the words; however, he bent forward eagerly, a puzzled look on his face.

"Am I gittin' daffy," said he, "or do I know that voice?" He pondered a moment, then, like a flash, he seemed to remember. "It's the girl that queered me wit' Nell!" he exclaimed with conviction. "They can't be two o' them wit' voices like that."

Hurriedly finishing his dressing and dousing his face with cold water, he darted down the stairs and made for the door.

"Where are yez goin' till?" cried his mother. "Are yez not goin' till ate yez bit av breakfast?"

"I'll be back soon," he answered.

Spot Driscoll was just coming out of Grady's with his ice tongs under his arm.

"Hello, Brennan," saluted Mr. Driscoll cordially. "What d'ye know?"

"Nothin' much," said Eddie. Then he asked: "Say, who's that in there chewin' wit' Mrs. Grady?"

"The swellest fairy I ever put me lamps on," answered Spot, gesticulating his admiration. "She's got every other skirt in the burg tied hand and foot."

"I think I know her," said Eddie.

"Git out!" Spot's disbelief was open and emphatic. "Don't try to string me, Brennan. Youse'll be tellin' me next that yer a steady ringer at five o'clock teas."

"I'm not t'rowing youse a jolly," protested Eddie. "I'm dead sure it's the girl that Nelly Fogerty t'urn me down about."

"Cut it out," advised Spot, with a grin. "Youse must t'ink I'm easy, don't ye? A guy like youse'd cut a caper wit' a dame from Rittenhouse Square on yer staff!"

"Say, don't jump at t'ings that way. Did I say I was runnin' her? She'd flag me in a minute if I made goo-goo's at her, and that's no dream. If youse'll keep yer face shut, and gi'me a chance I'll tell youse how I come to know her."

Spot was willing, and they sat down upon the heavy shafts of one of McGlory's carts that stood up-tilted in front of the stable, a few steps below.

"Late one night," said Eddie, "I was plowin' along the coast when I noticed a woman wit' a veil, stan'in' on a corner. I don't know how it started, but the next t'ing I knowed she was a-cryin' and tellin' me a tale o' woe."

"It wasn't that woman!" broke in Spot, jerking his thumb toward Grady's.

"Sure," answered Eddie.

"And on the coast late at night! Say, what was she doing!"

"Youse'll be wise in a minute. She had a brother, a sparrow about twenty, who'd started to go against high balls, faro, pool rooms and all the rest o' the sucker games that he could butt into. This night he had somehow got next to a roll that belonged to somebody else. She couldn't put the cops on; that 'ud get the snap in the papers, so she dogged him herself to tell him what a cinch he was, and try to separate him from the wealth. But she'd lost her nerve when she seen the notch he'd drifted into; and it was up to me to pilot him home and save the goods I told her I'd make the play if I could; and she pushed a dinky little card and a ten spot at me. I didn't turn down

"It's the girl that queered me wit' Nell."

the ten—I was strapped too tight. Then I got a hack, put her in and told the cabby where to drive—it was on the card, ye know.

"I was lookin' on the bum at the time, for fair, and when I waltzed into the booze shack the bouncer flagged me; but I waved the ten spot under his nose and he changed his mind. I piked off the kid I was after, in a second; a rank 'in and outer' had him in tow and was pullin' his leg out o' joint. The boy was as drunk as a tinker; and as I started to blow me ten I kep' me lamps on the mooch, afraid he'd spill some dope in the booze. But after a bit he hustled the boy out, got him to take a cab and started for Crawford's place on Sansom street. Crawford runs a crooked game, for I've stacked against it and was crossed. I got up behind the hack. The young one was dead to the world when the trap pulled up at Crawford's and the tin horn started to drag him out. I was sure he hadn't copped the roll or he wouldn't be so set on gettin' the lush inside; so I took a hand in the game and pushed a line o' talk at him about the drunk bein' a friend o' mine, an' how I couldn't stand for no backheelin'. The mooch tried to shove me away, but I gave him the shoulder; then he called the driver to git down an' put it onto me, but the driver give him the laugh an' told him to pluck his own pigeon, if he could. Then the guy pulls out a jack. But the driver yelled; I ducked, and the jack hit a panel o' the cab an' split it from top to bottom. From that it was all off! I made a couple o' smacks at him that caught him right, and he went out o' business."

"He ought to get a medal for nerve."

"Did youse get the drunk home all right after that?" asked Spot.

"Sure! The sister was waitin' for us, and we bundled him in wit'out any o' the rest o' the folks bein' on. It was a dead swell notch on Broad street and the girl was—"

"Sh—hh!" exclaimed Spot. "Here she comes out."

A tall girl, quietly but richly dressed, came out of Grady's, followed by the widow, whose thin face was lighted with gratitude.

"God bless yez, young leddy, for what yez have done for me this day," said Mrs. Grady.

"I will come again," said the girl kindly. "Good-bye, Mrs. Grady."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Grady, "an' blessin's go wid ye!"

"Is it the same?" asked Spot, as they watched the girl enter a waiting carriage at the end of the alley.

"Sure," snapped Eddie. "Didn't I tell youse it was." He seemed angry at something.

"What's bitin' youse, Brennan? Yer got a face on youse like a poisened pup!"

"I ain't knockin' at the girl," said Eddie gloomily, "because she's all to the good. But, say, I stood ace high with Nell before this one broke into the game, and now I got to go 'way back and sit down.'" Then he turned and entered the house.

Almost the first person that Spot Driscoll met when he emerged from the alley was a bright, brown-eyed girl who wore her hair *a la* Cleo de Merode.

"Hello, Spot," said she, smiling brightly, "you're late to-day."

"Just a little," answered he. "I was held up by Eddie Brennan, Nell, down in the alley; he was a-tellin' me all about a girl he met one time."

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"Is that so?" said she, turning her head indifferently. But her attitude was an interrogation, and Spot, with the best intentions in the world, began an effort to set right the difference existing between her and Mr. Brennan.

"Youse ain't got no cause, Nell, to be jealous of—"

"Jealous!" She faced him with eyes and cheeks of fire. Spot realized that he had blundered, and in his dismay proceeded to make it worse.

"Well," said he, "Eddie told me that—"

"He told you that I was jealous, did he?" Miss Fogerty's tone was withering and Spot quailed visibly. "Well, he ought to get a medal for nerve. I'd jist like him to know that I ain't losin' any sleep worryin' about him or his lady friends. Rox Shimph 'll take me out, if I want to go anywhere, and *he* ain't always talkin' to me about somebody else, either!"

"Ah, cut it out," growled Spot. "I seen the girl this mornin'; she was down in the alley. If youse'd see her once ye'd know that Brennan wasn't makin' a play for her. She's a swell, Nelly, she is—a reg'lar top-notcher."

"She must be, when she runs around after him like that. Maybe he'd like *me* to do it, too; but I'd like to see meself, for him or anybody else." And away she went down the street.

Spot climbed into his wagon muttering:—

"Brennan says the other girl queered him; but it hits me he has done the trick himself. When youse are runnin' a girl ye don't want to wag yer face too much about things ye meet when she ain't with youse, because, like as not, it'll start somethin' doin' that youse won't like."

The Emmet Band room was on the floor above Reagan's cigar store. The windows were open that night, and as Brennan, on the way there, neared the corner his ear caught the dolorous groaning of a tuba and the faint roll of a trap drum. The neighbors were gathered upon their front steps in anticipation of the regular practice night concert, and the leader of the Emmets nodded importantly in reply to their salutations. Two girls were standing upon the corner, apparently waiting for a

The other was Nell Fogerty

The opening bars of "Garry Owen."

car. He paused and raised his hat.

"Good evenin'," said he.

"Why, good-evenin'," answered one of the girls. This was Spot Driscoll's sister Kate and the other was Nell Fogerty. "Youse 're just the fella I wanted to see," continued Miss Driscoll, unheeding Miss Fogerty's warning plucks at her sleeve. "Can't youse get a couple o' tickets for the reviewin' stand to-morrow to see the A. O. H. parade?"

"Sure," answered Eddie eagerly. He drew out a little packet of tickets, when Miss Fogerty exclaimed:—

"You needn't bother about any for me, Mr. Brennan. I'm goin' out to see our Jennie to-morrow, and if I want to see the parade I can see it from the window."

"What d'ye think of that for style?" laughed Miss Driscoll, as she slipped the tickets into her pocket book. "A private window on Broad street!"

"Take 'em anyway," said Eddie holding out the tickets. "Clancy give me a lot of 'em. If you don't use 'em yerself ye kin give 'em to somebody."

"I won't have time," said Miss Fogerty. "I'm goin' out there now to stay with Jen till to-morrow night. Miss Winters, the daughter of the lady that Jen works for, is interested in our Improvement Society, and has invited me out to talk it over with her. I might not git a chance to see the parade at all," continued she loftily, "because, now that I think of it, I'm going down town with Miss Winters to help pick out the books for the library her society is goin' to present ours with."

And after Eddie had once more raised his hat and proceeded toward the entrance of the Emmet's headquarters, Miss Driscoll turned to her companion angrily:—

"My goodness, Nell, I'm ashamed of you! Why didn't you take the tickets? You made him feel awful mean."

"I know I did," answered Miss Fogerty. "I just wanted to have him see that I didn't care."

But the quaver in her voice and the unshed tears in her eyes told Miss Driscoll, as she saw her safely aboard the car, that she did care, for all that.

And Eddie, as he led the band through the "Minstrel Boy," "The Star of Glengarry" and the other tunes of the old book that night, was caring a great deal, too; for it was his first opportunity to speak to Nelly since their quarrel some months before, and he had hoped for a reconciliation.

It was the vanity of Clancy, the grocer, of all things in the world, that set the matter right. When he came to pick a horse upon the morning of the parade, O'Connor showed him many; but Clancy would have the new sorrel, though O'Connor warned him.

"Sure, I want none av yez owld plugs," said Clancy. "As grand marshal of the parade I must have a nag with some style about him, O'Connor."

"All right," said O'Connor, as though washing his hands of all responsibility, "if yez must have him I'll send him around; but divil mend ye if ye find yezself sprawlin' in the gutter! It'll be no fault av mine, sure."

Two hours afterward we find the sorrel on Broad Street, prancing and curvetting, with Clancy, rather pale and very awkward, astride of him, heartily wishing he had taken O'Connor's advice. Ten paces behind Marshal Clancy strode Eddie Brennan, very erect in his scarlet coat and towering shako; behind him again marched the Emmet band to the tap of Spot Driscoll's drum, and in the rear the members of the society, brave in fluttering regalia, swung along with martial tramp.

A smart carriage and a team of nervous looking bays were drawn up before the curb to the left; two girls were upon the point of entering and Eddie caught his breath in a gasp of astonishment as he recognized Nelly Fogerty—and the girl whom he had praised to his undoing. His recognition of them occurred at the very moment of his giving the signal for the band to strike up. Spot's drum rolled in response and the brass instruments blared out the opening bars of "Garry Owen." At the first crash Clancy's mount stood bolt upright, then dashed to the left in a series of frightened bounds, throwing its unskilled rider to the ground and colliding with the bays. The latter took fright in an instant and began rearing and plunging frantically; their driver, taken by surprise, was dragged from his seat amid the startled screams of women and warning shouts of men, and away they raced, wild-eyed and snorting, the two girls in the careening vehicle clinging together in an abandon of fear. Had a sleet of Mauser bullets been poured into the ranks of the Emmets they could not have scattered in wilder disorder, as the runaways came plunging among them. But there was one who retained his presence of mind, for an athletic, scarlet coated figure made a wild but successful grab at the bits, and, though beaten cruelly by the flying hoofs, hung on desperately until the horses slackened their pace and help, in the shape of a couple of panting policemen, arrived.

When young Brennan recovered consciousness he found himself stretched upon a couch in a large, handsomely furnished room. All was strange to him and he gazed bewilderedly about. There was his uniform coat, rent in many places and draggled with dust, lying upon a chair—and, yes, there was Nelly Fogerty sitting beside him, red-eyed and penitent. There were others in the room, Miss Winters, and a man who looked enough like a doctor to be one; but Eddie paid no attention to them; he had eyes only for Nelly.

"Is it all right, Nelly?" questioned he eagerly.

"Don't ever mention it to me again, Eddie!" sobbed she. "Oh, why didn't you tell me it was HER, long ago?"

Brennan's next appearance at the band room was about a week later and he wore a bandage about his head and limped slightly.

"How are you comin', pal?" inquired Spot Driscoll solicitously.

"Just like velvet," answered the other. "The cut in the head's about healed up, and me leg's feelin' better every minute."

"Me sister was tellin' me about the swell skirt sending youse a lot o' flowers, and coming to see youse every day since you've been laid up. How does Nell stand for it?"

Eddie grinned.

"Say," answered he, confidentially, "she'd stand for a'most any old thing in that line now. Miss Winters ain't wise to how Nell threw fits about her, and Nell's dead afraid that I might put her on. But, say, I don't go makin' no more breaks; things is comin' my way just now, and I ain't sidetrackin' any of it. Sure not."

A STRAIGHT TIP

By HARRY IRVING GREENE

With Illustrations by W. B. KING

IT was just twelve o'clock when I, as cashier of the Invincible Manufacturing Company, *en route* back to the office with twenty-five thousand dollars in my valise, deseended into Rector's for my lunch. A moment later the waiter drew back the chair opposite mine and into itquietly slipped a slender man who, putting his elbows on the cloth, looked smilingly across the board at me. It was then that, raising my eyes, I beheld the countenance of Jimmie Neil, and though I felt annoyed at the idea of a public tete-a-tete lunch with a man of his notoriety, I concealed my feelings.

Slowly my companion's keen eyes roved over my face, my clothes, my satchel, and having reached the latter settled upon it as iron dust cleaves to a magnet. "About twenty-five thousand in there according to my reckoning," he said with a nod at the receptacle, whereat I merely raised my eyebrows and said nothing.

"Your concern employs about a thousand men I should judge," said Jimmie, "most of them skilled mechanics earning—say on an average—twelve dollars a week each. You probably pay off once in two weeks, which makes a semi-monthly pay roll of twenty-four thousand." Jimmie was a race track gambler, a ward politician, an ex-crook to whom I had chanced to be introduced by a friend from my birthplace who owned a race horse, and therefore I seized upon that theme to divert him from a disagreeable subject.

"Been picking them lately?" I inquired casually, meaning of course the winners at the Park. Jimmie dropped his shoulders in a deprecating shrug.

"Only about breaking even. But if I haven't got the Derby winner for tomorrow I don't know a horse from a hippopotamus."

"So!" I replied carelessly, concealing an equine lover's interest behind my tone and well aware that no shrewder horseman lived than this same disreputable. Jimmie nodded.

"Absolutely. So sure am I of my information and judgment that if I could get my fingers on that satchel for the next two days every cent in it would go down on him. Want to take a flyer yourself?"

"I am not in a position to bet on race horses," I replied quietly, and Jimmie, who is very bright, nodded his understanding.

"I suppose that is all right for you bonded fellows, but as for me I would as soon watch the hands of a clock go around as a bunch of horses unless I had bet my last collar button on one of them. But if you have got any friends that you want to make millionaires just tell them with my compliments that they gave Eagle Boy a moonlight trial over the full course last night and he made it in thirty-two flat—world's record." My companion swallowed his twelfth clam, ignited a cigarette and tossing one to me briskly arose. "Got to wander away now," he added with a farewell wave of his hand. "So long," and the next instant was gone, leaving me carelessly fingering the cigarette, a Turkish abomination with a serrated gilt band for a mouthpiece, as I looked after him. It was a moment later that, happening to glance at the floor near where he had sat, I saw a letter, and wondering if it was of enough importance to warrant returning it I picked it up and glanced through it hurriedly. It was a daintily written thing, perfumed, and read as follows:—

"DEAR JIMMIE. H—— leaves town Sunday for a week. Come at 8.—B."

It was two o'clock upon the following day when with a sharp pull upon

the reins I brought my steed to a halt before the brown stone front wherein dwelt Beatrice. And never before had I been so vain of her as when having assisted her to the high seat of our two wheeler I placed myself at her side. Petite, round, dainty as a ball of down in her fluffy white I felt my breast heave as she airily perched herself upon the cushion and spread her rainbow tinted parasol to the golden sunlight. Past us was rumbling a swiftly moving river of cart and brake, victoria and coach, trap and tally-ho, all streaming with flyers and abloom with color until they looked like the gorgeous floats of a *Mardi Gras* in fairyland. Bugle calls, like great peals smitten from silver bells, filled the air with their vibrant music; college yells echoed upon every side; musical laughter was wafted to the ears by every vagrant breeze and the beat of hoofs sounded like the long roll of drums. The world was going to a race in all its pomp and vanity. It was intoxicating.

"Beatrice!" I cried. "It is beautiful—the carriages, the horses, the dresses, the women, but you are the most beautiful of all. And do you really love me?"

She turned her face so that for a second I looked deep into the wonderland that lay behind her great, flashing eyes. "I have promised to marry you if you will take me to Europe upon our wedding trip," she cried, waving her hand to a passing friend. "You may draw your own inference from that."

We entered at the club house gate. The air was throbbing with the buzz of fifty thousand tongues. And brighter and brighter snapped Beatrice's eyes, while her bosom rose and fell like the heave of the sea.

"Dearest!" I cried, clutching her gloved hand as a cloud of preliminary racers sweeping past us set me a-tingle with excitement. "It is glorious—beautiful."

She nodded rapidly, a series of quick, little jerks of the head, her face glowing with enthusiasm. "Listen! How still it has grown. The silence throbs. Oh, Tom—they are coming—the Derby horses. Tell me which will win. Quick!"

"Eagle Boy!" I cried, nearly swept from my feet by a wave of enthusiasm.

"And what are his odds?"

"Ten to one. But they will go down like a falling stone when the great populace looks upon him."

Fairly dancing with eagerness she snatched a hundred dollar bill from her purse and thrust it into my hand. "Take that and play it upon him this instant. I know he will be first. I feel it to my finger tips. And I will win a thousand dollars. Quick, I say!"

For the first time, chilled by a doubt, I hesitated. "But he may be pocketed; he may foul another horse; he may be left at the post—anything may happen to make him lose. Nothing is more uncertain than a horse race." Into her eyes came a sudden flash of anger.

"You do as I say," she cried imperiously. "It is no business of yours yet what I do with my own money. If you don't obey me I will never speak to you again as long as I live. I at least can find others who will let me spend my own." And silenced by the sharpness of her tone I fought my way through the maelstrom of the betting ring, placed the money in its vortex and came back to the cart hot and crumpled. Already the racers were dancing at the post, while the vast concourse, eager-eyed and straining, watched them in breathless silence, and then—

A mighty roar like the crash of surf; thunderous waves of sound that, rolling across the field, were sent booming back by the echoing walls, while around the first turn hurtled a solid body of red-nostrilled steeds that stretched themselves like greyhounds at full leap. For an instant—suddenly turning giddy—I closed my eyes, then opening them, looked once more at the flying field that circled the course with the speed of sweeping hawks. And well placed among the leaders I saw the powerful haunches of Eagle Boy working with the smooth power of pistons as they drove the great horse steadily to the van. With the roar of an express train they turned the last curve and swept into the stretch, and once again the crowd, awaking, burst into full tongue. Beatrice, her eyes fixed upon the steeds and her lips mov-

ing rapidly, was beating her parasol to rags upon the dashboard as she hysterically called the name of the horse upon whom for the moment her whole being was centered. From out of the bunch he had shot like a huge bomb and now a length in front, foam-flecked and shining like a polished shoe, was leading his field home with that terrific burst of speed that made him incomparable. He was gaining, gaining—leaping further, at every stride—a length ahead—two lengths—he wins—Eagle Boy! Eagle Boy!

And then, chained to the spot by horror like one who has wandered far into the evil land of the nightmare, I saw an awful thing. A dozen yards from the wire and when two more leaps would have brought him glorious victory there came a stumble and a plunge that sent a great black horse crashing upon the ground like a falling pine, while over him hurdled his followers in the last mad rush for victory. From grand stand, club house and grounds came first a yell of horror close followed by a shuddering silence, then a long groan of anguish that rivaled the deep moan of the sea. At my side I heard a dry sob and turning was just in time to catch Beatrice as she fell forward in a faint.

It was nothing serious, however, and a few drops of brandy from one of the many flasks which were thrust at me soon revived her, and slowly we worked our way through the press and out upon the boulevard. She had not spoken since the race and I now sought to console her with a few words of sympathy, but she whirled upon me like a wildcat.

"I despise you," she cried, the hot tears dimming her eyes as hot water dims diamonds. "It is all your fault. Stop speaking to me."

"My fault!" I exclaimed, cut deep by the words. "I tried to dissuade you from betting. You are unjust." Instantly two spots of red flamed upon her white cheeks.

"I am not unjust. You told me Eagle Boy would win. You bet my money and you made me lose. I hate you." And it was not until I had helped her to alight that she once more deigned to address me.

"And I may call again when?" I asked as she swept past with her wonderful skirts held just at her twinkling ankles.

"When you next hear from me," she replied with a toss of her head, and the next moment had disappeared within. And with that unjust retort ringing in my ears I drove slowly homeward.

The next day was Sunday, lowering, glowering, almost deadly in its monotony. All day I lay inertly in my rooms. I had an engagement in the evening. When I stepped out upon the shining pavement the drizzle had turned into a steady rain. It was a long ride home and a wet one, so I decided to remain at a hotel over night and be early at the office in the morning. The Biggs was close at hand and hurrying to it I was assigned a room on the second floor back, away from the noise of the street. After undressing I turned out the light and stood for a moment in the darkness watching the flashes of lightning and the water as it fell in tiny cascades from the iron fire escape that passed just beside the window and down into the alley, then with a sigh I threw myself upon the bed.

It was nine o'clock upon the following morning when I threw open the office door and stepped inside. The room looked as if it had been bombarded by a battleship. Chairs, papers and debris from the ceiling were scattered about while the great steel safe was but a mangled ruin fit only for the scrap heap. Saturday had chanced to be a legal holiday and the pay roll money had been left in the safe for distribution among the employees this morning. Butler, the head bookkeeper, was wandering helplessly about, while perched upon their stools the other clerks were staring at the wreckage in silent stupidity.

"Good heavens!" I cried, sinking into a chair and staring at the ruin as if fascinated. Butler slowly wagged his head.

"They knocked the watchman senseless and then blew the safe. The money is gone, sir—all gone."

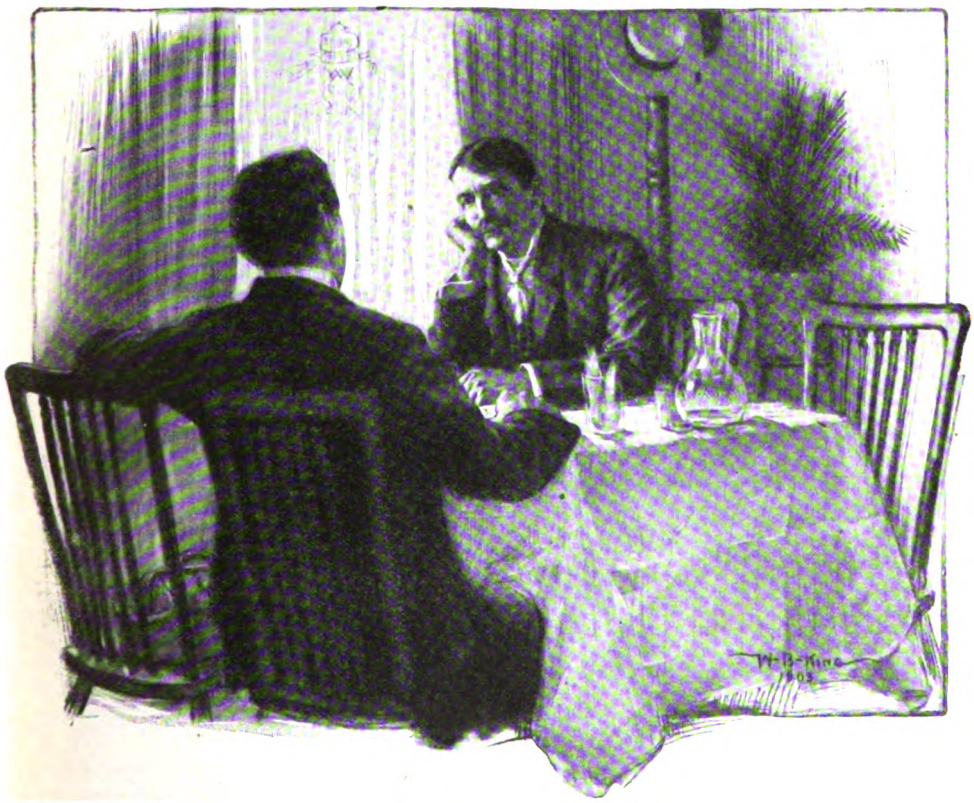
"Was Graham badly hurt?" I asked, a dull fear that the faithful old man might have been killed creeping over me.

"I don't think so, sir. But he saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing from the time he was hit from behind. I found him in the alley tightly bound, released him and sent him home in a carriage. What are your orders, sir?"

Mr. Dumont, our president, was in England and Wilson, the manager, down with the rheumatism at the baths. Leaping to my feet I scribbled a telegram to the latter and by good fortune got Charlie Ford on the telephone at once. Ford had the reputation of being the cleverest man in the city at untwisting such knots as this, and though I did not know him personally I was satisfied that I could not do better than engage him. Twenty minutes later he leaped from a carriage in front of the door and at once began a quick eyed scrutiny of the safe, the floor, the scattered papers and the alley without. It was after probably a quarter of an hour of this that he signified his desire for a consultation with me, and together we entered the private office.

"Who knew that the money was in the safe?" he asked as his small, sharp eyes roved over me and about the room.

"Everybody in the office, of course. They always know."



"If I haven't got the Derby winner, I don't know a horse from a hippopotamus."

"Think again."

"Of course, some of the shopmen might have guessed it, but they could scarcely have known to a certainty." I paused, wiped my forehead, and twisted a bit in my seat. "Go on," said Ford sharply.

"Jimmie Neil, the gambler, might have suspected it." Briefly I acquainted him with the facts of the incident in the restaurant, noting the interest that set his eyes alight.

"I see. Does Jimmie smoke cigarettes?"

"Mr. Ford," said I, leaning forward and touching him on the knee, "outside of betting on the races, cigarette smoking is the principal excuse for his existence."

"Any particular brand?"

I meditated. "Yes, they are some kind of Turkish fumigators, with a saw-edge gilt band for a mouthpiece."

"Anything like this?" One of the detective's hands came out of his pocket and in the palm rested the remains of a cigarette, half smoked and flattened by a heel, but still encircled by a befouled strip of serrated yellow. I gasped.

"Found it in the corner where they laid the watchman after they put him out of commission," Ford resumed, his face wrinkled by thought. "Lucky for whoever did this job that there was a ripping big storm on last night to drown the noise of the explosion. They used enough dynamite to wake the dead."

My thoughts ran back to the night before. "Yes, it thundered so loud that it woke me up. I got caught in the rain and stayed at the Biggs all night." Ford's half-closed eyes seemed to be studying the floor as he added slowly: "The explosion took place at twenty minutes to two."

I sat up straighter and looked at him with new curiosity. "How do you know that?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, just because it stopped the office clock." He arose to his feet and stood confronting me with his hand on the street door. "Can you come with me?" he asked in his quick tones. "I want you to introduce me to Jimmie Neil." Ford pushed me into the cab and threw himself into the opposite corner. An hour later we found our man.

Debonaire, immaculate, leaning against the bar and blowing cigarette smoke from his nose like a nursery dragon, at first glance nothing was more apparent than the fact that if Jimmie Neil's fingers were besmirched with guilt from the night before the stain had not as yet penetrated to his conscience. Swallowing his drink he turned to me with lazy ease:—

"By the way, I hope you didn't get much down on my Eagle Boy tip," he remarked as he wiped his lips. I shook my head decisively.

"No. I never bet, as I told you before. Watching them is excitement enough for me."

"Glad of it," he announced heartily. "That was the toughest piece of luck I ever had to masticate. But then—" He shrugged his shoulders with a gambler's indifference, and at that moment a stranger to us led him aside.

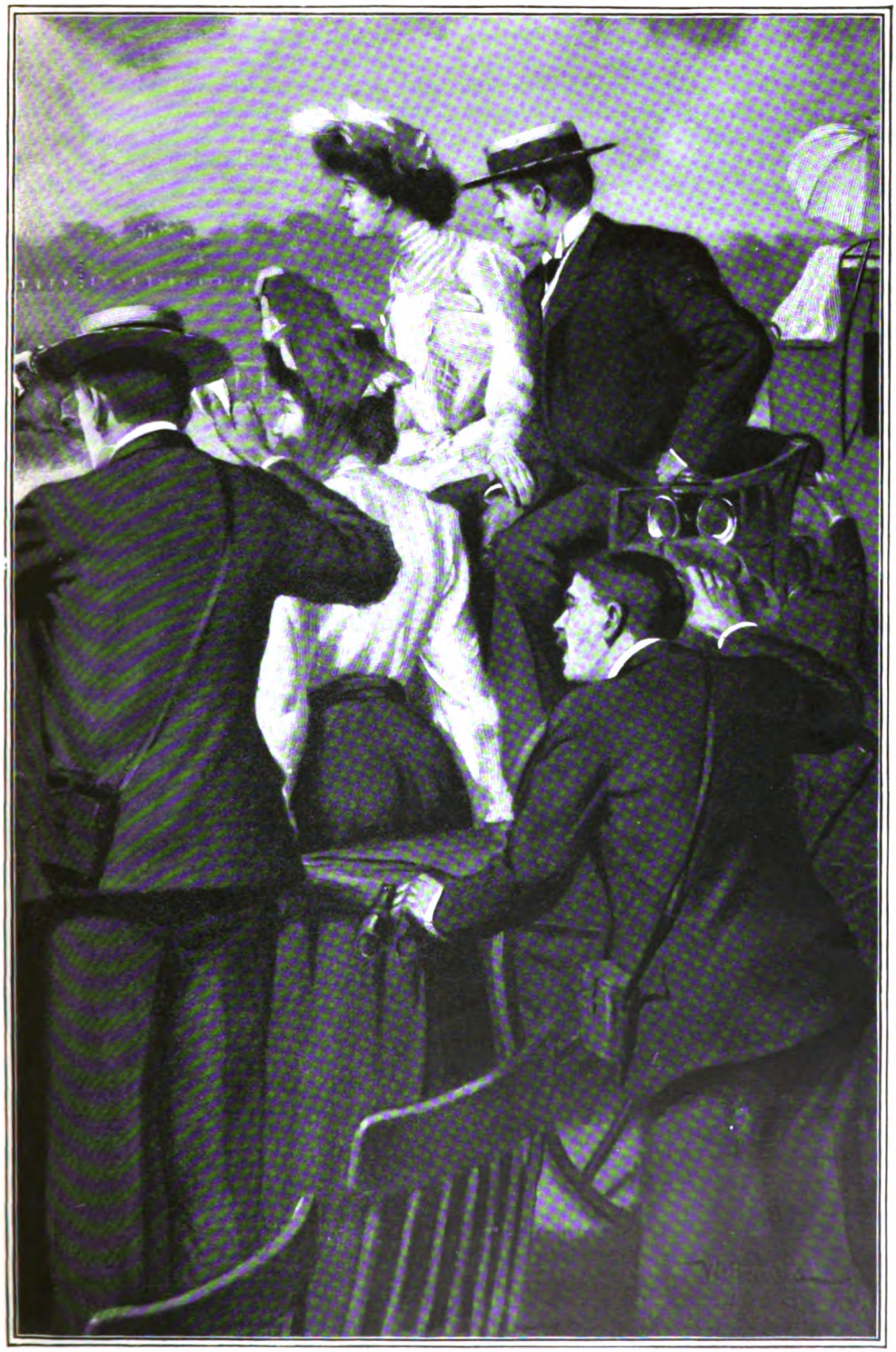
"Well, what do you think of him?" I asked lowering my voice.

"I think Jimmie chews the ends of his cigarettes," Ford replied quietly. "Go back to the office. Meet me tonight at eight in front of the Great Northern. I will stay and cultivate Jimmie."

Prompt 8 o'clock found me at the appointed place and three minutes later came Ford. "Get in," said he, opening the door of a cab, and as I obeyed I heard him giving low-voiced directions to the Jehu. Then as he took his seat I eagerly questioned him as to what the day had developed.

"Have the money before morning," was his startling answer. "As for our present destination, it is necessary that I search a certain room in the absence of its occupant, and for reasons which I will explain later I need your assistance." And with that he relapsed into a preoccupied silence which continued until the horse came to a halt well down a dimly lighted street. Instructing the cabman to wait for us, Ford dived into an alley, and following close at his heels I scaled a low back fence and found myself before a black window.

"Press this against the pane," whispered my companion as he thrust a ball of something soft into my hands. "I will cut out the glass around it and with the putty you can draw out the circle without dropping it." Quickly the opening was completed and Ford, plunging his arm into the opening, pushed the window catch aside and raised the sash. A moment later I saw his legs vanish into the black interior and I was left alone upon the outside.



"Two lengths—he wins—Eagle Boy! Eagle Boy!"

Deeply puzzled by his actions, shivering as guiltily as if I were accomplishing a *bona fide* robbery, I crouched in the darkness with eyes strained and ears set to catch the slightest sound. A faint rustle reached my ears and guiltily I peered about. But it was only Ford returning. It was not until we were again beneath the bright lights of the Great Northern that my companion broke the silence, but when he spoke it was with the positiveness of one who

With a nod I thrust my hand into my pocket for my card case and suddenly realized that somehow, somewhere I had lost it. Simply remarking this fact to Ford I gave my address verbally, then watched him as he loitered away and was lost in the crowd. The disappearance of my card case was worrying me not a little. It was a dainty thing—a present from Beatrice—and I was exceedingly anxious to regain it. Suddenly struck by a thought I hur-

"I struck a match and held it low."

stands upon a rock of knowledge. "I know the man."

"Tell me," I cried, breathing hard from excitement. Ford, hands in pockets, calmly puffed at a fresh cigar and shook his head. With a sudden flash of anger at his taciturnity I half turned upon my heel.

"Very well, if I am not to be trusted. But I am going home."

"Do. But you might give me your card so I can inform you a little later that I have succeeded. I suppose you will want to hear of it?"

ried away and a few moments later found myself at the mouth of the alley which backed the Biggs hotel. Into this I plunged and pursuing my way until I reached the foot of the fire escape, struck a match and held it low as I swept the stones with its yellow light. Scarcely had the blaze reached its climax when the rays fell upon a small glittering object, and with an exclamation of satisfaction I stretched forth my hand and grasped it. The next instant I found myself lying upon

my back with one strong hand at my throat and another swiftly rummaging my pockets. But the search was soon finished and in a hoarse whisper my captor bade me arise.

"Ford!" I gasped as dumbfounded by the familiar tones I staggered to my feet. Through the darkness came the detective's voice raised in crisp, exclamatory and questioning sentences.

"What you? Of all things! What in the name of Heaven are you doing here? Hurt?"

Seething with anger at the assault; grimacing with the pain of a twisted leg, I stood before him with fists tightly clenched. Dark as it was he must have seen my threatening knuckles for his hand fell upon my shoulder soothingly, and with profuse apologies he led me limping across the alley and into the back entrance of a basement resort.

"Mr. S——" said he with the utmost gravity, "within ten minutes after my arrival at your office this morning I had discovered three very important facts; first that the safe had been blown open by an unnecessarily large quantity of explosive, second that there were the distinct prints of soiled fingers upon several pieces of paper; third that some one had dropped a peculiar cigarette upon the floor. Despite the fact that the latter seemed to implicate Jimmie Neil I doubted its testimony from the first. And when I discovered that he chewed the ends of his smokers I was almost satisfied that he was not the guilty one. However, I accused him of it, threatening to arrest him and make him tell his whereabouts on the night before, and that plainly worried him. But nevertheless he told me where he had been, and upon investigating his story I found it to be absolutely true. Neither did he have some one else perform the job for him, for in that case it would have been done by a skilful cracksman instead of a rank bungler. Thus Jimmie and his friends being out of the matter I must look further, which I did—and found—"

Ford suddenly leaned forward and fixed his gray eyes steadily upon mine. "Come, now, where have you got the rest of that money, anyhow?" he demanded sharply.

"What! You mean me?" I gasped, staring at him as through a mist; paralyzed by the suddenness of the charge. He nodded.

"The first flood of light came to me when I saw that gray look creep over your face as Jimmie asked you if you had lost much on Eagle Boy. Afterwards, during my private talk with him, I learned that he had given you one of his cigarettes that day in the restaurant, and that convinced me that you were the one who had dropped the stub on the scene of the robbery—purposely, to cast suspicion upon Neil, whom you doubtless hate as one of the causes of your downfall.

The numbness of the sudden shock caused by his charge passed from me and I turned from him with an exclamation of disgust. "Of all the bungling fools I ever heard of you are the worst," said I bitterly. "That is, except myself, for I hired you. I will listen to such nonsense no longer." I made a movement to arise, but his hand closed upon my arm like the grip of a wolf-trap.

"Sit down," he cried with an ominous ring in his voice as he pushed me back into my chair. "Listen until I am through—then decide upon your course." Helpless beneath his strength I sat quietly.

"Next I turned my attention to getting your finger prints, which I did tonight without arousing your suspicions by means of the putty. Incidentally I might remark that it was my own house that we burglarized, and while inside I compared your finger impressions upon the soft putty with the marks on the papers by means of a powerful microscope which I have in my residence. There is a remarkable similarity."

"Mr. Ford," said I huskily, "do you think to bind me by such frail ties—so intangible a mesh spun by some brain spider in the cobwebs of your mind? Men like myself do not commit such crimes except under great stress. Where is the motive?" Silently he laid a bookmaker's ticket on the table before me.

"You bet five thousand dollars, which you borrowed from the payroll, on Eagle Boy, and had you won would have been the richer by fifty thousand. I sent to your residence for the clothes you had worn at the race, signing a tailor's name and stating that you wished them pressed. Luckily for me you had failed to destroy your worthless ticket, and that supplied the motive. You could not replace what you had lost, therefore decided to make a clean job of it. The card-case incident I could have dispensed with, for had it failed it would have signified nothing, but, succeeding, it clinched my theory. I picked it from your pocket, then called attention to your loss by asking for a card. The case was valuable, and I knew you would try and call to mind the place where you had lost it. Where so probable as at the foot of the fire-escape that you climbed down and up? Your reasoning fitted mine and you came. The opportunity was ripe to arrest you, but I feared you might have a pistol, and hence took you unawares that I might feel of your pockets." Ford ceased speaking, and silently we sat as we looked into each other's faces.

"Do you suppose any jury would believe me guilty?" I asked at length with a forced smile. He waved his head doubtfully from side to side.

"Don't know. Do you want to give the jury a chance?" I made no answer, and the next moment he spoke with his old briskness. "Woman in the case—some high-flyer—diamonds, and all that?" I nodded.

"Thought so. Now see here. This lesson should make an absolutely honest man of you for all time to come, which is better than making a dozen convicts. Tell me where the rest of the money is and I will not breath a word against you. Come, now, as man to man, and your word as good as mine."

My head fell forward until, pillowed by my arms, it rested upon the table. "In a satchel checked at the Union Depot. The check is in a letter at the postoffice addressed to A. B. C. Dobbins, general delivery," I whispered brokenly. Ford arose and placed one hand upon my shoulder.

"I believe you, old man, and now I want to give you some advice. Resign your position and go thou the straight and narrow road in peace, amidst new acquaintances and lesser temptations. I will return the balance of the money to your employers with a tale that will satisfy them. And as for the woman"—he patted me kindly upon the back—"cut her out, old man, cut her out."

The door closed softly and I knew that he was gone, leaving me still seated at the table, my face buried in my arms.

MAH LITTLES'

By MAURICE SMILEY.

Ah wondah ef it's wrong aw right
To love one mo'n de res';
De one yo' sings to sleep at night
An' cuddles on yo' bre's;—
Yo' littles'.

Ah knowed dat some day some'd go;
Ah couldn' keep 'em all;
But Gawd He been so good befo'
Ah nevah thought He'd call
De littles.

He knowed mah sperrit would be to'n;
He knowed mah heaht would break;
'Cose mebbe so He needed one—
But wha' made 'im take
Mah littles'?—

Li'l Abe, dat use to stan' an' grin
When Ah'd come in de do'
An' grab de bubbles stan'in' in
De washtub on de flo'—
Mah littles'.

But mebbe li'l Abe went fust
Kase Ah's agoin' nais
An' he'd a-needed me de wust—
Mebbe da's why He takes
De littles'.

The sleigh-haul had fairly begun.

ON THE TAQUAMENON

By WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

THE NATURALIST GOES TO THE LOGGING CAMP

WINTER was at its height, or possibly a little beyond it. The lumbermen had practically finished felling pine-trees and skidding logs. The sleigh-haul had fairly begun, and the naturalist was going out to the camp to have a look at it.

Just at this minute, however, the naturalist was sitting on a barrel of flour watching a weasel. The barrel stood on a little platform beside the railway. Behind was a clearing of a few acres, with half a dozen small, rough buildings standing about. In front lay the steel track and beyond was the cedar swamp. Everywhere a thick blanket of snow covered the ground, overlaid in turn by a new three-inch counterpane, fresh and fair and beautiful, that had fallen in the night. The sun was shining gloriously, and the shadows were bright blue.

The weasel had thrust his head up through a crack in the planks and was staring at the naturalist with bright, beady, little eyes which were brimful of inquisitiveness, but showed not a sign of fear. In a second he was gone, but soon he reappeared at another crack a little farther away. The naturalist did not stir. Presently the weasel was running about the platform, utterly unabashed by the presence of a traditional enemy, and suddenly, with record-breaking nonchalance, he passed squarely under the man's feet as they hung a few inches from the planks.

"The nerve of him!" muttered the naturalist to himself.

But the next minute the weasel vanished in a hurry, if not in a panic, for with a rush and a shout the Duluth Express came around the curve and went thundering by, its pilot tossing the new-fallen snow aside in two great, white wings that spread far out to right and left, while the steam rose in a dazzling cloud from the roaring stack. And hardly was the train gone when the tote-team came up out of the swamp

and halted at the platform. An hour later it started back, the sleigh-rack piled high with bales of hay and boxes and barrels of provisions, and with it went the naturalist.

The trees stood thick and close on each side of the winding tote-road, and once they had left the railway there was nothing in sight but a short stretch of sleigh-track before and behind and a bit of blue sky overhead. By and by they stopped at a spring-hole to water the horses, and the teamster remarked that a deer had been there since he passed on the way to the station. The naturalist climbed down from his perch on the pile of hay and examined the dainty, little, pointed tracks in the snow. He had seen them before, hundreds and hundreds of times, but somehow they never lost their interest.

"Had much venison in camp this winter?" he asked, unconcernedly, as the sleigh moved on.

The tote-teamster's eyes twinkled and the corners of his mouth twitched a little, but he said soberly: "Well, you see, venison ain't very good this time of year. The deer ain't as fat as they were in the hunting season, and they don't have much of anything to live on but the twigs of the evergreen trees, so their meat gets to taste a good deal like balsam gum. Besides it's against the law to shoot them now."

The naturalist forebore to ask any more questions.

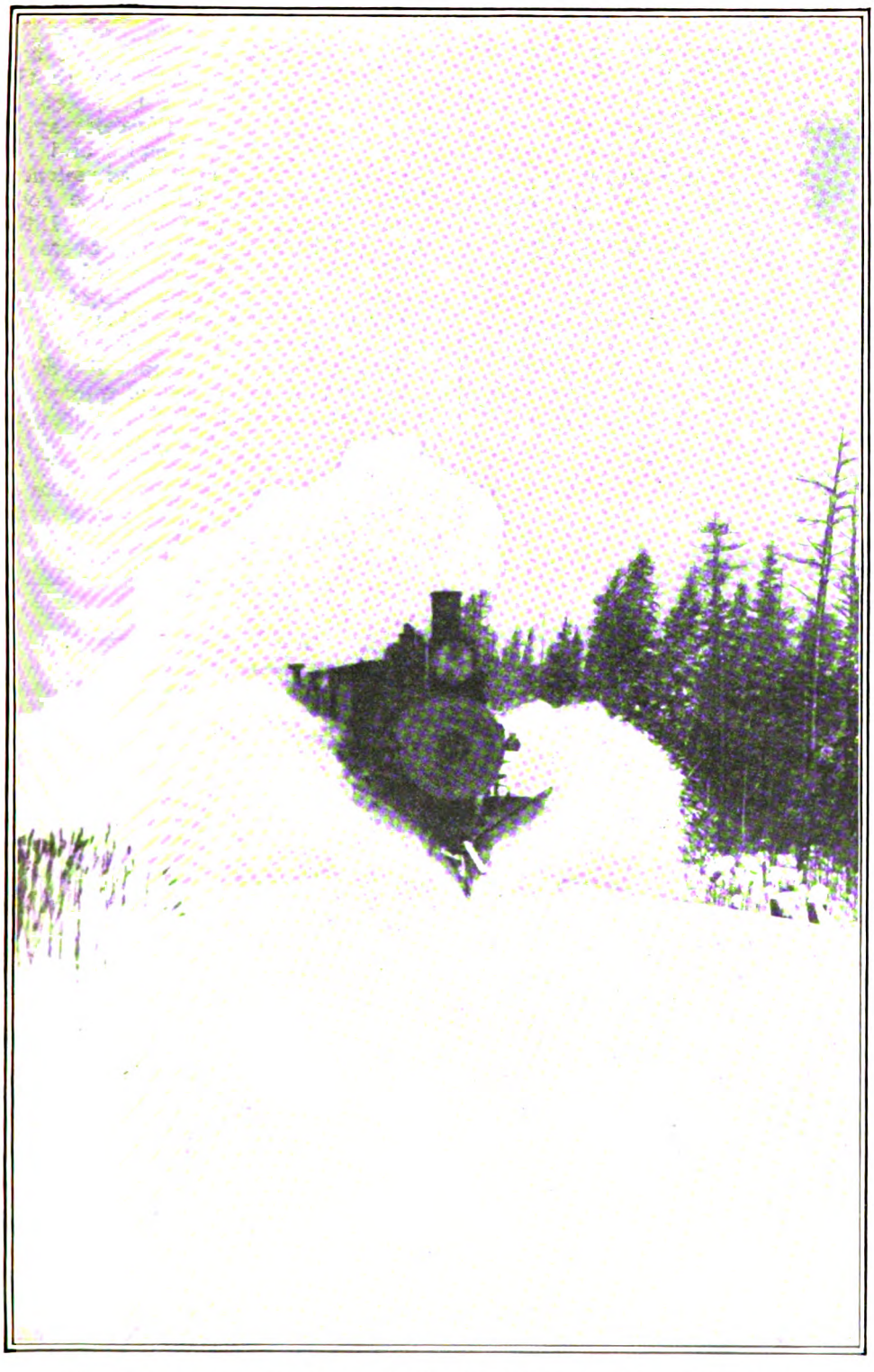
"There's lots of deer around here, though," the teamster went on in a rather tentative tone. "A fellow could get one easy enough if he wanted to. There's a place over here, only about half a mile from the road, where the snow's all cut up with runways. The woods are so thick you can't hardly see your nose in front of you, and I suppose it kind of keeps the wind away and helps to keep them warm. I wouldn't like to be a deer in winter-time. Shouldn't wonder if we saw one a little farther on."

And, sure enough, before they had traveled another mile a large buck stepped out into the road ahead of them. The teamster shouted, and the deer turned toward him, stood there for just an instant with his head up and one fore-foot lifted, and then bounded away into the swamp.

He was not like a buck of the summer-time, nor yet like the one which the naturalist had seen on the Taquamenon in the autumn. In summer his coat would have been red and smooth and glistening, and in autumn it would have had a bluish tinge. Now it was plain gray and was rough and tousled and unkempt. In autumn he had carried a noble pair of antlers; in February his head was as bare of such knightly decorations as was that of his mate, the doe. In autumn, too, he had been plump and fat; to-day his ribs showed, even under his thick, heavy winter overcoat. His whole appearance was that of an animal who had seen better days and might see them again, but who was just then in very straitened circumstances.

Mile after mile they journeyed on, while the February sun bored little holes in the snow-banks on the northern side of the road, and at last they rounded a bend, and there before them lay a branch of the Taquamenon, roofed over with snow and ice. A narrow clearing stretched for perhaps two hundred yards along the opposite shore, part of it given up to the banking ground and part occupied by a little group of houses, large and small, with walls of logs, roofs of tarred paper, and stove-pipes for chimneys. In front of one of them a man was wielding a broad axe and shaping a big stick of oak timber into a new bunk for a log-sleigh. Another man was splitting wood and carrying it into the cook camp. Nobody else was in sight. They crossed the river on a rude bridge, and the naturalist had arrived.

That afternoon he made friends with the blacksmith, and with the wood butcher who wielded the broad axe, who instructed him in the fine art of building log-sleighs; he got acquainted with the barn boss, who taught him things about horses that he had never known before, helped the chore-boy with his chores, and watched Octave, the French cook, make pies by the wholesale and fry doughnuts by the half-bushel in a



The Duluth express went thundering by, its pilot tossing the new-fallen snow.

"The potatoes that I ordered never came."

wash-boiler full of boiling lard. Octave was tall and good-looking, strong as an ox, as he had need to be, and the muscles stood out on his big, bare arms as he worked.

"I'm making a barrel of doughnuts a day just now," he said cheerfully. He talked almost constantly, with a strong French accent, and once in a while he sang a snatch of a song reciting the trials of a camp cook, the melancholy refrain of which ended with:

"The potatoes that I ordered never came."

And by and by, when the sunset was fading out and the first stars were beginning to twinkle, down the log-road, between the ranks of tall, pointed firs and dark, mysterious cedars, came a crowd of men and horses. One among them the naturalist settled on, without very much difficulty, as the foreman. The "push" was tall, with a powerful frame, keen blue eyes that went straight through you and were afraid of nothing in the world, and a red mustache that drooped over a pair of very firm-set lips. It took much manhood to rule seventy-five lumber-jacks, but the "push" had all that was necessary. As for the men themselves, they were all sorts, sizes and kinds, save that they were all physically strong and powerful, and that most of them knew how to look you in the eye without constraint or self-consciousness.

At supper the naturalist sat with them at the long, oilcloth-covered table and watched them do business with the fresh meat, the salt meat, the potatoes, the bread and butter, the dried-apple sauce, the cookies, the pies and the doughnuts. It was all done in silence. There was no table talk in the cook camp; that was against the rules. If the men had been allowed to converse it probably would not have been long before some of them were throwing things. They ate. Each man took his knife in his right hand and his fork in his left, and as one went down empty the other came up full, with a kind of rotary motion that was marvelously effective. Only once did the naturalist hear a bit of repartee.

"Pass the potatoes," said one man.

"Eat your supper, and never mind the potatoes," retorted his neighbor, and bent to his work again.

In the course of the meal the foreman picked up a tin plate of savory-looking meat and offered it to the naturalist.

"Have some mutton," he said.

The naturalist helped himself. Now mutton fat, as is well known, has a way of solidifying at a higher temperature than that of pork or beef, but the naturalist thought he had never eaten

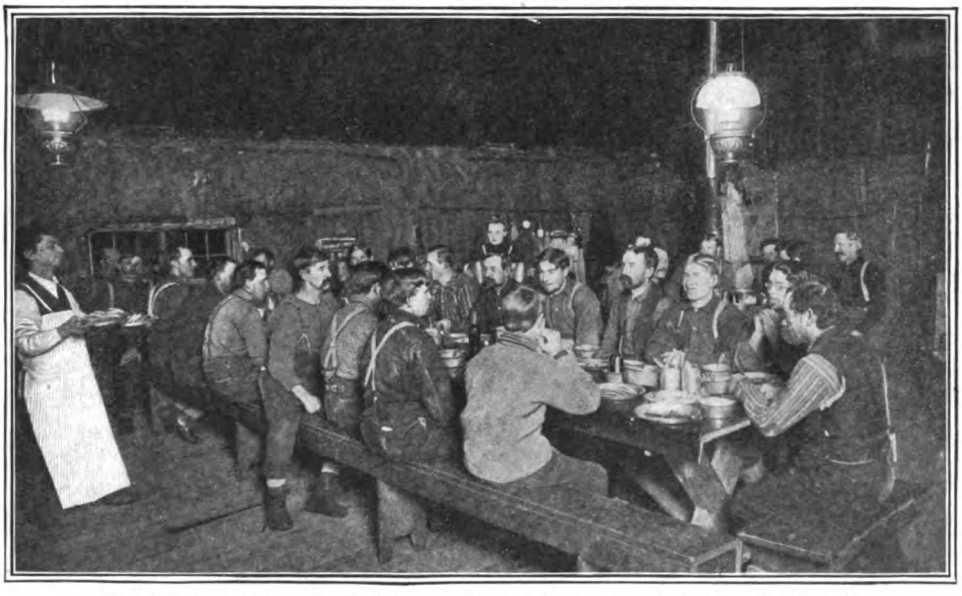
The wood butcher and the barn boss.

any that went quite as far in that direction as this did. It stiffened in his mouth before he could swallow it. He turned to the foreman and looked him straight in the eye, but the foreman was innocent as a new-born babe, and all that the naturalist dared say was, "It's mighty good mutton."

That evening he went for a ride on the sprinkler. It was a glorious night. The heavens were bare, and the moon "did with delight look round her" on a world of gleaming snow and tall, dark, motionless trees. There was no wind, and it was very, very still. In almost absolute silence the great wooden water-tank glided slowly up the log-road, while from two little holes in the rear small streams emerged, and, falling into the ruts, left two long ribbons of ice behind. Mile after mile and hour after hour they slipped quietly along over the smooth, level road, the teamster addressing his horses now and then with an encouraging word, and the naturalist watching the beauty of the night, the ghostly snow, the dark procession of the trees on either hand, the stars, and the radiance of the moon. But death was abroad in the night as well as beauty. As they were on their way back to camp a sudden scream rang out on the quiet, frosty air—a shrill cry as of a child in an agony of fright and pain. Only one, then everything was silent again, but the naturalist knew that somewhere out there in the wooded swamp, not very far away, a lynx or a fox or a wild-cat had sprung upon a rabbit, and that there was one life less in the moonlit forest.

It set the teamster reminiscing.

"I expect that was a link," he said. "Well, sir, the greatest time I ever saw with links was once, a good many years ago, when I put in a winter in a camp on the Au Sable. They used to turn us out pretty early in the morning in those days, and on the sleigh-haul it was the regular thing for the teams to leave the barns at three o'clock. We had one man working alone on the banking ground. There wasn't much for him to do—just help the teamsters break the logs off the bunks and then roll them down a short skidway and let them tumble over the edge of the bank and drop down onto the ice. Well, we started out one morning and he went down to the river while the sleighs were loading up. There wasn't any moon, but it was bright starlight. I had the head



"Pass the potatoes." "Eat your supper and never mind the potatoes."

Photo by R. Eickemeyer, Jr.

It was very, very still.

team, and we had just got the bunkload on and were going to put on the peaker when we heard that man holler. Yell? I never heard a man yell so in all my life. Two or three of us jumped on the load and I whipped the horses into a gallop. We went tearing along for about half a mile, and all the time he kept yelling louder and louder. Then we came around a bend, and there he was, standing in the middle of the road and swinging his cant-hook over his head, with five big Canada links around him in a ring. They were snarling and glaring at him, and every minute one would make a little jump toward him, and he would strike at it with his cant-hook and it would jump back again. He never hit any of them and they never touched him, but I guess they'd have got him before long if we hadn't come. They'd have closed in pretty soon. He might have killed one or two, but he couldn't have fought them all off without any gun or revolver, and they would have fixed him all right enough. They were so interested that they didn't see us till we were almost on them, and then they broke and ran for it. The man was cool enough for all his yelling. Gosh! Just think of it! To have five of those devils standing around and snapping at you!"

For the next few days the naturalist, mounted on a pair of snowshoes, went where he pleased through the woods. He saw the sawyers pull their big, double-ended, cross-cut saw and heard the sharp, cruel teeth tear through the live wood with a steady "swish, swish, swish." He saw the trees come crashing down. He saw the swampers clear away the underbrush and open a path from each fallen tree to the nearest skidway, and he saw the skidding team come and drag the logs away down that path, leaving only the raw stump and a tangle of broken branches to tell where a giant pine had stood. But mostly he saw the sleighs go up and down the log-road, carrying great loads of "round stuff" from the skidways to the banking ground. The road was like an ice railway, carefully kept clean by the "road monkeys," and mended whenever it showed signs of breaking down in spots under the heavy burdens that passed over it. The sleighs ran as smoothly as a Pullman car, and small mountains of logs were piled up on the groaning bunks and went to increase the great brown piles by the river.

The naturalist knew positively that plenty of wild beasts were abroad in the forests if only they could be found, but up here in the open hardwood, where there were no evergreens and the underbrush was scanty, where the wind wandered among the trees almost without let or hindrance, and where there was little shelter from the storms, he saw not so much as a rabbit track. He did, it is true, see one lonely porcupine, who stared at him gravely and stupidly from a limb of a beech, but there isn't much life in a porky.

And so, by and by, he bent his steps toward the lower lands, and there, in the hemlock groves and the cedar swamp, he found what he was looking for. The first sign of it lay in a quantity of hard, woody scales of spruce cones scattered on the snow. He knew what that meant, and he halted and looked about till he caught sight of a red squirrel peering at him from behind the limb of a tree. For a moment they stared at each other in silence, and then the squirrel broke into a storm of chirring and chattering. The naturalist listened, well pleased. He liked an animal to have some gumption.

During the next three or four hours he crossed several deer run-ways, and came upon the track of many a rabbit, who had left in the snow the prints of his long hind legs, with two little round dots between them, made by his forefeet. He found a fox trail, too, and then that of a mink, the latter very, very fresh, so fresh that the naturalist followed it as quickly and quietly as he could in the hope of interesting developments. It led him down to a little stream and came to a sudden end beside a small hole in the ice. The naturalist hid himself behind a tree and waited. There wasn't much telling how long it was since the mink had dived, nor what he was doing now. Perhaps he was chasing fish, swimming along in the darkness almost as rapidly

They brought that bay lynx back with them.

as an otter, or perhaps there were air spaces along the edges of the stream, and he was hunting there for mice that came out of their holes in the banks to drink or to look for provender. Perhaps he would come out the way he had gone in, and perhaps not. But it was worth waiting a little while on the chance that something might happen.

And something did happen. The naturalist had hardly established himself behind his tree when up out of the hole popped a lithe, brown, furry little animal, holding in his jaws a small silvery herring. He settled himself on the ice, and the fish, with one or two despairing flops gave up the ghost and went into process of malignant assimilation. It was soon over, and again the mink dived into the hole. The naturalist waited a long while, hoping that he would come up again with another catch, but that was the last of him, and finally the man crossed the stream and went on his way.

One day he saw one of the hard things that come into the life of a lumber-jack. The logs on a certain skidway had frozen together, and a man stepped in front of them and began to pry them apart with his cant-hook. Suddenly, and without an instant's warning, the whole front of the skidway came tumbling down, and before he could leap aside he was caught and his right arm was ground to pieces.

And on his first Sunday in camp the naturalist saw something else that threatened to be still more tragic, but that turned out rather ludicrously. A French-Canadian axe-man had been out to town and had come back feeling a trifle hilarious, and bringing with him, unknown to anyone else, and in defiance of all rules, a bottle of liquor. That afternoon the foreman and the naturalist were standing in the door of the office when a big Swede, one of the cant-hook men, rushed out of the men's camp followed by the Frenchman, who was brandishing a knife and shouting and yelling at the top of his voice. Fortunately the axe-man was too drunk to run very fast or to use his wits, and the cant-hook man knew it. Round and round in a circle they went, the Swede keeping just out of reach of the knife, and looking back and laughing over his shoulder, while the Frenchman staggered after him in a perfect fury of drunken rage. It did not last long. The foreman went over and knocked the Frenchman down with a single blow, and they took his knife away from him and shut him up in a little log building to sober off. The next day he went over the tote-road.

Sometimes the naturalist marveled greatly over it all. Here were seventy-five men who had left town and their homes—those who had any homes to leave—and had come out here into the woods to labor with all their might. One man had lost his right arm, another

had nearly lost his life, and a third had tried to be a murderer. The deer were being slaughtered to feed them, they were ruining the woods, and most of the wild creatures would sooner or later lose their homes because of them. And all for what? Simply that the pine trees might be killed, and their bodies carried away to be ripped and torn and sawn into boards and planks and beams.

There was a sort of fascination about the game, and the naturalist lingered in camp much longer than he had intended, but he spent more time with the wild animals than with the lumberjacks, watching the runways for deer, or following up the trail of the weasel and reading in the snow the record of his night's hunting. Two or three times he heard the short, sharp bark of a fox, and one afternoon a lone wolf followed him around for hours, howling now and then, but never showing himself. Once he watched an otter-slide for half a day, and at last was rewarded by a sight of the wild coaster shooting down the steep bank into the stream. Often, too, he saw traces of the work of the lynx who had killed the spruce hen and who may have eaten the rabbit on the night when he rode on the sprinkler. That came to an end after a while, however, for one Sunday afternoon the tote-teamster and two or three of the other men went out with their guns, and when they came home they brought that bay lynx with them. The tote-teamster had caught him in the act of stalking a partridge, and with a 44 bullet had put a stop to his hunting forever.

The naturalist did not see all that he wanted to on these excursions—not by any means—but there was always something to interest him. And sometimes he thought of the animals whom he never saw or heard, but who were there, nevertheless—like the woodchuck and the flying squirrel and the jumping-mouse. For them there was no winter. Here in the heart of the great Taquamenon swamp, where cold and ice and snow reign supreme for a third of the year, they lived a life of perpetual spring, summer and autumn, dreaming away the weeks and months in rest as peaceful as that of the lotus-eaters in the land where it is always afternoon. Did he envy them, he wondered? Did he wish that he too could go to sleep when the winter of his discontent drew near, and let the storms of passion and sorrow go by unheeded and unknown? Then he thought of the red squirrel, who never tried to dodge the season of hardship by sleeping through it, and compared his pluckiness and cheerfulness and activity with the woodchuck's dull, dreamy listlessness, and he decided that winter was worth having, after all.

And another day, down in a shady gully, he came upon a big brush-heap covered over with a rounded roof of ice and snow. There was a little opening in one side, low down, and in front of it two small, dark-brown, puppy-like animals were playing about. The naturalist stood stock still.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," he breathed. "For mine eyes—"

They were young bear cubs, and their mother was in her den under that mound of snow and ice. They did not see him, or, if they saw him, they did not know enough about men to be afraid, and for fifteen minutes he stood and watched them scuffling and romping and enjoying themselves as bear babies can. Then they went into the house and he went back to camp. He had seen enough for one day.

As he reached the edge of the clearing by the river he heard a great shouting and hurrahing, and some sixty-odd men with "turkeys" on their backs, skylarking like schoolboys, trooped over the bridge and took the tote-road for the railway. The job was done.

All the same, it was pretty rough on the pine-trees and on the wild creatures who lived among them. Partly comforted, but not entirely, the naturalist made his way to the office to gather up his possessions and follow the crew over the tote-road.

The lady with the black hair.

MAKING FLOWERS ON BROADWAY

The third episode in the true story of Rose Fortune, a New York working girl

WHAT I saw and heard as the room-mate of Juliette Proudfoot, the paper box maker, must be left untold. It is not possible, nor is it necessary to detail here the revolting facts which compelled my precipitate flight, in the early dawn of Easter Sunday, from that wretched East-side tenement whither I had gone with her from the factory the evening before. It is sufficient to say that the ensuing night I found shelter in a Home for Friendless girls, and that Monday morning I was again looking for work. It will be remembered that I had obtained work in the box factory only a few days before, and that I had less than a dollar in all the world when I left the factory. Under such circumstances, my rash independence may seem inexplicable. It would not be so, however, if you knew the whole story, which from its utter unspeakableness, I can only pass over in silence.

It was sheer good luck that prompted me to write Rosenfeld's address at the very head of the long list I had selected from the "Want" columns of the morning paper. It was a happy chance that sent me straight to the big brown-stone building on the corner of one of those streets that criss-cross the "wholesale district" of lower Broadway.

"FLOWERS AND FEATHERS"

in giant gilt letters, I read a block away, as I dodge electric cars and automobiles, and thread the maze of delivery wagons and moving trucks. I have a hasty interview with the superintendent, a large and effusively polite gentleman, whose plump white hands sparkle with gems. He puts me on the elevator, and tells the boy to take me to Miss Higgins. At the third floor the iron doors are thrown open, and I step into what seems to be a

great, luxuriant garden. The room is long and wide and golden with April sunshine, and in the April breeze that blows through the half-open windows, a million flowers dance and flutter. Flowers, flowers, flowers everywhere, piled high on the tables, tossed in mad confusion on the floor, strung in long garlands that reach to the other end of the room.

"The lady with the black hair, sitting down there by them American Beauties," proffers the elevator boy, waving his hand towards the rear. Still bewildered, I pass down a narrow path between two rows of tables that look like blossoming hedges. Through the green of leaves and branches flash the white of shirtwaists, and among the scarlet and purple and yellow and blue of myriad flowers bob the smiling faces of girls as they look up from their task long enough to inspect the newcomer. Here are no harsh sounds, here no rasping voices, no shrill laughter, no pounding of machinery. Everything is just as one would expect to find it in a flower garden—soft voices humming like bees, and gentle merriment that flows as musically as a brook over stones.

"The lady with the black hair" sits before a cleared-out space on a table banked on either side with big red roses. In front of her are three or four glasses, each containing one salmon colored rose, fresh and fragrant from the hot house. Leaning forward, with her elbows on the table and her chin in her palms, she looks intently at these four splendid blooms. I inquire timidly if this is Miss Higgins, and she looks up quickly, with a smile that displays a row of pretty teeth. Her manner is cordial.

"Have you ever worked at flowers before?"

"No."

"Ever worked at feathers?"

"No."

"Well, the best I can do is to put you at blossom making to-day, and see how you take to it. It's too bad, though, you don't know anything about feathers because the flower season ends in about a month, and then I have to lay all my girls off till September, unless they are feather workers, too. There'll

The process seemed simple enough when I watched the skilled fingers of the other girls.

be lots of work here though for another month, and if you 'take to it' I can give you a place again in September."

The tone is so kindly, the interest so genuine that I am prompted to explain my situation, with the assurance that I shall be glad to get work even for four weeks. The result is I am placed on Rosenfeld's payroll for $3.50 per week, with half a day's pay extra for each night's work. The latter has been going on, three and four nights out of every week, for the past six months, and is likely to continue for two weeks longer, perhaps three. Besides the assurance of extra pay from this source, Miss Higgins also intimates, as she conducts me to one of the tables, that if I am "able to make good" she'll raise me to $4.00 at the end of the week.

The rose makers are the swells of the trade.

Soon I am "slipping up" poppies under the instruction of Bessie, a dreamy-eyed young Jewish girl. The process seems simple enough when I watch the skilled fingers of the other girls, but the work is tedious to my untried hand. In awkward, self-conscious fashion I begin to open out the crimped wads of scarlet muslin that come to us hot from the machines.

"You mustn't smooth the creases out too much," Bessie protests, and with a deft touch, the right pull here, the proper flattening out there, the muslin scrap blossoms into a fluttering corolla.

"Don't get discouraged. We've all got to learn," one of the girls at the far end of the table calls up cheerily.

"Yes, and don't be afraid of making a mistake," put in my *vis-a-vis*, a pretty Italian. "We all make mistakes sometimes, and, besides, this is an awful nice place to work. Miss Higgins is always lovely to the new girls."

"Yes, indeed," adds Bessie. "It isn't many years since she worked at the table herself. I've often heard her tell about the first day she went to work down at Goldberg's."

"That's the worst place in town," pipes another. "I worked there two days. That was enough. Whenever the girls disagree they go out in the hall and lick each other. The first day I was there one girl had two ribs broken. The other girl just walked all over her."

"What did they do about it? Discharge them?"

"Discharge them? No, indeed! The next day they were like two turtle doves. I'll never forget that girl going around the workroom holding her hurt side and leaning on the arm of the other girl that smashed it."

"Well, that's what it is to work in those cheap shops," comments Annie Welshons, a girl with big blue eyes and yellow hair. "If they ever do get respectable girls they won't stay long. The foreladies are too hard to work for, and the bosses are too stingy to hire first-class ones."

My shopmates are all neatly and becomingly dressed.

As we work the conversation runs easily. The language is good, up-to-date English.

"Are you American born?" Bessie inquires by-and-by.

The question is unusual, and apparently unnecessary, but I discover that out of the eight girls in our immediate circle only half are native Americans. My *vis-a-vis*, Therese, is a Neapolitan, Mamie a Genoese, and Amelia was born in Bohemia. The girl with the yellow hair is a North German, and Nellie declares she is from County Killarney, and mighty glad of it.

"Well, I'm an American," says Bessie tossing her head in mock scorn as she clears away a quantity of the flowers that have meanwhile been accumulating on the wire lines.

By eleven o'clock I have made two dozen poppies, which Amelia tells me is "just grand for a beginner." I begin to feel confident that I'll hold the place and my fingers fly. Into the glue pot at my right hand I dip my little finger, picking up at the same time with the other hand a bit of paper-covered wire. On the end of the wire is a bunch of short, yellow threads which I touch lightly with the glue-smeared finger, holding the wire between the thumb and forefinger. With the free left hand I catch up a fluttering corolla, touching its perforated center with the glue, "slip it up" the wire about an inch, take up another in the same way, and then draw the two to the "pipped" or "heart" end of the wire, where they become a big red flower with a golden

Flowers, flowers everywhere, piled high on tables, strung in long garlands.

"Mustn't smooth the creases out too much."

heart. A bit of dark-green rubber tubing drawn over the wire completes the process, the end is bent into a hook, and the full-blown poppy hung on the line.

At 11.15, a little girl, wearing an immense flower-laden hat and carrying a large market basket, comes and asks us what we want for lunch. She has a long piece of pasteboard and writes as the girls dictate. I can buy anything I want, Bessie explains—bread and butter, eggs, chops, steak, potatoes, canned goods—for which I will find ample provisions for cooking over on the gas stoves where the rose makers heat their pincers. When the little girl is gone I learn that she is the runner, and that this is one of her tasks.

"How far does she have to go to market?" I inquired.

"Over to First Avenue."

"Isn't that pretty hard work for such a small girl? Isn't the basket very heavy?"

"Oh, yes; but all the little girls are anxious for the job. They're only too glad to get the ten per cent. commission the grocers always allow them"

It lacks but a few minutes to twelve

Among the scarlet and purple flowers bob the smiling faces of the girls.

when the child returns, panting under her heavy load, her face dripping with perspiration. Two girls near the door jump up and take the basket, carrying it into that wing-like portion of the room known as the "machine end."

"How much did you clear to-day, Emma?" somebody asks.

"Twenty-one cents," the little girl answers, blushing as red as the poppies.

When Miss Higgins slips her tall, willowy form into a stylish jacket and begins to pin on her stunning hat it is a sign that the lunch hour has come. One hundred and twenty girls pop up from their hiding places behind the hedges which have grown rapidly since morning. In a trice tables are cleared of flowers and foliage, and cups and saucers and knives and forks produced from mysterious sources. In the "machine end" stewpans and spiders and pots and kettles are put over the fires. Bacon and chops sputter, steak sizzles, potatoes, beans and corn cook merrily. What was but lately a flower garden has by magic become a mammoth kitchen, filled with appetizing sounds and delicious odors. White-aproned cooks scurry madly. It is like a schoolgirl's picnic. My shopmates, I notice,

"I'm an American," says Bessie.

are all well—that is, neatly and becomingly—dressed. The regulation costume seems to be a black skirt and white shirt-waist, with a neat linen collar or stock ribbon. They wear their clothes, too, with a certain sort of distinction which would pass in a small town as the latest brand of style. Most of them have stuck poppies or roses in their hair.

At last everything is cooked and served and we eat our lunches at leisure, enjoying the luxury of snowy-white tablecloths and napkins made from tissue paper, which the shop supplies in prodigal quantities.

I hear a great deal about the girls and their work during this hour. They tell of the wonderful rise of Miss Higgins, who used to work "at the table" and now makes fifty dollars. They tell how she rose from the best rose-maker in the trade to a designer and forewoman. They speak of her kindness to the girls, of her pretty clothes, and wonder which one of her beaux she will marry. Matrimonial speculation digresses from Miss Higgins to others. Last Saturday one of the girls left to be married. The wedding is next Thursday. Three of the girls went to see the bridal clothes last night. Seven former comrades married last summer, and interest in layettes follows close upon trousseaux.

Miss Higgins used to work "at the table," and now makes fifty dollars.

All the afternoon I "slip up" poppies. At five Miss Higgins comes and tells me I am doing splendidly, and that I shall have four dollars by the end of the week. This makes the work easier than ever, and my fingers fly happily till six o'clock. We cook our dinner as we did luncheon, but we take only a half hour, which will let us out of the shop at half-past nine. At night the work is harder, the room becomes terribly hot from the gas jets and the stoves where the rosemakers heat their irons. The faces begin to look tired and pale, and the girls sing to keep each other awake. "The Rabbi's Daughter," "The City of Sighs and Tears," "The Banquet in Misery Hall," are the favorites. A rising breeze sweeps up Broadway, now almost deserted, and a warm, spring rain begins to fall softly, oh! so softly, over all the tired, sleepy city.

One week, two weeks pass. I am still "slipping up" poppies day and night and living very humbly in the Working Girls' Home. It would seem that all the world's wife and daughters were to wear nothing but poppies this season. But ours is but a small portion of Rosenfeld's output. Violets, geraniums, forget-me-nots, lilies-of-the-valley, apple blossoms, daisies and roses of a dozen varieties are blooming, even

more luxuriantly than our common poppies, in this big garden. Forty girls are working on roses alone. The rose makers are the swells of the trade. They are the best paid, the most independent, and always in demand during the flower season. Any one can learn, with patience, how to make other kinds of flowers, but the finished rose maker is an artist. Her work has a distinction, a touch or "feel," as they call it, which none but the artist can give.

The star rose maker of the shop is an Irish girl of about twenty-five. Her hair is fluffy and brown, and her eyes big and dark blue. She has been in this country fourteen years, and making roses for thirteen. One day I stopped at her table, and asked how long it took her to learn.

"It took me seven years, but some people never learn," she replied flecking a delicate rose petal with the tip of her glue smeared finger. She worked rapidly while she talked, never once taking her eyes off the wonderful salmon colored rose which grew to perfection under innumerable manœuvres of fingers and thumbs and hot instruments. I watched her slip on the thick rubber stem, bend the wire, and hang it on the line. Then she turned her palm up for my inspection. She laughed good naturedly at my look and exclamation of horror. Calloused and hard as a piece of tortoise shell, ridged with innumerable corrugations and hopelessly discolored, with the thumb and forefinger flattened like miniature spades, the hand had long ago lost almost all semblance to the human form.

Nothing but poppies this season.

"Are everybody's hands like that?" I asked looking at her fellow workers, who nodded and laughed.

"It's the hot irons does that," the star explained, drawing her pincers from the fire and twirling them in the air until they grew cold enough to proceed with the work. "You see we use them every minute. We crease the petals with them, and crinkle and vein and curl the outer edges, always keeping the irons just hot enough not to scorch the thin muslin."

"How many can you make a day?"

"That depends on the kind of rose. This sort," picking up a small June rose, "this sort a fairly good worker can make a gross of in one day and two hours of the next. I have made other kinds, though, where five was considered a fine day's work. They had one hundred and seventy-five pieces though, with eighteen different shapes and sizes of petals in each rose, and every one of the one hundred and seventy-five had to be put in its proper place or the whole rose was ruined

We don't make many of that kind here in this country, though. They usually have to import them. They haven't enough skilled workers here to supply big orders, and it doesn't pay the manufacturers to do special orders."

The star does all the fine work of the place, and always has more to do than she can accomplish, because there are none of the other forty workers competent to lend a hand. She makes her twenty-two to twenty-five dollars per week on piece work, all the year around, and hasn't taken so much as a day's vacation for two years. The other girls make nine dollars a week, and that for only six or eight months of the year.

The third week comes and goes all too quickly, and we are now entering on the fourth. Plainly the season is drawing to its close. The superintendent and "boss" walk through the department every day, and we hear a great deal about "over-production." Friday the atmosphere is tense with anxiety. The girls' faces are grave. Almost without exception there are dependents at home upon whom the annual "lay-off" falls with tragic force. I have not yet discovered a girl who does not have to work. They have widowed mothers, and disabled fathers, and consumptive sisters to care for. A few of them are widows with little children at home. Invariably each girl wears a mask. The neat costumes, made with their own hands in midnight hours snatched from hard earned rest, are no evidence of extravagance, but rather of that pride and self respect which the best type of American working girl feels at all times.

On Saturday morning many of the girls sit idle. "Don't work too fast or you'll work yourself out of a job, too," they cry to the others. And we do. In the afternoon we make a feint at work, by papering wires and opening petals for those who are still busy. The hours pass drearily. Miss Higgins is going over her payroll, checking off the names of the girls who can make feathers as well as flowers. All the rest of us will be "laid off" indefinitely.

"I hope Miss Higgins doesn't cry. She did last year. It always breaks her up terribly to let us off," somebody remarks.

"It's a long time to be idle, till September," I suggest, to the next girl.

"Idle! We're never idle. We don't dare be. We get other jobs."

"What at?"

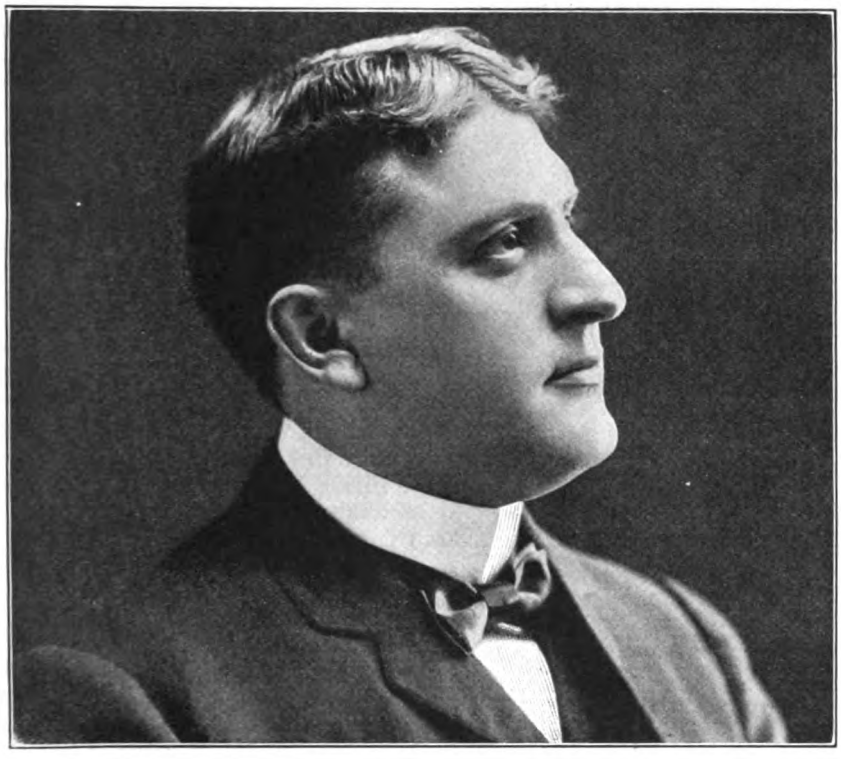
"Oh, everything! waitress in summer boarding houses, novelty goods, binderies, shirtwaists, stores, anything we can get."

"She's coming," we whisper in concert. Everybody tries to look unconcerned. Those who have no work look carefully at their finger nails, or find sudden necessity to adjust their collars. Miss Higgins passes along the tables, bending over the heads and speaking to each in a low voice. The tears are running down her cheeks. Those who are retained conceal their happiness as best they can and speak words of sympathy and encouragement to their less fortunate comrades. From the far end of the room we hear an unaccustomed sound. We crane our necks, and see the forelady, her face buried in her arms, and sobbing like a child. It is a signal that the last "lay off" sentence has been pronounced, that the work for the day and for the "season" is done, that it is time to say good-bye.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" the voices echo as we troop down stairs to the street door. "Good-bye! Good-bye!" The lingering farewells rise faintly above the clangor of Broadway, as we scatter at the corner. Good-bye to Rosenfeld's, now no longer a reality, but a memory of idyllic beauty,—the work-room, bright with sunshine and flashing with color; the faces of the workers bent over the fashioning of rose and poppy; the pantomime of fingers as they wrought the magic of petal and stem and leaf, and loveliest and best of all, the kind hearts and the quick sympathy that blossomed there as luxuriantly as the flowers. Good-bye to my four happiest weeks in the work-a-day world.

After her discharge from the flower factory, "Rose Fortune" found work during the summer months at Coney Island. This picturesque episode will be printed in the April number.

F. Augustus Heinze, aged thirty-four.
The only man who has successfully fought the interests supported by the Standard Oil Company.



THE FIGHT FOR COPPER

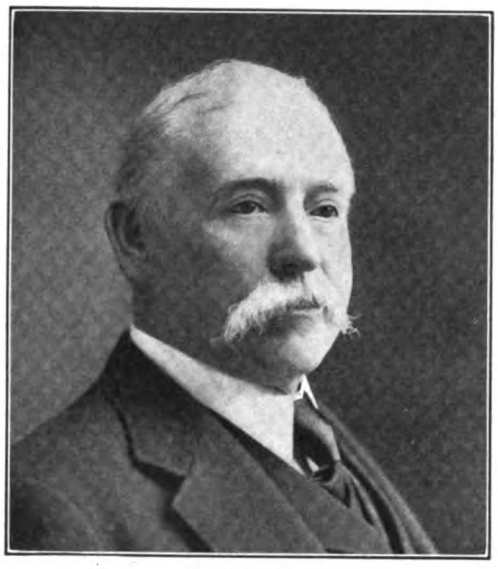
The Terrific Struggle now in Progress Between Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Co.

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

Mr. Raine was sent by Leslie's Monthly to Montana to make an impartial investigation of the causes and conditions of this contest, which is unique in industrial history.—The Editors.

AN unparalleled situation exists in Montana. A self-made young miner, of thirty-four, has defied and practically outlawed a corporation whose stock at par is valued at $155,000,000 and which is backed by the most powerful trust in the world. After seven years of litigation, during which the Amalgamated Company has strained every resource to wipe him from the face of the business world, F. Augustus Heinze, through the instrumentality of the court which he controls, gave the word that closed its immense mines and drove nearly 15,000 men out of employment. The story of this modern buccaneer of business has woven itself into the history of the West. By sheer force of dominant power he has split his State into hostile camps. Republicanism and Democracy are distinctions scarcely recognized in Montana. Every man who is a man is simply for Heinze or for the Amalgamated.

Montana is a mining State, and the spirit of the country still reeks with the turbulent energy of the old mining West. In Montana, if you are not a miner you are a smelter. The other industries are insignificant. In Butte men are overgrown boys, easily ap



Marcus Daly.

Daly, for years a close friend of Sen. Clark and later his bitterest enemy, was born in Ireland. Coming to this country at 15, he worked up through western mining camps to an immense fortune and partnership with John W. Mackay and Sen. George Hearst. He projected the world's greatest smelting plant at Anaconda, and did more than anybody else to develop the resources of Montana. His racing stable was famous everywhere.

pealed to by passion and the primal emotions. I do not mean that the "bad man" rules. Out there you cannot "bend a gun" without colliding with the authorities about as speedily as you would on Boston Common, but if you are a "good fellow" you can steal copper from the mine that is not yours, be complimented for your cleverness by the man in the street, and steer quite clear of criminal complications.

The Mecca of the Montana miner is Butte. One day the town woke up to discover that from an overgrown mining camp it had become a city of 40,000 inhabitants with a growth of 180 per cent. to its credit during a single decade. Looked at from a distance, the town is a disordered hotch-potch, with huddled streets ending in slag-dumps. During the day sulphur smoke hangs over the city, heavy as a London fog, and at night the weird effect is enhanced by the molten lava which every now and then big smelters vomit down the hillsides. Business streets are catacombed with mines, and unsightly gallows-frames disfigure the landscape. The talk in restaurants is of stopes and drifts, of leads and veins and strikes. For this is not only the greatest copper camp, but also the greatest silver producing center in the world. The place oozes energy. Butte Hill, gutted half a mile deep with shafts and many miles of tunnels, from which are torn minerals convertible into millions, is an evidence of immense forces at work.

At no place in the country are wages so high as in Montana. It follows inevitably that Butte is a "high tariff" town and that money is spent lavishly.

DALY AND CLARK

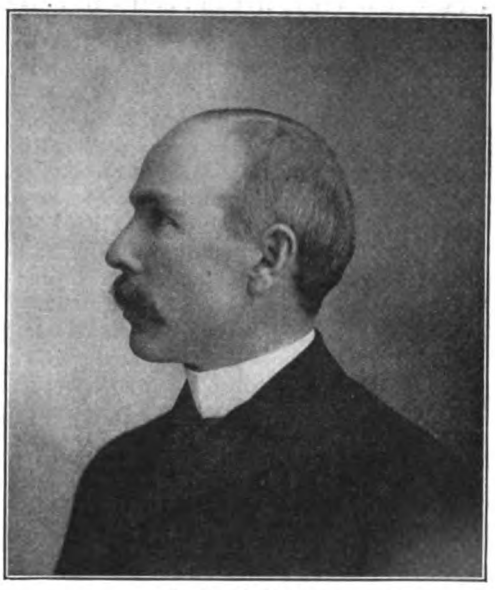
Into this fertile soil Marcus Daly and William A. Clark sowed the poison of corruption. The two men had been friends and partners, but later became bitter enemies. Years ago, when they owned Montana between them, Daly picked out Anaconda as the site for some immense smelting works. It was a convenient situation, and having secured his water rights from an old miner who had been squatting on the hillside time out of mind, Daly put up his plant without fear of complication. And then Clark felt that Providence had delivered his rival into his hands. Ferreting about, he discovered that water rights were in existence prior to those secured by Daly. He bought them, then turned round, put the screws on Daly, and named his price. Daly was furious but helpless. He paid Clark's figure, but swore by the Eternal that some day he would pay him in another coin. Daly, a warm-hearted, generous Irishman, had in a hundred instances shown himself to be the staunchest of friends. He now proved himself as relentless a foe. How for years he thwarted Clark's political ambitions is a matter of history. The whole State was divided into Daly and Clark camps. In those days a Democratic nomination in Montana was equivalent to an election, but when Clark received the nomination for Congress, in 1889, Daly's following bolted and elected the Republican, Carter. Three years later the nine votes which Daly controlled kept Clark out of the

United States Senate. Great pressure from the East was brought to bear on Daly, for a Democratic Senator from Montana was thought necessary to control the Senate, but the Irishman shut his mouth grimly and swore that Clark should not be chosen. He was not. Some one reminded Daly that since the capital fight between Helena and Daly's town of Anaconda was not far distant, perhaps it was better to compromise with Clark. Daly scoffed at the idea. "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," he said. But when they came to it they found Clark sitting there barring the way.

For Clark was a fighter, too. Born a Pennsylvanian, he had been a law student and a teacher, he had driven an ox-team to Montana, and successively became a miner, merchant, banker and mine-owner. He was accustomed to fight his way from his barefooted boyhood. He had been a soldier, too, and had led a battalion of Butte miners through the Nez Perce campaign. All his life-long he had been in training for just such a battle as this, and he threw himself into it with all the ardor of his nature. If Daly was spending hundreds of thousands to make Anaconda the capital of Montana, Helena should be the capital if it cost millions. And capital Helena became. Honors were easy.

The duel went on bitterly without a truce till, in 1896, in the absence of Daly, who was in the East by invitation of the Standard Oil people "to consider the formation of the Amalgamated Copper Company," Clark bought his way into the United States Senate. John B. Welcome, a respected attorney with a large practice, was Clark's lawyer at the time. He was persuaded to become the medium for the purchase of the legislators. An investigation followed. Clark was driven from the Senate in shame because he had bought his seat too openly, and John B. Welcome was disbarred by the Supreme Court. He is to-day a broken man, ranching somewhere in the mountains of Montana.

During all this time Daly and Clark spent money lavishly for corruption. State Senator Geiger, a Republican who



J. J. McHatton.

Predecessor on the bench of Judge Clancy and now leading attorney for the Heinze interests. The variety and ingenuity of his attacks on the Amalgamated Co. have been an important factor in Heinze's success.

voted for Clark for the United States Senate, testified before a congressional committee that the $20,000 he received must have been thrown over his transom in the night; that certainly Clark had not paid it to him as bribe. The advice current now in Montana to anybody going to the legislature is to be sure to leave his transom open at night.

But Clark eventually succeeded as he has succeeded in everything he has tried to do. Almost immediately after the refusal of the United States Senate to admit him, Clark took advantage of the temporary absence of the Governor of Montana, a Daly man, to secure from the acting Governor, who was Clark's adherent, an appointment to fill the vacancy in the Senate created by his own compulsory resignation. Our political history contains no more audacious episode. Subsequently Clark was once again triumphantly elected by his legislature.

NOBODY'S MONEY

One other incident serves to show the bitterness of the struggle. There rests to-day in the hands of the Montana legislature the sum of $10,000. Nobody

knows, or rather nobody will tell, who owns it. Eventually it will probably be used for the school fund. While the legislature which ultimately sent Clark to the Senate was in session, a member walked up to the speaker's desk and handed him the sum of $10,000 in cash. This money he declared he had reason to believe was offered him as a bribe to vote for Clark, but from whom he had received it he refused to divulge. Opinion on this extraordinary happening was divided. Many thought the money came direct from Clark, others that Daly furnished it, hoping to cast the odium on his rival—outsiders will never know, but the incident shows how they do things in Montana.

ENTER HEINZE

It was in the fall of 1899 that F. Augustus Heinze first put in an appearance at Butte. He was a young mining engineer, just out of Columbia University, and had scarce attained his majority. He secured work with the Boston & Montana Company. Nobody then suspected the colossal audacity, the restless energy, and the indomitable will which the company had hired for five dollars a day.

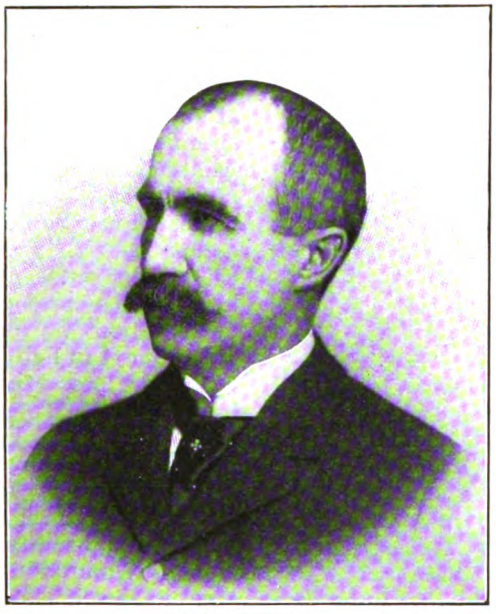
During the year he kept this position young Heinze learned much that has since made him perhaps the most expert miner in the State. He began to pick up his intimate knowledge of the thousands of veins and cross-veins of copper that angle down in the granite of Butte Hill. He saw too that the mining claims were in a web of entanglement as regards ownership, owing in part to the defective mining laws of the early period. It was generally believed there was no room for a new man without means to acquire great wealth in the Butte field, but young Heinze thought otherwise. He returned to the East and spent two years in Germany studying mineralogy. A relative dying about this time left Augustus Heinze and his brother Arthur $50,000 each. The two brothers formed the Montana Ore Purchasing Company and built at Butte a small single stack smelter.

John MacGinniss.
Vice-president of the Montana Ore Purchasing Co. He was formerly associated with the Amalgamated, but is now in intimate alliance with Heinze.

From one James A. Murray, a miner who was unpopular and always in litigation, Heinze leased the *Estrella* claim on an agreement which provided that the second grade ore should be run through his concentrator and the rest through his smelter, but that a royalty of 25 per cent. should be paid on all ore running over 12 per cent. copper to the ton. In case the ore did not pay the cost of mining and smelting, Murray was to make good the deficit. As time went on, the *Estrella* did a big business but no royalties came to Murray on account of the alleged low grade of the ore treated. Murray took the case to court and secured an injunction in the belief that Heinze was evading payment of royalties by mixing rock and waste with the ore so as to keep the returns below 12 per cent. of copper. The case went to a jury and Heinze won, but to-day anyone mixing ores to reduce the value, an act not unknown in Montana, is spoken of as putting it through the "*Estrella* process." This same method of treatment is said to have been used by Heinze on the *Ramsdall-Parrot*, which he acquired on a lease similar to the *Estrella* contract but for one year from Joseph Ramsdall, who had located the prospect in the sixties. This mine is one of the richest in Silver Bow County. Miles Finlen made a fortune out of it, and the Amalgamated Company, which now owns it, has found it a very paying property. At the end of his year's lease it is said that Heinze put in a bill for five hundred dollars to Ramsdall for smelting expenses, and shortly afterward offered him $10,000 for another year's lease. Mr. Ramsdall declined the offer.

Gradually Heinze picked up properties here and there.

He located valuable fragments of claims that had been overlooked. He leased, bought part interests, and acquired whole properties with the money he was steadily making. There are men who say that Heinze is a better engineer in the courts than underground, but the facts do not bear this out. It is incontrovertible that he is the shrewdest investor in Montana. Time and again he has leased or bought worthless claims, and within a few weeks has struck rich paying ore. The *Glengarry* is one instance of this, the famous *Minnie Healy* another. He is either an expert mining engineer or else he has the touch of Midas.



William Scallon.

Since Daly's death, Scallon has been president of the Anaconda Co., and in immediate command of the Amalgamated forces. He is an able lawyer, a good business man and a poor politician.

THE AMERICAN VISION OF MONTE CRISTO

Mr. Heinze's restless ambition found Butte too small for him, and in 1896 he crossed the line into British Columbia, where he acquired mines and a vast timber tract as a government concession for building a railroad. He built a smelter and started a railroad. The Canadian Pacific Railway took exception to his energy, but the young American flung himself into the field despite the big corporation's warning. From Sir Wilfred Laurier he learned one day that he could not be protected against the Canadian Pacific by the government. Things in Butte were growing acute about this time, so at six hour's notice Heinze sold out to the Canadian Pacific at a profit of nearly a million dollars and returned to Montana to concentrate his attention on his interests there. Perhaps it seemed to him that a fight against the biggest corporation in the United States and one against the most powerful in Canada was too much even for him to handle at the same time.

THE AMALGAMATED TAKES A HAND

It was about this time that H. H. Rogers and other Standard Oil magnates interested Marcus Daly in the consolidation of the different Butte-companies into the Amalgamated Copper Company. There were good business reasons for the formation of such a company. It would put an end to the litigation between the companies. It would reduce operating expenses. It would tend in a measure to control the copper output. It would be the first step toward the formation of a giant Trust. Above all, it would give the financiers who were promoting it a chance to manipulate stocks at the expense of the public. The flagrant methods in which outsiders were let into this gigantic bubble is now a matter of general notoriety. It was a bumper year. The country was at the top notch of prosperity, and the spirit of inflation was booming both shaky and legitimate business enterprises for speculative purposes. Gigantic mergers and combines were the order of the day. The proposed amalgamation of copper interests held for the public an especial allurement by reason of the mystery which surrounded it and the great names which were used to conjure with. Honest Marcus Daly was in himself a tower of strength. Rockefeller, Rogers and the other Standard Oil magnates offered a guarantee of solidity and business suc-

cess. A copper Trust and ensuing rising prices—this was the magnet which lured the lambs. The stock was oversubscribed five hundred per cent. The promoters who financed the undertaking presumably cleared some thirty millions without expense to themselves. Then came the reaction. Thousands of investors all over the country found the stocks which they had thought so safe an investment shrink to insignificant value. Such was the inception of the Amalgamated Copper Company.

Marcus Daly was chosen first president of the Amalgamated Copper Company, which included the Anaconda, the Boston and Montana, the Butte and Boston, the Washoe, the Colorado Smelting and Mining and the Parrot. Clark's properties, for obvious reasons, were not included in the Amalgamated. Heinze was asked to join but preferred to be a free lance, or, as the Amalgamated people would put it, a freebooter.

HOW THEY DO THINGS IN MONTANA

Some years before this Heinze had acquired the *Rarus*, a mine which lies beside the *Michael Davitt* and the *Pennsylvania*, which were owned by the Boston and Montana and the Butte and Boston. In following his ore vein, or what he claimed to be such, Heinze crossed the *Rarus* side line into the territory of the *Michael Davitt*. By the law of extra lateral rights a man is entitled to mine within the lines of property other than his own, providing in so doing he is following the dip of the vein which has its apex in his own claim. The question at issue between Heinze and the Boston companies was whether this *was* his vein. The Amalgamated claimed and brought suit to maintain its contentions that Heinze had illegally left his vein, tunneled through the granite till he tapped the *Michael Davitt* vein, and was extracting ore which belonged to the Boston company.

Early in the course of this litigation Mr. Heinze crossed the continent and proposed a compromise to Mr. A. S. Bigelow, then at the head of the Boston companies. Mr. Bigelow declined to consider Mr. Heinze's offer. Mr. Heinze's compromises are usually declined.

"The fact is that Montana has not treated our people well. We think it necessary to make an example of somebody, and we have decided it is to be you," said Mr. Bigelow frankly.

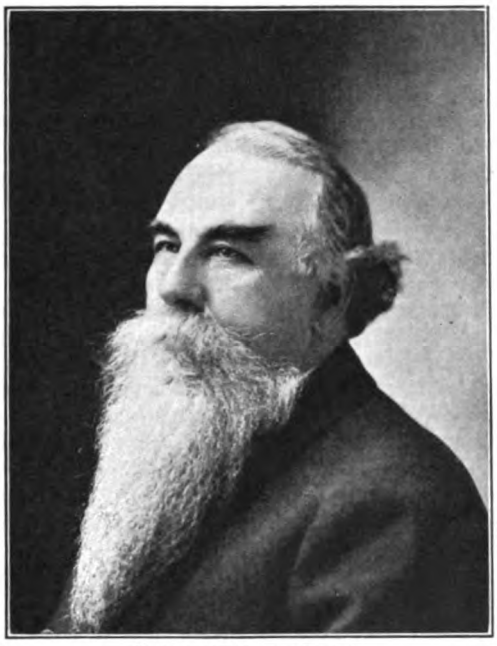
Mr. Heinze rose with shining eyes. "Very well, Mr. Bigelow. Just as you say, but don't get the idea that this is to be an easy thing. You'll know you have been in a fight before you get through."

Heinze wired his lieutenants to buy at once various properties which he specified. Then, returning to Butte, he attacked the Boston companies by a most harassing litigation. There were the usual number of injunctions, trials and appeals, a jury decision claimed by the Amalgamated people to have been bought, and to-day, after seven years of litigation the case stands exactly where it did in February of 1897. Since that time more than a hundred suits have been instituted against the Amalgamated by Heinze, and a goodly number of cases have been filed by them against him. These have usually had to do with extra lateral rights, though will cases, insanity cases, mine titles, and water and land rights have all been aired in the courts. In this deluge of litigation Heinze has indubitably been the aggressor. He knew that he was engaged in a finish fight and he meant to avail himself of the advantage of the attack. It is a fact worth noting that the Amalgamated has not once enjoined him from mining within the lateral lines of claims of his not in dispute, nor has it ever been asserted that it has extracted a pound of ore from property to which he has an admitted title, whereas he has very many times enjoined it from extracting ore within its lines even while he was mining there himself. This may simply go to show that the Amalgamated ore veins have not the same habit of traveling into foreign territory that those of its opponent have. Friends of the Amalgamated take the view, however, that Mr. Heinze's experts can swear a copper vein through 200 feet of granite without the slightest effort. A few weeks ago Mr. Heinze was entertaining a friend from the East at the Silver Bow Club in Butte. The

gentleman expressed surprise at the fact that Mr. Heinze so invariably struck good ore. The young Butte millionaire smiled across at the superintendent of some of the Amalgamated properties who happened to be present.

"I always sink my shafts near the place where I have reason to believe there is good ore," he explained.

"Yes, I think that is the reason—sinking your shaft in the right place and then not being afraid to follow the vein with some imagination," agreed the Amalgamated superintendent with an answering smile.



Judge William Clancy.

Formerly a Missouri populist, he is now a Montana judge. His various and somewhat original decisions, notably in connection with the Minnie Healy mine, have been startling factors in the contest between Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Co.

ONE WAY TO FIGHT A TRUST

A ludicrous illustration of Mr. Heinze's methods may be found in his contention regarding his tiny fragmentary claim *The Copper Trust*. This little triangle is wedged in between the *Anaconda* and the *St. Lawrence*. It is about five feet across and tapers to a point some fifteen feet away. There is of course no room to sink a shaft upon it, but it is large enough for Mr. Heinze to stand upon it and to found there a claim that one of the veins of the enormous *Anaconda* mine apexes here. He further maintains that this vein broadens wedge-wise as it descends, crossing into the territory not only of the *Anaconda*, but also of the *St. Lawrence* and the *Never Sweat*, all three of which mines are owned by the Amalgamated. Upon this contention he actually secured from Judge Clancy an injunction against the Amalgamated from extracting ore from these properties which threw several thousand men out of employment. The protest of the miners was so effective, however, that several days later Judge Clancy ordered his injunction annulled. This case is still pending in the courts.

The litigation between Heinze and his opponents became an endless source of irritation to the Amalgamated company. He harassed it by injunctions, by contempt proceedings, and by a score of ingenious devices which cannot be recapitulated here. A dozen times the great corporation he is fighting thought it had him beaten financially or legally, but though he has been close to ruin more than once his alert brain and supreme audacity have always averted the apparently inevitable. Several times he has been confronted with payments due that the Amalgamated felt sure he could not make, but out of his mines or out of theirs, or from some unknown source in the East, Heinze always raises the money to meet his obligations.

In his legal and political battles with the Amalgamated, Heinze and his associates have had very much the best of it. He has shrewdly and often unscrupulously outgeneralled the enemy from first to last. This is due in part to the fact that he is on the ground, alert, full of force, resourceful, while his opponents, masters of finance though they be, are in their New York offices nearly three thousand miles away; but a more potent reason for his success may be found in the belief that the Amalgamated company cannot secure a fair

consideration in the courts of Silver Bow County. The reason for this incredible condition of affairs is not hard to find.

JUDGE CLANCY

Judge William Clancy was elected by a fusion of the Democrats and Populists in 1895. He had lately come to Montana from Missouri and was imbued with the customary populistic views in regard to capital. Men say that he is quite innocent of any legal knowledge, his primary rule of law being to hit a corporation head when it appears. Certainly the old Judge is stubborn, narrow-minded, and courageous as a lion. Property rights have no interest for him. The personal views which he substitutes for legal opinion he deals out impavidly and commits for contempt of court those who complain.

It early seemed apparent that the corporation managed by Heinze was not included in the animosity of Judge Clancy. It was also noticeable that such suits as were brought against the Amalgamated companies by Heinze were nearly all docketed in Judge Clancy's court. The rule was that odd numbered suits were to be tried in his department, and oddly enough, on several occasions, two suits filed at the same time have both been given odd numbers. In any hearing on a question of merits the clients of the Amalgamated company's lawyers have not been in the slightest degree successful. Their opponents on the other hand have secured many injunctions and restraining orders without any notice given to the Amalgamated or its lawyers. A constant stream of appeals pour into the supreme court on behalf of the defeated party, but owing to the fact that the laws of Montana do not permit the supreme court to review the evidence in equity cases, but only to pass upon the law, the remedy is but partial. In recent Amalgamated cases Judge Clancy declined to give a jury and dealt with intricate law points in causes involving millions of money, refusing a transfer to another court, though he knew those who asked for it believed him to be prejudiced and doubted his integrity.

One instance must stand for a number. At the request of Mr. Heinze, Judge Clancy enjoined the Boston and Montana Company, one of the subsidiary Amalgamated concerns, from working the *Leonard* property which belongs to it. In the meantime Heinze is mining there, but carefully refrains from tapping the Amalgamated's levels. He presumably procured the injunction in order that the company might not run a tunnel through to ascertain where he was extracting the ore. The Boston and Montana asked Judge Clancy to make the injunction mutual, so that the ore might be preserved until a determination was reached as to its ownership. At Heinze's request the judge summarily dismissed this application without a hearing.

It is charged, almost openly, that Judge Clancy is too ignorant to write the decisions which purport to come from him, and that they are prepared at the offices of Judge McHatton, the principal attorney for Heinze. Some color for this claim is found in the fact that recently Judge McHatton handed the Amalgamated Company's lawyers a typewritten decision of Judge Clancy's which was to be made public for the first time on the following day. And humorists declare that when the eminent judge closes a case he is apt to say: "A decision from this court will be handed down on Thursday next in favor of Heinze."

When this same Judge McHatton was district judge of Silver Bow County, at his initiative an action was brought against Clancy, then a lawyer practicing before that court, alleging "deceit and mal-practice as an attorney of this court." Clancy was finally let off on account of "ignorance of the law," but Judge McHatton gave him a tongue lashing that brought contempt upon the man.

THE FIGHT BELOW GROUND

While the lawyers are fighting it out in the courts above ground, the foremen and their crews are battling for the ore underneath. While I was in Butte gathering materi l for this article the superintendent of one of the largest of the Amalgamated subsidiary companies took me into the drifts of some of the disputed veins. There was at the time an action pending in the courts to de-

cide the ownership of these particular veins, but neither party was waiting for a legal decision. The Montana Ore Purchasing Company had a large body of men at work stoping out the ore, and for the Amalgamated not less than five hundred men were engaged in a similar occupation. Occasionally conflicts occurred when the men came in touch with each other, which they frequently did, as the opposing crews were at work above and below each other at every level. Naturally, in following the ore, they tapped the opposition workings frequently, and on such occasions the air-pipe, which has a hundred pounds pressure to the inch and is used for automatic drilling, has proved to be a very effective weapon. Turned on the enemy, it immediately blows out all their candles, and a miner without a candle is like a sailor without a compass. It picks up stray bits of rock and sends them whizzing down the wind. Sometimes it scatters clouds of lime and makes the position of the other side untenable. A few minutes before we descended the shaft of the *Pennsylvania* the Montana Ore Purchasing workmen had blown out completely the timberings of the Amalgamated people above them. A friendly warning was called, the workmen retreated from the timberings upon which they were at work, the sound of the blasts came dully along the tunnels, and the Amalgamated miners returned to find their work completely shattered. The superintendent looked over the débris with an impassive eye. "We'll pour our waste down the hole they have made. I'm afraid it will interfere a little with their working," he said casually. He seemed to think it all in the game, and I gathered from his remarks that there were also times when the M. O. P. timberings came to grief. So the Heinze and Amalgamated miners worked each three full shifts a day in their desperate hurry to get more of the ore than the other side. Thousands of tons a day were sent up the shafts to the surface. It was expected that the court decision would be reached in the course of several weeks, by which time everybody knew that the disputed veins between the lateral lines of the *Pennsylvania* would be thoroughly gutted and worked out.

One cannot go with an open mind to the scene of action and not be impressed with the character of the men on the ground. They are for the most part young men, regardless of tradition, with all the initiative and free play of individuality that the great unfettered West gives to men who demand big things of her. I might go farther than that and say that these young engineers, newspaper men and lawyers are nearly all essentially right-minded. They are playing almost brutally the game that the situation imposes on them, but they are quick to appreciate the fine qualities of their opponents, and, when the day is going against them, fight on with an admirable good humor and resource. The unfortunate feature of the situation is that they have come to regard the fight as a private affair between Heinze and the Amalgamated, largely beyond the jurisdiction of law, in which loyalty to the hand that pays them excuses a participation in much which any strict business morality would not sanction.

HEINZE'S PERSONALITY

About three years ago Mr. Heinze broke into Montana politics in his fight against the Amalgamated. It is an illustration of the man's force and generalship that since that time he has, by holding the balance of power, elected two United States senators, a governor, a congressman, the mayor of Butte, an associate justice of the supreme court, and the district judges of Silver Bow County. He has won every political fight in which he has been engaged. He has done this despite the fact that in nearly every election his opponents have had ten dollars to spend to his one.

Until the formation of the Amalgamated, Heinze aided Daly in his fight with Clark. The fearless spirits of the two men must have given them much in common, but with the birth of the Amalgamated the logic of events forced them apart. Heinze and Clark formed an alliance much to their mutual advantage. Clark had come back to Montana for his "vindication" by a reelection to the Senate. The substantial basis of agreement between the two men was that Clark was to have the long term senatorship, while Heinze was to be allowed to name the district

judges of Silver Bow County. About this time Daly died in New York and the promise of success was much increased. The Miners' Union in Montana is very strong and is a potent factor in elections. They had asked the Amalgamated for an eight hour day and had been refused. Heinze and Clark began their campaign by granting to their employees the eight hour day. Some months later the Amalgamated was compelled to do the same, but it was Heinze that got all the credit.

With the miners Heinze has always been very popular. He is temperamentally an aristocrat, but he can play the demagogue with any walking delegate of them all. The miners like him because he is a hard rock miner and knows his business, because he has shown himself to be on their side and appeals to their class prejudices by attacking corporations and trusts, and because, as they gracefully say in Butte, "he's got the guts," meaning courage. They like him because he is the only man who has put up a successful fight against the Standard Oil interests. Mr. Heinze is a good "mixer," and it is a subtle appeal to their vanity that this well-groomed young gentleman would as soon drink with them as with Mr. Rockefeller. His versatility is quite unusual. An expert mining engineer and a business man with a grasp for big things in all their infinite details, he is at the same time a good linguist, something of a musician, an astonishingly clever politician, and a campaigner who cannot speak without winning votes. His splendid physique and handsome face are reinforced by a winning magnetism. When Heinze smiles he seems to take you into his confidence as one worthy of every consideration.

THE LEADER OF THE AMALGAMATED

The Amalgamated has not only to contend with the fact that it is a very great corporation and is generally believed to be backed by the Standard Oil Company, but also with the handicap of a local representation that is not popular. Mr. Scallon, President of the Anaconda company and the Butte leader of the Amalgamated force, is a very successful business man but he is in no sense hail-fellow-well-met. He is on the contrary dry, reserved and quiet, a man clean-handed and not at all dramatic. His lieutenants have often urged him to fight Heinze with his own tactics, but this Mr. Scallon will not do. After the Heinze-Clark forces had swept the State, Heinze in radiant good humor met a friend on the streets of Butte. "You may think I own those fellows in the Hennessy block [the Amalgamated headquarters] but I don't," he said, referring contemptuously to the poor showing his opponents had made. Heinze's speeches were the feature of the campaign, and when he and Clark stepped to the balcony of their hotel to speak after the election the cheers were all for Heinze. Mr. Clark is a vain man, and his vanity was wounded because everywhere Heinze wore the laurels Clark had paid for. Besides there were some days early in the legislative session when Clark was on the anxious seat, doubting whether Heinze meant to deliver the votes to him for the long term senatorship. But Heinze kept pact and Clark was "vindicated." He returned triumphantly to the upper house of Congress—and John Welcome, his scapegoat, rode the range through the bitter Montana winter. After his election Clark promptly threw Heinze overboard and joined forces with the Amalgamated. Heinze, in his rôle of defender of the people and breaker of trusts, took the field with his allies, the unions. His lieutenant, MacGinniss, had pushed through the legislature an eight hour day bill for miners and smeltermen. MacGinniss was the hero of the workingman not without reason, for he is an attractive fellow, a good friend and an able politician. The Miners' Union in Butte is 10,000 strong, and has more than a quarter of a million in its treasury. No member of it works for less than $3.50, nor more than eight hours a day. The Amalgamated employs most of them, but they voted solidly for Heinze and MacGinniss.

The contest between the two parties reached its most acute phase over the *Minnie Healy* mine. The characteristic story of that dispute and of the incidents which have led to the present extraordinary situation will be published in the March number.

EDITORIALS

IT'S just as it is with people. The magazine with individuality is the magazine that counts. The periodical which has no convictions, no progressive beliefs, has no more place in this civilization of ours than the invertebrate man or the woman who never cares. Like other magazines which have real friends, LESLIE'S MONTHLY has convictions. Hitherto, like other magazines, it has been willing to express them through the general tenor of contributions. But the ideas of this monthly are too positive to be content with this. Hereafter, each month, we shall express editorially our own ideas upon subjects which we regard as broadly significant of the trend of American life, and as concretely as possible we shall express these ideas in the conduct of this magazine.

Nothing is more evident to thoughtful people generally than the distressing waste of nervous force which attends the daily work of all of us. Like that fierce energy of natural forces which results in combustion, ten per cent. goes to light and heat, and the rest to waste. That is a familiar but a pointed story of the old man who learned wisdom on his death bed. Calling his sons and daughters around him he said: "My children, all through my life I have had many troubles—most of which never happened."

There's the secret. Work *with* worry, and trying to do a multitude of things at once. Now, no writer of to-day has written more wisely, more practically along these lines than the author of "Power Through Repose." It gives us pleasure to announce that Miss Annie Payson Call will contribute regularly to our columns on the subject which she finely calls "The Freedom of Life."

Last month we published an article on the gambling spirit so rife through the entire country. The "get-rich-quick" plan, with its get-poor-quick returns, has been the almost inevitable result of our genuine national talent for commercial success. Like most vices, perhaps like all, its motive principle becomes a virtue when it is not twisted out of its proper course. Ambition to get on, and to get on quickly, has been an American trait ever since Benjamin Franklin felt it and preached it and lived it and was it; and a fine trait it is when coupled with an over-mastering desire to do your work well. For the desire to do your work well, is at bottom the desire to be honest. Your work is a commodity. When you place it on sale see that it is not shoddy.

I have a friend, a manufacturer. A year ago he hired a boy. For months the only noticeable thing about that boy was that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked down from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised," said the boy.

"What are you getting?"

"T'ree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"I t'ink I'm wort' $4, and I've been t'inking so for t'ree weeks, but I've been so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got his "raise." He deserved it, just as every man deserves it who is too busy about his employer's work to worry about his next week's envelope.

Much has been said and little done about the so-called "craze" for athletics which exist in all American colleges. The cry of "sport for sport's sake" is heard on all sides, but very little heed is given thereto by the collegians who believe with unanimity that the best excuse for playing a game is to win

it. It seems to us that in the heat of debate the real point of the discussion has been lost. Organized athletics are as much a part of college training as any other branch of education. Varsity teams simply represent advanced courses open to the most proficient students. These courses given to the favored few are practical courses. Things are taught there which cannot be learned in any other department of a University. And three of these things are; First, the spirit of working together earnestly and for a given end, which is the root of democracy; Second, the spirit of working for your college, which in the world outside becomes patriotism; and Third, the spirit of determination to win, which when taken fairly means Americanism.

Play the game squarely, but play it hard. Win under the rules.

The article which we publish this month on the profession of surgery and medicine involuntarily provokes comparison with the ethics which govern other professions. How many schoolmasters would recommend that a boy be taken from them and sent to some other school where the technique of teaching was more perfect? How many lawyers would tell a client to move on to some more experienced member of the bar? How many musicians would shun the notoriety of the newspapers? Yet this and much more is expected of every reputable practitioner of medicine and surgery. Of course, the conditions are very different in every profession, but, when all is said, the conservatism of doctors preserves them as a race apart. In their whole attitude toward commercialism they still remain nearer to the clergy than to any other profession. Much honor to them.

We should like to call the attention of Home Market Clubs and Infant Industry Nurseries to the condition of the authorship business in the United States. During 1902 the total production of this hustling world was 200,000 volumes. The output seems small enough in comparison with the world's annual stock of other commodities, but so long as it is large enough to keep our evenings and Holidays busy we have no general right to complain. The trouble comes when we analyze the figures. During 1902 the United States published but 7,833 volumes, barely worsting England, which follows us with a total of 7,700, and losing to Germany's 26,906 to the tune of one to three. What becomes of our Ladies' Literary Leagues and Home Culture Clubs in the face of hard figures? Where is Kentucky now, and where Indiana? Shall three Americans go down before one German? Shall each million Germans have three hundred and fifty-four books each year while a million Americans are content with eighty-one?

Reverse the shield. Last year Germany published 8,049 newspapers and periodicals. The United States 21,000. There's the explanation. The American is the man of the minute.

All eyes on Missouri. They are working there on a question long debated, never settled: Can you reform a political party from the inside? To many stalwart partisans the cleaning of your party by calling upon another party for assistance seems more or less like getting a foreign nation to help you reform your own. On the other hand, ardent reformers will assure you that to remain in any organization which contains rascals is to seal their rascality with your approval. Out in Missouri the issue is plain. Circuit-Attorney Folk, who has done as much for clean government as any American of our generation, has flatly refused to step outside the ranks of Democracy and accept at the hands of Independent Democrats a nomination for Governor of the State, to be ratified by a Republican convention. "The Democratic party cannot become corrupt," he declares, "until the majority of the members of the party are corrupt." And again, "the Democratic party is not a corrupt party. If I thought so I would leave it." This test, it must be owned, if followed literally, would probably never drive any man out of any party, for in no community or party is an actual majority corrupt; but, practically, Mr. Folk's position is an impressive one. He lives a Democrat in a Democratic State. The corruptionists in his party owe their power to the mask of democracy which they assume. To fight the sham with the real is Folk's part—not to play into the enemy's hands by allowing them to accomplish their darling desire of reading him out of the party.

Success to him!

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By ANNIE PAYSON CALL
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

"I AM so tired I must give up work," said a young woman with a very strained and tearful face; and it seemed to her a desperate state, for she was dependent upon work for her bread and butter. If she gave up work she gave up bread and butter, and that meant starvation. When she was asked why she did not keep at work and learn to do it without getting so tired, that seemed to her absurd, and she would have laughed if laughing had been possible.

"I tell you the work has tired me so that I cannot stand it, and you ask me to go back and get rest out of it when I am ready to die of fatigue. Why don't you ask me to burn myself on a piece of ice, or freeze myself with a red hot poker?"

"But," the answer was, "it is not the work that tires you at all, it is the way you do it; and, after a little soothing talk which quieted the over-excited nerves, she began to feel a dawning intelligence, which showed her that, after all, there might be life in the work which she had come to look upon as nothing but slow and painful death. She came to understand that she might do her work as if she were working very lazily, going from one thing to another with a feeling as near to entire indifference as she could cultivate, and, at the same time, do it well. She was shown by illustrations how she might walk across the room and take a book off the table as if her life depended upon it, racing and pushing over the floor, grabbing the book and clutching it until she got back to her seat, or, how she might move with exaggerated laziness, take the book up loosely and drag herself back again. This illustration represents two extremes, and one, in itself, is as bad as the other; but, when the habit has been one of unnecessary strain and effort, the lazy way, practiced for a time, will not only be very restful, but will eventually lead to movement which is quick as well.

To take another example, you may write holding the pen with much more force than is needful, tightening your throat and tongue at the same time, or you may drag your pen along the paper and relieve the tendency to tension in your throat and tongue by opening your mouth slightly and letting your jaw hang loosely. These again are two extremes, but, if the habit has been one of tension, a persistent practice of the extreme of looseness will lead to a quiet mode of writing in which ten pages can be finished with the effort it formerly took to write one.

Sometimes the habit of needless strain has taken such a strong hold that the very effort to work quietly seems so unnatural as to cause much nervous suffering. To turn the corner from a bad habit into a true and wholesome one is often very painful, but, the first pain worked through, the right habit grows more and more easy, until finally the better way carries us along and we take it involuntarily.

For the young woman who felt she had come to the end of her powers, it was work or die; therefore, when she had become rested enough to see and understand at all, she welcomed the idea that it was not her work that tired her, but the way in which she did it, and she listened eagerly to the directions that should teach her to do it with less fatigue, and, as an experiment, offered to go back and try the "lazy way" for a week. At the end of a week she reported that the "lazy way" had rested her remarkably, but she did not do her work so well. Then she had to learn that she could keep more quietly and steadily concentrated upon her work, doing it accurately and well, without in the least interfering with the "lazy way." Indeed, the better concentrated we are the more easily and restfully we can work, for concentration does not mean straining every nerve and muscle toward our work,—it means *dropping everything that interferes*, and strained nerves and muscles constitute a very bondage of interference.

The young woman went back to her work for another week's experiment, and this time returned with a smiling face, better color, and a new and more quiet life in her eyes. She had made the "lazy way" work, and found a better power of concentration at the same time. She knew that it was only a beginning,

but she felt secure now in the certain knowledge that it was not her work that had been killing her, but the way in which she had done it; and she felt confident of her power to do it restfully and, at the same time, better than before. Moreover, in addition to practicing the new way of working, she planned to get regular exercise in the open air, even if it had to come in the evening, and to eat only nourishing food. She has been at work now for several years, and, at last accounts, was still busy, with no temptation to stop because of over fatigue.

If any reader is conscious of suffering now from the strain of his work and would like to get relief, the first thing to do is to notice that it is less the work that tires him than his way of doing it, and the attitude of his mind toward it. Beginning with that conviction, there comes first an interest in the process of dropping strain and then a new interest in the work itself, and a healthy concentration in doing the merest drudgery as well as it can be done, makes the drudgery attractive and relieves one from the oppressive fatigue of uninteresting monotony.

If you have to move your whole body in your daily work, the first care should be to move the feet and legs heavily. Feel as if each foot weighed a ton, and each hand also; and while you work take long, quiet breaths —breaths such as you see a man taking when he is very quietly and soundly sleeping.

If the work is sedentary, it is a help before starting in the morning to drop your head forward very loosely, slowly and heavily, and raise it very slowly, then take a long, quiet breath. Repeat this several times until you begin to feel a sense of weight in your head. If there is not time in the morning, do it at night and recall the feeling while you are dressing or while you are going to work, and then, during your work, stop occasionally just to feel your head heavy and then go on. Very soon you become sensitive to the tension in the back of your neck and drop it without stopping work at all.

Long, quiet breaths while you work are always helpful. If you are working in bad air, and cannot change the air, it is better to try to have the breaths only quiet and gentle, and take long, full breaths whenever you are out-of-doors and before going to sleep at night.

Of course, a strained way of working is only one cause of nervous fatigue; there are others, and even more important ones, that need to be understood in order that we may be freed from the bondage of nervous strain which keeps so many of us from our best use and happiness.

Many people are in bondage because of doing wrong, but many more because of doing right in the wrong way. Real freedom is only found through obedience to law, and when, because of daily strain, a man finds himself getting overtired and irritable, the temptation is to think it easier to go on working in the wrong way than to make the effort to learn how to work in the right way. At first the effort seems only to result in extra strain, but, if persisted in quietly, it soon becomes apparent that it is leading to less and less strain, and finally to restful work.

There are laws for rest, laws for work, and laws for play, which, if we find and follow them, lead us to quiet, useful lines of life, which would be impossible without them. They are the laws of our own being, and should carry us as naturally as the instincts of the animals carry them, and so enable us to do right in the right way, and make us so sure of the manner in which we do our work that we can give all our attention to the work itself; and when we have the right habit of working the work itself must necessarily gain, because we can put the best of ourselves into it.

It is helpful to think of the instincts of the beasts, how true and orderly they are, on their own plane, and how they are only perverted when the animals have come under the influence of man. Imagine Baloo, the bear in Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book," being asked how he managed to keep so well and rested. He would look a little surprised and say: "Why, I follow the laws of my being. How could I do differently?" Now that is just the difference between man and beast. Man *can* do differently. And man has done differently now for so many generations that not one in ten thousand really recognizes what the laws of his being are, except in ways so gross that it seems as if we had sunken to the necessity of being guided by a crowbar, instead of steadily following the delicate instinct which is ours by right, and so voluntarily accepting the guidance of the Power who made us, which is the only possible way to freedom.

Of course, the laws of a man's being are infinitely above the laws of a beast's. The

laws of a man's being are spiritual, and the animal in man is meant to be the servant of his soul. Man's true guiding instincts are in his soul—he can obey them or not, as he chooses ; but the beast's instincts are in his body, and he has no choice but to obey. Man can, so to speak, get up and look down on himself. He can be his own father and his own mother. From his true instinct he can say to himself, "you must do this" or "you must not do that." He can see and understand his tendency to disobedience, and *he can force himself to obey.* Man can see the good and wholesome animal instincts in himself that lead to lasting health and strength, and he can make them all the good servants of his soul. He can see the tendency to over-indulgence, and how it leads to disease and to evil, and he can refuse to permit that wrong tendency to rule him.

Every man has his own power of distinguishing between right and wrong, and his own power of choosing which way he shall follow. He is left free to choose God's way or to choose his own. Through past and present perversions of natural habit he has lost the delicate power of distinguishing the normal from the abnormal, and needs to be educated back to it. The benefit of this education is an intelligent consciousness of the laws of life, which not only adds to his own strength of mind and body, but increases immeasurably his power of use to others. Many customs of to-day fix and perpetuate abnormal habits to such an extent that, combined with our own selfish inheritances and personal perversions, they dim the light of our minds so that many of us are working all the time in a fog, more or less dense, of ignorance and bondage. When a man chooses the right and refuses the wrong, in so far as he sees it, he becomes wise from within and from without, his power for distinguishing gradually improves, the fog lifts, and he finds within himself a sure and delicate instinct which was formerly atrophied for want of use.

The first thing to understand without the shadow of a doubt, is that man is not in freedom when he is following his own selfish instincts. He is only in the appearance of freedom, and the appearance of freedom, without the reality, leads invariably to the worst bondage. A man who loves drink, feels that he is free if he can drink as much as he wants, but that leads to degradation and delirium tremens. A man who has an inherited tendency toward the disobedience of any law feels that he is free if he has the opportunity to disobey it whenever he wants to. But whatever the law may be, the results have only to be carried to their logical conclusion to make clear the bondage to which the disobedience leads. All this disobedience to law leads to an inevitable, inflexible, unsurmountable limit in the end, whereas steady effort toward obedience to law is unlimited in its development of strength and power for use to others. Man must understand his selfish tendencies in order to subdue and control them, until they become subject to his own unselfish tendencies, which are the spiritual laws within him. Thus he gradually becomes free,—soul and body,—with no desire to disobey, and with steadily increasing joy in his work and life. So much for the bondage of doing wrong, and the freedom of doing right, which it seems necessary to touch upon, in order to show clearly the bondage of doing right in the wrong way, and the freedom of doing right in the right way.

It is right to work for our daily bread, and for use to others in whatever form may present itself. The wrong way of doing it makes unnecessary strain, over fatigue and illness. The right way of working gives, as we have said before, new power and joy in the work; it often turns even drudgery into pleasure, for there is a special delight in learning to apply one's self in a true spirit to "drudgery." The process of learning such true application of one's powers often reveals new possibilities in work.

It is right for most people to sleep eight hours every night. The wrong way of doing it is to go to sleep all doubled up, and to continue to work all night in our sleep, instead of giving up and resting entirely. The right way gives us the fullest possible amount of rest and refreshment.

It is right to take our three meals a day, and all the nourishing food we need. The wrong way of doing it, is to eat very fast, without chewing our food carefully, and to give our stomachs no restful opportunity of preparation to receive its food, or to take good care of it after it is received. The right way gives us the opportunity to assimilate the food entirely, so that every bit of fuel we put into our bodies is burnt to some good purpose, and makes us more truly ready to receive more.

It is right to play and amuse ourselves for rest and recreation. We play in the wrong

way when we use ourselves up in the strain of playing, in the anxiety lest we should not win in a game, or, when we play in bad air. When we play in the right way, there is no strain, no anxiety, only good fun, and refreshment, and rest.

We might go through the narrative of an average life in showing briefly the wonderful difference between doing right in the right way, and doing right in the wrong way. It is not too much to say that the difference in tendency is as great as that between life and death.

In so far as it can be shown in writing, an attempt will be made in a series of papers to show how, in the main affairs of life, we may often be spared the pain and annoyance of doing right in the wrong way. If any reader should discover that he, or she, has been doing right in the wrong way, and should really desire to avoid unnecessary fatigue and gain new life and power for work, which will surely come from learning to do right in the right way, the ideas and suggestions given may be of real use. If anything is omitted in these articles, that any reader would like to know and understand, letters addressed to the care of LESLIE'S MONTHLY will be most welcome, and will be carefully answered, either in future articles or, when that is impossible, in separate paragraphs, without, of course, giving the name of the inquirer. Through these letters it may be possible to give much practical help, especially as any form of fatigue or nervous strain which seems peculiar to one person may often be found in very many others, and thus a helpful answer to the one who writes may reach others who may need the same advice.

It is one thing to read about orderly living and to acknowledge that the ways described are good and true, and quite another to have one's eyes opened and to *act* from the new knowledge, day by day, until a normal mode of life is firmly established. It requires quiet, steady force of will, to get one's self out of bad, and well established in good habits. After the first interest and relief there often has to be steady plodding before the new way becomes easy; but if we do not allow ourselves to get discouraged, we are sure to gain our end, for we are opening ourselves to the influence of the true laws within us, and in finding and obeying these, we are approaching the only possible Freedom of Life.

The subject of the next article will be "Rest in Sleep," and an attempt will be made to show those who sleep restlessly how to acquire the state and conditions most conducive to restful sleep; and, carrying the subject further still, how to avoid errors which make sleep impossible, and to practice exercises, the faithful and intelligent performance of which is calculated to bring rest to the sleepless.

VALENTINE

TO THE GIRL IN BLACK

In hand I take this pen of mine
To write you, sweet, a valentine;
I'd take your dainty hand instead,
But—you're a drawing—I am wed—
And that is why, you understand,
I only take my pen in hand.

E. P. B.

MARGINALIA

AT THE CIRCUS

By SARA CONE BRYANT

With Drawings by A. D. RAHN

THE Doctor of Philosophy was big and fair and good-looking. The Professor of Literature was small and dark and something more than good-looking. They stood on the street corner waiting for a car. And while the Professor's gray eyes gazed dreamily into the distance those of the Doctor of Philosophy were engaged nearer at hand.

"Have you finished your chapter on eccentricities of style?" he asked in the tone of one who refers to a familiar topic.

The Professor of Literature turned to him slowly, with the appearance of considering his remark seriously. Then she said in a gently abstracted tone: "I believe I should like to go to the circus."

The Doctor of Philosophy started; then he laughed; then he took out his watch. "We are rather late," he said, "but I think we can make it. Come on."

As they were getting out of the car she looked at him with sudden anxiety. "You don't mind, do you, Max?" she said. "Do you know, I never went to the circus in my life! And I just feel as if it were circus my soul thirsts for this afternoon. But perhaps you would rather not?"

The man smiled. "I wouldn't 'rather not,'" he said; "I rather would."

Then they were at the gates, and he bought two tickets and they went in. The Professor of Literature walked daintily in the sawdust with uplifted skirt. Her eyes explored with conservative wonder. "I wish to examine that geography-book-production over there," she said suddenly. But the man shook his head. "You are sadly unacquainted with the ways of the circussian world, Anna," he said gravely; "this is not the circus; the show is farther on." "Oh," said the Professor with docility. And she followed where she was led, through other gates, into the main tent. There she suddenly became aware of uncouth creatures disporting themselves in enclosed circles of sawdust. She looked up into the dim bigness of the tent, then at the tiers of laughing faces and variegated garments. One of the clowns began to bellow inanely, like a calf. The Professor's daintily assured step faltered. "Where do we go?" she asked uncertainly.

The Professor of Literature walked daintily.

"Quite the other end," said the man cheerfully.

They moved along, running the gauntlet of a line of clowns, and much observed of the front rows. Presently they came to an individual propelling himself along on his hands, feet upward. Presumably it was because he could not see, that he chose the moment of their near approach to emit a startling roar and to tumble straight toward them like an animated rimless wheel. The Professor of Literature had been regarding him with pleased and surprised interest, but her expression changed completely and rapidly. She retreated with a stifled exclama-

tion. The Doctor of Philosophy laughed. "Come along," he said encouragingly, moving between her and the clown. He looked at her again with a twinkle in his observant eye when they had found their chairs. The reserved, potentially prim lines of her self-possessed face were yielding to a totally new expression.

Just in front of them sat a woman with three children. One of the three was a small, energetic boy who steadily and unconsciously climbed up his mother's body at every particularly attractive feat. She dislodged him and set him down each time with unvarying equanimity, and each time his clear, piping, little laugh chirped out with an exultant crow of delight. The Professor of Literature looked at him as much as she looked at the circus. She laughed when he laughed, and her cheeks grew as red under the clear olive skin as his own chubby fair ones. "*Isn't* it fun!" she said moving impulsively nearer to the man. "Great," assented the man decidedly.

The pink satin ladies leaped on the cantering horses. The purple and yellow ladies cavorted gracefully in the air. Athletic gentlemen in truly bewitching costumes played about on flying rings amid the rafters. The little boy climbed and was detached and climbed again. Children laughed and the trained seals played ball. And presently, looking down, the Doctor of Philosophy saw that the pre-occupied woman of letters had vanished from his side mysteriously. In her place sat a girl, with childlike eyes and laughing lips, and hair which seemed unawares to have escaped from bonds of precision. The Doctor of Philosophy looked away with a sudden contraction of the brow.

And then the circus was over, and the crowd trickled and streamed and poured into the arena toward the door. Anna looked at Max with a world of amusement and delight in her glance. "Aren't you terrible glad you comed to the circus?" she murmured. "I never did have such a good time."

"Nor I," said the man.

Just then a plaintive wail came from the climbing boy. His mother had unwisely embarked in the heavy seas with her three small craft, and now one of the small craft was being swept hopelessly from her side, vociferous but ineffective for self-rescue.

"Here, here, you're all right," said the girl briskly as the man reached down and extricated the frightened child, "don't cry, laddie." The mother, swept in spite of herself out of reach, looked anxiously for the missing member of her small crew. Her eyes met the reassuring smile of the girl and settled into relief. "Let him come with us, Max," the girl said; "we can deliver him over safely to his mother beyond the crowd." Max nodded, lifting the small figure to a commanding position on his shoulder. "There, youngster," he said, "we'll get mother in a minute."

"Aren't you terrible glad you comed to the circus?"

The small boy was not a timid child. After a briefly solemn scrutiny of the two faces nearest him he took in so much of the situation as concerned his safety, and smiled, amicably. The girl put up a hand to the fat little one which hung over Max's shoulder, and patted it. The small warm fist closed trustfully on her fingers, and so they made their slow way toward freedom. "You liked the circus, didn't you?" said Anna to the new member of the party. He looked round at her, radiantly. "So did I," she answered the look, laughing.

The mother was in sight till they reached the worst spot in the rush from two directions; there for a moment they lost her. So beside

the main door the three took a stand and waited for her. Anxiety fell again upon the spirit of the small boy. His mouth drew together threateningly, his blue eyes clouded. "See here," said Anna, quickly, "did you ever see such a funny little bear as this? He is just like the big bear in the cage, isn't he? Only he is all silver, and very little. Feel how cunning he is!" The small boy looked at the wonderful little bear who was pulled from his hiding place in the girl's shirt waist; he allowed himself to be beguiled; the fat forefinger poked tentatively at the dangling charm on the short watch chain. Max leaned down slightly, to facilitate the entertainment.

At precisely this moment, while the group of three was so picturesquely disposed, Anna, glancing round for the lost mother, met the direct curiosity-filled gaze of two pairs of wide eyes. The wide eyes belonged to two girls from the college, who were in all her classes. They were taking in herself, the small boy and Max with a devouring and delighted eagerness which there was no mistaking. The Professor made an involuntary little sound in her throat, as she beheld them. Then she bowed and smiled charmingly. Max, following her glance, underwent a similar electric shock, similarly repressed. The girls passed on, their very backs betraying their eagerness to get out of earshot before they began to express themselves.

A solemn silence fell on the two members of the Faculty. Then their eyes met, and suddenly they began to laugh, uncontrollably. Max handed the boy over to his mother, appearing with gratitude and lingering dismay, and bent over Anna with the laugh still in his eyes. "Shall we go and feed peanuts to the elephants?" he asked.

"Shall we?"

"No circus is the real things without it."

"Then surely. This circus must be the real thing; it is my only one."

But she laughed so much at the baby elephant that the man missed his aim every time he looked at her. "You put me out, Anna," he said seriously. "There is something about your face to-day that distracts my attention."

"Pouf," she said, "a man who can not hit that cavity could not hit the side of the State House."

"Try it yourself," he rebelled. And she did try it, with varying success, until the zebra attracted her attention.

It was while they were studying zebraic effects that the Doctor of Philosophy remarked, without prelude, "You do not look a bit like Professor Rainsley to-day;—you look like—little Annette, under the oak on the old campus, the day we licked the sophomores. I wonder why?"

"I wonder why," repeated Professor Rainsley softly, a smile at the corner of her mouth.

"Little Annette," the man said, suddenly, "just why did you send me away? It is so long ago we don't mind discussing it, you know; and I should really like to know?"

The girl's face flushed, startled; she looked at him with quick reproof. But his expression was quite serene. "Do humor my vanity," he said lightly, "it is all so far past, now. Was I too hopelessly the wrong man, or was there a right man somewhere?" She turned her face aside. But he was persistent. "Why did you send me away with half a hearing, Annette? Were you so sure you could not like me better?"

And still again, as she was silent, he asked, with some change in his voice, "Why did you send me away, Annette?"

She turned her burning face toward him and he saw her eyes flash, though two tears hung on their lashes. Then she said, and her voice broke with indignant reproach.

"Why did you go—so easily?"

The Doctor of Philosophy opened his mouth, but no sound came. He looked at her as one in a daze. And as he looked her eyes fell, and then came back and opened themselves to him. He bowed his head, and his cheeks flushed like a boy's.

"Because I was a fool," he said, simply. "Will you forgive me for being a fool, Annette?"

"Oh," breathed Annette, taking hold of the rope, firmly.

"Come away," said the Doctor of Philosophy, drawing her hand through his arm, "I want to tell you a great many things. I am in a hurry."

The Professor of Literature came. She forgot to hold up her skirt, and it dragged and swirled through the sawdust. They left the side shows and the shouting vendors behind, and the great cool boulevard stretched out before them, wide and open and far, in the late afternoon light. Then he began to tell her the great many things. And if any one of his pupils could have heard him, his reputation for succinctness and sobriety would have been ruined in Hallsbee College, forever.

THE publication of Stephen Crane's posthumous novel, "The O'Ruddy," which Robert Barr completed, brings to mind a clever caricature of Mr. Crane by Fornaro. When the original drawing came out there was a verse attached to it called "Stephen Crane, *a la* Beardsley":

"Whims that whisper a mystic WHAT;
A lithesome line and a direful dot—
Whether meanful or whether not!

Our styles are indescribable quite:
The way he draws is the way I write."

Mr. Crane was ill of a mortal disease while he was writing this last book and fully aware of the seriousness of his own condition, yet the story itself is perhaps the most cheerful he ever wrote. There is plenty of blood spilled through the book, but it is spilled merrily, and the rollicking humor is very far removed from his first sanguinary success, "The Red Badge of Courage."

Permission of "Critic."
Stephen Crane,
By Fornaro.

The humor of W. W. Jacob's "Many Cargoes" is just the kind that lends itself most admirably to the illustrations of an artist like E. W. Kemble. The touch of exaggeration bordering on caricature in the drawings expresses perfectly the spirit of the stories. The fun lies in the humorous quality of the line rather than in any burlesque contortion of the figures. No one else draws the truly Southern darkey and "Cracker" as Mr. Kemble does. He understands and appreciates them both artistically and humanly. Not long ago he was working in Georgia.

"I was sketching," he said, "an angular Cracker who was posing for me. He had stood in various positions for over an hour. When I asked him what I should pay him, he replied, 'Wal, I reckon a nickel would do!' I showed him the sketches and asked his opinion. ''Pears ter me it's a mighty puddlin' business fer a man ter be doin'. But then yew couldn't be throwin' money away like this fer me doin' nothin' but standin' still, so I reckon it must pay yew suthin'.'"

From "The Humming Top."

Most of the contemporary illustrators indeed seem to think that one form or another of eccentricity is a professional perquisite and perhaps an advertisement. Instances are everywhere.

"Erratic chap, that Underwood," said a Londoner in New York recently, referring to Clarence F. Underwood, one of the more familiar delineators of the American girl. "Last time I saw him he had an entire compartment of the Underground to himself and his pictures were spread over the seats, drying, while he put the finishing touches to one. He explained that they had to reach the publisher by three o'clock and he hadn't quite finished. Strange, but it didn't seem at all out of the ordinary in him, and the only other occupants of the carriage, an old country woman, and myself were so

The man with paralysis in "Many Cargoes."

interested that we both fell briskly to work with erasers and helped clean the margins, wrapped the pictures with care and helped him off at his station, almost as much excited as he in seeing that they were delivered on time."

Last month we had something to say about children's books, and still they flood the market. On the whole we think children are receiving considerably worse treatment than their elders, so far as the writing and making of books is concerned. A child's book which is a real delight is a rarity indeed. The publishers do their part as ill as the authors. Exaggerated illustrations, crude color plates and offensive substitutes for humor are eagerly relied upon to form the taste and train the appreciation of small boys and girls. Old favorites have been distorted in appearance. Since "Alice in Wonderland" was invaded by Peter Newell no child's classic has been quite safe. Those still unspoiled have been driven from the market. The other day we asked in a large bookstore for "Swiss Family Robinson." "Don't keep Defoe," was the clerk's answer, assuring us at once of his own ignorance and his firm's indifference to two of the dozen real classics for children—"Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe."

It is with gratitude that we make an exception of the work of Miss Abby Farwell Brown, who has recently published "The Curious Book of Birds," to delight the friends her former books have made. Compare it with the very popular books of L. Frank Bonne, crowded with color printing which looks like a child's first experiments with a paint brush, and depending for its humor on clownish exaggeration. A book of greater attractiveness is "Troubadour Tales," by Eveleen Stein. Another pretty book is "The Humming Top," from which the illustration on page 474 is taken.

Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

GRAMMARS AND HISTORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

THE two most successful makers of textbooks in the period immediately following the Revolution were Noah Webster and Caleb Bingham. The former's spelling book outstripped the latter's *Child's Companion*, but none of Bingham's books were failures, and his *The American Preceptor* and *The Columbian Orator* were more widely used than Webster's readers or any others.

Caleb Bingham was born in what was then the new town of Salisbury, in the northwestern corner of Connecticut, in 1757. Many Indians still dwelt in the vicinity and they were of such doubtful character that the people had always to be on their guard against a treacherous assault. Sundays, the pioneers went to church armed; and the log structure used for a meeting-house had port holes, and a sentinel was stationed at the door. These frontier conditions gave little chance for education, but tradition says Caleb studied with the minister and thus prepared for college. He entered Dartmouth in 1779 and as soon as he graduated began to teach.

He came to Boston in 1784 and established a school for girls, but presently gave this up and taught in the public schools of the city. Still later he became a bookseller and publisher. He was an old-fashioned man, and almost to the time of his death in 1817 went

A *beautiful* BIRD. **A *more beautiful* BIRD.** **The *most beautiful* BIRD.**

about attired in a cocked hat, and small clothes, white vest and stock and black silk stockings. In summer he wore shoes with silver buckles, and in winter white-topped boots.

Next to his reading books, Bingham's most famous publication was "*The Young Lady's Accidence:* or a short and easy introduction to English grammar. Designed principally for the use of young learners, more especially those of the FAIR SEX, though proper for either." The title-page also contained this couplet:—

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."—

1799 was the date of the first edition. The book treats the subject with admirable simplicity and clearness, the type is good, and the little volume is a very pleasing contrast to the dull, crowded pages of nearly all the other grammars of the time. A hundred thousand copies are said to have been sold. It was the first English grammar used in the Boston schools and was one of the earliest grammars ever prepared by an American author, its only predecessor of importance being Part Two of Webster's *Grammatical Institute*. Both these books gave place to the grammar by Lindley Murray, which in its numerous abridgements was used for several decades almost to the exclusion of every other work dealing with the subject. Murray was born in Pennsylvania in 1745, and as a young man acquired considerable reputation and wealth as a lawyer in New York City. But in 1784 he went to England to reside, and it was there he wrote his grammar, published in 1795, and his several other school books brought out within the next four years. Mr. Murray is described as modest in manner, humane and generous, and, in spite of bad health, always cheerful. His books were all works of solid merit, though not very palatable to children. The grammar looks dreary to the last degree, now, and it must have had something of the same aspect even in the heyday of its popularity. We can easily believe the story that a friend of the author's once said to him, "Of all contrivances invented for puzzling the brains of the young your grammar is the worst." Murray, however, introduced system into the treatment of the subject and is known not unjustly as "the father of English grammar."

INTERJECTIONS.

Oh! my poor brother.

VERBS.

Active. Passive. Neuter.

This study had been adopted in nearly all the schools by 1810, yet few teachers explained its intricacies or did more than make it a drill. The pupils understood little of what the books were intended to impart, and their interest was always at the ebb. It is related of a Pennsylvania school, about 1795, that some scholars, after a short experience with the new study, finding they could make nothing of it, got parental sympathy in their trouble and each came to the master with the report that, "Daddy says I needn't learn grammar. It's no use."

That particular master was a grammatical enthusiast and would not let them off. He tried to give the science practical application, and for the purpose of correcting the boys' language while they were at play he whittled a small piece of thin board into the shape of a paddle. Whenever a boy used a wrong expression he had to step aside and take the paddle, and he could not play again until he detected some other lad in a gram-

A Coach* WITH *four horses going* FROM *Boston* TO *Providence,* WITH *passengers* ON *the outside.

An example of the use of prepositions.

matical mistake. Then the badge of interdiction was transferred. As a result of this system the scholars became very critical and made marked improvement in their speech.

The most attractive edition of Murray's grammar was one "adapted to the present mode of instruction," by Enoch Pond, Worcester, 1835, a thin little volume with many small engravings illustrating the parts of speech. Another illustrated text-book dealing with this subject was "The Little Grammarian." It was of English origin, but was republished in New York in 1829. The text made clear "the leading rules of syntax in a series of instructive and amusing tales." The pictures consisted of twelve half-page steel engravings made to accompany the stories. The author says of his system that he is trying to make agreeable "a subject naturally dry and tedious in the same way that the skilful apothecary gilds his pill and colors the otherwise nauseous draught." Each chapter takes a part of speech and the narration in that chapter has such part of speech printed in italics as often as it occurs. Just how effective this method is can be judged from the specimen which follows:—

Page 21

"THE ROBBER AND LITTLE ANN.

"Some four years back, *a* poor Man, living on one of *the* moors in *the* North of England, whilst busily employed in cutting turf, was cruelly beaten by *an* impious man, because he would not give him his watch and *the* little money he had in his pocket.

"His little girl (about three years old) had been to visit him, and was asleep on *a* bed of heath at *the* time her father was attacked; but his cries awoke her just in time to catch *a* sight of *the* barbarous thief, as he turned away from *the* mangled and almost lifeless body of her parent. Poor little Ann cried most bitterly as she assisted her poor father in his efforts to reach home, which, after more than *an* hour's trial, he accomplished.

"*A* year or two later little Ann saw *the* assailant at *an* inn and ran into her father's hut in great affright, and called out, as she swooned away, 'I have seen *the* man'; more she could not say for tears and faintness. Her mother said to her husband, 'Did you not hear her say *the* man? If she had said *a* man, I should have thought some silly fellow had been playing tricks with *the* child. Surely, John, she has not seen *the* man who lamed and robbed you?'

"John hastened to *the* inn, and arrived in time to secure *the* man who had assaulted him. *The* man was taken to prison; and in *a* few months was sent from England for life, to repent himself in toil in *a* distant land for *the* crimes he had wrought in his own. Now, had little Ann used *a* instead of *the* in her alarm; *the* thief would have escaped before she had been able to tell her parents what she really meant: hence learn the great difference between *a* or *an* and *the*."

A Boston edition of *The Little Grammarian* was also published, but a good deal of matter was added, and instead of illustrating the stories the pictures were confined to showing the meaning of the parts of speech.

History was not taken up in the schools until the nineteenth century was well begun. One of the earliest histories of the United States prepared for school use was "by a citizen of Mass.," who states in his preface that "while our schools abound with a variety of reading books for children and youth, there has never yet appeared a compendious History of the United States fitted for our common schools." This was 1821. The book was a small volume in full leather without maps or illustrations.

The next year Rev. C. A. Goodrich published his history which, for a long time surpassed all rivals in popularity. Within a dozen years one hundred and fifty thousand copies had been sold. It appeared in various editions, some entirely lacking pictures and none with more than a few insignificant cuts,

until 1832. Then it was produced in a 12mo with forty-eight engravings and a map.

In 1832, also, Noah Webster put forth a school "History of the United States," to which was "prefixed a brief Account of our [English] Ancestors, from the dispersion at Babel to their Migration to America." The book ends with the adoption of the Constitution, because, as Mr. Webster explains, "An impartial history cannot be published during the lives of the principal persons concerned in the transactions related without being exposed to the charge of undue flattery or censure; and unless history is impartial, it misleads the student, and frustrates its proper object."

Of the other early universal histories I will only speak of that by Rev. Royal Robbins, published at Hartford in 1835. It tells the scriptural story of the Creation "about 5,829 years ago," and then mentions "as a matter of curiosity," a few theories of philosophers and others which do not agree with the Bible narrative. I quote a few paragraphs from subsequent pages of the book about Adam and Eve.

"Adam and Eve, the names of the first human pair, were placed by the Deity, in the garden of Eden. It is evident that Eden was east of Canaan; but the most extravagant opinions have been entertained on this subject, and not only the four quarters of the globe, but even the air and the moon, have been conjectured to include this delightful abode.

"The innocence and felicity of the first pair were of short duration. They violated, with daring impiety, the sole command of their Maker. The precise time of this transaction cannot be determined; but it was probably only a few days after their creation."

Narrowness and crudity are often very apparent in the old books and these defects long lingered. Time, however, brought a steady improvement, and by 1850 the formative period in the manufacture of school books was over; yet while the later books are much better than the old, they have not the picturesque interests and antiquarian charm that belong to beginnings.

BOOK REVIEWS

SIX OF THE BEST SELLING BOOKS

"The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.

The romance of a neurotic clergyman, of the One Woman whom he marries and of the other woman who marries him. A compound of sensualism, religious emotion, and popular priced melodrama. It might have been better to dedicate the novel to the newsstand sales rather than to the memory of the author's mother.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr.

An idyllic story of a Kentucky Boy and a Kentucky dog. It has the same dear old wartime plot, fresh as a Fourth of July oration, but there is a grace and sweetness in the telling that the reader may seek in vain through the other novels of the year. To write of the blue grass country is a labor of love with Mr. Fox.

"The Sherrods," by George Barr McCutcheon.

The disadvantages of an artistic temperament have rarely been more vividly set forth. The hero is a country boy who marries, develops into a painter, and then marries another wife. When the two wives meet he solves their problem by killing himself. There is not a gleam of fun in the book, and even the conversion of the original villain only adds to the gloominess.

"Rebecca," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A sunny story of a little girl who grows up with her crotchety aunts just as nature wished her to. A cheerful story for people who love to be alive and in the country—a story to like, to smile at and to forget.

"The Adventures of Girard," by A. Conan Doyle.

They are good adventures, these of Girard, and if they are little less fabulous than those of Munchausen, they have the same power of holding the interest. What is frankly impossible we can enjoy without resentment. They are light, amusing and entertaining.

"The Call of the Wild," by Jack London.

To those who feel at all the fascination of the untraveled snow countries, or who have ever known the friendship of a dog, this story will be a delight. People who are indifferent to those two things will care little for it. A better dog than the hero or a more vivid feeling for the rigorous splendors of the North than Mr. London's have rarely gone into the making of a book.

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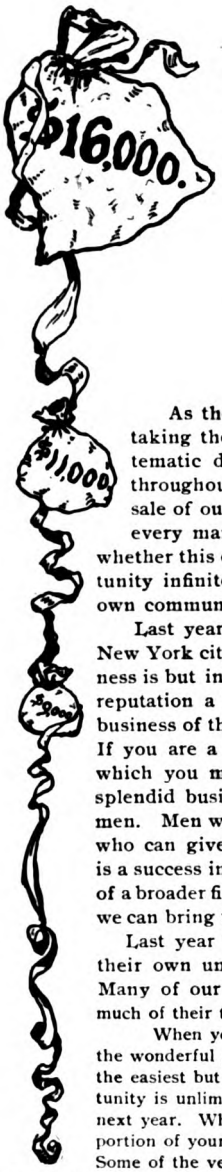

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LESLIE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME LVII. MARCH, 1904 NUMBER 5

OUR NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN, BY JAMES K. HANNA

With Pictures by EMILIE BENSON-KNIPE

WE who live within the "Fence" consider ourselves a little better than the Oakville persons, who live beyond the "Fence." The "Fence" surrounds a small wood in which our little colony nestles picturesquely, and we live in peace and harmony.

My wife and I make particularly good neighbors. We never quarrel with our fellow dwellers within the "Fence," and they have no reason to quarrel with us, for we have no children. I notice that other people's children cause half the bad feeling in otherwise heavenly suburban villages. Of course, we have mosquitoes, but Providence gives every one something to test the patience. And in the evening, when we hear other people's children complain and fret because the mosquitoes are troublesome, my wife and I, safe within our own screened veranda, thank our stars that we have no children to leave our screen doors ajar.

It is but natural that my wife and I should bear ourselves accordingly. I do not mean that we are uppish about it, but we do feel that we can afford to give better dinners than those who have the expense of child ren, and if our home is better furnished and our summer journey to the mountains more prolonged, we cannot resist a little honest pride. Many a time when we have had some small pleasure that our neighbors could not afford, the little woman has said to me: "John, you don't know how thankful I am that we have no

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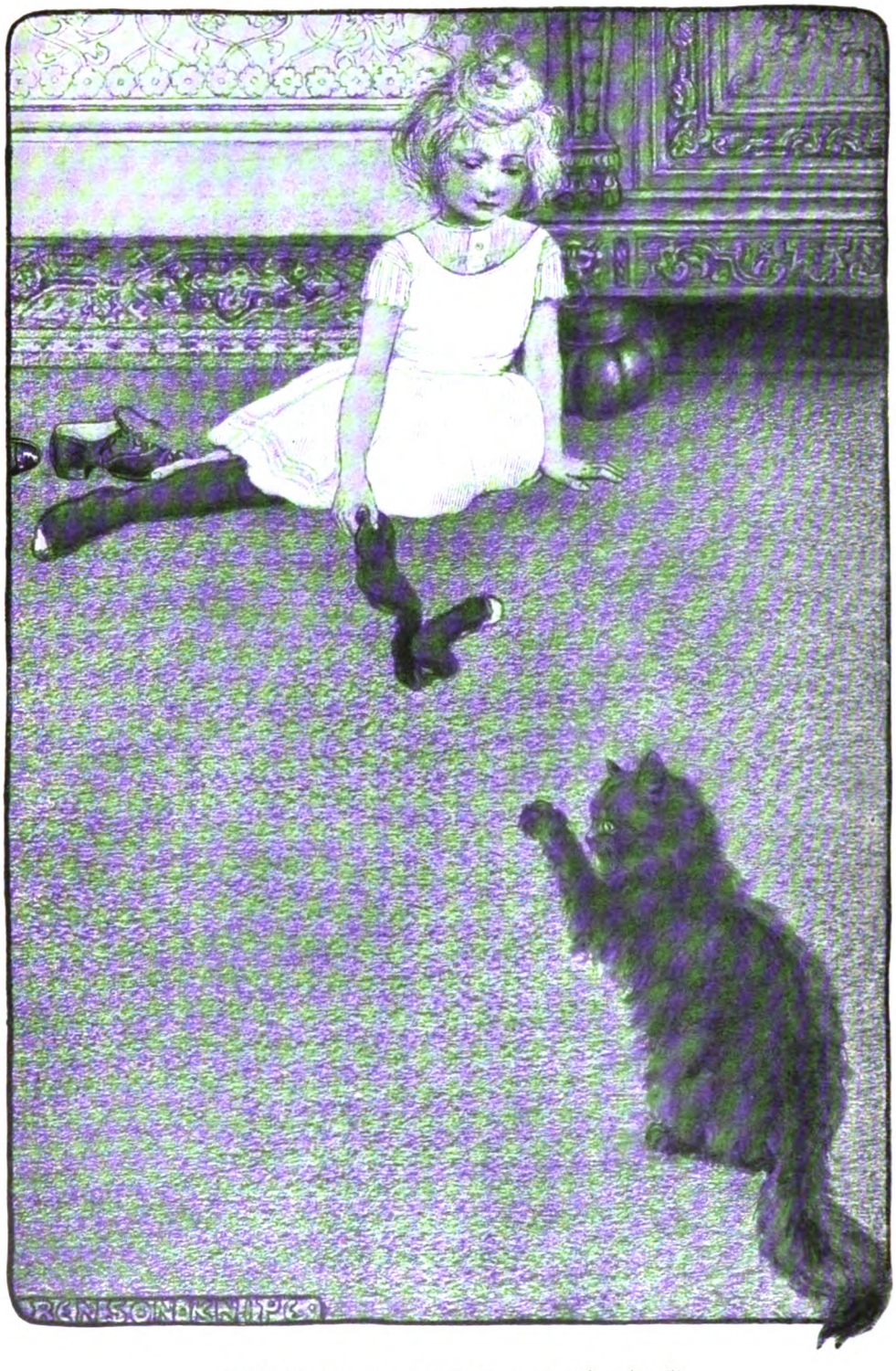


"Didn't you ever dawdle over your dressing?"

children," and I have heartily agreed with her.

It is not that we are children haters. Far from it. We are a sane, healthy couple, but when we see the additional worry and trouble that other people's children cause them, we are content to continue as we have lived for the past five years—our friends still call us "the bride and groom."

I cannot say that we are happier than our fellow dwellers within the "Fence," but we are more care-free. We live joyously.

The other evening, when I returned from the city, my wife met me at our little station, which is just a minute's walk from the "Fence," and when I had tucked her arm under mine I asked her the news of the day. Bobby Jones had cut his finger badly; Estelle Marks had taken the measles; little Tot Hemingway had run away and her mother had gone nearly distracted until the baby was found again; the Wallaces were not going to the mountains this year because Fred had to be sent to a military school in the fall, and they could not afford both. It was the usual daily chapter of children.

As the next day was a holiday I was in unusually high spirits, and the little woman, with true womanly diplomacy, chose the moment when my favorite dish was set before me at dinner to ask a small favor.

"John," she said, quite as if she were opening an ordinary conversation, "did you notice Mrs. Hemingway's reception gown last night?"

"Why, no, dear," I replied. "Was it new?"

"New!" laughed my wife. "The idea! That was just what it was not. I believe she has had that same reception gown ever since we came to the enclosure. It is too bad. She puts everything on those children of hers and has hardly a decent thing of her own. I feel so sorry for her."

"I feel sorry for Hemingway," I said. "The poor old boy is fairly working himself to death. He never comes home until long after dinner, and he told me he felt it his duty to work to-morrow. Children are an expensive luxury."

"That is just what they are!" my wife agreed. "If it were not for the children the Hemingways could live as well as we do, and he wouldn't have to work nights, poor fellow. But John," she added, as if the idea had just occurred to her, "do you remember when the 'Fence' saw its last new reception dress?"

"Why, no—no," I said. "When was it?"

"Years ago," exclaimed the little woman. "I was figuring it up to-day, and it was fully two years ago. It's shameful!"

I knew what she was coming to, the sly little lady.

"Positively shameful," I cried; "just on account of those children, too!"

She glanced demurely at her plate.

"Luckily we have no children, John," she said guilefully.

I smiled. I was pleased to see that she was pleased to think she had trapped me.

"I think it is our duty to uphold the honor of the 'Fence' by showing it a new reception gown," I said, and the next moment I had to struggle to prevent her from hugging me into an apoplexy.

All that evening she was strangely quiet and happy. As she sat on the veranda her eyes would wander afar, and I knew she was lost in blissful mazes of bias and gore and pleat and hem. But when we had gone inside for the night, and the shades were down, she threw her arms about my neck again and kissed me.

"Dear, dear old John!" she said, and her eyes were tear-wet. "Just think! A new reception gown!" And even as she said it there filtered into the room the far-off whimpering of the Marks child—the one with the measles.

"Aren't you glad, dear," my wife asked, "that we haven't any children?" and as I looked down into her happy face, I was heartily glad.

The next day arrived in a glory of fair weather, and we were up almost as early as the sun, for we had planned a jolly day by ourselves,—one of the days that made the "Fence" dwellers call

us the "Bride and Groom." We were going to pack a lunch, and wander. She was to take a book, and I my fishing tackle, and beyond that lay a day of happy chances.

"If we had children," she said, "we couldn't go off by ourselves on these long tramps."

We were off while our neighbors of the "Fence" were still at breakfast, and as we passed the Wallace cottage, we ran up to shout a farewell through

Bobby Jones and Rex, the most worthless dog on earth.

their breakfast-room window, and it was mere chance that we saw the youngest Wallace indolently playing with her stockings five minutes after the breakfast bell had rung. My wife paused just long enough to have one good, long look at the child.

"If all children were like Daisy Wallace," she said, "they would be bearable. She is the most lovable little thing. She has the cutest way of kissing you on the eyelids."

"She seems lazy in the dressing act," I remarked, and I was surprised to see my wife turn on me instantly.

"Why, John Smith!" she cried, "Didn't *you* ever dawdle over your dressing? When I was a girl, I got oceans of pleasure in being late to breakfast. And what difference does it make when she is just lovely all the rest of the time? I simply love that child. I wonder," she added, wistfully, "if they would let us take her with us to-day. She would enjoy it so!"

"Nonsense," I said, "we don't want to drag a child along with us all day. Besides, they are going to take her to the photographers to-day."

We skirted the village, and turned into a country road. The morning air was delightful, and the road quite deserted. We were evidently the only beings abroad, and we stepped out briskly.

"We have the world to ourselves," I said. "We are veritable Monte Cristos of the landscape; monarchs of all we survey."

And at a turn of the road we almost fell over Bobby Jones and his inseparable companion, Rex, the most worthless dog on earth.

"Where y' goin'?" he asked.

"Nowhere in particular," my wife assured him.

"So'm I," he said, and then added bravely, "I ain't lost."

"Yes you are, Bobby," I said as severely as I could, "and you had better turn right around and get back home."

He looked at me with wide-eyed surprise.

"Ho!" he said, "You ain't my pa. I don't have to mind you. I won't go home for you."

My wife was bending over him in an instant.

"Bobby!" she said sweetly. "Do you know what your mother is going to have for dinner?"

"No'm," he answered politely.

"I do," said the little woman, "ice cream. And if you get lost you won t get home in time to get any."

Bobby looked at the still unexplored road beyond, and then back at the path he ıad just traversed. His frown of indecision melted into a smile of anticipation, and taking off his cap he said:—

"Thank you, Mrs. Smith."

The little woman laughed joyously.

"Oh! your dear child," she cried, and dashed a kiss upon his dusty cheek.

"Nice boy, that," I said.

"Wallace doesn't deserve that boy."

"Nice!" said my wife. "Is *that* the best word you can scare up? Why, Bobby is the dearest little chap in the 'Fence.' He and I are great chums. John, I wonder," she said, looking over her shoulder, at the bare legged boy trudging away from us, "if we dare take him with us."

"The ice cream!" I reminded her, and I think she sighed as we started on.

By ten o'clock we had gone far enough from the village, and we pushed our

"If I had a girl like that—"

way through a daisy studded pasture to where a fringe of trees indicated the course of the brook. As I put aside the branches to take my first lingering look at the stream, I paused, and beckoned to the little woman to come quietly.

"Look!" I whispered.

Seated on a stone, as quiet and sedate as ever an ancient fisherman sat, was Ted Wallace. His eyes were glued on his cork, which bobbed on the ripples, and he had thoughts for nothing but the gentle sport of angling. As an enthusiastic angler, my heart went out to the boy. My wife moved slightly, and I put my hand on her arm to command silence.

The boy raised his pole, looked at it critically, and replaced it with a fresh, fat worm. I waited anxiously. Would he? **No!** But wait—yes! He bent his head and carefully spat upon the bait. I pressed the little woman's arm. Here was a boy indeed!

I let the branches come together before us and we quietly stole away.

I looked at my elaborate fishing tackle with disgust. What did I know of fishing? What did my fishing excursions amount to but an ineffectual attempt to bring back joys I had when I, too, sat on a log and happy and alone watched my ketsup bottle cork dance on the ripples. But how vain! One cannot go back to those days. There is nothing to do about it. Unless, of course, one could go forward to them in—well, if one could live again in a boy of his own!

"Wallace doesn't deserve that boy," I said, positively. "What kind of a father is old book-worm Wallace for a boy who likes to fish? I'll bet Wallace never had a fish pole in his hands in his life. Now, I could show Ted a thing or two about fishing. If I had a boy like that—"

"Look!" my wife interposed, "did you ever see anything sweeter?"

At the far end of the pasture Ted's elder sister was straying among the flowers, her sweet face rosy with the fresh air. She was a butterfly among the butterflies, a dainty girl of just the age when a mother's love is strongest

and a mother's care the greatest. As a lover of beauty, I had to admit to myself that there was something about the girl that made one want to own her—as one would covet and long to preserve a marvelous rose.

"I think Mrs. Wallace hardly appreciates May," said my wife, thoughtfully. "I think she makes her study too much. When I was May's age I would never have thought of taking up a French course in the summer. I spent my time feeding the chickens, and running about the farm and enjoying life. It makes me sad to see the way children are forced nowadays. If I had a girl like that—"

"Yes?" I queried, gently, but the little woman only laughed,—a little recklessly, perhaps.

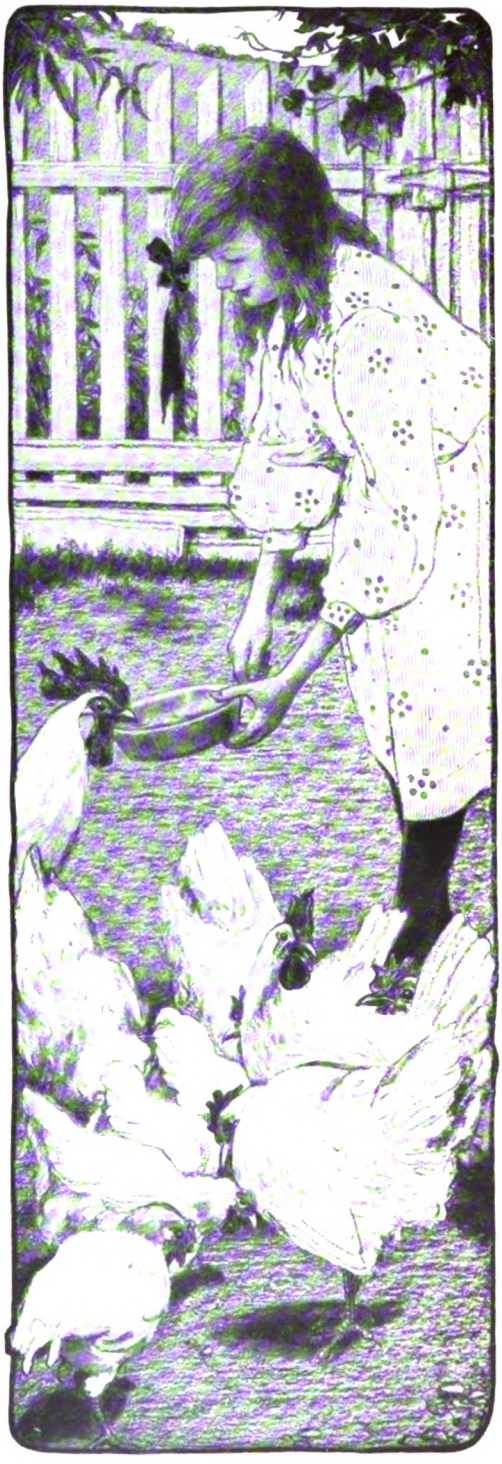
"What is the use of thinking what I'd do?" she said. "It doesn't make any difference."

We were dog tired when we reached home, and perhaps that was the reason we were more than usually quiet at dinner. I certainly was not cross, but somehow our day had been just a little unsatisfactory, and perhaps the crying of the new baby at the Watkins irritated my nerves. I was glad when we were able to take our chairs to the veranda.

It was a beautiful evening, so still, so calm! The only sounds, aside from the crying of the Watkins' baby, were the light laughter and chatter of the children within the Fence. But I was lonely. I cannot speak for the little woman, but I felt lonely. So I lifted her hand and held it, but still I felt lonely.

There is no time in the twenty-four hours when the Fence is so thoroughly the children's as just at dusk. It is then that our neighbors desert us. There are beginnings of sleepiness among the children, and preparations of little beds by the mothers and for one brief hour my wife and I are as outsiders. We seem to stand outside the Fence and be unable to enter.

Across the lawn we could see the two Hemingway children, who had begged a half-hour grace to await their father's homecoming before going to



"When I was May's age."

bed. Their faces were bent over a tumbler, in which two fireflies were luminous captives, and in the doorway Mrs. Hemingway rocked the sleepy baby.

We heard the train stop, puffing, at the station, and quick steps hurrying along the walk, and then there was a rush and commingling of Hemingway children and father, and the sleepy baby slid from its mother's lap and stood swaying, but eager, with her arms outstretched.

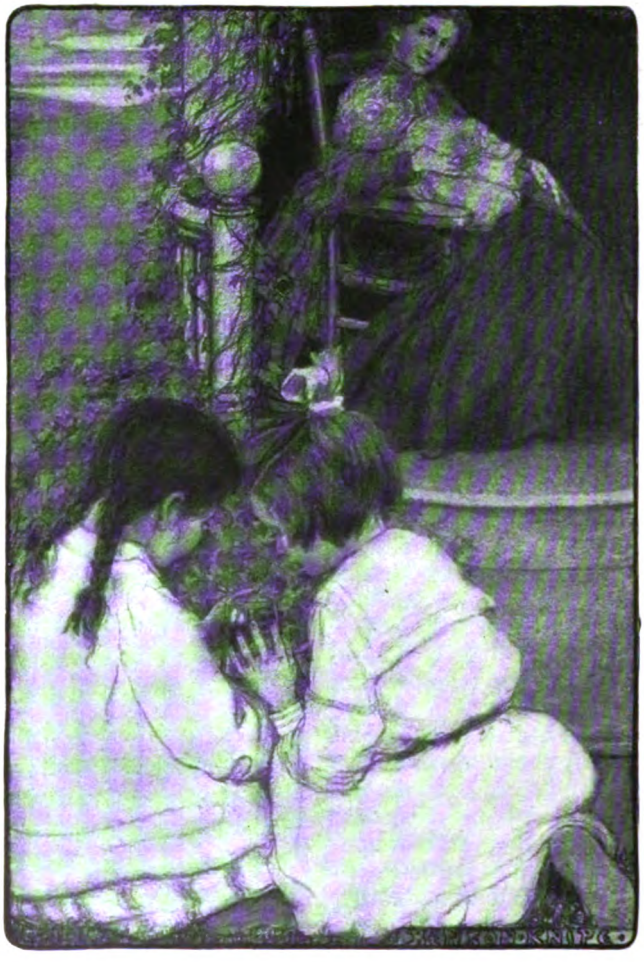
I turned to the little woman, and looked straight at her. Something in her eyes told me that now, if ever, my most seductive wiles were called for.

"Well, little woman," I said so cheerfully that my voice reminded me of a dancing skeleton, "*we* don't need a lot of kids to bolster up our love, do we?"

Her hand pressed mine lightly in reply.

"And about that gown," I added, gaily, "have you decided on the color yet? I am dying to see you in it. When I think of how you will look, I bless my stars we have no children to deprive me of the sight."

She did not answer and, when I lifted her face, she was weeping!



They had begged a half-hour grace to await their father's homecoming.

Candy pickets on duty. Outpost of Local, 515, during a strike.

TRADES-UNIONS IN PETTICOATS

What the Women Who Work in Chicago Have Done and Are Doing for Themselves Through Their Own Unions

By DOROTHY RICHARDSON

Who was sent to Chicago by LESLIE'S MONTHLY for the purposes of this article

SHALL song and music be forgot
When workers shall combine?

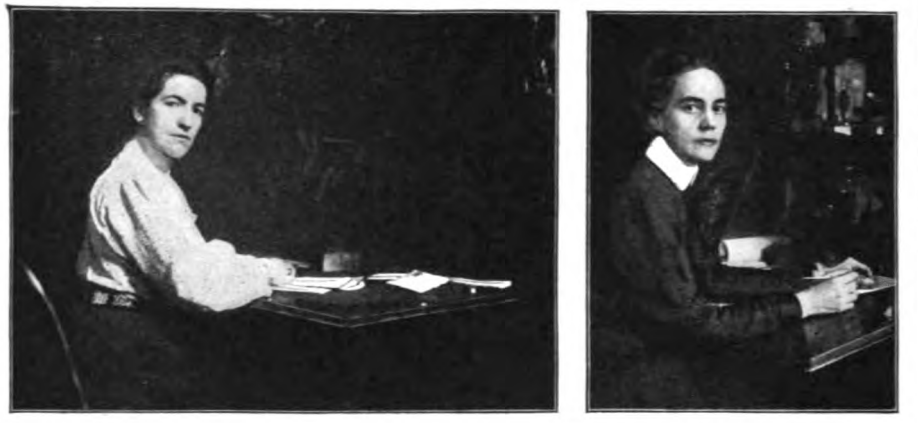
Sang the marching scrub-women of Chicago,

With love united may they not
Have power almost divine?
Shall idle drones still live like queens
On labor not their own?
Shall women starve while thieves and rings
Reap where they have not sown?

"Vat iss the matter mit the vimmins?" an enthusiastic German-American socialist shouted, as the singing host passed by, and shouted it again and again, as delegation after delegation of other feminine wage-earners, each wearing on her bosom a little button, and bearing in her hand some emblem of her trade or her craft, swept down Michigan Avenue in that big parade last Labor Day.

Probably nothing else in all the world could have so stirred the Teuton's sluggish blood as did the appeal which that spectacle must have made upon a highly developed "class consciousness." No wonder he was excited, or that the by-standers answered his half-frenzied challenges with a lusty "They're all right!" Thirty-five

Nellie Woods, Secretary Woman's Union Label League. *Secretary Hobbitt.*

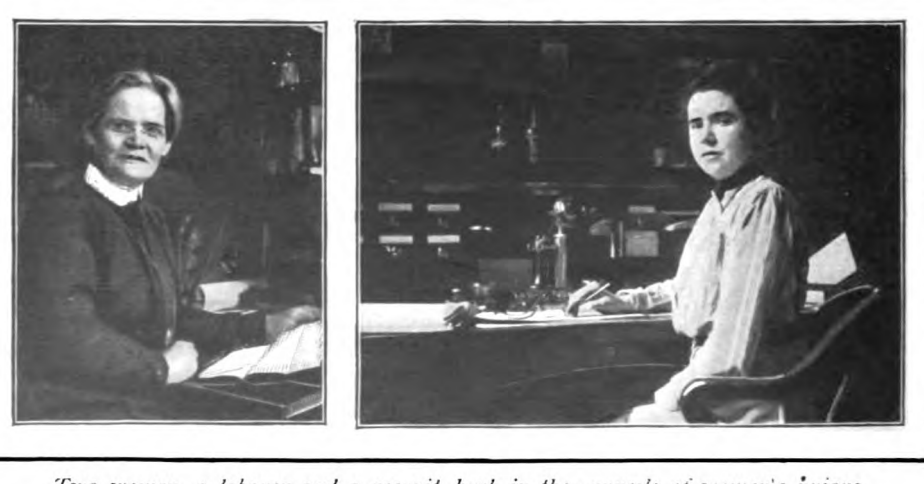


Union executives in their offices.

thousand strong, the petticoated trades-unionists of Chicago had turned out to "do themselves proud" in honor of organized labor in general and their own individual organizations in particular. Out they had come to march with the men-folk,—out they had come to mingle with their brothers in all the democracy of the Labor Movement, which acknowledges neither rank nor sex. And so they swung, some of them singing, down the avenue,—the Garment Workers with the Brick-layers; the "Sausage Girls" with the Bell Boys; the Lady Cracker-packers with the Beer Bottlers; the Waitresses with the Carpenters; the Public School Teachers with the Coal Teamsters. Some rode in carriages, others in bunting-festooned 'busses. A few walked. Transparencies advertised their grievances to the sympathetic crowds, and the white muslin valance of every burdened wagon bore a significant legend, or a characteristic motto. In the van of the Candy Dippers moved a splendid float, on which young girls in white caps and aprons made marshmallows, and tossed the sweet confetti broadcast among the applauding spectators. Each division was flanked and kept in line by its own girl marshalls riding on horse-

Ellen Lindstrom, Business agent of Garment Workers, the dominant spirit among 8,000 women workers.

Nellie Mahoney, nineteen years old, Women's editor of the "Union Labor Advocate," one of the most vigorous organs of trades-unionism in this country.

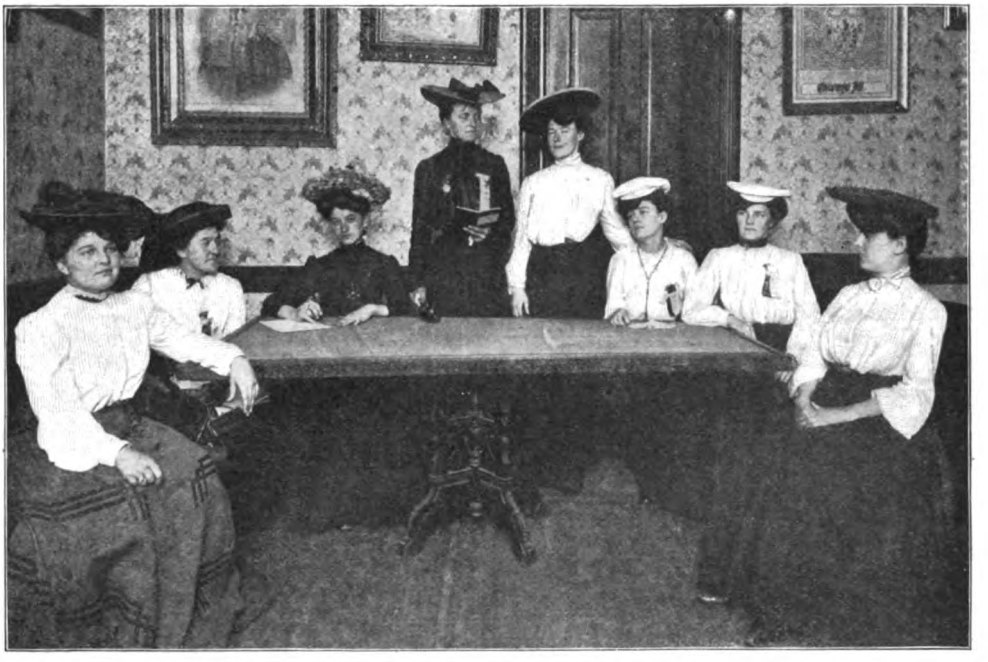


Two women, a laborer and a recruit, high in the councils of women's unions.

back, two and two, and thus, with banners flying and brass bands crashing, they passed the reviewers' stand; while all the humanity-black Lake Front reverberated Chicago's verdict :—

"They're all right! They're all right!"

Unparalleled in the history of the Labor Movement, such a demonstration is not to be consigned to the category of any of those inarticulate, half-hysterical expressions of discontent and of longing for better things, which have already taken place in less than twenty years. Its first epoch, the hysterical period, dates back to those feverish days immediately before and after the bloody riot in Haymarket Square. The first woman to impress her personality upon that epoch was Lizzie Swank Holmes, ex-school teacher, lecturer, writer, and "radical" reformer,—so radical, indeed, as to warrant the Chief of Police in locking her up with Lucy Parsons on the eve of the Anarchists' execution, and keeping her in the Cook County



To strike or not to strike. The executive committee of the Candy Dippers in session on the eve of a crisis.

characterized us as "the unquiet sex." The working women of Chicago have long since passed through that preliminary and almost inevitable phase of their social and economic development. From the emotionalism of a few weak "auxiliaries" they have evolved, step by step, to the cool sanity of a complex, splendidly organized system of individual trades-unions, recruited exclusively by feminine wage-earners, and controlled by "lady" bosses and "lady" walking delegates.

This phenomenal growth has all Jail until that gruesome funeral cortege had passed through the streets of Chicago, and her five dead friends were laid away in Waldheim Cemetery. All real or fancied danger of a violent demonstration on the part of the "Radicals" with whom she had been identified, now being over, Mrs. Holmes was reluctantly released, for lack of evidence. Indeed it would be impossible to-day to construe even remotely anything incendiary out of her utterances, which were the purely socialist doctrines of sex-equality, with the corollary

arguments for the social and economic independence of women, and for the organization of such of them as worked in the trades and crafts.

Thus vindicated, Mrs. Holmes emerged from jail to continue her apostleship with all the prestige of a martyr, and stimulated by her renewed energy, which increased in effectiveness as the years passed and younger leaders came to the fore, the Woman's Labor Movement developed in Chicago as nowhere else in the country,—developed into a complete and powerful system, comprising an overwhelming majority of the workers in twenty-six different trades, and embracing an aggregate membership of thirty-five thousand women.

As a direct result of these organizations the wages of women have increased from a minimum of ten to a maximum of forty per cent. Their working day has been reduced from a basis of sixty hours per week and upwards, to a maximum limit of fifty-three hours per week, with ample pay for overtime. Child labor has been totally abolished in those industries where it had long been most flagrant, and in the few instances where it yet remains it is doomed to an early death, so unremitting is the war now being waged against it. Along with these have come radical sanitary improvements,—larger and better ventilated shops, and, not least important, a generous and well-regulated allotment of holidays and half-holidays. The inter-relationship of employer and employee has been reduced to a complex system of rules and agreements mutually binding and reciprocally effective, which the millionaire proprietor cannot disregard with less impunity than may the young girl toiler in his shop or mill. To-day neither the clothing manufacturer, nor the steam laundry proprietor, nor the brass founder, nor the pork packer, nor any of two score other employers, can dismiss an apprentice girl without the full consent and approval of the "lady" walking delegate of the latter's Union. He cannot deduct a penny from her wages for the breakage of tools, or

The Executive Board of the Lady Core-makers in session.

"Madam Chairman. The question before the meeting is 'what's to hinder ourselves from running our own bar at our own ball?'"

"dock" her for tardiness unless the "lady" walking delegate is convinced of the justice of his claim.

With two exceptions, there is no line of feminine industry in all Cook County to-day which is not more or less thoroughly unionized, and feminine industry nowadays means necessarily any industry. The organizations vary as much in the nature and importance of the trades practiced as in numbers. The United Garment Workers have eight thousand members, the Horse Shoe Nail Makers have fifty, the Laundresses' Union boasts two thousand five hundred women and girls, the Feather-duster Makers one hundred. The Paper Box Makers number five thousand against the Brass Foundry girls, with their two-months-old "baby" Union of fifty-two. The two exceptions mentioned are the Servant Girls and the Stenographers, and they are exceptions only because no well directed plan of action has as yet been put forth in their behalf. That they both want to be organized has already been proved by the partial success of several attempts to do so, but their time is yet coming, say the prophets. Indeed, it seems almost impossible that these two employments should have thus far escaped organization in a city so dominated by the Union Labor doctrine and its innumerable means of propaganda through economic clubs and Label Leagues.

Mrs. Lizzie Swank Holmes.

A pioneer in the Woman's Union movement in Chicago, and still a power, though she has removed to Colorado.

Out of this now powerful example of Organized Labor, Lizzie Holmes has long since retired to the quiet of a Colorado village, and in her place other women have arisen—women who have shown themselves to be wise counsellors in shaping the policies, and astute generals in directing and controlling the movements of these thirty-five thousand trades-unionists.

"Who and what are these leaders?" I asked John Fitzpatrick, organizer of the Chicago Federation of Labor.

"Ellen Lindstrom, Sophie Becker, Margaret Haley, Catherine Goggin and Daisy Searing," replied Mr. Fitzpatrick, "and they're all hustlers, and don't you forget it."

"And are they on the square?" I asked, using one of Mr. Fitzpatrick's favorite idioms.

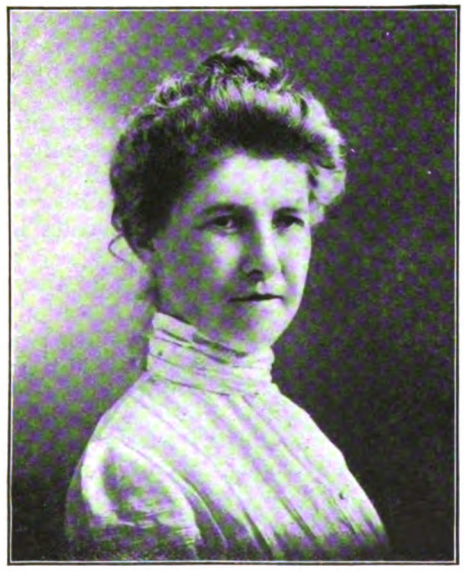
"Are they? Well, I guess! and dead game, too! Fight to a finish, any one of them."

And from what I could learn from other very reliable but less interested sources, this estimate is true in every particular. These women have proved over and over again remarkable executive ability and wonderful qualities of endurance and self-control. They have proven themselves the equals of men in offensive as well as defensive warfare. They organize industries, preside at mass meetings, order strikes and boycotts, and manage lockouts with the trained intelligence and remorseless logic of men. And no two of them are alike, either in social environment, manners or methods.

There is Ellen Lindstrom, organizer, walking delegate and "boss," if you like the term, of eight thousand garment workers. Long before she ever heard of Chicago, or dreamed of taking part in its stirring drama, Miss Lindstrom was teaching school in Sweden. For five years she traveled all over Europe as governess in a noble Danish family. She knew Ibsen and Selma Lagerloff,

and many others of the Scandinavian literary galaxy, and under such influences had planned for herself a literary career. But Fate destined her to come to Chicago—a stranger to a strange land. And Chicago put her to work sewing men's "pants" in a little Northside shop. As she bent over her machine the Swedish school teacher learned English, and all the while her analytical Scandinavian mind was busy studying the conditions around her. Why were wages so low and the hours so long and the shops so narrow and dirty and hot and why were children allowed to work?

Margaret Haley.



Catherine Goggin.

The Business Manager and Financial Secretary of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, an organization unique in labor annals, comprising 3,300 members and actually controlling the educational situation in Chicago to-day.

"I had met August Bebel once in Geneva, and his memory set me to thinking about such things, which I knew were not right," Miss Lindstrom will explain to you with her quaint accent. Ten years ago she began active operations towards a remedy, and as a direct result of the organization of the eight thousand women working in the clothing trades their wages have been raised 40 per cent., the hours reduced to ten a day, with ample wages for overtime, half holidays Saturday, and no work whatever done, under any circumstances, on Union meeting nights.

* December, 1903.

In her short walking skirt, her dark-red worsted sweater and Fedora hat, Ellen Lindstrom is a picturesque figure. From morning till night she tramps from factory to factory, adjusting disputes between her people and their employers, reinstating where discharges have been made without warrant; collecting dues from members and fines from employers for violations of the ironclad contracts which women's Unions insist upon quite as strongly as the men's. As for strikes and lockouts in Miss Lindstrom's trade, thanks to her years of labor, they have become a thing of the past in Chicago.

Where the garment workers were ten years ago the newly organized cracker packers are to-day. At this writing*, Daisy Searing and her 1,100 cracker packers are nearly ready to acknowledge themselves defeated in a struggle that has been going on for six months with the National Biscuit Company. Hearing that the packers were about to "go out" in sympathy with the striking bakers, and that they would avail themselves of this opportunity of demanding more money and shorter hours, the Biscuit Trust forestalled this manœuver by declaring a lockout against the

girls in May last. Their Chicago factories were shut down until such time as the girls showed a disposition to give in. It is a significant fact that of the five hundred striking bakers three hundred men weakened and went back to "scab" their jobs, but of eight hundred girls, only three lost heart, and that only after several months of fighting in what was only too plainly a losing conflict. One by one they are going back to work now, by Miss Searing's orders, such of them as she can reinstate, and these will contribute to the support of their "blacklisted" comrades until they, too, are installed in their old jobs or find new ones.

Mrs. Mary McDermott.

Walking Delegate of the Scrubwomen's Union and Janitors' Protective Association.

I did not expect to hear much "high-falutin" talk among these women about the trite subjects of womanly gentleness, sweetness and virtue. Not that they do not subscribe to those old-fashioned prescriptions for feminine worth. Oh dear, no! For they do. I realized, of course, that they were dead issues, and had nothing to do with the economic principles of bread and butter. I was not, however, prepared for the very apparent and evidently wholesale elimination of the genus husband.

"We have just fifty-one members in our Union, and twenty-six of them are grass widows," was the somewhat startling information vouchsafed to me by Miss Lilly Harkins, walking delegate of the "Lady Core-makers."* It was at a meeting of the Executive Board of that same very much divorced organization. The Lady Core-makers had not been organized quite two months, and the meeting, which was convened in the Brass Moulders' headquarters in Bricklayer's Hall, had been called to determine whether the Lady Core-makers should run the bar at their forthcoming ball, or whether they should rent the privilege to their brother craftsmen, the Brass Moulders. The latter, as the debate developed, had offered the paltry sum of $175 for the privilege. The suggestion was received with hisses.

Josie Schroeder.

Walking Delegate of the Amalgamated Association of Miscellaneous Restaurant and Hotel Employees.

"What's to hinder our own selves from running our own bar at our own ball?" queried one sister.

"That's what I say!"

"I move we allow the Gentlemen Brass Moulders to run our bar in consideration of the payment to the Lady Core-makers of the sum of $300, cash

* A Core is the porous form placed in a mould, about which metal is poured.

Mrs. Louise L. Kilbourn,
Pres. Teachers' Federation.

Amelia Enke,
Pres. Lady Garment Workers.

Anna Schofield,
Pres. Candy Dippers' Local, 329.

Three presidents of unions of widely varying types.

down on the spot," moved the parliamentarian Miss Harkins, amid unanimous applause. Resuming her seat she turned to me and said: "I tell you these men will do you every time they get a chance. They'll do you up in business, they'll do you up in matrimony, and they'll do you in the Union too, every time, if they get a chance. They'll cheat you out of your eyes and they'll skin you alive, and the average labor skate's the worst of all."

Similar sentiments were expressed to me by Mrs. Mary McDermott, walking delegate of the Scrub-women, whom I interviewed in her comfortable offices on La Salle street, within a stone's throw of the Board of Trade.

"You are the only married lady I have met so far in the movement," I remarked.

"Sure, and that's one too many."

"You don't seem to approve of husbands?"

"Husbands!" sniffed that lady, as she folded across her stomach two plump, honest hands, hands no longer red, thanks to her salaried job. "Husbands! There ain't no good husbands but dead ones."

In the course of conversation, I did, however, succeed in making Mrs. McDermott own to a comparatively tender feeling for the coal teamsters.

"Sure, and they're purty good fellows, as men go, for didn't they help out our Union when we struck, and if we were to strike to-morrow, they wouldn't haul a load of coal to an office building in town until they came to terms. But that's the helping-hand feeling of the Union, that ain't the same as marriage."

Some time before this I had asked Mr. Joseph Barondess why the women of New York City and the other Eastern industrial centers display such apathy towards the labor movement, as compared with their Western sisters. His answer was "The possible husband," and it seemed at the time a pretty, if not a very plausible philosophy, and while in the absence of a better reason, it might serve as an apology for New York's less than five thousand organized girls, applied to Chicago, it is evidently the wrong hypothesis.

Certainly I did not have the courage even to broach the subject to Miss Maud Sutter, a tall, handsome, blonde German-American, who is business agent and walking delegate of the "Sausage girls." Last year her organization, which is two thousand strong,

sent her as a full-fledged delegate to the St. Louis convention of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers' Workmen. She took an active part in the week's proceedings, joined in the parliamentary debates, headed committees, and fought for her Union with all the fierceness and vigor of a Teutonic Goddess. One cannot well broach such sentimental nonsense to a young woman of this caliber. Nor could one very well do so to Anna Schofield, of the Candy Workers, nor to Margaret Duffy, of the Telephone and Switchboard workers, and above all else, certainly not to Margaret Haley or Catherine Goggin, of the Teachers' Federation.

Nobody unfamiliar with the work of the latter organization is capable of realizing just how much influence these women are exerting upon Chicago life and thought. The man who is opposed to trades-unionists may feel appalled at the statement that more than three thousand of them are teaching in the public schools of Chicago to-day.

"But surely!" exclaims the indignant tax-payer, "surely they don't dare to teach my children their doctrines?"

Yes, Mr. Tax-payer, they do dare, and in a very diplomatic way too, which no law may prevent. Let us take an obvious example. Your young hopeful presents his teacher with a box of candy. The teacher smiles, thanks him, looks at the box a moment and returns it, gently, sorrowfully. It does not bear the Union label, she explains. An edict published in the November Bulletin of the Teachers' Federation enjoins a boycott on all sweets not manufactured according to Union rule and regulations.

If you have any disposition to smile at this as a bit of opera bouffe, get rid of that notion at once. The most serious work that has ever fallen to the lot of the Labor Movement has been done and is being done to-day by the organized teachers of the Chicago public schools. Under the executive skill of

Lottie Hazelott,
Of the Waitresses' Union.

Lilly Harkins, "Spitfire,"
Of the Lady Core-makers.

Mae Nihil,
Of the Suspender Workers.

***Three walking** delegates who know their business. The "possible husband" is no detriment to Trades-Unionism in Chicago.*

Catherine Goggin and the astute generalship of Margaret Haley, the erstwhile meek and reserved teachers have revolutionized School Board affairs in Chicago, and introduced the unique spectacle of an educational body working hand in hand for a common purpose with the hod carrier and the coal teamster. More money, less work, shorter hours. To get these things, the teachers have stormed the City Council; they have plead their causes in the Circuit Courts, and when they failed to get justice in Cook County, they went to Springfield for it, and what is more to the point, got it.

For years the school problem had been a source of vexation and protest on the part of the public as well as the teachers. Notwithstanding the fact that the latter were notoriously underpaid and inhumanly overworked, the former were being taxed to the very limit of the best citizenship endurance. In 1897 things reached a crucial point, and the teachers formed a union for aggressive work. True to the traditions of the great movement with which they had cast their fortunes, they immediately asked for an increase of salary, from a maximum of $825 per year to $1,000 for teachers of ten or more years experience. They succeeded in getting seventy-five dollars more per year in 1898, and were promised another fifty dollars the succeeding year, when a new revenue law would come into effect. The year 1899 passed but nothing was heard of either the extra fifty dollars or the generous revenue law. Then they asked the Board for an explanation, and were told that the new revenue law would not produce as much money as had been raised under the discarded law. That meant a cut next year instead of a raise.

"The Princess," a striking member of the Lady Core-makers' Union.

Astonished and chagrined, the Teachers' Federation, which now numbered more than three thousand and had become affiliated with the Federation of Labor, appointed their president, Miss Goggin, and Miss Haley as a finance committee to make some investigations.

This was in the Christmas holidays, between 1899 and 1900, when they were off duty in their school rooms. The finance committee's report showed that during 1899 approximately two hundred and thirty-five million dollars worth of taxable franchise property in the city of Chicago had been omitted from the assessor's rolls. At the request of their organization, Miss Haley and Miss Goggin resigned from the school room to pursue the work of investigation. Thus two of the veteran woman educators of Chicago became veritable walking delegates.

After long and arduous work the committee took the matter to the courts, and as a result of its efforts the Circuit Court of Sagamon County found that the companies in question had the amount of property alleged in the petition of the teachers, also found that it had not been taxed, and ordered the State Board of equalization, whose duty it was, to tax such property and to put those companies on the assessment roll for the year 1900.

As a result ot five years' work the revenues of the Board of Education have been increased a quarter of a million dollars each year since 1900, and

every teacher in the system has received a proportionate raise in salary.

But there are two ways of playing this game. You have heard the teachers' way. Now for another, which offers a striking antithesis in methods and in personnel. Let us take the Retail Lady Clerks' Union. Its fifteen hundred members are employed, for the most part, in the great department stores (they call them emporiums) of the West side. For the benefit of the uninformed I must say here that to the native Chicagoan this locality corresponds, socially, with the Harlem of New York or the East End of London. It is synonymous with vulgar tastes, cheap rents, anarchy, socialism, singing societies and pleasure clubs. Its qualities are a rebus, which, rightly read, spells "Trades Unionism." In other words, its teeming population is organized to a standstill. You cannot buy a suit of clothes or a yard of calico from a young man or girl who does not wear that saucy little button—*unless* you go to Weiskopf's. And thereby hangs this tale.

For many years, at the corner of Blue Island Avenue and Nineteenth Street, Mr. Weiskopf did a flourishing business in dry goods and notions with only occasional, and more or less inconsequential conflicts with the propagandists of Trades Unionism, to which he was vigorously opposed, but which was swiftly and surely subsidizing all the industries and all the commerce of that vast area of the city. The year 1901 found every department and dry goods store on the avenue thoroughly organized, and still Weiskopf refused to treat with the walking delegates of the retail clerks' various organizations who pestered him to death with their importunings. He preferred to run his own business, in his own way, pay his clerks what he thought them worth (a maximum of four dollars a week), and open and close his shop when he pleased; that was at seven in the morning until ten, eleven or twelve at night, or just so long as customers continued to come in. These country village methods of store keeping the Unions had succeeded in persuading, or rather, coercing his competitors into abandoning for a more metropolitan system, to wit: 8.30 a. m. to 6 p. m., three days of the week till 9 p. m., Mondays and Thursdays, Saturday nights till 10.30. Mr. Weiskopf thought this very reasonable demand tyrannical, but he was altogether unprepared for the way in which the lady clerks of the other stores on the avenue tried to enforce it. Under the leadership of Miss Kittie Schultz, Secretary of Local No. 222, an uncompromising boycott was declared against the stubborn merchant. Miss Schultz appointed pickets to patrol the neighborhood, and to keep customers away at any cost. The Weiskopf clerks were likewise beseeched, and in many cases persuaded, to join the ranks of the boycotters.

Then began a series of diabolical tricks. One evening the polyglot crowd of curiosity-seekers noticed a string of men filing into Weiskopf's, each man leading a dog, some of them two or three. To the surprise of the onlookers, neither men nor dogs were mo-

An "infant industry" on strike. A Junior Local which was compelled to return to work after a hard battle.

lested by the boycotters. They looked to the girls on the dry goods boxes for an explanation. Kitty Schultz, unfolding a copy of the *Daily News*, an afternoon paper, announced :—

"Weiskopf has advertised for a dog, and I think it would be unconstitutional and very unladylike for us to disturb the gentlemen who are trying to accommodate him." And then she read the following advertisement, printed in large black-face type :—

WANTED A DOG—Not particular as to breed, appearance, age, or habits. Male or female. Apply in person any day this week, bringing dog along, between the hours of seven a. m. and ten p. m.
A. WEISKOPF, 19th St. & Blue Island Ave.

It is needless to say that Weiskopf did not insert the malicious advertisement, to pay for which, as it afterwards came to light, each girl in the boycotting force had been assessed three cents. By and by the ubiquitous teamsters, who hold the keys to the labor situation at all times in the hollow of their hand, offered that hand to the valiant sisters. They declared a sympathetic strike, and the proud and independent Weiskopf found himself unable to get goods hauled either to or from his store. At the end of six weeks, when the effect of the boycott had become permanent, the embargo was raised, and Weiskopf's was allowed to resume business, but only as a "scab" store.

Meanwhile Kitty Schultz kept at her work, but the business of labor agitator was born in her blood, and from her counter she continued to project plans which have for their object an invasion of the metropolitan shopping district across the river.

Can they win? is it possible to thoroughly organize the big stores of State Street? If you ask Marshall Field or Siegel & Cooper, they will pooh-pooh the idea. The walking delegates tell other stories, however. The big merchants are so afraid of the Unions getting a foothold in their stores, that a salesman or saleswoman attends an agitator's meeting at the risk of being discharged. I have it on the authority of Organizer John Fitzpatrick, that as large and important a firm as Montgomery, Ward & Company have a system of espionage, through the vigilance of which he himself is unable to call upon any of their employees, and that employees that he has called upon, at their own invitation, and for social purposes, have met with immediate discharge.

"And it's just such methods that help the unionization of labor along, especially with women and girls. They like to play at dangerous games, and find positive enjoyment in becoming trades-unionists under difficulties. They wouldn't be women if they didn't love a little harmless intrigue now and then."

Three-fold in its significance, we have thus far considered the Woman's Trades-Union movement only in its economic and social phases. In the one we have seen incalculable material benefits, and in the other the strengthening of a bond of common human interest, with a healthy, if occasionally (as in the case of the Lady Core-makers) too vigorous, reaction against that maudlin sentimentality which has enslaved woman for so long. As to its third and most subtle significance—as to its moral import—experience thus far does not warrant even a prediction as to whether that "harmless" spirit of intrigue will or will not develop into something less innocent. Whether the "lady" leaders may not in time resort to venal methods. Whether the "lady" walking delegate and the "lady" boss shall prove less vulnerable to the temptations of "graft" than so many of their brothers have proved.

So far as I have been able to discover, the women of Chicago are guiltless of any such conduct. Nor has there ever been even an accusation of venality or breach of faith. Upon this happy condition of affairs I chanced to compliment the astute and matter-of-fact Miss Lilly Harkins, whom we have met before. But that young lady, winking significantly, replied with disappointing and remorseless logic :—

"We're young yet, you've got to remember. We'll get there by and by. *Mrs.* Sam Parks is coming one of these days, and she's coming with both feet, too, don't you forget it."

A NEW WORLD

A Love Story of the Shakers

By HOLMAN F. DAY

Drink for the men in the field.

BROTHER PAUL BRACKETT, of the Sabbathday Lake Shaker Community, knelt beside his harrow and made pretense of rebinding the stones that weighted it. He was at the edge of the field, and he knew she would pass that way along the strip of clover sward between the stone wall and the ploughed land. She was coming now under the yellowed elms and the frost-touched maples. Her bright tin pail, as it swung, focussed the mellow light of the autumn sun. She was bringing the drink for the men in the field. Elder Vance and his two helpers were across the shimmery expanse, staggering and hallooing along with the ox-team that dragged the straining breaking-up plough. With a soft, splitting sound the brown earth sheered from the colter and lay steaming its mellow dampness up into the October haze. Brother Paul, on his knees in the soft mould, looked at them furtively and then rose as she came opposite him.

"Sister Adalia," he said tipping back his broad hat and stroking the perspiration from his brow with brown forearm, "may I have my drink here?"

"Yea," she replied, putting into the Shaker affirmative a sweetness of tone that was almost a caress. She set the pail down as he advanced and stooped to lift from it the long-handled dipper. Her workaday gingham bonnet was much deeper than the formal Shaker scoop of straw, and he did not see her face until she turned to him and extended the brimming dipper. There was as tender a caress in her eyes as in her tones. The draught was water sweetened with molasses and flavored with a few spoonfuls of powdered ginger.

While he drank he gazed at her steadily, and when he handed back the empty dipper her cheeks were flushing. His eyes were humid and eager. Both started uneasily at the sound of Elder Vance's hoarse bellow across the field.

"Git on, git on, there!"

But he was shouting at his oxen, and the two young people turned again to regard each other. The nature of the gaze that passed between them would have brought Elder Vance's bushy eyebrows into a knot in the center of his forehead.

"Do you love me to-day, sweetheart?" he whispered.

"Yea," she returned as gently. Her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes were like sun-threaded forest pools in the

shadow of her ugly gingham cavern of a bonnet. If Elderess Aurinda could have seen that expression her mouth would have centered in the middle of her face in a pucker too tight for even a whistle. Admonitory remembrance of these mentors evidently troubled the girl, for she scrubbed the toe of her coarse shoe on the withered clover and stammered:—

"You must not keep asking me if I love you."

"I can't help it," he cried.

"But you must not, Brother Paul. I say 'Yea' to you, for it is wicked to lie, but it is also wicked for me to say that I love you."

"But Elder Vance says that we must love one another and love the whole world." There was a little flavor of unctuous pietism in his tones. She looked up at him with a flash of irritation in her eyes.

"It is not well to make pretense in ways that God would not like," she said reprovingly.

"But all the Shakers are taught to love each other and all the world," he persisted. Yet his eyes shifted under her steady gaze. She was calmer than he now.

"I would not be false to the vow of honesty, were I you, Brother Paul," she said with grave reproof. "Our hearts as children were not the same as our hearts to-day. I know my heart and I know what you have told me of your heart. I would like you to be honest. You do not follow our old Sister Rhoda to the well in the evening, and you do not press her hand in the buttery when you bring in the milk. I would not care if you did it to show your brotherly love for old Rhoda, but—" and her voice took on an archness contrasting strangely with her quaint and rigorous garb of Shakerdom—"don't you let me catch you showing your zeal in that way with Sisters Anna and Margaret."

Paul was jarred out of his sophistry. "Oh, Adalia," he cried, "I am a wretchedly poor Shaker, and I know it. I have tried to obey. I have worked hard ever since I came here as a little boy. They have all been good to me. I have tried to have the right thoughts and lead the right life. But I love you, Adalia, I love you! I never loved any one else, and I never shall love any one else. I ll not blaspheme again. I love you for yourself with the love of the world, and may God help me!"

"If we are honest with God in this we may be able to shake out of our hearts these human feelings," she said but there was a pathetic little quiver in her fresh young lip.

"I don't want to shake mine out of me," he declared rebelliously. "I didn't make a Shaker of myself. My people put me here, who ever they were. It is all right for children to be Shakers and for old folks, too, if they want to be. But I love you, Adalia, and I'm going to take you away from here with me. I am going to be honest with God and with you and the world. Will you go with me?"

"I fear the world," she replied slowly. "I have heard about it. You know the poor women who have come here to us—the stories they have told. I love you, Paul, but on the other hand there is God and His peace here and—"

"You talk like Sister Aurinda," he broke in impatiently. "It's all right for an old and dried up—"

But she lifted her pail and departed indignantly. "You ought to be disciplined," she said over her shoulder; "remember that you are still a Shaker and bound by your vow."

Paul scuffed away heavily behind his harrow and he kicked discontentedly at every earth ball in his path. His peace of mind was further disturbed by Elder Vance. The grim old man stumped across the mottled, broken ground and halted him with a toil-gnarled hand upraised peremptorily.

"I have spoken to you before," said the elder, "regarding your conversations with a sister of the community. There is no profit for the soul in a dialogue with woman. Woman has been prone to talk since the dialogue in the Garden of Eden. And always much mischief has come about from it. I have censured the woman with whom I have seen you talking and now I censure you."

"She was not to blame," burst out Paul hotly. The impatience and disaffection of many weeks of rigorous suppression in the Shaker community rung in his voice. "I stopped her to talk to her."

"Spiritual matters are better for meditation than for discourse in the working hours," said the Elder, "and of course there can be no other than spiritual matters for discourse between man and woman in this community!"

Conversation was never brisk among the men of the community. Therefore Paul, the only young man in the community, had plenty of opportunity for reflection. And for weeks he had scarcely opened his mouth except to sullenly answer questions. Love had presented itself to him as a problem that his poor and circumscribed wit could not solve. Notwithstanding all the teachings of that Platonic and continent community he loved with every fiber of his being—loved more warmly because of the restraint under which all his emotions had been choked since childhood.

He had never known a mother to love her. He didn't know that his parents lived. Some one had "bound him out" with the Shakers. Now, at twenty-two, he was at best only a farmhand, certain of course of creature comfort while he remained with the sect, but distrustful of himself and wholly unused to the ways of the world. He knew that he didn't understand even how to make love. Notwithstanding the occasional flashes of tenderness from young Sister Adalia, the end of every conversation was a reproof for him.

The placidity of the old men munching at table irritated him.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned as he went out into the cool evening, "what is going to become of me. Is it this way that folks become lunatics?"

He walked till the clear sheen of Sabbathday Lake was before him. Once two young persons, a Shaker youth and maid of the community, finding that they were in love and, of course, being forbidden to gaze on each other with earthly affection, had jumped into the lake and were drowned. Paul had heard that story many times. The elders told it as a warning. Paul felt, in his present mood, that such an act would be a solution. He numbly wondered if Sister Adalia would not agree to settle their troubles thus. She had told him that loving him had made her unhappy, and that her pillow was wet with tears every night, between love for him and fear of God's mandate to those who served Him according to the Shaker belief.

Paul knew that she soon would be going to the well-house with the butter. He lay in wait in the dark shadows.

"Sister Adalia," he whispered, suddenly standing before her, "will you go with me and jump into Sabba'day Lake?"

"Why, nay," she replied with the sweet calm of Shaker repression.

"I can't live this way any longer," he groaned hoarsely.

"There is a lake of living fire for those who take their own lives," she said.

"I'd sooner be there than in the torment of this world," boring his heel into the sward with a passion almost juvenile.

"I have talked with Sister Aurinda," she said wistfully, "and she has told me that youth needs prayer and discipline and penitential works."

"I'll tell you what we've got to do," he stammered, his voice husky with the violence of his emotions, "we must run away from here and get married and be happy, as the people outside are. The people outside pity us poor fools here."

"Poor fools!" she echoed. "I don't care if I am a fool. God tells us that there are mansions in Heaven for those who are fools on earth for His sake."

"Won't you go with me?" he pleaded.

"How?" she asked.

"As my—my wife." He choked over this word, that to both of them, after their Shaker training, seemed almost like a profanation of their ascetic surroundings. Then he went on in bolder tones. "You can slip out of the women's part and we can meet down the road and go away and be happy."

"Nay," she said gravely. She did

not qualify the refusal, and an awkward silence fell.

"I know the trouble with you," he blustered at last. "You know I'm nothing and nobody—only a poor farm-hand. But it hasn't been my fault. What could I learn here? Of course, you couldn't expect any woman to go with a farm-hand. But I guess if a rich young chap came along and told you that you were pretty, and all that, you'd forget you are Shaker quick enough."

"Nay," she said quietly. The Shaker precepts that she had heard from childhood made her guard her speech from harsh reply. But the eyes that were turned up to him in the starlight had a fire in them that he had never seen there before.

"You ask me to go forth like a thief in the night from those who have been good to me," she went on. "You have asked me to put a sin on my immortal soul by jumping into Sabba'day Lake with you. When I told you I loved you I was telling you what is so, for I have been taught to tell the truth. I have learned that the women in the world do not own that they love so freely. But I am only a simple Shaker girl, and I do not know the ways of the world and how to evade plain truth, and so I told you when you asked. That has been wicked for us both, that talk. But"—and here the spirit of the woman broke through the crust of sect and religious reserve and threw at him the true rebuke—"the wickedness that is in you it is for God to forgive, after you have made your peace with Him. Between you and me, Brother Paul, there is another matter. It is your cowardice. You have come to me with a coward's words to-night. You have asked me to be a coward with you. I have God and my faith between me and the world now. Would I be wise to exchange those blessed safeguards for a coward?"

"I reckon I am a coward," he said humbly after a long silence. "But what else could I be?" he went on passionately. "Here I am with only two calloused hands and an empty head. Everything in the world that's worth while has been branded 'The works of the Devil,' and kept away from me. The only happiness that ever came into my life is loving you, and that is forbidden more than all the rest. Oh, Adalia, there is something wrong in all this." He shook his fist at the big, bare, community house looming over autumn's tattered maples. "But I will not bother you any more, for I am a coward and helpless. You were right. I will not look at you after this. Some one might see the love in my eyes and tell the Elder. He may kill me if he likes, but I don't want one harsh word to come to you."

"'Tis not well for us to be traitors to God in the dark and evil paths," she said placidly.

She was about to move on but he touched her elbow. "Adalia," he entreated, "I never knew a mother. I never had a sister. I never felt a woman's caress. Our love has all been a dream and now I am going to wake up to the bitter old life again. Will you—will you kiss me once—the first time and the last time? It will be good-by and it will be something for me to cherish forever. Will you kiss me?"

"Nay," she said, "and I will tell you why. You—"

"What carnal, sinful, hellish talk is this of kisses and loving?" Elder Vance's giant bulk loomed in the starlight. His voice was hoarse with rage. "You to your room, Sister Adalia, and to your knees. And you—" he clinched his hand into the coarse cloth of Paul's work-stained coat, drove him suddenly down upon the gravel, then lifted him and started to drag him toward the men's quarters.

Thus to be humiliated before Adalia—the sense of injustice that had been raging in his heart for many weeks, his love, his grief and his despair—all these feelings became welded in the white heat of his passion into a rage that was almost maniacal. He attacked the Elder furiously and the next moment the two men were rolling on the ground in a desperate encounter. Adalia's shrieks called the help that came.

Bethnial and Japhet came stumbling through the night and, muttering mild

Drawn by Elenore Plaisted Abbott.

"Youth needs prayer and discipline and penitential works."

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protest, awkwardly disentangled the antagonists. At command of the panting Elder, Paul was hustled into the men's quarters and after a struggle was deposited in a room that could be barred and locked.

"Pray to God to quell the devil that is in you," Elder Vance shouted through the keyhole. "And prepare yourself for the discipline that His servants in this community may see fit to visit upon you under His guidance. You are a man of black sin." Then he stumbled down the stairs.

Paul went quietly to the assembly room the next afternoon. It was Sunday. The Elder had asked him through the door in the morning if his spirit was chastened and Paul had replied that he would not rebel against authority any more.

He sat down in his accustomed place on the long settee on the men's side. He lifted his eyes once and bent a glance of mingled shame and timidity on Sister Adalia's face, framed in its ugly straw cylinder of a bonnet. Her face was pale as though the night had been one of vigil and repentance. She did not raise her eyes from the trembling hands that were folded on her lap.

There was the usual Scripture reading. The prayer, deep and sonorous and with many direct allusions to the sin that existed in their midst, followed.

Then at a signal from the Elder the line of men arose and faced the line of women that Elderess Aurinda had motioned to their feet. Brother Paul and Sister Adalia understood the rules of Shaker discipline too well to take their places in the lines. Adalia sat with cheeks whiter still. Paul eyed, with a look of mingled sullenness and shame, the patched knee of his trousers. Adalia had told him one day that she had "set" the patch when the garment had come to the woman's part for repairs. He now caressed the little square with his hand and seemed to gain a bit of comfort from the consciousness that her hands had taken the stitches there. At any rate, he looked up and met the glowering gaze of Elder Vance with a certain amount of assurance that appeared to trouble the worthy elder.

Suddenly the growling diapason of the men and the shrill notes of the women united in the song that the peculiar sect employs in the picturesque ceremony that has given the name "Shakers" to the world.

"Shake away my sin, I pray—make my dance et-arnal;
Shake, shake out of me all that is carnal.
I will trip the nimble foot the same as Father David;
I will show the carnal world how he behaved."

As the unmusical adagio of the tune progressed the lines of men and women shuffled feet slowly and awkwardly and advanced toward each other. They crooked their elbows and held out their forearms, their hands drooping limply from the wrists. As they shuffled with scuffing feet they shook their bodies and the hands dangled flappingly. When the parallel lines had nearly met they retreated as slowly and the simple figure was repeated many times.

In the hush that succeeded the dance Elder Vance arose with a look of solemnity that shadowed the sunlit room as though a thundercap were creeping across the radiance. Sister Adalia knew that he was bending his regard upon her. She flashed one appealing look at him and then bent her head, knitting her fingers convulsively upon the coarse fabric of her gown.

"'It was the woman, O Lord!' said Adam," the Elder began in his deepest tones, "and again it is the woman who has brought into our peace of this earthly Garden of Eden the blandishments of evil and the sting of the serpent of ingratitude. Adalia, stand before the reproachful gaze of these brothers and sisters that their eyes may wither the sin that is in you. Stand, I say."

The girl bowed her head over her hands and sobs shook her.

"Stand, woman of sin," boomed the Elder.

But it was Paul who stood—Paul, so pale that the lines around his mouth were blue, but Paul determined and earnest.

"I am the one to stand, Elder Vance," he began. "I—"

"Sit down!" thundered the old man.

"I want—"

"Sit down! Your time is not yet come."

Another of those swift tumults of rage swept over the young man. Untrained in ways of worldly self-control, he was for the moment insane. Elder Vance saw the gleam in his eye and shrank instinctively. He still felt the bruises of the preceding evening.

"I ll not sit down," screamed the young man. "And she shall not stand here to be blamed and shamed on my account. She shall not, I say."

Japhet and Bethnial and another man rose and gazed inquiringly at the Elder.

The wild excitement of the youth calmed as suddenly as it had been whipped into being. His brandishing fists sunk to his side and he strained his muscles and hunched his shoulders as though in an effort to keep them there.

"Elder Vance," he said, "listen one moment. I have made trouble enough here. I do not want to make any more. I don't belong here any longer. I know it now. I am going away."

"Paul," almost screamed the Elder, "sit down and await your discipline. Or else—"

The apostate put up his hand. "No," he said with a calm that arrested the angry Elder's attention. "No more violence in this place that you have dedicated to God. Do not set those men on me again, Elder Vance. If you let me speak I will speak and go away quietly. But if you or any of your men lay another hand on me I shall forget that this has been my home, and "—he put up his arms—"I shall use the strength that all these years of honest work for you have put into my muscles. Keep away from me. I warn you fairly."

His mien was dangerous. Elder Vance licked his lips with a look of uncertainty in his face.

"I have found," and Paul's gaze met all the stares that were focussed on him, "that I am not one of you. I have tried to be faithful and content and live according to my vow. But a man thinks different things from a boy.

"By staying here I have brought trouble and disgrace to the best and truest there is among you. Elder Vance and Sister Aurinda, this is why I stand here and speak. I have nothing to say for myself. I am wicked and guilty, and don't deserve to stay here. But before I go I want to tell you that Sister Adalia's disgrace is all my fault. I talked with Sister Adalia when I should not. I asked her to run away with me. I told her I loved her. I have been bad—bad—bad! All last night I sat by my window awake and thought of my sin toward her and toward you all. I am sorry for it all, and I ask you to pray for me after I am away. I brought only my two hands here to you. That is all I shall take away. There will be some one in the world who will have a place for them to work as hard and honestly as they have for you here."

He stretched forth his calloused palms.

"Elder Vance, I am now a man, and I have one last word to say to you as a man—as man to man. Out of your own heart—be honest with yourself and God will be honest with you—can you not see that it was I that tempted that poor girl?"

He bent his gaze hot upon the Elder who stammered and shifted his eyes.

"You know it!" Paul shouted. "And as you use her after I am gone, so may God use you in the Day of Judgment. Good-by, Sister Adalia. Every day that I live I shall ask the Lord to bless you and to forgive me for the sin I was guilty of toward you."

He walked to the door, took his broad hat from the wooden peg of the rack, and went out across the yard and through the gate into the dusty highway. No one sought to stay him.

The road turned at the alders and the tall, bleak buildings of the Shaker community were hidden from sight. A narrow brook bubbled down over a ledge and disappeared in a culvert under the highway. He kneeled here to drink and to lave his face. His throat was dry and his cheeks were hot.

Suddenly a touch on his shoulder startled him to his feet. It was Adalia. Her quick breathing marked the haste with which she had pursued him.

"Paul," she gasped, "where are you going?"

"I am going to work, dear Adalia."

"But where?" she inquired chokingly.

"It was only the other day," he said almost cheerily, "that I heard of a man across Sabba'day Lake who is going away and wants an honest man to keep his farm for him. I will go to him."

"But who will care for the butter and cook your food and keep the house tidy?"

"Perhaps I can manage," he said looking down at the water.

"You need a wife," she said after a pause.

"Yea," he admitted, but he still looked down mournfully.

Suddenly she grabbed his shoulder and shook it and cried, "Why so dumb today and so eager for a wife last night?"

He looked up at her rosy face with confused inquiry in his eyes.

"There's only one woman in the world, Adalia," he said at last, "who can be my wife and—and you know I am only a poor coward and—"

"Paul, Paul," she cried, the swift tears welling in the brown eyes she lifted appealingly, "that is bitterly cruel."

"But you said so," he persisted.

"That was when you came to me in the shadows of the night and asked me to flee as though marrying and the giving in marriage were sin and shame," she protested rapidly. "But you were not a coward to-day in the meeting, Paul. You were a man. You went forth manfully and with honor and your last words were in the defense of a poor girl who loved you. And I—I came, too." She faltered over the last words.

"You!" he echoed with wonderment in his voice.

"I stood up there just as bravely as you and said that where my husband went there should I go also," she murmured and stole into the arms that were opened uncertainly, gropingly, yet passionately for her. Her swimming eyes gazed adoringly at him from the shadow of the Shaker bonnet.

"May I kiss you?" he stammered.

"Yea," she said, "for you are a man to-day not a thief in the night."

As their lips met Elder Vance hastened about the bend in the road.

"Think you that we shall allow you to go in sin and shame to carnal destruction in the world?" he demanded. "You are not wed. You shall not go away together!"

Paul pointed through the soft shimmer of the autumn sunlight to a little white house on the summit of a distant hill. A spire rose near by.

"It will not be much of a wedding to look at, Elder Vance," he said, clasping Adalia's hand and turning her face toward the distant house on the hill, "but you are welcome to come and witness it."

And they walked away, Paul and she, through the mellow sunshine, hand in hand.

THE MISADVENTURE OF MR. MINKS

By R. E. VERNEDE

With Drawings by W. GLACKENS

TO what dreadful lengths, as the least amorous of Roman poets once remarked, a human heart may be driven by its affections is what this story purports to show. Among other things, that such a dastardly attempt on a man's reason, if not on his life, should have been made at a small Welsh watering-place only proves that the Welsh language is not the wildest thing that may be encountered in Wales. And yet, was it, after all, so dreadful? At least the balm remains, and I, who walk through the world—to continue poetically, though, as a matter of fact, the routine of office work keeps me for the greater part of the year between Clapham and the City—with Martha (*née* Tupp) by my side, can never grudge to the Philosopher, who made the attempt, his confined promenades in Hanwell.

To cut the matter short, it pleased fortune that Miss Tupp should visit the same place and the identical hotel which I had selected for my summer retreat and the Philosopher for his. It further pleased fortune that Miss Tupp's eyes, steadfast behind spectacles (without in any sense being fixed or lacking animation) like the deep waters of a lake behind its glassy surface, should strike fire in the hearts of myself and the Philosopher. If I had known the Philosopher was so affected, things might have been different. Perhaps I ought to have known. He had been a week in her society before I went down; he had been introduced to her, had spoken with her. Certainly I ought to have known. But what will you? A single glance, by which I drank in her modest breadth of view, her amiable tolerance, her—if I may say so—rippling sympathy, blinded me to everything except the fact that my destiny was sealed. Her pug dog, I vowed, should present no obstacle. She was Miss Tupp; it remained for me to make her Mrs. Minks.

It is quite easy to love at first sight, but it is another matter at least, for a confirmed bachelor of forty to make love at first sight. The handing of a chair, the passing of the butter, the loan of a magazine, these are simple to contrive; but to indicate by such methods that not only the chair, the butter, or the magazine is being offered, but also a heart and a home, calls for a greater invention.

I am in no way a pushing man, and yet it was but the first morning after my arrival that the eyes of jealousy had perceived the intentions of my gallantry. It was at breakfast in the hotel that I first saw the Philosopher. He entered the room, a small carriage-clock in his hand, just as I had begun to peel my second egg. He sat down opposite me and placed the carriage-clock before him, helping himself to large quantities of marmalade. He was a noticeable figure in every way. Not more than five feet in height, he had a large, oval head, underhung with tags of red beard, so that it reminded me of an ostrich egg with a red fringe. A bald, massive brow receded into a cranium of well developed bumps, also bald, except that above his left ear there grew a small clump of hairs—an oasis in that macrocephalic wilderness—all the hairs being so long that they stretched, when taut, over the length and breadth of his head, like a system of telegraph wires. Under the influence of excitement—so I noticed later—the plaster which held them in their places released its grip, and the hairs fell in a long, greasy wisp over his left shoulder. Round, bulgy eyes and a flattened nose assisted in making him, as I have observed, a noticeable man.

He introduced himself to me in a sufficiently extraordinary manner.

"In three minutes an egg is boiled—three men are born, three die."

"Hi!" he said, suddenly, across the table, pointing his spoon at me. "What should you do if an express train bore suddenly down upon you?"

"Upon my word, sir," I said, dropping my egg, in some alarm, "I—I should get out of the way."

The Philosopher sniffed in a contemptuous manner and drew a note-book from his pocket.

"Your question," I went on, "was rather sudden. It startled me. But, on the whole, I adhere to my first opinion. I should undoubtedly get out of the way."

"H'm!" said the Philosopher. He wrote rapidly in his note-book, reading aloud as he went—

"Man about forty—whiskers, weak chin—evidently comfortable circumstances. Asked him train question. Replied, 'would get out of the way.' Another instance of the decadence of human nature owing to the absurd value placed on life. No religious satisfaction at idea of death; no aesthetic motion. Simply, 'would get out of the way.'

"You must not mind Mr. Totbank," said Miss Tupp, meeting my eyes across the flower-pots and cruet-stands that stood upon the table.

"He is a Philosopher and sees everything from an intellectual point of view."

The delicate tact of this remark threw me into raptures.

"I assure you," I said, "nothing would please me more than to be of assistance to such a profound thinker."

Miss Tupp smiled upon me in a gracious way, and the Philosopher, lifting his head from the marmalade, said in a strident voice:—

"What is Time, that you esteem it so much—that you would, in fact, 'get out of the way'?"

"Time is good," I said readily; "at least, one can have a good time. The period, for instance, of courtship."

It seemed to me that a faint flush suffused Miss Tupp's cheek, but the Philosopher only sniffed.

"A fallacy," he said abruptly, "a jape, a quibble, the excuse of a man-ape bewildering his giddy brain with odious appetites and" (his eye fell upon my plate) "eggs."

"I had no intention of quibbling," I said meekly, deferring to his greater knowledge.

"Eggs!" snapped the philosopher. "Consider Time," he went on, rapping his plate and pointing to the carriage-clock; "in three minutes an egg is boiled—three men are born, three die."

"A solemn thought," I said, "though I must say I do not think an egg can be done properly under three minutes and a half."

"Bah!" said the Philosopher angrily.

It was not perhaps a very favorable method of opening an acquaintance, but after breakfast the Philosopher proved much more human and conversational. He proposed a walk, and, though I would fain have improved the shining hours with Miss Tupp's company, I consented, for I have the most unmixed admiration for philosophy and view with the greatest contempt the man who does not permit himself to be amazed.

"I will take you to a cave," he said, his eyes gleaming brightly. "There is nothing like a cave for proving the comparative relations of time and eternity."

"I should think not," I said agreeably.

"The eye of your soul will be turned," he said. "You will give up eating eggs."

"But if my palate remains intact?" I objected.

"It will not," said the Philosopher mysteriously. Proud as I was to be in his company, I found the Philosopher, as he went, a trifle overbearing. Even Plato could not in the course of an hour's walk over gorse and brambles have overthrown the habit of a lifetime, and with me the consumption of eggs was such a habit. Moreover, in the heat of his arguments, his hair fell down, and it may have been due to this and to the fact that he wore an antique silk hat, and bore his carriage-clock in one hand and a large candle in the other—certainly we were molested on our way by a crowd of sportive village lads, who asked the Philosopher questions indicative of the vulgar desire to know more of the personal life of the great man.

The desire of the vulgar to know more of the personal life of the great man.

The Philosopher seemed rather restless under this cross-examination. He jumped about on his toes and shook his fist at them.

"Go away, go away!" he shouted.

"Ain't 'e got nice 'air?" said one of the boys.

"I'll shoot you," said the Philosopher, bounding with rage.

"Remember the influence of personality," I said trying to soothe him. "Who knows but that some day one of these lads, so playful, so unthinking, may contribute to the nation some work of philosophic research due to the ambitions your appearance has stirred in his soul? Who knows?"

"Nobody knows," said the Philosopher testily. "They ought to be hamstrung. If I had the time I'd stop and do it myself."

But time was plainly scarce with the Philosopher, for he set a pace which soon left the sportive villagers in the rear. We had come out now upon the solitary vastness of the cliff. Sea-birds circled above us; the sun pointed towards noon; brambles, growing in luxurious profusion, pinned our legs as we went.

"We must descend," said the Philosopher as we reached the edge of the cliff.

"Certainly," I said affably; "it is a picturesque path—"

"Lumpy," remarked the Philosopher laconically, as he began the descent.

His procedure reminded me of nothing so much as a wood-louse that, having turned itself into a ball, is set rolling down an inclined plane. I followed in much the same fashion, unwilling to be outstripped. The side of the cliff was steep and covered with loose stones that darted left and right under our animated frames. Far below us lay the patient sea, sunlit and mildly moaning, speckled on the horizon with an occasional steamboat or trail of lingering smoke. Frightened rabbits flew before us seeking their burrows, and the rocks at the base, which were covered with serpent-necked cormorants, grew instantly, as it were, a-screech.

"Here we are," said the Philosopher, imperturbably, as we landed almost simultaneously upon our backs in the small cove at the bottom.

"A charming spot," I returned, rubbing my wounded parts. It was, in its own fashion, a charming spot. A vast cavern gaped in the side of the cliff. The mouth of it slobbered over with the tricklings of water, was narrow and bearded with lichen and many ferns, but, inside, it seemed to open out into dim labryinths, from the roofs of which jackdaws fluttered out on glossy wings. The whole place reeked of brine.

"Enter," said the Philosopher majestically, and we entered. As the darkness swallowed us, making me trip on the slippery floor, a feeling of uneasiness came over me.

"It's a charming spot, isn't it?" said the Philosopher in my ear.

"Rather dark," I ventured to suggest.

"The better for my purpose," said the Philosopher. As he paced there, with the lighted candle in his hand, moving into the bowels of the cliff, with low mutterings, a feeling of alarm pervaded me. All round us were great walls of blackness, wet and awful: crusted stalagmites hung, cork-screwed, from the vault above, like implacable barley-sugar. At several points winding tunnels led at queer angles from the main chamber. I shivered involuntarily.

"I fear we shall be late for luncheon," I said, "if we do not return shortly."

"We shall be late," said the Philosopher, leading on.

"But I do not wish to be," I said, stopping.

"You are about to learn the vanity of human wishes," he said.

"What do you mean!" I said, in a startled voice.

"This," he replied, turning upon me suddenly with teeth that grinned. "You love Miss Tupp."

"Who would not?" I said, though a conviction of the awful truth had come upon me in that moment.

"You shall not," he snarled.

"You cannot prevent it," I said boldly.

"He! he!" He laughed, inanely.

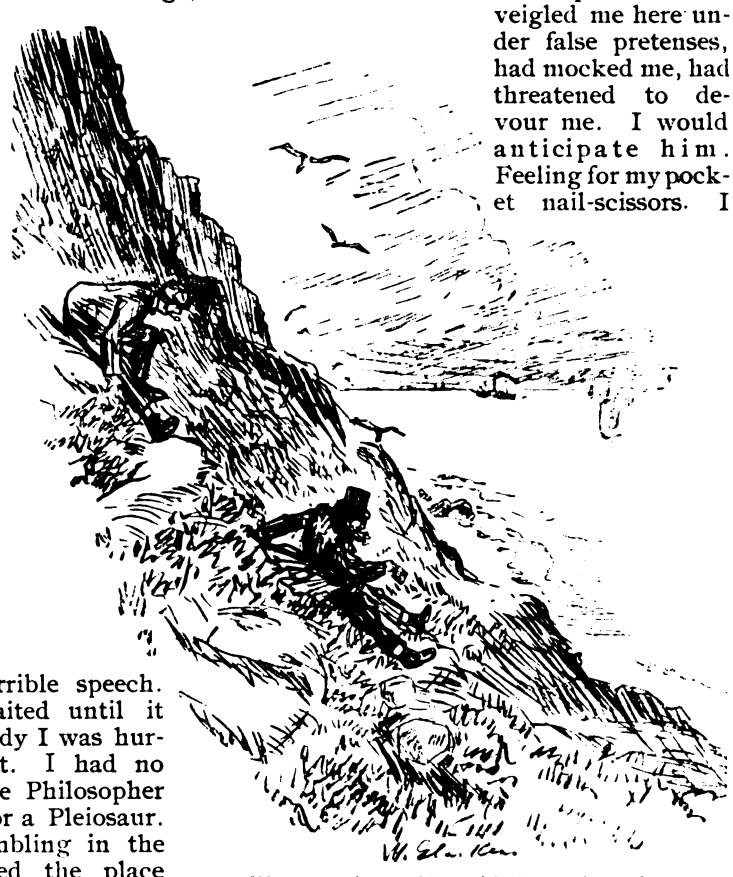
"I also love divinest Martha. Two cannot have her. Therefore I brought you here. The game is worth the candle, which cost twopence."

"What is the game?" I asked, trying to humor him.

"Death, death, death!" he shrieked. "This cave can only be reached at low-water once a fortnight. The bones of the Pleiosaur that came here for shelter during some panic in the Ice Age, lie here still. On your right you will see the skeleton of an elk; on your left, the thigh-bone of a Mammoth. A fortnight without food was too much for them. It will be too much for us. We shall eat each other and then die. A fortnight hence, Miss Tupp will come, only to find indistinguishable bones. She will drop a tear, possibly on yours, possibly on the Mammoth's, probably on the Pleiosaur's. Mine shall never be mourned. Ha, ha!"

With a wild yell he finished his horrible speech. But I had not waited until it should end. Already I was hurrying to the outlet. I had no desire to feed on the Philosopher or to be mistaken for a Pleiosaur. Slipping and stumbling in the darkness, I reached the place where we had entered, but what a difference! A speck of light was all that remained of the outside world, and silently the Atlantic was racing in. The tide had risen! It has been said of me by those who ought to know that I am inoffensive to the last degree. At least, I may say without undue pride that I have never injured or killed anything in all my life, except a hen which ran between the wheels of my bicycle on one occasion when I had lost control of the machine and was going at the rate of nearly seven miles an hour. Even then, as I explained to the vehement proprietor of the fowl, who wanted three dollars for its carcase, I was a most unwilling agent and broke several spokes.

Yet in this moment, when the full horror of the situation was revealed, I cannot deny that a lust of battle possessed me. The Philosopher had inveigled me here under false pretenses, had mocked me, had threatened to devour me. I would anticipate him. Feeling for my pocket nail-scissors. I sped back over the slimy boulders, burning for the fight. But the Philosopher had departed. Only in the hollow of a rock, the candle flared sulkily. I called upon him by the name of Totbank, but my challenge was lost upon the reverberating rock. The echoes mocked me — "T'bank, T'bank, T'bank." Then as the conviction grew upon me that the Philosopher had balked me by committing suicide, my



"We must descend," said the Philosopher.

valor fled. I sank upon a rock and covered my face with my hands. What was to be done? A fortnight must be endured in this terrible place without companionship, without food. Companionship I might forego, but food? I rushed at the candle and extinguished it. Here was food of a kind, an inch a day for a week, and then? My boots, of course. I began to unlace them, lest they should get worn on the flinty floor of the cavern, but desisted in a sudden terror of crabs. Then finding I had no matches, I wished I had not doused the candle, for without a light I dared not explore the tunnels that led yet further into the cliff. In any case, I should not have ventured far along them, for I feared to lose my way in the subterranean depths, in which case by the end of a fortnight I should be unable, even if I survived, to take advantage of the low tide. Besides, I imagined them to be full of hidden pools, haunted by eyeless, silvery fish, which already, no doubt, had made a staring skeleton out of the Philosopher. So I clung to my place and chewed the end of the candle, which made me feel very depressed. After that a clear perception of events was denied me.

It might have been days or weeks that I had lain there, babbling deliriously. I awoke in a cold sweat to feel an octopus sniffing at my toes. Its clammy suckers sent shivers along my spine. I seemed to see its eyes, luminous in the darkness like stars behind a mist. Even in that dread moment my presence of mind did not desert me. It struck me as a reminiscence of something that I had once read, that it is wisest to humor an octopus, seeing that it goes about its work slowly, overspreading you, before you are sucked down, with a glutinous saliva. Any sudden withdrawal might rouse it to immediate action. So I lay there motionless, cold to the finger tips. Always the creature sniffed.

"Fido," said a voice that thrilled delicately about the cavern. At the sound of it the creature's dank breath removed itself for a moment from my person and I heard the patter of its feet. A dim wonder beset me that an octopus should thus answer to the name of Fido.

"Come here, you naughty, naughty thing," said the voice, seeming to issue from one of the tunnels. "What are you sniffing at, Fido?"

The octopus gave a little series of yelps. My imagination, always susceptible to change, and under this bewildering stress of circumstances peculiarly versatile, took a new turn. This voice must proceed from some marine goddess, an anachronistic mermaid who had her dwelling in the cavern. The sniffing creature might be a sea hedgehog. I resolved at once to appeal to the mermaid's softer side.

"Lady of the Seas," I said in a hoarse, supplicating voice which did not seem quite to belong to me.

"Good gracious!" said the voice.

"Hear me," I said feebly, "only hear me."

"It's a man," said the voice, drawing nearer now.

"I admit it," I said; "I am a man, but I am ready to apologize for it. I had no intention of invading your sacred precincts—quite the contrary; but I was brought here against my will, and having eaten a candle, I feel ill."

"Poor man!" said the voice softly.

"Sick at heart," I corrected myself, seized by a sudden inspiration to make love to the mermaid. Is not that the shortest way to a woman's heart, even if she be half a fish?

"At heart," I repeated, and recalling vaguely the lines of some song I had heard I went on. "By the bright stars above thee, I love thee—I love thee!"

It is true there were no stars, but a soft sigh escaped from the mermaid's lips and my heart beat high. Then she advanced, a torch in one hand and a small hammer in the other. Beside her trotted a yellow creature, the octopus, the sea-hedgehog—a pug-dog. The scales fell from my eyes. "Miss Tupp!" I said frantically, rising from the floor.

"Mr. Minks," she whispered softly.

"I thought you were a mermaid," I said unheedingly.

"You did not address those words to me?" she asked, drawing back.

"Oh, yes, yes," I said hurriedly, re-

"By the bright stars above thee, I love thee, I love thee."

covering my tact. "I thought it was you. But I thought you were a mermaid, too. The mistake was natural. One always associates the mermaids with—beauty." I permitted my voice to assume the deep tones of admiration.

"But why," she said bashfully, "are you here?"

"I was brought here by a villain," I said vehemently; "by the Philosopher Totbank. He treacherously left me here with the assurance that it was impossible to get out for a fortnight. He himself, I believe, perished by suicide."

"Oh, no," she said. "I saw him only half an hour ago going up the cliff."

"What!" I said, amazed.

"Did you not know?" she said. "There is another way out of this cavern by that tunnel on the left."

"I knew it not," I said tragically. "And that is the way you entered?"

She nodded.

"You did not come in for luncheon," she said. "I was afraid that perhaps —something had happened. I heard you arrange to go with Mr. Totbank to see this cavern. I met him returning. He did not seem right in his head."

"He loves you," I said.

"Impossible," she said. "That man!"

"Is it impossible?" I asked tenderly. "And did you come to this lonely cavern for my sake, because you feared some harm to me?"

She shook her hammer playfully. "I am a geologist," she said. "I have been here before to collect fossils."

"Some of my friends have called me a fossil," I murmured meaningly.

"But how rude of them," she said.

"If I might but have the honor of being added to your collection?" I whispered.

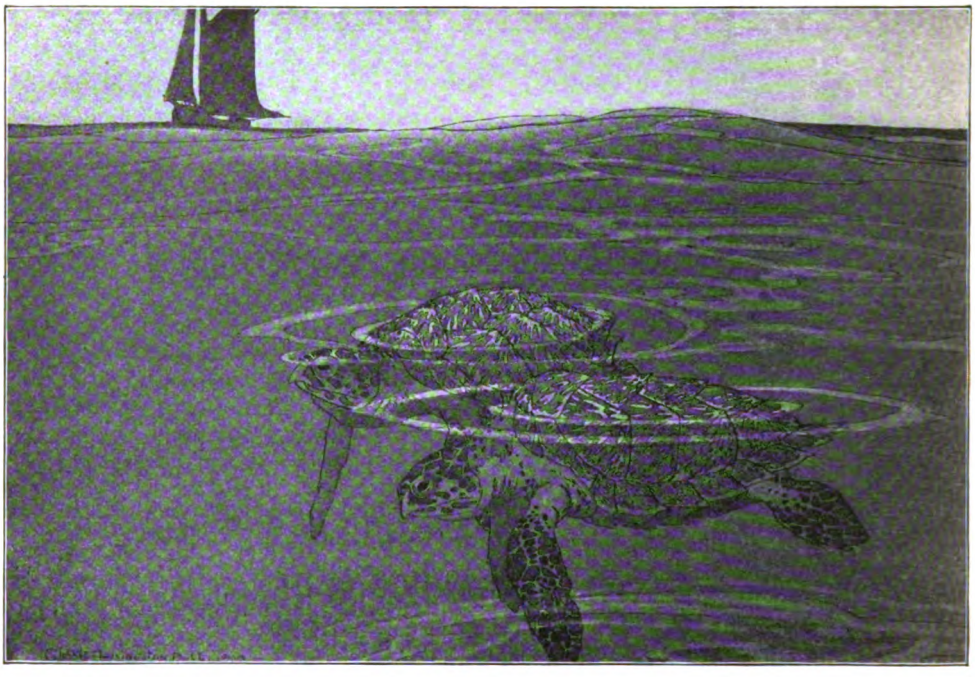
There was silence for a moment.

"Martha," I said.

A little hand that held a little hammer, slipped into mine. And so, followed by the pug, we walked along the tunnel and out into the open air. By tea-time we had reached the hotel.

The Philosopher was eating marmalade.

Midway between Africa and America.



THE TURTLE

By FRANK T. BULLEN

Author of "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*"

With Drawings by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

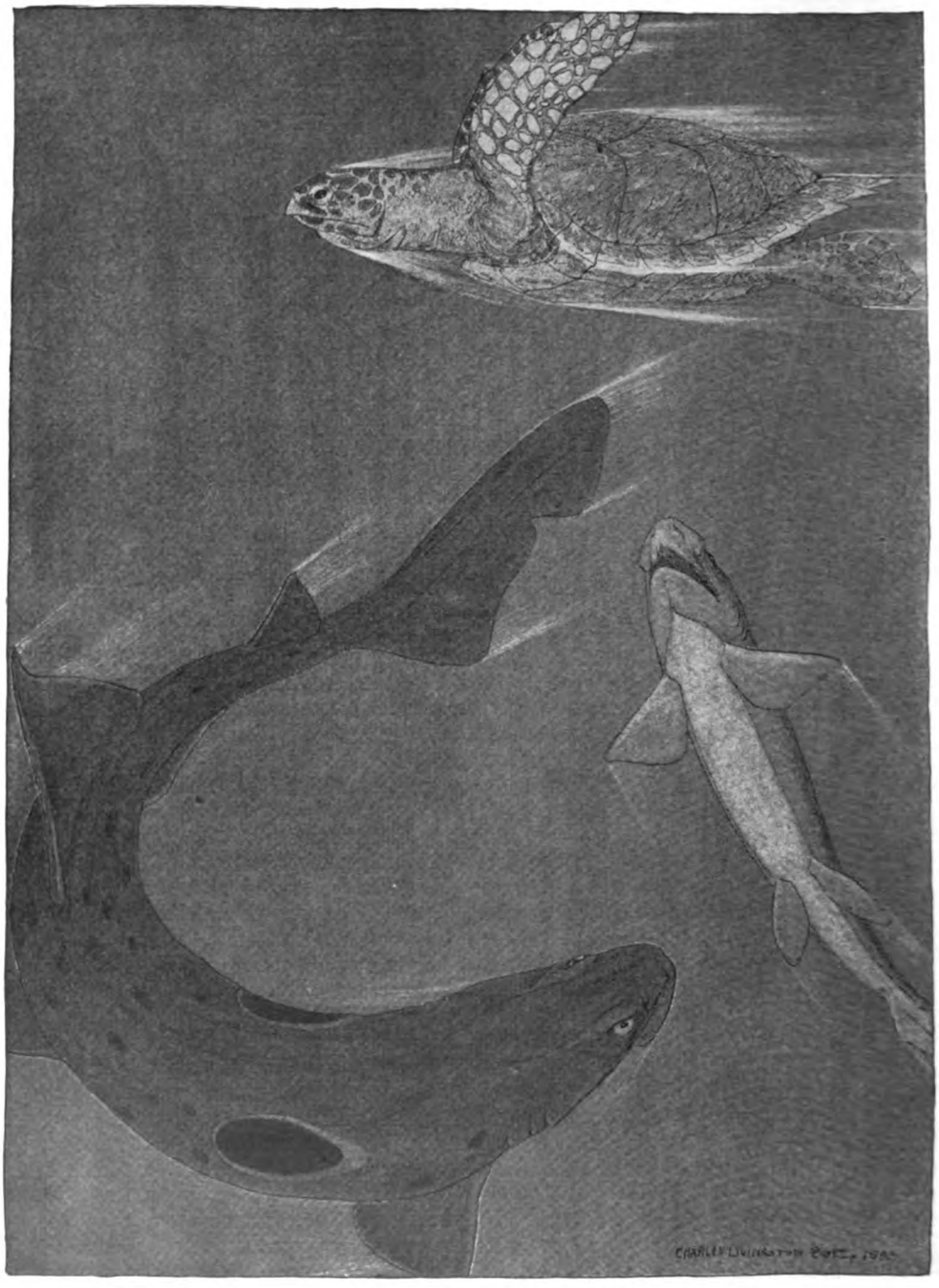
ALMOST alone among God's creatures, the Turtle has but a single enemy—man. There is no need for him to fear any other living thing—man alone destroys his paradise. Of all his fellow creatures of the deep only the sperm whale shares this immunity and lives without the fear of sudden death constantly upon him. In other ways, too, the Turtle is one of the strangest of amphibia. The whales must come to the surface frequently to breathe, and we know fairly well upon what they feed. The seal cannot remain beneath the sea nearly as long as the whale, and his food is very well known, but the turtle in all his varieties, in all his ways is mysterious beyond the power of superlatives to express. It does not seem to matter to him whether he stays beneath the surface for an hour or a week, nor does it trouble him to spend an equal time on land if the need arises. He is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, yet his flesh partakes of the characteristics of all three. Eating seems a mere superfluity with him since for weeks at a time he may be headed up in a barrel (with the bung out) and emerge after his long fast apparently none the worse for his enforced abstinence from food, from light, and almost from air. His range is restricted to the temperate and tropical seas, and is extended or contracted according to the season. And finally, it may truly be said that of all the higher, warm-blooded organisms, there are none so tenacious of life as the turtle. Injuries that would be instantly fatal even to fish leave the turtle apparently undisturbed, and his power of keeping death at bay is nothing short of marvelous. Likewise it is a matter for great wonder, how closely he is allied to the tortoises of the land which lead lives totally different from his and

yet in all but a few minor details are precisely the same in structure.

To leave generalities and come down to particulars, there are two varieties of turtle which are particularly interesting, and I wish to tell about one of these, the *spharga coriacea*, a common ocean turtle weighing a full 1,000 pounds, which frequents the North Atlantic and Pacific and travels occasionally even as far north as the coast of Britain. A pair of these turtles lay basking in the blazing sunshine of the Northern tropic nearly midway between Africa and America. Their broad carapaces shone in the sun-glare like burnished gold, and occasionally they lifted their heads out of the sun and gazed around as if in search of something. But the fact is they were ill at ease. The female felt the need laid upon her of making for a familar spot she knew of to ease herself of the load of eggs she carried, and the male, while hating to part with her, was permeated with an equally strong desire to remain where he was. Such food as he needed was abundant, passing ships were few, and they were the only things he felt any fear of, so with the usual selfishness of the male he found a grievance in that his partner must leave him. The communication of ideas and views lasted all night, though to the human eye they were just a pair of sluggish turtles lying side by side in profound silence and without a movement save that imparted to them by the tiny wavelets of the quiet sea. As the dawn broke the female turned Westward as if by some irresistible impulse, her four broad flippers swayed with a rhythmical motion and she darted forward, transformed instantly from an image of slothful ease into an embodiment of superabundant energy, cleaving the blue waves at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. No one who has not seen the turtle in a hurry can possibly understand how so apparently clumsy a creature can travel at such a pace. It is a revelation of the methods of mother Nature. But she is gone, and the male remains basking alone. We can only guess at his feelings at being thus deserted, conscious of the imperative maternal claims swaying the movements of his spouse. Hour after hour passes and still he lies motionless, his back just awash, his head sunk beneath the surface, his eyes closed and his four broad paddles hanging down almost straight.

"Captain James, there's a fine turtle asleep just a little on the port bow. We're hardly movin', don't you think we might lower a boat and see if we can't get him. I know just the trick of it. I've harpooned lots of 'em in the South Pacific when I was whalin' there." "All right, Mr. Smith, go ahead, and I wish you luck." The fine old bark is rounded to (there's hardly enough wind to do it) and the brisk young second mate, infecting the members of his watch with his own enthusiasm, gets the boat in the water in ten minutes. He takes the harpoon, which he has properly bridled long ago, and whispering instructions to his crew how to paddle quietly and obey the wave of his hand, the boat sets off. They creep up behind the dozing, listless and deserted *spharga*, the "second" rises stiffly to his feet, raises his iron and—crash! It has pierced calipee and calipash, nor can any strugglings on the part of the impaled creature release him from that awful barb. A violent wrestling ensues before the massive prize can be hoisted into the boat, but it is effected without a capsize, and presently, flushed with his triumph, Mr. Smith reports himself to his skipper and the treasure is handed over to the cook.

Meanwhile the fleeing spouse is making record time towards her objective. Swimming just beneath the surface she makes no ripple above, and only a broad band of light marks her passage. All the hungry sea-people attracted by the glare make respectful way for her. They are ravenous, but she is invulnerable. The broad fans of her paddles beat upon the sea with a regularity and a tirelessness akin to that of the propeller of a steamship until, on the second morning, she reaches the shining beach of one of the Grenadins, at which she has all along been aiming, guided by that mysterious homing instinct of which mere humans know



All the hungry sea peaple make respectful way for her.

nothing. A tiny surf curdles round the snow-white sand, a golden globe hangs in the sapphire sky above, and amid a perfect silence the great turtle drags herself cumbrously up just beyond high-water mark. This is one of the secret places of the Almighty. Far from all the iniquities of man's devising, here is only beauty and peace, as at the dawning of creation when first the new-made earth arose from the enlightened sea. Only a few timorous little birds watch the upward progress of the turtle and express their disapproval of her intrusion in quavering notes hardly audible. Suddenly stopping, she changes from a lethargic, weariful attitude to one of furious activity. The four flippers fling themselves as they did on the passage, the sand flies around in a dense shower, almost like a fog, until the central toiler is hidden from view. When at last the smother subsides she is down in a pit of her own digging and the work of egg-laying has begun. It lasts for two days, and then carefully clambering out of that sandy hole, where snugly lie one hundred and fifty round, white eggs, the weary mother devotes her remaining energies to filling in the pit, burying her treasures beneath a foot of loose sand. This completed, she lumbers painfully down to the sea and launches herself into perfect peace on the bosom of the universal mother, her task well done, her rest well won.

Day by day the great sun sheds his life-giving beams upon that spot where, indistinguishable beneath the sand, lie the family of the turtle. Does she wonder what has become of them? Do the fish who shed their roe in uncountable millions ever feel a pang of maternal care? Who can tell? The mystery of motherhood is so profound that one does not care to speculate. For instance, I have a hen who has just hatched a brood of ducklings. As best I can I have isolated her in a spacious wire-fenced run from the many enterprising chicks which are running loosely—about a hundred of them. In spite of all my care these chicks do get in with the ducklings, and the mother-hen, generous creature, forbids them not, allows them to share her food, and when I drive them out sets up an outcry as if they were her very own. But one day last week one of the ducklings got out, how I cannot imagine. I went at once to put it back; but, oh, the agony of the parent hen. With widespread wings and gaping mouth she hurled herself at the wire fencing where I was picking up the squealing, flat-footed alien she had been cajoled into nursing. Had she been free I know she would have flung herself upon me with heroic carelessness as to the result. And the youngster was not merely not her own, but belonged to a totally different species. Oh, the wondrous mystery of motherhood! Who dare attempt to define its limitations?

Many days the sun shines upon that patch of sand until one morning there is a series of tiny upheavals, little cones erected in the smooth sand, and presently there emerges from the broken up surface a tiny black turtle, about an inch across. Perfect in every detail to the eye, but if you handled him you would find his shell quite soft. With amazing swiftness and guided by God-given instinct, he scuttles down to the sea. A gentle wavelet greets him, lifts him to its bosom and he is launched. No weight of family ties oppresses him, he does not know his brothers and sisters swarming after him along the same road, but he does know what his first duty is—to seek adequate shelter. In his little brain there is implanted a streak of caution, based upon the fact that until a certain period his protecting armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish. What then is he to do in order to live. He has no one to teach him, no parents to guide. Here instinct, that amazing principle which I prefer to consider the guidance of an omnipresent God in all His creatures comes into play. Closely clustered around those shores the Gulf-weed, *fucus natans*, grows in tropical profusion, holding within its branching fronds an astounding abundance of marine life. And our little turtle, feeling his defenselessness, hurries into the heart of one of these weed masses, being presently joined by some of his relatives whose instincts have led them after him

Here for a blissful season the baby turtles gather and grow.

Here for a blissful season the baby turtles, all untended, save by the All-knowing Intelligence, gather and grow. Here they feed unmolested and know that their armor is hardening apace. Outside the little patch of weed-enclosed sea they know that there is a horde of hungry monsters waiting for them. But they care not. Never until fully protected by their natural armor do they knowingly leave those cheerful, foodful precincts. Yet it is true that occasionally straying too near the thin edges of the submarine forest, a baby turtle does get gobbled up by hungry fish. And why not? Paucity of imaginative power alone prevents me from depicting the reign of terror inaugurated in that scanty weed-space among its smaller denizens. How can we live? I can imagine them crying, when deep down in our most cherished fastnesses come those black ravenous interlopers devouring us? Here we must pause a moment to remember that in the sea the inter-dependence is absolute, direct. Every creature lives upon some other creature below him (above, in some few cases, as yet but vaguely determined) and we are horrified to see the incessant warfare that is waged. But to use an historic phrase, "let us clear our minds of cant." Is not this just as much a feature of the land as of the sea? Do not all living things of food value compulsorily contribute their bodies to our own? Excepting of course the vegetarian members of society, who prefer to take their animal food contribution at second hand. But we stray from our turtle. Presently he finds out that his carapace is hard, and constitutes a perfect shelter against all enemies save those whose mouths are large enough to take him in entire. And so erelong he bids good-by to the little weed patch which has sheltered him so long, and starts upon his voyage of life over the trackless ocean.

Now it does not appear with any degree of accuracy what the turtle, the edible turtle, lives upon during his adolescence. There be turtles who are known to live upon strange foods, but in every case they are a sort of compromise between turtle and tortoise or even turtle, tortoise and lizard. Of these are the *emusaura serpentina*, dwelling

in and around Oriental lakes and rivers, and living indiscriminately upon small fish, reptiles and even small birds. The *gymnopus* of African rivers feeds, dear creature, upon young crocodiles and evolves from that uncanny diet most delicate flesh, which although it is strongly flavored with musk, is most highly prized. But the Thalassians, or true sea turtles, may eat fish alive or dead or they may eat certain kinds of weeds. All we can say is that we do not know what they eat nor how long they can fast, except that from the time a turtle has been "turned" say on a Jamaican beach until it has been converted into soup for a Lord Mayor's banquet in London it eats nothing. And does not seem any the poorer for it. Being of a lethargic habit of course there is not much waste of tissue. Having assisted at the butchery of many turtles just from the sea and examined, as was always my wont, the contents of their stomach, I have never found anything identifiable therein except a few stones and cuttle fish beaks, which latter looks as if the turtle, like so many other sea fish and mammals, eats cuttle, but is not proof positive. And beside the squid is so plentiful in some weed-covered spots of ocean that if the turtle grazed upon the weed he could not help eating many cuttles at the same time.

But whatever our young friend eats, and wherever he eats it, one fact emerges. It agrees with him immensely. He grows apace, his horny covering growing, too, since he does not cast it like the crustacea. He leads an exceedingly pleasant life, basking in the tropical sun or cruising leisurely in the cool depths, free from all danger when once he has attained a weight of about five-and-twenty pounds, which is within the first year usually. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well-armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle—he is the chartered libertine of the ocean. When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells, intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him, but will always fail. Now this being the case, and considering the fecundity of the turtle (I counted over eight hundred eggs once in the ovary of a turtle turned by us in the Gulf of Mexico) it seems strange at first sight that they are not always as plentiful as cod. So I believe they would be, but for the fact that they lay their eggs where they do, covered with a comparatively thin layer of sand and exposed to the ravages of many creatures, notably rats and birds and crabs. Many a rich banquet do these burglars have upon the fat mound of eggs deposited by the mother turtle, and it would be unpardonable oversight on their part to leave even one egg. This, of course, accounts for a great many. As for the toll that man takes, as in the case of nearly all deep sea fish, it may be neglected in taking into account the number of turtle which do not die of old age. It may be taken for granted that what man gets of any deep-sea fish, by comparison with what is eaten by the sea-people themselves, is but as the crumbs of the banquet, the skimming of the pot. But by the operation of Nature's own laws in thinning out any superfluity of any creature anywhere the turtle is kept from becoming too numerous, harmless as he is.

No one really knows how large a turtle may grow, but certainly there does not appear to be much if any exaggeration attached to the statements of Pliny and Strabo who, describing the *chelonophagi* of the Red Sea, say that they utilized the shells of the turtles they had eaten as roofs to their huts and boats for their feeble voyages.

Strange to say, the handsomest turtle, the hawk's bill variety (*chelone imbricata*), furnishes the worst flesh, being so strongly flavored with musk as to be almost uneatable. This peculiarity would seem to point to a diet of squid, since these mollusca are exceedingly musky. But it may not be out of place to remark here that turtle flesh, even of the best sorts, is not nice. As Sam Weller's pieman hoarsely whispered, "It's the seasoning as does it." A diet of turtle steaks or of hashed turtle or of turtle soup, *au naturel*, would soon sicken any one but a savage. For sixpence, or its equivalent, in most of the

West India Island towns, one can get a heaped plate of turtle steak with bread or jams or sweet potatoes *ad lib*. But I never knew even a hungry sailor who wanted more than one meal a week of it, for all its cheapness. The fact is that in the cult of turtle soup we are following (a long way off it is true) the example set by the Chinese, who love gelatinous soups and pay fabulous prices for the nests of the sea-swallows, the *holothuria* or sea-slug, and the sharks' fins, because of their gelatinous qualities.

Our method, if I may call it so, of capturing the turtle is much less elaborate. Certain places are known to be favorite haunts of the turtle for egg-laying purposes. Then all that is necessary is some safe reservoir where the captured creatures may be kept awaiting shipment, and a band of laborers who do not object to night work. When there is a good moon, not necessarily full, we hide ourselves on convenient quarters adjacent to the beach, and wait more or less patiently until we see the first broad back, glistening in the moon-beams like a silver shield, emerge from the waves. The excitement becomes intense, one feels one's muscles crawling as it were, so eager are we to bound upon our prey. But we must not, yet. The first arrivals have fallen to digging and surrounding themselves with a halo of fine sand, and others are coming every few minutes on the same errand bent. At last, when the long stretch of beach is fairly covered with the toiling *Chelones*, each in her own pit laboring to make the receptacle sufficiently deep for all the eggs she has brought, our chief gives the signal, and like a band of brigands we all rush forth between the turtle and the sea and halting, one by one at the pits, strive to turn the turtle over by a dexterous twisting of the hind flippers. Sometimes, and that not seldom, we get hold of a turtle that it would take three men to turn over, and holding on frantically we are dragged down through the blinding sand to the sea marge where we must let go or be drowned. Presently the captured turtles, lying with feebly-waving flippers on their backs, quite helpless, are towed by ropes attached to them to our reservoir or ponds where they await shipment to London. And from thenceforward until the chef draws his knife across their leathery throats, the turtle fasts. Never has he been known to eat in captivity.

One point more in connection with the turtle before we close this all-too-brief memoir, and that is his amazing vitality. Most of the deep sea folk possess this quality of tenacious hold on life in a high degree, but none as far as I know to nearly the same extent as the turtle. Without endorsing any such foolish remark as that "they cannot die until the setting of the sun," I can truly say that I have seen the flesh cleared out of a turtle shell and hung upon a tree, where for hours the quivering, convulsive movement of the muscles went on. Not only so, but on one occasion only the head and tail were left attached to the shell. Some time had elapsed since the meat had been cut out of the carapace and no one could have imagined that any life remained in the extremities. But a young Dane, noticing that the down-hanging head had its mouth wide open, very foolishly inserted two fingers between those horny mandibles. They closed, and our shipmate was two fingers short, the edges of the turtle's jaws had taken them off clean with only the muscular power remaining in the head. Then another man tried to cut the horny tail off, but as soon as his keen blade touched it on the underside, it curled up and gripped his knife so firmly that it was nearly an hour before the blade could be withdrawn. Yes, the vitality of the turtle is unique among the higher organisms, and but that it has been so firmly established, stories of it would have to be listened to with utter incredulity. Signor Redi once cut a turtle's head off, and noted that it lived for twenty-three days without a head, and another whose brain he removed lived for six months apparently unconscious that it had suffered any loss. This points to a very low order of being, since such indifference to pain and deprivation of members is usually characteristic of the lowest organisms. Yet the turtle is a highly developed creature.

THE ENGAGEMENT CUP, BY FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

With Drawings by WILL GREFE

MRS. BRISCOE.—I came right down the moment I heard of it. I want to congratulate you, my dear. Of course nobody thinks he's good enough for you, but then he's a very nice young man and I hope you will be very happy.

Elizabeth Strong. — Thank you, Mrs. Briscoe.

Mrs. Briscoe. — Oh, my dear, that's all right. Of course, as I say, he's very nice; but as Miss Hopkins said, we always thought it would be somebody —a little different—not just an ordinary business man, but somebody a little famous you understand? You've always been so superior, and—oh, well, I don't know, you've been around so much and—but I'm very glad for you, I congratulate you with all my heart.

Elizabeth. — Thank you, Mrs. Briscoe.

Thank you, Mrs. Briscoe.

Mrs. Briscoe. — And I've brought you a cup and saucer. I hope you'll like it. I know they've gone by a little for engagement presents but I think they're nice to have all the same.

Elizabeth.—Oh, yes, thank you very much, Mrs. Briscoe.

Mrs. Briscoe.—I hope you didn't mind what I said about his not being good enough for you. I can't help saying it because he isn't—Dear me! Mr. Williams, how you do startle people. I was just congratulating Elizabeth. She's a beautiful girl, Mr. Williams.

Tom Williams. — Do you think I need to be told that, Mrs. Briscoe?

Mrs. Briscoe.—Well, no, of course not. I must be going. Good-by Elizabeth. I hope you will be so happy, and you too, Mr. Williams.

Tom.—I'm certain to be that.

Mrs. Briscoe.—Well, good-by, good-by.

Elizabeth.— Good-by. (Mrs. Williams goes out). How could you be nice to her, Tom, when you heard what she said? Horrid thing!

Tom.—Oh, well! It's Mrs. Williams. And it's true.

Elizabeth.—What's true?

Tom.—That you are too good for me and that I'm nobody special. I'm just a lucky dog, that's all.

Elizabeth. — Tom, if you talk that way, I'll break the engagement. You know I'm not nearly so good as you are.

Tom.—It's no use to discuss that subject, Elizabeth, we'll never agree. Let's see the ring. The man apologized for the delay.

Elizabeth.—Oh, have you got it! Let's sit down and look at it. Oh, how perfectly beautiful. You are a dear boy.

Tom.—In spite of Mrs. Briscoe.

Elizabeth (leaving the case open in her lap).—Don't mention that woman again, Tom. I can't bear to think of her saying those things when you're so nice. It's just because I've got such a nasty reputation for superiority, and I always hated superior women.

Tom.—Well dear, you can't help being superior, you really are. Now don't get up. Sit still, do! You see, Elizabeth, there were a good many men after you—men that are going to be famous and unusual and all that sort of thing and you picked me out. I may seem a dear and all that, but after all I am rather ordinary.

Elizabeth.—You're not! You're big and splendid and—

Tom.—Of course I'm glad you're satisfied, dear; but before I put the ring on I thought you'd better know just what you've done. Please come and sit down and let me put it on now.

Elizabeth.—No, Tom, not just yet, I want to tell you something and then perhaps you won't want to. I think we ought to be honest, don't you—very honest. You're so honest, Tom.

Tom.—M'm—well, I try to be.

Elizabeth.—You see you've got an idea that I was sought after and all that and you think I got engaged to you because—because—

Tom.—Well?

Elizabeth.—Really it was because I was lonely and wanted to be married. People are never so superior as they seem; people seemed afraid of me, when really I was afraid of them.

Tom.—Poor little girl! You scared me pretty well at first, but when you thawed out you were like an angel.

Elizabeth.—That's just it! I wanted to marry somebody—and you were nice and so I did thaw out.

Tom.—See here, little girl, you mustn't analyze the motives that bring people together,—so long as it's all right after they get together. But it wouldn't have made any difference if you'd never thawed out. I went in to win and you couldn't frighten me away. It only tickles me most to death to think you picked me out of all those howling swells.

Elizabeth.—But I didn't pick you out, Tom. You see you were the only one. Don't you see? You were the only man that ever wanted to marry me, I had to take you—I didn't mean exactly that, but—

Tom.—Of course you didn't. Come, little girl you're making yourself miserable over nothing. Come and sit down here and let me put on the ring and just forget everything now but you and me. I wish I'd known a little sooner about your being lonesome though. But you know you did know a good many men—

Elizabeth.—But they never liked me—especially, you know.

Tom.—Yes, they did, too. Come, I know one, Phil Twombly—he's going to be famous. He was always at your studio. Come and sit down and I'll tell you all about it.

Elizabeth.—Oh, he—he never liked me—why—he—he just despised me.

Tom.—Well, maybe he did, but he told me that if he hadn't been so confoundedly poor—exactly what he said—and you hadn't been so something—I don't dare to say superior, and I don't remember his word—he would have—Good gracious, Elizabeth, what a crash! You don't mean to say you've broken Mrs. Briscoe's engagement cup?

Elizabeth.—Yes.

Tom.—Here, let me help you pick up the pieces. Why, your hands are awfully cold.

Elizabeth (trying to laugh).—Warm heart.

Tom—How did you happen to do it?

Elizabeth.—It was so ugly it—just broke.

Tom—Never mind the old cup. I'll get you another. Come and sit down.

Elizabeth (in a muffled voice, still stooping).—I don't want to sit down. I want to pick it all up.

Tom.—You look terribly white. Do you feel all right?

Elizabeth—Yes.

Tom.—But you're trembling. Are you going to faint?

Elizabeth—I never fainted in my life. Do let me alone, Tom. I'll sit down. (Drops into a chair.) I'm sorry about Mrs. Briscoe's cup.

Tom (watching her keenly).—I met Phil Twombly to-day on my way up here. Has he been round to congratulate you? He wrote me a pathetic sort of note. Wonder where it is. Oh, here. "Good luck to you, old boy. Be good to her."

Elizabeth.—May I see it?

"Are you sure, Elizabeth?"

Tom (gives the note to her).—Certainly. (Goes to the window.) Elizabeth, all that you've been saying doesn't really matter, if you love me now. If you don't, I wouldn't marry you or have you marry me for anything.

Elizabeth.—Of course, Tom.

Tom.—There's somebody I want to see, going by. I'll be back in a minute. Will you excuse me?

Elizabeth.—Of course, Tom.

Tom goes out.

Elizabeth (seated with the note in her hand).—He was afraid. How could he be such a coward. I was a coward, too, but women are taught to be cowardly about some things, and you don't expect it of men. Now Tom is a man. But he isn't so. Oh, if he knew. Why, where's that ring? I wonder what he meant. I wonder if he's coming back. Oh, here he is! Why, Phil—Mr. Twombly. How kind of you to come. Won't you sit down? Where are you going, Tom?

Tom.—I've—I've got an engagement.

Elizabeth.—No, Tom, you must come back and sit down. (She takes hold of his arm, he comes back and sits down).

Mr. Twombly—Mr. Williams wished me to stop in and congratulate you.

Elizabeth.—Thank you. I was reading your note to him.

Mr. Twombly.—I could have done better if I had known it was going to be read by you.

Elizabeth.—Since you wrote me none, what could you expect?

Mr. Twombly.—The pleasure of giving my congratulations in person.

Tom (restlessly).—Mr. Twombly is thinking of starting for Italy to-morrow.

Elizabeth.—To-morrow—Italy—you—Phil?

Mr. Twombly.—This call can be one of farewell as well of congratulation.

Tom.—Elizabeth, I am going to speak. I'm not going to have the nonsense that always goes on in novels, where nobody says what he or she means. You love Elizabeth, Twombly; you told me so. Elizabeth, I believe you love Twombly. I'm out of the question. I wouldn't marry any one, much less Elizabeth, if she didn't care for me. She's released, and now, for Heaven's sake, to your own selves be true. (He rises.)

Elizabeth.—Sit still, Tom. Don't go.

Mr. Twombly.—No, you need not go, Mr. Williams. You are putting both of us, I may say all three of us, in a very ridiculous position. However, Elizabeth, since now it is the whole truth, and nothing else, I may as well say, what Mr. Williams knew before, that I love you, that I always have loved you, and I have suffered—well, a great deal since your engagement.

Elizabeth.—And you want me to break off my engagement to Tom and marry you?

Mr. Twombly.—Elizabeth, I want you; I've always wanted you, though I didn't fully realize it.

Elizabeth.—What do you want me to do, Tom.

Tom.—Marry the man you love Elizabeth.

Elizabeth.—I'm so sorry Tom brought you here, Mr. Twombly, but he meant it kindly. And it isn't half so hard for you, or at least it can't be any harder than it was for me. Do you remember that night when it was rainy and I had failed with my picture and my aunt was sick and I was so lonely and you came to see me and went away saying you were sorry, I could have worshipped you then. It was a good deal harder for me then than it is for you. There were other times, too, that I can't bear to think of. Oh, you must know you are fascinating—and if you'd been a little braver—a little more like Tom—I wouldn't be marrying him now—that is if he wants me.

Tom (stepping forward).—Elizabeth.

Elizabeth.—Good-by, Mr. Twombly, I hope you will have a pleasant trip, and—I am so sorry.

Elizabeth and Tom alone.

Tom.—Are you sure, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth.—Look in my eyes and see. That will do, dear. Where's the ring—if you want me to wear it. Why, you're trembling all over. Let's sit down. Do you mind if I cry?

Tom.—No, dear. Not if you'll tell me what you're crying about.

Elizabeth—Why, how do I know. Perhaps it's for me if I hadn't got you, perhaps it's for you if I'd cared more for Mr. Twombly; no, I guess it must be for Mr. Twombly himself.

Tom.—Poor Twombly.

Elizabeth.—Tom, whatever possessed you to bring him in here? It was horrid for him. But perhaps it was just as well, for I wasn't quite sure how I felt before; but when I saw you two together, I knew there wasn't anybody but you, Tom.

Tom.—Thank the Lord.

Elizabeth.—Yes, dear, put it on. But, oh, Tom he hurt me so—so that was why I turned toward you—at first—

Tom.—And last?

Elizabeth.—Yes, last and always now. Poor Mrs. Briscoe's cup! You won't think I'm in love with somebody else, will you, Tom, if I break the saucer?

ARTHUR PUE GORMAN

Past-Master in Politics and Presidential Possibility

By JOHN F. BROWNELL

IF the Democratic party, in its infinite wisdom, decides that Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, of right ought to be President of the United States, and the Republican party, in convention assembled, declares that Mr. Roosevelt should succeed himself, the voters of the country will have before them the most clearly contrasted candidates in the history of the republic. In every characteristic that helps make Mr. Roosevelt what he is, Mr. Gorman is his direct and absolute opposite. In every theory or principle of human action—political, governmental and personal—that Mr. Gorman has preached by practicing, Mr. Roosevelt sees naught but wrong. It is as if the sum of mankind's traits and opinions were divided into halves and one-half were given to one man and the other half to another. The two are perfect complements. What the one is, the other is not. Together they constitute that puzzling mixture of contradictions—the Yankee statesman, lord of the earth and the fulness thereof.

Considered by his friends, Mr. Gorman's qualities make him "the distinguished son of old Maryland." Viewed by his enemies,—and every friend he has, has been or is, or threatens to be, his enemy,—he is the incarnation of all that is dirtiest and saddest in politics. Looking at him from the middle ground, he seems to be two men, with allied, yet distinct, characteristics—the one Arthur Pue Gorman, the leader of the Democrats in the United States Senate, and the other A. P. Gorman, the boss of the Democrats in Maryland. Gorman the leader, and Gorman the boss, make up Gorman the politician.

Gorman is of the first crop of professional politicians, and he has made the business pay. To-day he may have rivals in certain specialties, but as a general practitioner he stands alone.

He himself has a fancy for saying that Stephen A. Douglas set him up in business as a politician and for intimating that Douglas is his guiding star. All of this is gratuitous modesty. Douglas made him his private secretary, it is true, and, as one of his inspired biographies says, he was "cordially received in the family of the Illinois statesmen," but the young Marylander—this was in war time—knew more of politics by instinct than Douglas learned in a lifetime of painstaking research. When he was a young man the Illinoisan took him West to help fight Lincoln. Douglas made the speeches and got the glory. Gorman went out among the yeomen, and, as he himself says, "worked." He was a master, then, at political "working," as he is to-day, "Work," in the ward boss meaning of the term, has been his exercise and dissipation.

Stuart Robson, the actor, was a senate page with the Marylander in 1853. Several years ago, just before he died, he told the writer a number of more or less plausible anecdotes of the youngster who was to come close to the highest place among men. Each year, said Robson, it was the custom of the senate to appropriate $200 for each of the pages. This money was a pure gift at the expense of the government, as the pages, then as now, were well paid for their light labors. Andrew Johnson, at that time a senator, bitterly opposed the appropriation on general principles, and the boys feared that his opposition would kill it. Finally a council of war was called and it was decided that the only way to save the "graft" would be to lure Johnson out of the senate chamber while the vote was being taken. Gorman was chosen by lot to do the luring and the council instructed him to approach Mr. Johnson when the measure came upon its passage, and to

tell him that a lady in the lobby desired to see him immediately.

"But Gorman," said Robson, "refused point-blank. 'If we can't get the bill passed in the proper way,' he said, 'I think we'd better lose the money.'"

Robson told this story often and always ended it here. But if he were cross-examined he would admit that the appropriation passed, despite Gorman's ethical objection, and that Gorman took his share of the money. Herein, though he didn't know it, he exposed one of the most sturdy characteristics of the Senator from Maryland. The ratio of what he says to what he thinks is a variable quantity, regulated by time, place and circumstance. To this day his precise views upon the two great issues of latter-day American politics—the tariff and free silver—are uncertain. Elected to the Senate as a Democrat, he fought Cleveland's tariff reform program and helped to smash it. In 1896 his henchmen in Maryland—who would not nominate a county register of wills without his approval—adopted a gold platform. A few months afterward came the Bryan avalanche and Gorman bobbed up as a free silver spell-binder. Thousands of Democrats heard an elaborate speech he made in Baltimore. Half of them went home rejoicing that he had become a convert to Bryanism and the other half thanked the gods of politics that despite his determination to be "regular" at all costs, his faith in sound money was unshaken.

BOSS AND STATESMAN

This art of leading a political double life—or, at least, the fundamentals of it—was probably acquired back in the Senator's boyhood and early manhood, when he was a Senate employee, and anxious to rise. As a page he had merely to be a good boy, fleet of foot and respectful to his elders. But as he attained his majority and struck out for better jobs, there were other things to consider. Was he a Republican or a Democrat? Did he support this man or that? Gorman answered by showing that he was a politician with a taste for the game inborn—and he rose to be postmaster of the chamber.

A young man given the opportunity to study high finance in the office of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, or law in the office of Mr. Elihu Root, would think himself a favorite of fortune, but consider the opportunities of young Gorman, the student of practical politics! About him were the most astute politicians in America, and before his very eyes they were playing the greatest game of politics ever joined. It was war-time and the issues were clearly defined. Leaders rose and were battered down and new leaders bobbed up to take their places. The Union was rocking upon its foundations and men were fighting to the death to save it, on the floor of the Senate as well as before Vicksburg and in the Wilderness. Gorman, the Senate messenger, began to comprehend. Gorman, the assistant postmaster and confidential menial of the great, learned the game from its masters. Gorman, the postmaster of the Senate—in a small way, at first, and then boldly and more boldly—took a hand in it himself.

It is a remarkable chapter in American political history—this rise of his from drummer boy to captain, to major,—and finally to field marshal. By the time the war closed he was beginning to exercise a very appreciable influence of his own. His political faith was nebulous and hazy. He was in the fight because he liked it and it mattered little to him which side won; he had friends on both. In 1866 he had grown to such a considerable figure that when President Johnson quarrelled with Congress he was big enough to take sides and to make the fact that he had taken sides of some moment to persons other than himself. In the *mêlée* he lost his official head—and stepped into the eminently "fat" and profitable job of collector of internal revenue for the district of Maryland. That he still had a sufficiency of friends on the right side of the Senate is shown by the fact that his nomination to the collectorship was confirmed.

Having now fully established his claim to political consideration by his career in Washington, Gorman set about building fences in Maryland. The

State, at this time, was on the verge of casting its fate with the resurrected democracy and because he was observant of the signs of the times, say his enemies, Gorman decided to become a candidate for the Maryland Legislature on the Democratic ticket. Whether this motive or the more honorable one of conviction moved him is immaterial. The chief thing is that he then formally launched himself as a leader and a boss. Before that he had been on the windward side of the pie-counter—a holder of appointive offices. Henceforth he was to stand behind the counter and cut the pie.

CUTTING THE PIE

In November, 1869, he was elected a member of the Maryland house of delegates from Howard County, his old—and present—home. There were giants in those days—Whyte, Wallis, Wootton and their like—and the smooth-faced, boyish young man seemed doomed to fall into the depths of obscurity. It was a time of spread-eagle oratory. The ante-bellum school of politics still had disciples in Maryland. They wore frock coats and flowing scarves and carried their right hands after the picture of Daniel Webster; and the hereditary right of the first families to govern the peasantry was still unquestioned. The legislators quoted Horace on the floor of the House, and rising young attorneys with political ambitions modelled their careers upon that of Reverdy Johnson. Gorman was not an orator; he didn't fancy rhetoric; he knew no Latin; his pedigree led back, with amazing suddenness, to the bogs of Ireland; he was neither a lawyer nor a land owner, and his war record—well, there is no mention of it in the Congressional Directory to-day.

But there were assets to the young man's credit. He had brains in the first place—cool, steady brains that emotion could not shake. In the bitter post-bellum debates, every man that had a part in the war—and this meant nearly every Marylander—exhibited prejudice that came near being insanity. Gorman had no prejudices. At the beginning of the great contest he had gone to Jefferson Davis and asked for advice. "Follow your State," said Davis, and Gorman had followed it into the Union camp. Now he was a Democrat—a calm, cool Democrat of a sort scarce in Maryland in those days. Old Governor Hamilton observed him when he came to the State capital. "Mark my word," said the keen old war-horse, "that young man will be famous, some day, from one end of the country to the other." The democracy, festering with old grudges and murderous feuds, needed a leader whose emotions would not run away with his judgment. Gorman slipped into the place as naturally as Napoleon became consul. Eight years afterward he was the recognized boss of the State—the conqueror of Whyte and the dictator over all. He is the boss still.

During his second term in the lower House Gorman was elected speaker, and in 1872 he became president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company. This company was a huge political machine that, in its time, gobbled $29,000,000 of Maryland's revenue. A strong man was needed to run it and Gorman was the man. In 1875 he transferred his activities to the State Senate, to which he was re-elected in 1879. The next year, having, with his standing in Washington as capital, made his way to the top of the political pile in Maryland, he decided to use his new-found power as a means of rounding out his career in the Senate wing. Having been page, messenger and postmaster, he would be the Senate's secretary. Senator William Pinckney Whyte, who had been one of his sponsors in State politics, was a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed himself. Gorman was told that if Whyte supported him he might have the secretaryship for the asking. He sent his friend, "Free" Rasin, to see Whyte. Whyte said that he had promised his support to another man. Gorman renewed his request. Rasin came back with the same answer.

"Well, then," said Gorman calmly, "if I can't be secretary, I'll be Senator," and the next day his candidacy, in opposition to Whyte, was announced.

Whyte was bowled over like a ninepin, and on March 4, 1881, at 12 o'clock, noon, the boy who, seventeen years before, had entered the service of the Upper House as a quill-sharpener and bundle-carrier, walked down the center aisle and made oath that he would faithfully discharge the duties of a Senator of the United States.

Reckoning from 1881, there have been two Gormans—one the State boss and the other the National leader. The record of the former has been the record of almost every State boss, Democratic or Republican. His opponents have fought him with every weapon known to man and have convicted him—to their own satisfaction, at least—of every crime known in politics. Back in the 70's, Gorman's henchmen—"Free" Rasin, "Charlie" Goodman, "Jim" Flannery, "Gene" Higgins and other worthies of feverish memory in Maryland—carried the State for him with riot and carnage. Then it was that there appeared that inconspicuous little persuader, the brad-awl, to prove that physical pain is a greater force than civic virtue. The brad-awl isn't a refined weapon, but when applied to the sensitive person of a Republican darkey waiting in line at the polls, it has its uses. Gorman's "workers" prodded the Maryland colored brothers with their awls and drove them away from the polls and stuffed the ballot boxes and committed every other crime ever attempted by ingenious patriots. Officially, of course, the State boss knew nothing of this, but that didn't protect him from the assaults of civic idealists like Henry E. Wootton. Mr. Wootton, in 1885, accused Gorman of distributing $3,000 with his own hands among the ruffians who "roughed" Baltimore in 1875, and offered to give $10,000 to any public charity if the Senator dared sue him for libel. To this day Gorman has made no reply. He has made no reply, in fact, to any of the charges entered against hm. All alike he has met with silence.

THE FIRST REVERSE

For twenty-five years the democracy ruled Maryland with a rod of iron. Then came the deluge. The people were tired of it all. They were tired of ballot-box stuffing, of the brad-awl, of coercion, of boodling, of Gormanism. Democrats and Republicans joined forces against the machine. Professors from the Johns Hopkins University, revolvers in hand, went down to the unsavory water front of Baltimore and announced that they had come to protect the sanctity of the ballot with their bones, their skins and their lives. "The Lord abided back of them to guide their fighting arms." The machine was fought with its own weapons, and it was a short fight and a sharp one. When the smoke cleared away Gormanism was down and counted out.

It was a severe blow, but not a fatal one. Gorman still had four years more in the Senate, and though they were lean years they were not without their lessons. The ambition to become President of the United States had come back to him in the 80's, and his hopes rested upon regaining control of Maryland. In 1899 the backwash of the wave of reform placed one John Smith, a mild and innocuous Democrat, in the Governor's chair. Gorman wanted to be re-elected to the Senate. The term of Wellington, a Republican who had been elected in 1897, would expire in 1903 and the boss decided to become his successor. But there was the danger that the people of Maryland might rebel, and in consequence it was necessary that the legislature elected in the fall of 1902 should be safely and absolutely his, body and soul. So the accommodating Smith called an extra session of the existing legislature—which was safely Democratic—and it passed a law providing that henceforth the names of all candidates for office should be arranged upon the ballots alphabetically. The old method of arraying the Republicans under the portrait of Abraham Lincoln and the Democrats under the Democratic emblem was swept away, and George Brown, Republican, had to go between Henry Anderson, Socialist, and Jacob Collier, Democrat. This seemed innocent and fair enough on the surface, but when it is remembered that Maryland. The

Maryland has 25,000 illiterate negroes who had been in the habit of making one all-embracing cross-mark each election day opposite the nose of Mr. Lincoln, the African in the woodpile may be perceived. The Democrats, to confuse the hopeless darkies, nominated "repudiation" and "reconstruction" tickets, and these words became confused in the dim Afro-American intellect with "Republican." As a result 20,000 colored brothers lost their votes. The Democratic illiterates lost their's, too, but there were not so many of them. This had been carefully worked out beforehand.

With this law on the statute books the Democrats carried the legislature easily, and early in 1902 Gorman was once more chosen United States Senator. Herein he reached the crowning of his career as a State boss. To satisfy his ambition he had changed the organic law of the State and set at defiance the will of the majority of the people and the Constitution of the United States. No more daring exploit, for merely personal gain, is recorded in the annals of American politics.

BUILDING HIS FENCES

Again, last fall, Gorman proved his mastery. There was another election in Maryland. The law for disfranchisement of the negro was the issue and the Republicans fought it doggedly. But Gorman was too much for them. One day, at his home in Southern Maryland, and before a country audience of fifty men and twenty-five women, he made a speech attacking the President of the United States—his enemy and antithesis in everything by which men are reckoned. Had an anarchist made it he would have been clapped into jail. "Mr. Roosevelt," said Gorman, "was a friend of the black race at the expense of the white? Witness his entertainment of Booker Washington. Would Marylanders submit to negro rule? ('No! No!') Did they want Crums for postmasters? ('Down with the nigger!') Wasn't this a white man's country?" ("To H—l with Roosevelt!")

gone to Jeffersonmore papers printed the speech verbatim and the seed was sown. The next week Gorman took charge of the campaign and the negro bugaboo was his thirteen-inch gun. Warfield, his candidate for governor, defeated Williams, the Republican. Warfield's election was merely an incident. It was Gorman who won.

So much for Gorman as a State boss. In the parallel columns of his life record there is much that is alike. In his State he has never been a popular idol like Calhoun or McKinley, and at Washington he has never fought battles of pure statesmanship, like Webster or Monroe. As leader and as boss he has played the straight game of politics, for the red chips, the white and the blue.

Of course, there has been a difference in his method. The boss of a State must handle the horny-handed, soulless electors themselves—the yeomen, the villagers, the peasants, the serfs—and he must adjust his ways with them to their limited intelligence and sensibility. The leader of a great party, on the other hand, deals, not with the populace, but with the elect. But there are other means of convincing men—refined ways and intellectual ways. For these Gorman is peculiar. He is the supreme master intriguer in the Democratic camp to-day.

Gorman's first important speech in the Senate was made against the useless expenditure of public money for printing inane documents. A resolution introduced by him saved the government $250,000 a year. Then, as a member of the committee on interstate commerce, he aided in the passage of many bills for the people's good, and when Secretary Whitney's plans for a greater navy were launched Gorman was one of the little band that first gave help to them. Gorman's reputation had preceded him, and when he became a member of the Senate, as is recorded in a biographical sketch approved by him, it was supposed that he would be utilized as a "worker" and would not shine upon the floor. But herein lay an error. The Marylander had no fame as a spell-binder, but he was then, as he is to-day, one of the most logical and convin-

cing public speakers in the country.

ONE OPINION OF TARIFF REFORM

In the events that led up to the two successes of the Democrats in national elections, Gorman had a heavy share, and in these events his own part was entangled throughout with the part of Cleveland. He was chairman of the national executive committee in 1884 and guided the Democrats to their first, and greatest victory. At that time Cleveland was presumably his friend, but the differences that later made a breach between them had already appeared. Once, during the campaign, Cleveland summoned him to Albany to examine a tariff reform pronounciamento which he proposed to give to the impatient press. Gorman read it slowly and his brows darkened.

"What do you think of it," asked Cleveland, self-satisfied.

Gorman walked to the fireplace and tossed the paper into the flames.

"That's what I think of it," he said.

In 1885 Gorman foisted on Cleveland as a federal office holder the same "'Gene" Higgins who had been his lieutenant in the 70's. Cleveland rebelled and there was trouble. And then came that gigantic and many-sided reform struggle which excited the country during the middle and latter 80's. Cleveland wanted tariff reform and civil service reform and ballot reform. Gorman thought all of these things were chimerical dreams and he thinks so today. When, in 1887, Cleveland was preparing the tariff message intended to commit the democracy to the doctrine irrevocably, Gorman endeavored, by every means within his power, to dissuade him. Civil service reform had in the Marylander a relentless foe. The Australian ballot law he opposed (as he once told the Democratic Editor's Association of his State) because "it would relegate the Democratic party to the rear." Cleveland thus opposed and assailed, grew restless in his mighty bulk and the war between the two grew rancorous and loud. Cleveland broke forth with a phillipic against Gorman —and Gorman laid his plans for the fruitless coup of 1892. Of this there will be more later. Its record, set down in full, might make a handbook of practical politics in itself.

Gorman became leader of the Senate Democrats in 1889, and before long he was in the thick of the Force Bill fight. Fundamentally the bill was a measure designed to give the Republicans what they conceived to be their due in the South. Senator Hoar, the majority captain, said that there were thirty-nine Southern Democrats in Congress whose seats really belonged to Republicans. The Force Bill proposed to remedy this by placing the control of elections with the National Government. On application of one hundred voters the Federal authorities would supply sentinels to watch the balloting and give evidence later, if need be, before the Federal courts or the bar of the House.

KILLING THE FORCE BILL

Gorman, as his record in Maryland shows, was normally and naturally the bitter enemy of such a scheme, and besides this he was the leader of the Democrats. Therefore he entered the fight with rare good humor, and though his part in it was not as great as he later seemed to fancy it had been, he rendered valiant service. It was a war of wits —of brains against brains. As the Democrats saw it, their hope was in delay. To the thirty votes they could muster at the first roll-call the Republicans had forty-one against them. But the bill had passed the House six months before, in July, 1890, at the first session of the Fifty-first Congress, and since then the people had had time to think. There came mutterings from the West —from the rising army of silverites and the lesser theorists of the day. If the Democrats could hold out in the Senate—if they could postpone the final vote for four weeks, for five, six or seven—there might be a revulsion of opinion strong enough to swamp the bill and the Republicans together.

Gorman, as the Democratic leader, set out to obtain this delay. He gained days by argument, hours by filibustering and minutes by quibbling. He was in absolute command, as a leader

must be to wage such a battle. Capitol tradition says that he knew exactly where every member of the minority might be found, day and night. When a Senator desired to visit the Senate restaurant for a sandwich and a piece of pie, the minority leader was informed and had first to give his permission.

Week after week the contest dragged along, until 1890 was rung out and 1891 was rung in. Through the first few days of the New Year it continued, fiercely, hotly and bitterly. And then, slowly at the beginning, the tide turned. The Republican leaders proposed a rule limiting speeches to thirty minutes. They were assuming the defensive and losing the fight.

The end came quietly, and some of the Republicans scarcely knew it. The silver Senators marched solidly into the Democratic camp. One day Wolcott, of Colorado, arose in his place and asked Morgan to yield the floor that he might move the consideration of a bill reapportioning representation in Congress under the Eleventh Census. This motion was carried by a vote of thirty-five to thirty-four, and the Force Bill was shelved and dead.

Gorman's Maryland admirers gave him a huge banquet in honor of what they thought was his personal victory. As a matter of fact, of course, the Force Bill died an inevitable death, but that Gorman helped to prepare its shroud is unquestioned. Exploits like that have been his occupation and pastime all his life. During the memorable battles that made his fame in the Senate he never shone half so well as a defender as he did as an opponent. He is not a constructive genius, and no epoch-making measure bears his name. He has come to his high estate undoing the work of other men—of the authors of the Force Bill, of William L. Wilson, and later (though he has never made a parade of this) of W. J. Bryan.

He made a mock and a travesty of the Wilson Bill. He was in the Senate as a Democrat, and if Cleveland was the chosen leader of the Democrats of the nation certainly the Wilson Bill contained the essence of what was then democracy. Gorman dragged his party away from Cleveland by the heels. The war over the bill was one of a thousand skirmishes and half a dozen pitched battles. In the fight on coal Gorman fought for protection. His enemies said that he was "close to Elkins, Davis, Camden and that crowd." In the fight on sugar Gorman was against Cleveland again. The sugar investigation—a farce-comedy with what the vaudevillans call "refined knockabout features"—left him unscathed. He was a Democrat, as he himself said many a time, but throughout the battle he wielded a Republican sabre. It was a characteristic attitude. Throughout his career he has been playing politics where and how it has pleased him best, regardless of persons or parties.

The Wilson bill debate was one of heavy firing. Allen, the spell-binder, who had made a fourteen-hour speech in 1893, was one of the chief orators. The income tax "rider" made it a double battle, and while it lasted it was warm, indeed. In the end Gorman had the pleasure of virtuously voting with his party for the emasculated measure, and Cleveland, some time later, had the painful pleasure of refusing to sign it and of handing down a heated opinion in the case of Gorman.

This was in 1894. Two years before, the Marylander had gone to Chicago armed with a scheme to blast Cleveland and bring about a stampede for some one else—presumably himself. But—well, there arose the inevitable and Gorman went to pieces when the battle was joined. He was found afterward, it is said, in his hotel, half hysterical.

In 1896—Bryan. Gorman had fought Cleveland's plan for the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman act. Now he subscribed to both the national platforms of his party and to the State platform. The first was Bryanistic, of course. The latter declared for the gold standard. In 1900—Bryan again. Gorman was out of national politics, and heartily glad of it. In 1904—but the political history of 1904 is yet to be written. If chance gives Gorman the Democratic nomination, this year or in 1908, he will go

before the people simply as a professional leader, cautious, conservative and "safe." If he is ever chosen President the country may rest assured that he will not countenance an assault upon vested or any other "interests." There will be no jingoism in the White House.

GORMAN THE MAN

As statesmen go, Gorman is not an old man. Born in 1839, he has seen 65 years, but they rest upon him lightly. His form is still as erect as ever, and his shoulders as broad. A year ago there were whisperings that he had heart disease, and he went to Europe upon the first real vacation of his busy life. He returned ruddy in color and apparently as fit as a three-year-old.

Personally Gorman is a man of few petty vices. He is a baseball crank—or was when the national game flourished—and wastes money raising chickens and vegetables on his farm at Laurel, Md., a few miles from Washington. Unlike some statesmen he is not given to the amusement known at the Capitol as "opening wine," and neither does he smoke tobacco incessantly, like some of his distinguished colleagues, nor chew it, like certain eminent jurists. His family life has been ideal.

Gorman is not approachable, in the ordinary sense. He does not wear an air of very marked geniality, and as a rule, he keeps his own counsel and makes confidants of few. But his manner, at all times, is suave and polite, and he has a fashion of calming enemies that has stood him in good stead. Not many men have been treated to personal attacks as merciless and bitter as those he has withstood in his time. It has been one of his fundamental principles to deny nothing.

Time and again his chief henchmen have turned upon him. Each time he has waited his opportunity to blast them. Whether his qualities will serve to raise him still higher in the republic, Gorman and a host of other men are wondering to-day.

THE SQUIRE'S "SHREWD MOVE"

By GEORGE S. WASSON

With Drawings by F. R. GRUGER

LATE in the fall of the year, throughout the village of Killick Cove, the frosty air of early morning is frequently rent by the shrill squeals of porcine victims of old skipper Ben Kentle, who since retiring from "going," has followed this line of business with marked success. As a fisherman, Skipper Ben was never known to be high-line at the close of the season, while in his subsequent vocation of calker he was commonly considered somewhat too heavy-handed; a criticism also invariably made of his efforts at dentistry by luckless patients in the village.

In the matter of pigs, however, the skipper is an acknowledged expert, and his skilful performance at a killing always lends additional charm to these pleasurable occasions. Arriving early upon the scene of action in his red sea-boots, Skipper Ben begins by issuing sundry hoarse orders to the women folk in the kitchen, and unrolling a suit of oilskins, proceeds to clothe his rotund figure in the customary robes of office.

As neighbors gather, the barn door is lifted from its hinges and laid upon the grass to serve as an operating table, while swarms of children boost each other to commanding perches in the surrounding apple trees. Before actually commencing operations the alma-

"Takin' on about it the wusst way."

nac is again referred to in order to guard fully against the deplorable blunder of killing a pig on the ebb tide, and thus subjecting the pork to the shrinkage sure to follow so unprofessional a proceeding.

At these popular autumnal functions in the Cove mention is pretty sure to be made of "Squire Windseye's Shrewd Move," and it requires but little urging to induce Skipper Ben to rehearse this famous affair, and narrate how he himself lost the patronage of the late Squire, who, though a well-to-do citizen, had a wide reputation for trickery and meanness.

"The way it was, was this way, nigh's ever I rec'lect," says the skipper. "Ole Squire he was extry late that fall in stickin' his pig, ye see. Most everybody round had killt theirn, and had give Squire's folks a sheer same's usual, so's time he come to kill hisn, he was beholden to the neighbors right and left, and figgered how 't would spile the heft of his own crittur jest to square up. Ole Squire, ye know, he couldn't go the thought of that 'ere, noways. He was willing enough to grab holt of every pound o' pork the neighbors was a mind to heave away on him, but quick's ever it come to payin' of 'em back, why that was a cat of 'nother color. That idee jest fairly give him a pain, ye un'stand, and so fin'lly he turned to and gits up this 'ere 'Shrewd Move' o' hisn. That's what he called it hisself to the time, and 't was nothin' only all of a piece with the works he was allus and forever tryin' on.

"He turned to and had this 'ere pig killt, and hung up in the barn over night, same's usual, but afore ever it come daylight what does he take and do but skid Mister Pig into his cellar on the sly, and salt him down in bar'ls quick's ever he could hustle. Then by fire! come sunrise he goes out-doors and gives it to her front o' the house, a-hailin' Tom, Dick and Harry, and every person else that hove in sight on the road, and whinin' how his pig had been stole outen the barn clip and clean, and takin' on about it the wusst way. Godfrey mighty! It's seldom ever I heard sich another ter'ble hue and cry as what it was that blame ole reynuck raised about his pig's being stole, so's fin'lly be jiggered ef I didn't half cal'late somebody had really gafted onto it

same's he claimed, though o' course everyone knowed well the Squire was chock-a-block full of his tricks as ary egg is o' meat.

"Wall, anyways, he steered clear of having to shell out none of his crittur that time, and like enough the thing would all blowed over in a short spell ef only the ole reynuck could kep' it all to hisself, but seem's though he was so ter'ble tickled to think how slick he'd worked it on folks that 't was bound to come out someways or 'nother. Jest about every once in so often, ye know, the Squire was allus liable to take a drop too much of his ole O-be-joyful, and I happened to run afoul on him one time soon after when he was consid'ble how-come-ye-so like and in room of keeping 'long about his business, he shoved his hellum down, ranged up alongside, and hooked onto me so 's I couldn't cut him adrift ag'in on no account.

"Wall, sir, blame' ef the ole fool didn't turn to that time and blart the complete hist'ry o' them works right chock from the fust commencement, — yes sir-ee, that's jest what he done,—fetched me a poke betwixt the ribs with his thumb, and wanted to know didn't I call it consid'ble of a 'Shrewd Move!' 'n 'lowed how he cal'lated to try it on ag'in some fine day, but now, mind ye, here's jest where the joke come in. Time he'd slep' off his little jag, seems's though he clean forgot all about givin' the thing dead away so-fashion,—never realized nothin'; jest nothin'.

"Wall, I never made no great sight o' words about it one way or t'other, without it might been to gossip it round like 'mongst my fambly, but seems's though folks made out to git holt of it someways, and next Thanksgivin' time, when the Squire had a killing to his house, be jiggered ef a couple o' fellers not so very fur from here didn't turn to and steal his pig outen the barn there, and no mistake,—dunno as you can blame 'em no great sight neither. But set-fire, you! Talk about raisin' ructions! Don't say a word! Quick's ever Squire found his crittur was r'ally and truly a goner that time, down he come to my place afore daylight hell-bent, and jest fair b'ilin' he was,—like to scairt the woman cook into conniptions with his onrighteous shindy,—a-stompin' forrard and aft on the back

"'*Tain't no sich great of a laughin' matter.*"

stoop and takin' on fit to raise the dead, so 's folks down our way all cal'lated there was a gin'ral massacree goin' on for sure.

"Jumpin' Judas! thinks I, to bed there; guess likely 'tis a master ole toothache is afoul o' him this time, and resk it! Down stairs I give it to her on the run, never stopping to fool with haulin' on no pants nor nothin' else scursely.

"'My pig is stole! The critter's gone clip and clean!' he kep' a-screechin' quick's ever I'd let him inside. Acted jes' same's ary crazy man, for all the world he did; but, o' course, all the way I looked at it was the ole reynuck was tryin' on another one o' them 'shrewd moves,' same's he talked that time, so I kind o' fetched a grin like, and says quite cool: 'Sho, Squire!' says I. 'You don't tell me they've turned to and swiped him for ye ag'n so quick?'

"'That's jest what they've been doin' of,' says he, nigh snivelin' outright. 'My soul,' 's he, 'tain't no sich great of a laughin' matter, neither, as I see. I want you should go straight up and look at the tracks them dodblasted robbers left. 'Tis the wusst case of burgelry ever you see, but I misdoubt jest who they be that done it.'

"'Blow my shirt, Squire!' says I, laughin' right to his face. 'Ef you ain't a cute one, then I wouldn't say so! You cal'late to do it right up brown this time, don't ye, though? Jest you keep it up this way, and they're bound to b'lieve ye!'

"'B'lieve me!' says he all of a tremble the whole bigness of him. 'Ef they won't, I'll be apt to know the reason why; now that's true as preachin'. The critter's a goner, and I cal'late to have the law on them tormented pirates 'fore ever they're a day older!'

"Wall, wall, thinks I to myself, ef this ain't what you might call actin' of it out nach'll as life then I dunno nothin' about it! Thinks I, this 'ere does make out to knock the tar clean out of ary piece o' play-actin' ever I struck yit, and no mistake! Lord Gull! I had to take and jest lay right back in a cheer there and laugh at him. Sich antics I'll take affidavy any day you never see in all your travels yit. Seem's though one spell I like to died a-laughin' to think how ter-ble cunnin' and nach'al the blame' ole reynuck was playin' of it this time, but set-fire you! The wuss I laughed the wuss he kep' takin' on. Fin'lly, soon's ever I got so 's to speak ag'in, I says: 'Squire,' says I, 'ef only you was to turn to and hire out for one o' these play-actors you'd make double and thribble the money ever you made in your life so fur, and resk it,' says I.

"Seems's though that r'iled him wuss'n ever. 'What in tunkett is it ails ye?' he jest fairly screeched. 'Ye pore half-fool,' says he, 'wisht you'd try and talk some kind o' half-sense, anyways! Ef 'twas your pig was took in room of bein' mine, you wouldn't feel so ter'ble tickled, now I'll bate high!' he hollers, a-jumpin' round the settin'-room 'most crazy wild, jest as nach'all as life, I cal'lated, and me all the time layin' back in the rockin'-cheer tryin' my dingdest to ketch my breath for laughin' to see sich works. Bimeby I made out to git my wind once more. 'Godfrey mighty, Squire Windseye,' 's I, 'only jest you take and hang to it this way, same's a dog does to a root, and there ain't a livin' soul on the face o' God's whole footstool but what would swear you was telling gospil truth. This much I'll say for ye,' says I, 'and that is when it comes to actin out a thing right chock up to the handle I cal'late you beat anything ever was heard tell on yit, sence Adam was an oakum-boy.'

"Wall, it 'peared jes' though that was a grain too much for the ole sir to put up with. He turned to and give me one grand, good, partin' blessin' afore he stomped off but from that day out he never had the least mite of use for *me*. I seldom ever see him at all, without it was to town meetin', and them times he never'd so much as pass the time o' day along of me."

IMPORTED AMERICANS, BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

III.—THROUGH THE CITY OF THIEVES

IN a half-hearted, let's-divide-the-responsibility sort of way the Italian government, the steamship companies and the United States authorities endeavor to do at Naples, the world's greatest port of emigrant embarkation, what should be done thoroughly a stage sooner, viz: to sort out those who are likely to be turned back at Ellis Island and to prevent them from sailing.

So far as this narrative of the experiences of my wife and myself and our family party, *en route* from the Sicilian mountain village of Gualtieri-Sicamino to new homes in America is concerned, I should consider that stage of the process which was reached at Naples of as great or greater importance than the Ellis Island process proper.

The morning that we arrived on the *Reina Margherita* from Messina was the 30th of September. We were piled off with our baggage at 9 o'clock on the quay before the Capitaneria del Porto with no shelter from the sun, already beginning to send down rays of broiling heat and blinding whiteness, and then rallied into one crowd by agents of the North German Lloyd broker, Vincenzo di Luca fu Giacomo, who stood at the foot of the gang plank crying:—

"Germanese! Germanese!"

The agents of the La Veloce Line broker stood on the other side and called:—

"Veloce! Veloce!"

The inn where the party stayed fronted on this street.

Directly opposite where the *Reina Margherita* had docked, across the quay, lay the beautiful, long, gray *Citta di Napoli* ready to sail that day, and we could see from the other side of the Capitaneria the emigrants who were going in her pouring out of the examination rooms in hundreds and carrying their baggage aboard. All the third-class passengers among us who were going by the Veloce Line were quickly herded together and rushed away and put through the process. As our steamer, the *Princess Irene*, did not sail yet for two days, we were left to wait, while all the Veloce baggage was passed through the custom-house, and then all the first-class luggage from the *Reina Margherita*, as there is a city customs duty in Naples, in addition to the national one, and baggage is looked at very carefully for "comestibles" or anything that can be eaten or converted into foodstuffs.

We had had no breakfast, we had had exceedingly little sleep, the air outside the bay had been chilling, and now we were left huddled in the dust under that broiling sun till it was somebody's pleasure to move us. A high iron fence, topped with spear pickets, prevented our getting out, and if we tried to go through the doorway into the Capitaneria there were policemen to push us back. Despite the strict rules of the Capitaneria concerning any Neapolitans being allowed in among third-class passengers not yet admitted to the port or among those passed for embarkation, peddlers, water-sellers, beggars and mendicant friars began to filter through the Capitaneria and over the fence until (even if we were oppressed with weariness, heat, dust and hunger) we at least had diversion and could buy warm water with a dash of licorice in it.

The begging friars were nearly all Franciscans, and moved about the various inclosures among the thousands of emigrants telling them that they could best ward off the fearful dangers of the voyage and of the new, wild land America, by purchasing a prayer-card. They got many lire in this way.

Soon after they had gone an old man with a swarm of young clerks appeared and, calling the roll of the party, issued tickets which were good while we were held in Naples for daily rations, at the North German Lloyd's contract restaurant, the *Trattoria Retifilero*, in via Lanzieri. It was a long, tedious process, involving much argument and searching for passports and tickets.

When the old man was finished he and his henchmen marshaled the crowd, divided it off into groups amid a wild uproar, and each group of thirty or forty followed one of the young clerks into the Capitaneria, where they were led before the city customs officials who ransacked their baggage for "comestibles."

A few times before I had seen evidences of this fear among others of our party and I soon realized that what makes the emigrant so meek in the face of outrageous brutalities, so open to the wiles of sharpers, so thoroughly disconcerted and bewildered in the face of an examination is his terrible dread of not being allowed to enter America. He would as soon think of cutting off a hand as doing anything that "would get him into trouble."

Outside of the iron fence of the bounds of the Capitaneria, our group, largely made up of our party, straggled along under the weight of their baggage following the young clerk who piloted us along the Marina, with its turmoil of commerce, and soon we turned into the Vico di via Porta. Threading our way through the narrow street, jammed with all the life of the lower classes, we came at last to the *Albergo della Rosa* or Rose Hotel in the Lanzieri.

It is one of the many houses whose great source of income is the housing of emigrants at fixed rates of from one to two lire per night. The first floor was occupied by shops, around the entrance were gathered carts loaded with all sorts of wares from vegetables to trumpery, combs, mirrors, soaps, baggage straps, in fact all of the things which the poor emigrant could be led to fancy he wanted for the voyage.

The host, a short, unshaven, bibulous looking person, appeared and we were conducted to the second and third floors and allowed to sort ourselves out into three large rooms, filled with single

Huddled in the sun until it was somebody's pleasure to move us.

beds. All of the women and children were given a front room with light and air and the men took the others.

It was nearly six o'clock next morning when the host roused everybody to tell them that if they wished to take advantage of the one meal a day the steamship broker was paying for they should be going to the *trattoria*.

At the restaurant we found some hundreds of emigrants coming and going and others seated at the tables. For a half hour we waited until those eating made room enough for us and then we gathered around one of the large tables arranged about the long room and soon were served by unkempt waiters with soup made with tomatoes and paste, a stew of meat and vegetables, the meat being from portions of the goat not the most savory, melons and wine.

Nothing happened of more interest to me than the rapid broadening of the mental scope of the children and young folks in our party. Pretty Concetta, in all her sixteen years, had never been away from home before. Some of the youths had never been outside the village community of Gualtieri.

We walked out into the city after supper, and Concetta was as nearly like a wild frightened animal of the forest as anything of which I can think.

After we had passed through the splendid business arcade, the Galleria Umberto, had seen the Royal Palace and other wonders, we came suddenly to a little street which has a peculiar reputation in Naples. It is the Vicolo del Pallonetto. Many years ago, when both the Mafia and Camorra were flourishing institutions, some strange things happened in this street. It is so steep that it is paved with stones set like stairs and many are the dead who have been found there at dawn. Now the street is inhabited for the most part with honest people of the Neapolitan brand of that virtue, and it has the distinction of having sent great numbers of street-piano Italians to America. "The dago with the monkey" was the pioneer of Italian emigration to the United States, then came the lemon-seller, who took to the banana and peanut business. Some people take it as a matter of course that bananas and peanuts have their home in Italy. An Italian fruit vender I know tells me he has people ask him nearly every day

whether he has any Italian bananas. The truth is both bananas and peanuts are as rare in Italy as alligator pears in New York. Several house owners in this street are retired hand-organ players who have made substantial fortunes in America in other years. As we came through the street with our trailing, staring, interested party scores of persons with relatives in America came out of the houses or called down from the balconies, desiring that we look up their friends in the States and take them messages.

There is no part of Southern Italy where the flea is not a bloodthirsty brigand, but in Naples he seems to partake of the characteristics of the city and is clever, wily, bold and, oh, so numerous. In the *Albergo della Rosa* that night it really seemed that the vermin of Southern Europe, brought to the lodging-house by emigrants from all lands, had assembled for an international clinic of which we were the subjects. If that great man who makes animals talk in his books had only been there he would have heard the Grecian bedbug telling the Russian Jew louse that he and the Syrian sand-gnat had just had a choice nip of raw American that had been pointed out to him by the Calabrian fleas who were first cousins of their hosts, the Neapolitans.

Bright and early in the morning I set about contriving some method of getting out of Italy in the guise I wished. I could not get an Italian passport in Naples for the same reason that I could not get one in Gualtieri. They would not give me a birth certificate in the municipality for the very good reason that I had not been born there. Yet I must have a passport, either Italian or American, if I wished to be allowed to go aboard the *Princess Irene* as a third-class passenger. If I desired that my wife and I should travel first-class no questions would be asked us by any-

Peddlers, water-sellers and beggars began to filter through.

body, either in Naples or New York. That would ruin my chain of investigation. I must go in the steerage and I must go through Ellis Island. With American credentials I would leave the *Princess Irene* at the docks in New York, which I did not desire to do, and without the credentials I could not get on board the ship. I sounded first the underground methods of which I will have more to say later, and found that they were too dangerous to my work. Then I decided to go aboard as an American and get off as an Italian. To go aboard as an American I must go to the consulate, make application for a passport, and then, having been properly identified, hurry to the American Embassy in Rome and get the passport, a paper which only the ambassador can issue.

The American consul in Naples is A. Homer Byington, a name famous among journalists from Maine to California, and going to the consulate I made a clean breast of the whole affair to the vice-consul, Mr. Homer M. Byington.

"It is a shame to let a good story fall down," said he. "Wait till I can get Mr. St. Leger, our vice-consul on the docks, and we will see what can be done."

In half an hour I had the assurance that Com. Aillo, chief officer at the Capitaneria, would allow me to pass without a passport, Mr. St. Leger being my sponsor.

I had yet to buy my tickets, and going to the offices of Vincenzo di Luca fu Giacomo, the North German Lloyd broker, the man who handles all the third-class passengers, I applied for a ticket and was refused because I had no passport, as the law under which the government selects the brokers of emigrants' tickets strictly forbids a ticket being sold to an emigrant unless he has a passport.

A cure for sea-sickness.

The Barcelona agent of the La Veloce brokers at Messina was caught sending over-aged emigrants overland from Italy to Bremen and Hamburg, whence they embarked for the United States, and was arrested and given a term of imprisonment. Persons refused passports because of age and the likelihood of their being returned to Italy from Ellis Island he had been smuggling across the border. One party lost a trunk and wrote back from Hamburg about it, revealing the whole plot, and the arrests followed.

The court of last resort was Mr. Nicolo Padolfino, in charge of the Neapolitan brokers' department of declarations, and by assiduous efforts I got his ear and took him into my confidence. Many things transpired, but—I emerged from the fray with two third-class tickets that would land my wife and me in Ellis Island. All of which goes to show how difficult it is for an emigrant to leave Italy without all of his papers being straight.

As we stood waiting for a car late that afternoon in the San Fernando I noticed an evil looking "bravo-like" sort of a chap eying me closely, and I moved away from the remainder of the party in order to see if he would approach me. He evidently took me for a returned emigrant with good American dollars in my pocket for he came over, walked along slowly behind me, slapped me on the shoulder and said in English :—

"Hello! John."

"Che?" I answered feigning stupidity and half-recognition as I turned toward him.

Then he came out with the old, old, very old confidence game. He asked me where he had seen me last. I surmised it was in Pittsburg and he was at once sure it was and we chatted on in Italian, or rather I answered merely enough to keep my lingual discrepancies from being observed. Just then another of his sort came along and inquired the way to a nearby street, showing a fifty lira note and saying he had been sent by a man to deliver it and was so unfamiliar with Naples he had lost his way. Thief Number One winked at me and said in English :—

"Come on, John, we get dat moneys."

A street long identified with the assassinations of the Camorra, but now filled with honest people.

" How ?" said I.

Thief Number Two was staring around at the buildings to give Thief Number One full chance with me. This worthy made a quick sign of playing cards. I saw the car I wanted our people to take coming and so to end matters I turned him " the sign of the thumb,"* a signal of the free masonry of thieves which I had picked up long before in the Italian quarter in New York and at it the words died on his lips. The other man caught it too and his eyes got very wide with surprise,

* Note—The sign of the thumb is a quick motion of the hand by turning the whole hand palm up, fingers half closed and thumb out. It is a very general sign of suspicion of a third party or of confidence between two.

Before the first lesson in American table manners.

then suddenly narrowed and darkened. Both responded with lightning like signals that were so near natural movements of the right hand that if both had not done it I would not have known it was a signal and when I could not respond in kind they darted away as if from sudden death.

If I had been what he had thought I was and had gone with Number One to try to fleece Number Two, there would have been another case for the Naples police of the mysterious disappearance of a returned emigrant.

In the morning we were up early and after a very indifferent breakfast got our hand luggage together and departed from the *Albergo della Rosa*.

At the steamship broker's offices an enormous crowd was gathered. Two-thirds of them had no real occasion to go there, but if one member of a party was not right in his papers or imagined he was not, all the party went with him to avoid being separated. We had some baggage checks to see about. It seemed that there was not one hour of our journey from Gualtieri to our American destination which was not embittered by the mishaps of that baggage, and as I write, months after, some of it is still missing. I have had thoughts about it that were deeper than the greatest depth of profanity and more far reaching than the extent of the combined English and Italian languages in blasphemous reference.

We passed down the Vico di via Porta and along the Marina, a veritable tumult of sailing day traffic.

Near the railroad tracks we came upon a group that was both laughable and pathetic. It was one of the cases of sudden and forced sale of household effects of emigrants. Some of the foolish people will bring even from provinces more distant than the Campania quantities of household goods, furniture, etc., and their hearts are almost broken when they find they cannot take it aboard. They have felt sure that there must be some little corner on such a big ship in which they can place a half-dozen two-hundred years old, hand made chairs, or a five foot bureau or so small a matter as a table large enough to accommodate a family of the usual Italian size.

When we arrived within the iron enclosure of the Capitaneria we found that the first thing to demand attention was of course the baggage. It was already getting hot and the large space of open unsheltered dust in front of the Capitaneria was strewn with luggage of all shapes and size. There were great, huge, wooden chests, bundles of bed clothes and blankets, casks of wine, butts of olives and cheese and butter, and quantities of small bags.

First of all we had to get the baggage together and separate the hand baggage from the hold baggage, then the latter must all be opened up before the American consular agent and inspected, numbered and listed, then inspected by the port health authorities, then received and receipted by the company agents and what with wild efforts of the emigrants to go backwards through the process, to get shut trunks that had been opened and torn up in inspection and to get through before the steamer should leave, it was a scene to wring a man's soul.

This section of the toil and turmoil being over at last, we found that we had to carry our encumbrances to the south side of the Capitaneria and embark on a small steamer which would take us over to the fumigating station, half a mile across the harbor, on the breakwater. It was an hour before we were properly assembled at this embarkation point, and the women were already almost succumbing to the dust and heat.

The little steamers were not much more than barges with donkey engine power in them, and emigrants and baggage were piled in till it seemed they would swamp the craft. The men in charge of the boats beat the emigrants about in a shameful fashion, without regard to whether they were men, women or children, and that same fear of "getting into trouble" caused the emigrants to take it all without resentment.

I observed many emigrants who had come to the point for embarkation on these little steamers taking their baggage back without going to the fumigating station, and a little careful watching showed me that certain furtive Neapolitans were directing them. I purposely put myself in the way of one of the sneaking Neapolitans and asked some question concerning the baggage.

"You do not need to go over there for fumigation and inspection if you do not want to," he said.

"Is that so? How can we avoid it?"

"I know some men who will put on the labels that they put on over there, and no one will know you have not been there."

I thought best to call Antonio to engineer the deal by which I hoped to trap this gang, which I could see must be counterfeiting official seals. He went aside with the Neapolitan, and soon turned away, shaking his head. I called to him and asked what was the trouble. He said the Neapolitan wanted fifty lire for our eleven pieces of hand baggage. The others had already gone. I told Antonio to offer him twenty, and I would pay it. Antonio offered fifteen, and the Neapolitan accepted.

Soon a man I had not seen before appeared, beckoned to us, and we toiled with our loads over to the south side of the Capitaneria, set our baggage down in a row against the building, and in an instant a cordon of guards, four in number, was stationed about us. They came out of the crowd like summoned spirits. No words passed. A fifth man appeared, and with lightning-like rapidity affixed to the baggage, by lifting up the tacked ends of straps or prying open the tiny lead billets themselves, little metal seals impressed with the seal of the Italian government. It was a work of a few seconds, interrupted once by the appearance of a pompous uniformed police officer, who walked right by the baggage without noticing anything unusual in progress. The guards had given a quick signal as he appeared and the groups seemed most ordinary.

A sixth man appeared with a paste-brush and some little red labels. With one movement only he pasted each

Water with a dash of licorice.

Mrs. Brandenburg stands in the middle guarding the baggage.

The party on the quay just before embarkation.

piece of baggage and a seventh man, following him, affixed some large, yellow labels bearing the United States consular seal. The eighth man was the one I had first seen. He appeared to be the "capo" or chief of the gang.

Meanwhile I had made careful mental note of the eight men. I was determined to get some or all of them into proper hands. As soon as they were through they all hurried away, mingling with the crowd without waiting for their pay. That seemed odd.

We carried our baggage around to the other side of the Capitaneria, and there stood the eighth man, really the best-dressed of the lot, and signed us to put our baggage inside a gate where two policemen were on guard, without going to a stand where men in the uniform of the United States consular service were pasting on genuine yellow labels on such baggage as had been to the fumigating station.

As we passed our baggage through the gate a boy marked each piece with a number, gave us a check, and it was all piled in rows on the ground inside the fence under police guard.

Straightening up with a sigh of relief at being by the danger line, so far as the fraudulent baggage was concerned, and free from our encumbrances, for awhile at least, I found the eighth man at my elbow. He said we must now go and be vaccinated. *This* was something I did not care about nor did my wife. We each needed both arms in good condition for some time to come, but as I looked at my health ticket I saw there was a space on the back where there *must* be the vaccination stamp.

"For a lira I will tell you how to keep from getting a sore arm," said the thief beside me. I gave him the lira.

"When the doctor vaccinates you, rub your shirt sleeve down over the two scratched places quickly, then suck them. He will not stop you."

In the middle of the open rough lot, very similar to half plowed ground, which lay out beyond the Capitaneria fence stood a small building with a big door. Crowds of emigrants were struggling around it. Vendors of water-ice, lemons, fruit, etc., were in the midst of the crowd, holding their stands with one hand to keep them from being knocked over while they dealt out wares, made change and talked.

When we had fought our way inside at last, the crowd that was let in with us took seats all around the room in a row. Three doctors sat on a raised dais to one side. One did the vaccinating, the others the clerical end of the work. I believe they took turns. The instant we entered the vaccinating doctor caught sight of my wife and advancing politely addressed her in German. He thought her an Austrian and afterward confessed he believed she was a Moravian missionary. He was a very amiable sort of fellow with a

fine education, both general and professional, I should judge.

With a gallantry which might not have been so effusive if he had suspected that she had a husband present he vaccinated my wife first and she removed the virus with haste.

At the sight of the fierce looking old man putting down the bared point of steel on my wife's bare arm the women shrieked and the children began to cry. Little Anastasia made a break for the door but a guard blocked his exit. Others fought to get out. The other doctors reassured them, and after much difficulty all in the room were vaccinated, all our party following the advice of the thief.

Outside the thief informed us that we would not be required to go back to the Capitaneria just yet, but I did not believe him until I had asked one of the guards, for I mistrusted the thief because he had not asked for the pay for the job done by the gang. Now, he asked us to leave the vicinity of the Capitaneria and go to a nice place with him to get something to eat. I refused and then he demanded his money. If we had gone with him he would have put up some game that would have wrung a few lire from us at best and, if we had been as stupid as his usual victims, perhaps all we had. He not only demanded the amount agreed upon but three times as much. He threatened to get us arrested for having fraudulent labels on our baggage. Antonio was scared stiff as a poker, and all the others were trembling like leaves. But his bluff was not equal to American aplomb and in a few minutes he went off with ten lire and no more. I knew we would have no trouble from him and was anxious to get rid of him so as to be able to communicate with the American consul and secure the arrests I had in mind.

Even though the *capo* of the thieves had left us I observed that we were duly watched and try as I would I could not get a message away unobserved. I could not leave the party myself nor could I send any of them, they being strange to the city. I began to despair.

It was now time to return to the Capitaneria for the final examination and to go aboard if we passed. I knew I should see St. Leger there but it might be too late.

We made our way in at the front entrance and were compelled to stand for a long time in the crowd. There the *capo* of the thieves joined us once more. He had shed his ill-humor as a snake sheds an old skin. One of the boys brought to me the report of a case in which I was interested. It was that of Mrs. Vincenzo Tortora, a woman who had been in New York with her husband, at No. 3 Elizabeth Street and had returned to visit her home in a village back of Naples. She had with her a two and one-half year old boy born in the United States. Some time before she had endeavored to return to the States but the doctors had refused to allow her to do so because the child had contracted trachoma. I saw the woman and talked with her and found that she was in Naples to see the "underground men" who had agreed to put her through for three hundred lire.

The Neapolitan method of delivering milk at least guarantees its freshness.

They had told her to go back, that she could not go on a North German Lloyd steamer, but must go by a certain line when they sent for her. While I was talking to her the thief came over, having heard the boy who had reported the case to me telling Antonio about it, and he assured the woman that if she had come twenty-four hours sooner he would have sent her over on the *Princess Irene* for one hundred lire.

I drew him into talk about the underground system for diseased emigrants and he said that there were doctors in Naples who could so relieve trachoma in forty-eight hours that if the emigrant kept up the treatment he or she could get by the doctors at New York or Boston. The eyes would be worse after the treatment was stopped than before, and if the treatment was continued too long it would cause blindness. Those emigrants who could not be doctored temporarily were sent through.

"How sent through?"

For answer a shrug of the shoulders and a "Oh, pay some money to some people." Always that evasive, baffling answer.

However, having heard of the system in Messina, on the steamer, in the city of Naples and now seeing such palpable signs of it right in the shelter of the Capitaneria, I began for the first time to believe what I could scarce credit before, that the "gold paved avenue" into my beautiful, healthy home country, for the loathsomely and contagiously diseased did exist.

At last we were ready to move on, and we entered the great north pen in the Capitaneria where emigrants with their passports out were standing in a solid mass held back by police, who peeled off the front row from right to left then back again.

We were examined, eyelids turned up for trachoma, heads rubbed over for favus, any defective looking parts of the body touched for hidden disease, and every now and then a man, woman or child would be told to stand aside for further examination and a wail would go up from the group to which that one belonged.

I saw one old man who had taken his wife and widowed daughter with her two children, sold all his little property and was starting for America to open up a little business of some sort, pulled out of the line, examined for some spinal trouble and turned down. The family could not go without him, so they were all turned back. Last year we turned back over 20,000, including dependent relatives, at our ports and borders, even after they had voyaged here. *They should never have been allowed to leave home.* That is where our system is wrong. The emigrant should not be selected at the port of arrival, nor at the port of embarkation, but by a small visiting itinerant board that should come to him in his home community. We would thus get none of the bad and lose none of the good and a hundred outrages would be avoided.

When we appeared at the bar of the police official who inspects all passports, I made our presence known to Mr. St. Leger and after a word from him to the official we were passed to where the police were taking weapons from suspected bad men and out into the enclosure where our baggage was.

Under a pretext I got the party halted, re-entered the building, followed by the perplexed St. Leger and when inside where the thieves could not see I unfolded the plot I had discovered.

In a word, before sailing I had the pleasure of seeing the "capo" and two others in the hands of detectives.

We found sixty-eight other pieces of baggage with the fraudulent labels on in the inclosure. They could be told by a slight imperfection in the red labels. The yellow counterfeits of the United States seals were perfect.

At last we were free to go aboard. We staggered up the plank forward through an alleyway, receiving, as we passed the store-room door, a blanket of half jute, half wool, wrapped around a tin plate, spoon and drinking-cup. The women were in one place and the men in another and soon we were all settled on the great steamer in which we were to dwell twelve eventful days on our way to the land of the heart's desire.

Note.—This concludes the first portion of Mr. Brandenburg's narrative. The second part opens with the voyage eastward in the steerage in the May number.—THE EDITORS.

THE WEAKLING

By KENNETT HARRIS

With a drawing by R. FARRINGTON ELWELL

THE Weakling shot upward and outward from the arched back of the broncho, his arms and legs extended, and fell neatly into a clump of the prickly pear that struggled with the short, curly buffalo grass for the supremacy of the sun-baked soil. It could not have been done more successfully, and the enthusiastic appreciation of the Circle Bar T boys, who had been waiting expectantly, was clearly manifested by their applauding whoops. As for the broncho, he made a few more spectacular bucks and then, seeming to realize that he was expending time and effort unnecessarily, stopped, and after looking around with an indifferent expression at the yelling group near the corral, fell to grazing.

The Weakling arose slowly, his face scarlet with shame, and limping over to where his hat had fallen, picked it up and then proceeded to pull the cactus spines from his small, sunburned hands. He was a slightly built, smooth-faced youth, apparently not more than nineteen or twenty years old, with an effeminate cast of features, large, innocent blue eyes and fine, curly, yellow hair, a striking contrast to the brawny, rugged men of the group making merry over his discomfiture.

One of this group now arose from his squatting posture by the corral poles and striding clumsily in his stiff calfskin chaparejos over to the broncho, caught him by the bridle and led him back.

"Go to him agin, Kid," he said with a grin. "Don't yuh let the little bald-faced sun-of-a-gun bluff you. Climb up, and I'll hold him fer yuh till you're ready to start. Hold on, and I'll tighten them cinches."

He winked aside to the others, and flinging the stirrup over the saddle, unfastened the cinch straps and, with his foot pressed against the broncho's ribs, wrenched them up until the animal groaned again.

"Grunt, dern yuh!" said this helpful person. "See him swell up like a pizened coyote. There, that saddle's goin' to stay till hell freezes! Now git on him, Kid, an' rickollect as long as yuh look straight atween his ears he can't throw you."

The Weakling looked at the nervous, tense, snorting beast, at his vicious Roman nose and the ominous half-circle of white in his eye, and his heart sank within him.

"Ketch hold of his foot an' swing him up, Lou," called one of the interested spectators. "That ain't no way to help a lady."

"Lead him up to a stump," suggested another with a gruff giggle.

"Yuh want ter jerk off that saddle an' put a side-saddle on, then mebbe she c'n ride him," said a third. "She ain't used ter ridin' astraddle, that's the trouble."

The Weakling, who had been looking white, flushed rosily at this and, setting his teeth, grasped the saddle horn and swung himself lightly to his seat. At the same instant Lou Schellenger, his kind assistant, pulled off his hat and, swinging it around his head, struck the broncho on the flank and emitted a joyous whoop. The broncho bounded upward, and for a few seconds he and his rider were a confused blurr in a whirling cloud of dust. Then they separated, and again the Weakling made a brief spread-eagle flight and came heavily to the ground.

Again the yelling chorus arose, but this time the prostrate youth did not immediately struggle to his feet. Schellenger, still laughing, went over to where he lay to help him up, and saw that his big blue eyes were filled with tears.

"Y' hurt, pardner?" he asked as the

Weakling slowly and painfully got up.

"You try it yourself and see if it don't hurt," said the Weakling angrily and with a half sob. "I'm not going to try to ride him any more. I want my own horse."

"He wants his own horse," said Schellinger turning to the others with mock gravity. "He shore ought ter have it if he wants it. Any o' you waddies seen anythin' o' the Kid's horse? It's a pinto, white mane an' tail, foaled out o' inch board an' set on rockers. No brand and no earmarks. Pete, you git on the little roan an' see if you can't round it up."

"Ther's a saw-horse out ther by ther shed, Kid," said Pete Grigsby, a dark, wiry little puncher from the Little Missouri country. "You might try that—on'y it hain't been rode for some time an' it might act up."

There was a fresh outburst of laughter at this witticism, which was interrupted by the soft thud of hoofs on the turf. A broad-shouldered, keen-eyed man of thirty-two or thereabout, riding a nervous, half-broken buckskin pony, approached the group at an easy canter. As he neared the corral the horse shied at a hide that had been flung over the poles to dry, with a suddenness that would have unseated a less accomplished rider, but this Centaur's body swayed with a graceful adaptation to the unexpected motion, and at a turn of his supple wrist and a touch of the big-roweled spur the pony went back with a bound to his course.

"What y'doin' with ther kid?" demanded the new arrival as he dismounted. "Tryin' ter kill him? Why don't y' quit hazin' him around? Ol' King-Pin ain't no horse fer him ter ride."

He spoke in a good-natured tone of remonstrance, but it seemed to annoy the Little Missouri man.

"Sa-ay, Clint Bronson," he drawled, twisting an end of his slight black moustache, "nobody didn't sell you any chips in this game, did they?"

"No," laughed Bronson, "I don't know as they did, but y' see I'm a-runnin' it myself. I'm no tin horn sport though. Anybody that wants to come in is shore welcome."

The two men looked at each other, Grigsby, with a venomous glare and Bronson with the same good-natured smile.

On the instant Lou Schellenger thrust his huge bulk in between the two and pushed the Little Missouri man back. "Don't you monkey with the buzz saw, pardner," he said. "If you're cur'us about it, I c'n show you boys 'at's lost their fingers feelin' Clint's edge."

Grigsby's fierce glare wavered, and he turned away with a short laugh. As a matter of fact Clint Bronson had been, during his incumbency of the sheriff's office three years before, appositely called "The Coroner's Joy," and was known from the Platte to the Powder river as a person to be stirred with a long pole if at all.

"Now," said Bronson, calmly and with a benevolent smile as he turned to the Weakling, "what have they been a-doin' to yuh, Kid?"

"Pete took my horse,—" began the Weakling.

"You lie, you mangy little short-horn," shouted the Little Missouri man fiercely.

There was a general backward movement in anticipation of trouble, Bronson alone maintaining his ground, keenly observant of the Weakling and Grigsby. The smile left his face as he saw that the boy made no attempt to resent the insult, but stood, pale and trembling, a picture of helpless misery and fear. The Little Missouri man's expression also changed from one of blind rage to sneering malignity. He took a step toward the Weakling with upraised hand, and as he did so, the boy retreated and turned an appealing look of his now tearful blue eyes to Bronson. That look caused a complete revolution in the feeling of the former sheriff and present foreman of the Cirle Bar T outfit. A moment before he had felt nothing but amazed disgust. Now he was possessed of an infinite pity for the boy and a feeling of anger toward the aggressor such as had rarely moved him. Before the threatened blow could fall, he grasped Grigsby's wrist and held it in a grip of steel from

which the man from the Little Missouri Country writhed in vain to escape.

"Stand still," commanded Bronson, giving the wrist a sharp turn. He still spoke evenly and without raising his voice, and his mouth was again smiling. There was a glitter in his gray eyes, however, that was sufficiently menacing. "You've raised more or less trouble ever since you struck the ranch," he continued. "Now you hop on your cayuse an' light out. If I run across yuh anywheres South of the Chakadee Wakpa, I'll pump yuh so full o' lead it'll take a yoke o' steers to snake yuh over ter soft diggin'. You're saddled up. Now git!"

He released his captive as he spoke, and Pete Grigsby, after an irresolute instant, turned and, walking slowly to where his horse stood, threw the bridle over its head and vaulted into the saddle.

"I'll see you later, Clint Bronson," he called, with a threatening gesture.

"Don't let me see you first," answered Bronson.

The Circle Bar T boys laughed and Grigsby shook his fist at them. Then he turned his horse's head and rode off. Lou Schellenger caught Bronson by the arm. "Watch out," he said, "I b'lieve the son-of-a-gun will shoot yet."

"He won't," said Bronson, with conviction. "He's no left-handed shooter an' his right ain't in workin' order. Now, Lou, if yuh'd just as soon, take Bert an' Wes an' work up along Beaver to Pass Creek, you'll find a bunch o' Y7 cows in some o' them coolies south o' the butte, but drive everything you find till you hit the wagon. I've got to push on to Blueblanket after dinner but I'll be back here to-night an' ketch up with you afore yuh git to Box Elder."

"Shall we take the Kid along?" asked Schellenger.

"No; I'll have him take care o' the ranch." He mounted the buckskin as he spoke and rode off in the direction of the stable. Schellenger and the other two men turned their backs on the Weakling and started for their horses. As they went the boy heard Wes Taylor say: "Didn t that beat H—?" and Bert Quigley answered, "It shore did."

"I'd a-let Pete knock the hay out of him, if it had been me," continued Wes. "Clint acted like he was plum locoed."

The Weakling heard no more. He watched them mount. Schellenger taking the unlucky Roman-nosed King-Pin, who now seemed to buck in a purely perfunctory manner, and then his eyes followed them as they rode away. He walked over to the corral and sat down in its barred shade, and then suddenly covered his face with his hands and broke into a fit of sobbing that shook him from head to foot.

He controlled this outburst of emotion at the slam of the stable door and watched Bronson as he went over to the ranch-house, and, after a moment's hesitation, disappeared within. Then he gave himself up to thoughts of the miserable week that had passed since he came to the Circle Bar T and asked its foreman for a job. Bronson had eyed him half-contemptuously, half-humorously, and had then questioned him briefly as to his qualifications. These questions the Weakling had evaded as far as possible, but he had volunteered the information that he was from Chicago and not strong, and that his parents had consented to his seeing the West in the fond hope that "roughing it" would make a man of him. He had strayed to Cheyenne and thence up to Fort Laramie, and had left Laramie with an antiquated plug, a Collin's saddle, and ten dollars to meet what fortune might send him between that outpost of civilization and the Hills.

"Well," Bronson had said, "shove your war sack under that bunk an' put up your horse. I'll give you a show."

Bronson had given him the show, treating him with a rough kindness that had won his unbounded gratitude. But the others! They had subjected him to every torment that their ingenuity could devise. He was a tenderfoot and fair game in any case, but when they discovered his timidity they had set themselves with gleeful abandon to the task of making his life a misery

He made a brief spread-eagle flight and fell heavily to the ground.

to him. But with all, the Weakling knew that he might have gained their liking and won their respect but for that unavenged insult. At the remembrance of that terrible humiliation he covered his hot face with his hands again.

Presently he got up and went to the ranch-house. Bronson was sitting tilted back in a rawhide upholstered chair with his feet on his little desk, frowning at a brand register that he held open in his hand. He looked up with a smile as the Weakling entered. "Hello, Kid," he said cheerfully.

The Weakling stood before him as if about to speak, the color that came and went so readily mounting to his face. Bronson's keen eyes noted this sign of confusion. They also took note of the plump outline of the Weakling's figure and of the curling crop of yellow hair that a shaft of sunlight struck and turned to shining gold. Then he said: "Well?"

"I—I wanted— It was mighty good of you, Mr. Bronson, to take my part," stammered the boy.

"My name's Clint Bronson," said the foreman of the Circle Bar T. "There ain't no mister to it o' week days. But that's all right. Can you cook? Well, Hank's gone with the mess wagon, an' yuh might as well hustle up somethin' to bite on."

He resumed his inspection of the brand book and the Weakling, after a moment's hesitation, went into the kitchen and busied himself with the preparation of the meal. Presently the fine aroma of boiling coffee pervaded the bunk room, and Bronson, who had been gazing steadily for ten minutes at the same page of cabalistic marks, threw the register aside, and shaking some tobacco into a brown paper rolled and lit a cigarette and, smoking it thoughtfully, watched the Weakling as he moved briskly around in the next room.

The meal, that was presently ready, passed in an embarrassed silence for the most part, the two eyeing each other furtively from time to time, and neither eating much. When it was concluded Bronson pushed back his chair and rolled another cigarette, and the Weakling began to pile the dishes into a pan.

"See here," said Bronson suddenly throwing away his cigarette, "I don't want yuh ter stack me up wrong."

The Weakling started and let a plate fall.

"There's things a whole man c'n do," continued Bronson, "an' there's things he can't do. I don't b'lieve in rubbin' it into a tenderfoot too hard, but a tenderfoot c'n be a man. If he gits onto a bad horse he c'n stick till his back teeth jars loose an' not scare an' loose all holts. He kin *try* ter stay. I seen you flop off o' King-Pin like a sack o' flour. Then a tenderfoot don't need to take no lie from nobody even if he's little an' hain't as stout as he might be—not if he's packin' a gun. What wus y' doin' with that silver plated twenty-two bug destroyer at your hip?"

The Weakling hung his head.

"What kind of a rooster would I think yuh was ter swaller that sort o' talk! An' then go off an' bawl like a yearling? D'yuh reckon I'd a-chipped in? Not much. I'd a-let Pete boot yuh from hell to breakfast, an' then some. Yes, sir. I'd booted yuh myself."

The Weakling looked at him almost defiantly, rage and mortification struggling in his face. The foreman of the Circle Bar T laughed.

"Don't feel bad about it," he said. "I ain't a-goin' to boot yuh—not by a jugful. D' yuh know why?"

The Weakling's eyes fell and he shook his head sullenly.

"D' yuh know why?"

"N-no."

"Because," said the foreman of the Circle Bar T, "because yuh are a woman."

The Weakling uttered a cry of anguish and walked over to the window. From where he sat Bronson could see the small hands clench and unclench themselves nervously.

"I've been a-studyin' what ter do," continued the foreman in a softened voice, "an' the way I figger it you can't stay here. I hain't a-goin' ter pester yuh ter tell me anythin' now but you c'n bet on it 'at I'm your friend

an' whatever's the trouble I'll shore stand by yuh."

A strangled sound came from the window.

"An' so you c'n jest study on it yourself. I'm a-goin' ter Blue Blanket now an' when I come back we c'n have a pow-wow. You jest rest easy. Nobody ain't a-goin' ter make trouble fer yuh—not while I'm around, you bet your life—an' if you hain't well fixed, I c'n stake yuh."

He pushed back his chair and picked his hat from the floor. On his way to the door, he laid his hand on the Weakling's shoulder ever so lightly. "Take care o' yuhself," he said, kindly. "So long!"

He went out to the stable, saddled the buckskin and galloped off without once turning his head to look back at the ranch house. It was fifteen miles and a rough trail to the settlement of Blue Blanket, but when the pony stopped at length before the door of its little saloon and store Bronson started like a man waking from sleep. He had in truth been riding in a dream. But on the homeward way no landmark escaped him—and the buckskin's sides suffered.

At last he crossed the gulch that lay between the creek and the corral and dismounted at the stable door. On entering, he found it occupied by only one horse. The Weakling's antiquated plug was no longer there and his saddle had disappeared. Bronson strode hurridly to the ranch house, kicked open the door and looked around. There was nobody in the kitchen, nobody in the bunk room. He called out but no one answered. The loud ticking of the nickel alarm clock alone broke the stillness. He stooped and looked under a bunk. The space that had held the Weakling's saddle bags was empty.

There was no question about the matter. The Weakling had left the Circle Bar T.

The foreman of the Circle Bar T did not overtake the outfit at Box Elder; in fact he was not seen by the round-up for some weeks. In the meantime Lou Schellenger received a letter from him dated at Fort Laramie, containing some brief directions about the work and explaining that he had some business at Cheyenne. "The Kid jumped the ranch," the letter concluded. "I guess that he has taken the back trail."

"What'n blazes has the Kid got to do with it?" asked Schellenger wonderingly. "D' yuh reckon he took any of the broncs with him? If he did, God pity him, for Clint Bronson won't."

Wes Taylor laughed. "He hain't that kind of a hairpin edzackly," he remarked. "I've got a tintype o' that skim milk runt rustlin' stock. No, Clint's jest plumb stuck on him, the way I've got it stacked up. I've seen him follerin' that Kid around with his eyes time an' agin, like he was his sweetheart. I allow he'll bring him back an' raise him a pet."

"I wonder—" began Schellenger. He stopped short and began to whistle thoughtfully.

When Bronson returned he said that he had been to Chicago. He seemed worn and dispirited, "as if," Schellenger said, "he had been wrung out an' drawed through a knot hole." He only brightened up when the time for the fall beef shipment arrived. Then he went to Chicago again, and again stopped for an unnecessarily long time. He did not seem much benefited by the change and Schellenger regarded him with much solicitude.

"I sh'd think little old Cheyenne would give yuh all the action yuh wanted fer your money, Clint," he observed at one time. "Yuh never was much on the ran-dan, though. I don't sabe this Chicago streak."

"It's a great town, Lou," said Bronson—"an a mighty big one," he added wearily. "If a man wants ter cut out a stray from the bunch they've got out there he hain't got no huckleberry picnic."

"Oh, quit it, Clint, quit it!" said Schellenger enigmatically. "It shore don't help you none. Quit it."

"I guess mebbe I will," said Bronson after a moment's silence.

It is questionable whether he would have, but shortly after the Circle Bar T

absorbed the Y 7 and the Flying V, and the foreman had his hands too full to leave the range that season. Therefore it was Schellenger who accompanied the next train load of long-horned steers sent to the market of the great Western metropolis.

Ten days later as Bronson was sitting at his desk his chair was suddenly kicked violently from beneath him, and as he struggled to his feet Schellenger assaulted him with affectionate pummelings. Bronson returned the greeting in kind with a cordial blow on the big man's chest that sent him staggering back into one of the bunks, and these amenities concluded, the two friends settled down to talk.

It was soon evident to Bronson that Schellenger was laboring under some nervous strain, which he covered by an exaggerated boisterousness of manner, as he related his crimson-tinted experiences in Chicago.

"D'yuh see anybody that you knew there?" interrupted Bronson suddenly.

"No," replied Schellenger in a hesitating manner. "Yes I did, though, shore!" he added. "Who d'yuh reckon it was? Sent his speshul regards to you an' drunk your health till he couldn't see straight. He's all right, that boy, though I didn't think so when he was here."

'Who was it?' asked Bronson impatiently.

"It was this-a-way," said Schellenger hurriedly. "I got lost—clear off the trail and all turned around. I'd drifted down one o' those streets wher ther's nothin' but houses an' all closed up tighter'n a clam. Well, I seen a feller comin' along with a gal hooked on to him an' I allowed I'd perlitely ask him where in blazes I wus. Jest then they stopped at one o' the houses an' made a pertracted adoo—I reckon I waited ha'f an hour fer them to git through lally-gagging—but they jarred apart at last, an' I walked up to the feller. 'Pardner,' I says, 'I want yuh ter throw me back on ther home range.'

"He started back when I went up to him like he was skeered plum stiff, but as soon as I spoke he says: 'Good Lord, it's Schellenger!' Then I see who it wus. He'd grown some taller, an' he had a little fluffy mustash twisted up in points at the ends, an' he wus dressed ter kill, city style, but I knew him."

"Well, who wus it, dern yuh?" asked Bronson.

"Why, it was that little thin-skinned dogie that blew in here from Fort Laramie two years ago an' took Pete Grigsby's bluff."

Bronson gasped and made a movement that knocked an ink bottle to the floor.

"Well, sir," resumed Schellenger, when the bottle was picked up, "I wus plum glad ter see ther little rat. I allus did feel sorter sorry fer him, an' I'll say one thing, he takes his whiskey straight. We finished up what was left o' that evenin' an' some o' the mornin' together, an', as I said, he couldn't say enough about Clint Bronson.

"'It's a great life out ther,' he says, 'but it wus too strenyus fer me. Tell the truth, I wus allus defishunt in pers'nal courage, an' I'm afraid I disgraced myself.' He colored up when he said that, jest the same's he used to, but I patted him on the back. It takes some grit to say that, Clint.

"Well, anyway he says: 'Give my regards to Bronson,' he says. 'I don't reckon I'll ever meet him ag'n, but tell him I don't forgit he wus my friend, an' if he needs a friend or somebody ter stake him he don't need ter look no further'n me. He's a whole man.'"

Schellenger stopped and looked narrowly over at his friend, who was fumbling with his tobacco and brown paper. Bronson rolled his cigarette with some difficulty, and then struck three matches in succession, swearing at them as they broke on his boot heel. At last he looked up and his eyes met Schellenger's with a humorous twinkle.

"Doggone his measly little hide," he said.

THE DOWNFALL OF PEMBROKE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

With Drawings by F. R. GRUGER

PERCIVAL PEMBROKE, Ph.D., LL.D., shook his handsome head decidedly.

"Sorry, Dudley, but I've planned to run out to my place at Fawn Lake tomorrow. You see I want solitude to finish my monograph on "The Mummies of—"

"Oh 'let the dead bury their dead!' Think how long you'll be a mummy yourself, Pemmy. If it's a choice between an Egyptian princess who's been dead two thousand years, and an American queen who's been alive twenty, I'd—"

"I've never been a success with a lady under a few thousand years of age, Dudley," interrupted Mr. Pembroke sadly.

"You never get near enough. You can't make pretty talk through a megaphone, you know. Now, look here,—Miss Rodney begged me to ask you!"

"As a file-closer I fear,—or possibly for out-post duty. If she had wanted me as a cavalier, I am afraid the message would never have reached me, Dudley."

"You old fox! But think of the good times we will have, boating and tramping, horses and dogs—"

"Children and dogs are my pet abominations. I regard them both as primitive creatures of dangerous intelligence and ungovernable impulses!"

"Oh go to the—" began Mr. Dudley Strong, impatiently.

"I must again decline, Dudley. I understand that she caters to New Yorkers and entertains but very few Bostonians."

"What kind of a summer colony have you got at Fawn Lake?" asked Mr. Strong, abruptly changing the conversation.

"Myself, my valet, chef, coachman, two horses, some chickens—"

"All roosters I'll bet and a tom-cat. Any pretty girls?"

Mr. Pembroke shuddered. "My nearest neighbor is about a quarter of a mile away. I am a little worried as I understand that the cottage has been let for the summer, I don't know to whom."

"Hope you find it full of chorus girls. Well, I'm off. Hope you have a good summer!" Shaking hands with the Bostonian, Mr. Strong rushed from the room in the usual manner of the Metropolitan.

The following morning, after a somewhat difficult but necessary argument with his publishers, who were aggravatingly dense in being brought to see the vital importance of printing the page numbers of his latest book in the lower center instead of the upper and outer corners, especially as half of the edition had been printed in the latter way, Mr. Pembroke found himself on the way to the Grand Central Depot, whence he was to take a sleeper to Fawn Lake.

According to his usual custom Mr. Pembroke arrived at the depot before the gates were opened to admit passengers, and while standing in the crowded waiting-room he became interested in a group which was occupying the greater part of the bench opposite him. Interested is hardly the word, as Mr. Pembroke's attention was held with the same shuddering fascination with which a person having an antipathy for cats might watch the ablutions of a family of half grown kittens.

The unconscious party under the covert observation of Mr. Pembroke, consisted of five children, all between the ages of two and ten years. Even to his unskilled eyes it was obvious that two of the children were twins, the

similarity of which he contemplated with the secret marveling of a Red Indian inspecting a mechanical toy.

Although there were but five, Mr. Pembroke found it necessary to count them several times to assure himself of this fact, their activity giving the impression of at least twice that number. From the boisterous interest which they took in surrounding objects, Mr. Pembroke surmised that they were unaccustomed to travel. He also observed with silent admiration how the pretty French maid who seemed to be the only shepardess of the flock, was skilfully herding them with a deft dispensing of bon-bons.

Mr. Pembroke's train was shortly announced, but being just at that instant absorbed in the skilful team-work of the twins, who were attempting to wrest a small wicker basket from the eldest, a square-jawed, blue-eyed boy, he utterly ignored the summons. Strange sounds proceeding from the basket whetting his interest still keener, he was almost capsized by a portly lady carrying a hand trunk, but beyond his automatic "pardon me," his eyes were still fastened upon the wrestlers, when suddenly the twine holding the basket together snapped under the strain; the twins sprawled one way, the boy another and a large, fat puppy was spilled from within, falling to the floor with a "plop."

Despite the fall the pup was the first to regain his equilibrium and promptly crawled beneath the long settle, upon which the entire juvenile litter gave voice like a pack of beagles. Unconsciously Mr. Pembroke found himself hastening to their aid, seeing an excellent tool for the capture of the quarry in the crooked handle of his stick. At that particular moment the dislodgment of that pup from beneath the settle would have ranked even higher in importance than the location of the page numbers of his book.

Before he knew it he found himself on hands and knees skilfully lunging between the multitudinous bags and baskets, but the puppy, if corpulent, was active and nimbly evading the crook made a dash for the refuge offered by the skirts of a lady seated half way down the bench. Intent upon the chase

Mr. Pembroke hooked an ankle by mistake.

One might have thought that Mr. Pembroke would escape recognition.

Mr. Pembroke failed to note the character of the cover until he had hooked an ankle by mistake, and the fair owner, rising in haste had tripped and fallen across the semi-recumbent bodies of the twins, knocking one of them across the pup, who promptly lifted a small but penetrating voice in bitter lamentation.

In the midst of a babel of yelps, squeals, laughter and apologies Mr. Pembroke's ears were suddenly assailed with the megaphonic tones of the train-announcer voicing the fact that the Adirondack Express was about to leave. Gathering himself together in haste he prepared to charge the gates, when he noticed a lady in second-mourning who was coming into the orbit of activity with a rush and flutter that suggested a duck coming into the flock. In one hand she held a mass of loose bills and in the other a mass of loose skirts, and from the frank and innocent expression of her big, blue eyes, just now brimful of distress, and the profusion of red-gold hair, Mr. Pembroke, although a tyro in such matters, was able to diagnose her at once as the mother of the brood. To most men her manifold attractions of face and figure would have been the first impression; to Mr. Pembroke it was the agonizing fact that she had a scant three minutes to get her family aboard the train.

"Oh, Cecile!" she gasped, "the parlor-car seats were all taken."

A guilty pang shot through Mr. Pembroke as he realized that he had secured the last.

"*Mais depechez, madame!*—ze train starts!—"

"Oh—are you all here? Eric, stop that noise—throw away that old basket. —What?—the puppy—"

A series of spitting explosives, followed by wild and ear-piercing howls, soared above the clamor of the room. The children shrieked in concert.

"Estelle's put the puppy in with Tabby!" screamed Eric at the top of a lusty pair of lungs.

"All aboard!" roared he of the megaphone.

The executive talent of Mr. Pembroke, which had made his Egyptian and Abyssinian expeditions the successes which they nad been, soared gloriously above the crisis. Critical situations will always evolve the genius of administration. Forgetful of precedent or established order of thought he came gallantly to the rescue.

"Pardon me, madame. Eric, give me that basket!"

With a quick clutch he rescued the shrieking puppy, gripping it firmly in the classic way. An athletic swoop, and he had caught up the smallest child and slung it to his shoulder. In the other hand he gripped a twin, thus getting both in tow, and with a brisk "this way, madam," he had mobilized the entire cavalcade.

"Sling that valise around my neck, madam—Cecile, throw that cloak over my arm and take those children by the hand!"

A pup in one hand, a child under the same arm, a cloak over one shoulder and a fifty-pound valise slung around his neck, firmly gripping another child who was dragging still another, and with a magazine strongly gripped in his even teeth, one might have thought that Mr. Pembroke would escape recognition, but, alas! not so.

As he passed the parlor-cars, happening to glance upward, he looked straight into the eyes of Miss Rodney, whose sacred confidence had been so treacherously betrayed by Mr. Dudley Strong. He had a panoramic vision of three instantaneous expressions: recognition, bewilderment and horror. In his involuntary start his grip on the pup slightly relaxed, and fearful of dropping him he found it necessary to stoop for an instant and renew his grasp.

"Do on, papa!" urged the two-year-old he bore.

Mr. Pembroke "went on," his patrician face vying with the scarlet lining of the golf cape on his arm. At the end of the car he almost ran against Mr. Strong, who was standing by the lower step.

"*Pemmy! Pemmy!*" gasped that gentleman, "who ever would have dreamed of it!"

"Is 'is my twain, papa?" lisped the two-year-old.

"Out of the mouths of babes—" quoted Mr. Strong sadly, hastening into the car.

As he toiled aboard the coach Mr. Pembroke was unpleasantly conscious that the perspiration was trickling down his face; also, that the infant which he bore was maintaining his balance by one hand in his hair and the other on his collar. Some strange inner consciousness made him disagreeably aware that the child still retained a crushed chocolate in either chubby fist, in spite of all of which, however, Mr. Pembroke had an odd sensation of triumph which was a balm to the other sore. There was something of the sense of achievement which he had felt but twice in his life—once when, after months of toil, he had unearthed an almost perfect papyrus from a pyramid; again when, after years of research, he had established indubitable proof of the relationship between the Egyptians and the early Aztecs. He felt a growing desire to know more of these groping ones whom he had rescued.

Unfortunately the summer traffic had almost filled the car, and on entering Mr. Pembroke found, to his dismay, that the only available seats were single and scattered. Almost at the same moment the train began to draw slowly out of the depot.

"Where *shall* we sit?" exclaimed the pretty mother in dismay. An old gentleman who was sitting alone arose politely.

"Won't you an' your husband have this seat, ma'am?" he inquired, then turning to Mr. Pembroke he added colloquially: "You an' your wife an' the baby c'n sit here an' you c'n scatter the rest of the young 'uns along the car. I know haow it is when you're tryin' to move the hull family!" he pursued sympathetically.

Mr. Pembroke dared not glance at the lady, but some subtle wave of sympathy seemed to tell him that she was embarrassed. Glancing at her surreptitiously from behind the child, whose wail was momentarily increasing, he discovered the astonishing fact that her shoulders were slightly shaking.

"Oh, thank you *so* much!" she replied with an odd quiver in her voice. Mr. Pembroke, feeling the need of immediate action, placed the twins in adjoining seats, and, another passenger obligingly moving, Cecile and the two older children were promptly installed. Returning to deposit the now ponderous two-year-old with its mother, Mr. Pembroke was shocked at the unmistakable

evidences of mirth about her mouth and eyes.

"Aren't we leaving ahead of time?" she inquired glancing at her wrist-watch in surprise.

"I think not," he replied; "the train is scheduled to start at 2 p. m."

"Why, no!" she exclaimed; "it leaves at 2.10."

An icy wave of apprehension swept through the laboring mind of the miserable Mr. Pembroke.

"The Adirondack Express—" he began faintly. His voice died away at the look of horror that the words produced.

"*The Adirondack Express*—why—"

"*Don't* tell me that I have rushed you aboard the wrong train!" gasped the agonized Mr. Pembroke.

For answer she dropped her face into both hands. There was a moment's silence, while the cold perspiration poured from Mr. Pembroke in steady little rills. Glancing at her in alarm his heart sank as he noticed the convulsive heaving of her shoulders, but the sight, while agonizing, aroused all of his latent chivalry.

He dropped into the seat beside her.

"Papa—mamma's cwyin'," said the child, its under lip quivering in sympathy.

"M—M—Madam—" he began desperately, when suddenly she raised her face and he saw that it was crimson with laughter, whereat he wilted back against the plush cushions, numbed and speechless.

"We *were* going to Boston—" she began, when overtaken by a fresh outburst of mirth that lasted until Mr. Pembroke, whose knowledge of such matters was confined to theory, began to fear hysterics, convulsions, coma and death. Feeling the critical necessity of interrupting the emotion he began to speak.

"Madam, as this ridiculous blunder was all due to my absurd and officious meddling, you will permit me to telegraph to Albany for tickets on the Boston and Albany, also to conduct you there personally. I am Percival Pembroke, of Boston, and it will—"

"Percival Pembroke the famous archeologist?" she interrupted, looking up with a sudden awe.

"The fame is overrated—"

"No it isn't!" she contradicted. "How extraordinary—we are to be neighbors later on you know. I have taken Boulder Cottage at Fawn Lake and we were going up from Boston next week. I am Mrs. Henry Lawton."

It was Mr. Pembroke's turn to be surprised.

"Your husband was the late Chief Justice Lawton—!" he exclaimed. "Why he was one of my father's old friends."

"Yes," she replied demurely. "He was twenty years older than I!"

Mr. Pembroke passed the five children before his mind in review and his former respect for the jurist was augmented. Repeated shocks had numbed his faculties and reduced him to the mumbling stage.

"We were going to visit my cousin in Boston for three days," she resumed, "to give my servants an opportunity to get the cottage in order. It was a rather inconvenient arrangement, but I had let my town house from the first of June and really had no where to go!"

Even as she spoke a daring plan was formulating in the reviving brain of the archeologist. For the first time since his impulsive youth he spoke without pausing to weigh his words.

"It seems to me Mrs. Lawton that it would greatly simplify matters if you would wire to your Boston relatives that you have decided to go directly to Fawn Lake, and then consent to occupy my cottage until yours is ready. I can make myself quite comfortable in your's until it is put in order."

Her pretty brows puckered as she gazed meditatively at the fleeing panorama without. Then the mirthful gleam which Mr. Pembroke was unconsciously growing to relish, returned to her blue eyes.

"But my cottage is all fresh paint!"

"I thoroughly enjoy the odor of new paint," remarked Mr. Pembroke mendaciously.

"How many bedrooms has your cottage?" she demanded.

"Eight, I believe."

"*Eight!* Then what is the necessity of your moving out?"

"Why—er—I thought perhaps—that is—"

"That the children might annoy you?" she inquired maliciously.

"No indeed—I—er—love children, —and your's are so—er—bright and sympathetic—"

"Papa—see de boat," interrupted the two-year old.

Mr. Pembroke's eye caught a cinder which did not prevent his observing the heightened color of his fair companion with some malicious satisfaction.

"Rupert, that gentleman is not your papa," she reproved gently.

"Why?" lisped the infant.

The answer to this innocent inquiry being too intricate for the minds of either the mother or the benumbed Mr. Pembroke it was left unanswered. Mrs. Lawton returned to her contemplation of the outer world, while Mr. Pembroke furtively passed his handkerchief across his flaming features.

"Papa," pursued the irrepressible infant, "I want a dink of water!"

"Mama!" called one of the twins from across the aisle, "I want to sit by you."

"Want a dink of water!" called the two-year old tremulously.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the widow plaintively, "there is a glass somewhere at the bottom of that dressing bag underneath the pile at the end of the car. I hate to have the children drink out of that nasty glass that everyone uses." She turned to the wilted Mr. Pembroke, whose buoyancy of spirits under this fresh ebullition was about equal to that of a sensitive plant under the foot of a horse.

"*Would* you be so kind as to get a glass from the porter of the Pullman right behind us!"

"Oh—er—delighted!" exclaimed Mr. Pembroke, who would rather have faced a howling mob of dervishes with a squirt gun, than to encounter the party in that especial sleeper.

As his eyes fell upon the appealing blue ones raised to his, however, he felt himself imbued with a courage not his own. Arising manfully he made his way to the rear, hoping to there encounter the brakeman, but that gentleman was nowhere to be found, so without further hesitation he entered the Pullman where the first person whom he met was the lady who had urged his invitation to Mr. Dudley Strong's country seat.

"Why how do you do, Mr. Pembroke?" she exclaimed in a voice dulcetly deceptive. "I *thought* that I saw you pass the window when we were in the depot. We all thought that you were in Boston!"

"Er—how d'ye do," stammered Mr. Pembroke nervously, "no—I had to come on to see my publishers." Pride and growing pique imbued him with reticence of his tragic situation.

"How are you Mr. Pembroke?" remarked a man in the adjoining chair whom he knew slightly. "Taking the family out to the country?" he inquired wickedly.

"Yes," replied Mr. Pembroke, in whose sensitive soul anger was displacing embarrassment. "Have you moved out yet?"

"No,—we are going out later on—"

"Oh, I see,—you are just off on a little picnic of your own I suppose. Don't Madam and the children find it a little sultry in town?"

The gentleman in question, who was known to be a little selfish where his own pleasures were concerned, colored and growled an unintelligible answer. Miss Rodney sweetly commented on the joys of being unattached and free to go and come at will and without hindrance. Mr. Pembroke called the porter and secured the glass of water.

As he was about to return to his charges Mr. Strong called to him from half way down the car.

"Hello Pemmy! Getting a drink for the little ones?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Pembroke smoothly. "I'd offer you some only I know that you don't use it."

Mr. Strong's complexion substantiating this observation, he adroitly changed the conversation. As he left the car Mr. Pembroke observed that the state-room was unoccupied.

"Can you give me that state-room as far as Elmerton?" he inquired of the Porter.

"Yas, sah—de pahty wot took it ain't showed up."

"Very well, come up in the car ahead and help me move my party back here!"

He returned to Mrs. Lawton, whom he found attempting to placate the thirsty baby.

"I have secured the state-room right through to Elmerton, Mrs. Lawton. Have you decided to take my advice and not go to Boston? Please remember that I am only too willing to act as courier in case you would rather stop over, and that I am only considering you and the children!"

The grateful glance which he received more than rewarded Mr. Pembroke for the torture which he had endured.

"We are quite in your hands Mr. Pembroke. It would be an awful task now to try to go on to Boston, and the children would be utterly exhausted."

"Very well, then we will consider it a bargain. I can telegraph at once."

The porter appearing, the party was promptly transferred to the Pullman, where their entry produced a distinct sensation, Mr. Pembroke himself carrying the drowsy infant.

"To look at him no one would ever guess how Pemmy abominates children!" observed Mr. Strong as his friend strode precariously down the aisle.

"Papa—wan' to do seepy—" murmured the baby.

The party ensconced in the state-room, Mr. Pembroke approached Mr. Strong with an air of aggressive determination.

"Look here—" he remarked, "I want another berth. One of you chaps are in the smoking-room all the time."

"You're welcome to mine Pemmy if you'll introduce me," remarked Mr. Strong.

"Or mine—or mine"—came from two of the others, "same condition, Pembroke."

"Mrs. Lawton is a widow and wishes to travel quietly—" began Mr. Pembroke stiffly, "of course if—"

"Mrs. Lawton!" exclaimed one of the men. "Why, I thought her face was very familiar. I've met her."

"Go 'way back in the smoker and have a seat, Pemmy!" remarked Mr. Strong. "You are relieved of all responsibility."

From a frail birch-bark canoe in the middle of an Adirondack lake a man and a woman were observing a soul-inspiring sunset. The western end of the placid stretch of opalescent water was already shrouded in the shadows of the brooding hemlocks; near the opposite shore, where their buoyant shallop hung breathless on the thin brim of the lake, the last golden rays hovered lovingly on birch and beech, shimmering lily-pads and the wistful, upturned face of the woman. Soul-stealing perfumes of moss and fern wafted outward with the first drowsy breathings of the quieting forest, and a callow moon crept timidly up above the tree-tops to look shyly at its silver image in the lake. Far in the forest a wood-phoebe lifted its clear voice in a plaintive even-song, and the still trees whispered back a soft "good-night."

A vicious trout broke the peace upon the waters by a savage leap at a daring fly, presuming too far upon the coming shadows to brush the shining mirror with gossamer wing. The thin splash re-echoed, magnified appallingly, and the spirit of calm was broken.

Mr. Pembroke dipped his flashing blade and with a strong stroke sent the canoe gliding through the lily-pads.

"Where are you going?" murmured the lady, resentful of the stir.

"There is a little bluff in here from the top of which we can see the mountains to the westward. They are worth watching on an evening like this."

The canoe grated against the sudden pitch of the beach, and taking her hand he steadied her as she stepped ashore; still holding it, he led the way up the short, winding path, breaking back the opposing twigs.

On the moss-grown summit they seated themselves on a prostrate hemlock.

"See!" she cried in surprise, "it is growing brighter!" It was the afterglow.

"You will spoil the children utterly."

"It has been growing brighter ever since you came," he replied in a strange voice. She stole a quick look at his face and her own glowed back at the sunset. Then she looked down at the lake and the color faded.

"Must it grow dark again?" he asked slowly. Something in his voice hurt her like the cry of a child.

A faint chorus of children's voices, laughter, and the gleeful yelping of a dog, quavered across to them in silvery, echoing over-tones.

Mr. Pembroke looked far beyond the lake to where the distant mountains were slowly turning from green to blue and from blue to deepest purple.

"I have loved children all of my life," he said slowly; "but I have only recently become aware of the fact. Naturally the emotion has gathered force from long suppression. I was fool enough to think that I knew myself through and through, hence, when confronted with my utter ignorance, I am all at sea. Of fame I have all that I want; the same of money, yet it seems as if I always knew how little I valued these things. I love your children—almost as much as I love their mother, but in a different way, of course."

Something soft and warm found its way into Mr. Pembroke's hand, resting idly upon the moss; something very small, but infinitely greater than the sunset, the lake and all the breathing world around. There was another silence, but of a different sort, broken finally by a happy little laugh, the mellow notes of which found fitting bass accompaniment in the soothing melodies of nature round about.

"You will spoil the children utterly!" she murmured at length.

"I shall certainly try," responded Mr. Pembroke cheerfully.

DITCHED AT PROVO

By WALTER NOBLE BURNS

With Drawings by W. J. ENRIGHT

THE bivouac at Provo was not in General Carter's plan of campaign. When the grizzled old leader of *sansculotte* battalions stole a train at Lehi and started East with a rush, hoping to cross the desert between Thistle and Grand Junction before the law or the railroad authorities could stop him, he did not reckon with a red-headed telegraph agent at Provo. This minion of a soulless corporation, while chumming with his ticker in the blue dawn, learned that the train was coming and threw open a switch just in time to run the engine off the track and "ditch" the army.

General Carter had organized a division of the Coxey movement at Salt Lake a month before. Recruits from the hoboes floating eastward over the Central Pacific and the roads which converge at Ogden swelled his ranks to an effective eating force of eight hundred men. Fortunately for this aggregation of empty stomachs the people of Utah endorsed the Coxey movement enthusiastically. They had faith in the efficacy of a "petition in boots" from the country's working classes to the national Congress at Washington to remedy industrial ills. It is safe to say that not one-tenth of General Carter's ragged soldiers cared a rap about the economic theory upon which the movement was founded. The cause attracted them because it promised an abundance of things to eat, of warm blankets to sleep under, and an easy trip across the Utah desert and the Rocky Mountains, a stretch of country pretty well bummed out by heavy hobo migrations each year and traversed by railroads usually hostile to their kind. But the people of Utah did not know this. Probably it would have made no great difference if they had known it, for charity is a cardinal virtue among the Mormons. The humblest cottage on "the milk-poultice route,"—so-called by tramps from the frequency with which Mormon housewives set bowls of milk and bread before their visitors from the cross-ties—is good for a bite of something to every weary wanderer who knocks at its back door. Every old-time tramp knows he is sure of plenty to eat from one end of Utah to the other.

Fat, sleek and "sassy" from high living.

The Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad was the only thing in Utah hostile to the army or the Coxey movement. The road refused flat-footedly to furnish the army transportation either in box cars or on the cushions, for the good of the country or for money. In consequence the army departed from Salt Lake on foot. It marched out in brave array and the people crowded the streets to see it go. It was a glorious moment for General Carter, who ordinarily was a carpenter, as he rode at the head of the column, tricked out in

General Carter was ordinarily a carpenter.

the uniform of a real brigadier, with immense gold epaulettes and a sword, while a brass band, which loaned its services for the occasion, led the way blowing martial airs.

The march through the pleasant valley of Utah Lake in the warm summer weather was one long picnic. At each encampment, the friendly farmers brought wagon loads of provisions, barrels of vegetables, mutton, dressed hogs and sides of beef. No regular army on the march ever fared so well as Carter's army. It lived royally on the abundance of the land and the half-starved rank and file grew fat and sleek and "sassy" with high living. In every hamlet and town where a halt was made, General Carter made a speech from the steps of the Town Hall. He was a fluent, unctuous speaker. He paced up and down shouting out his spread-eagle periods, and gesticulating frantically. At climaxes, he would lean over and rest his hands on his knees and grow purple in the face as he told the good "peepul" what a great cause he and his army were enlisted in. After this he passed the hat. He never forgot to pass the hat. And it always came back to him loaded to the brim with money. What became of the money the army never learned. But it did not care so long as it continued to be well fed and well cared for.

But the army grew tired of "hiking" at last and stole a train at Lehi. An engine was smuggled from a roundhouse by night and coupled to a line of empty freight cars standing on a siding, the army swarmed aboard, and the train pulled out for the East. If the news had not been flashed ahead, it might have run across the desert to Grand Junction at the end of the road. Then the army's troubles would have ended, as the Denver & Rio Grande, the Eastern connection of the Denver & Rio Grande Western, was willing to carry Coxey detachments on its freight trains. But as it drew into Provo at dawn, the telegraph operator threw open a switch and ran the engine off the track. Deputy sheriffs and the militia hurried out from Salt Lake in response to telegrams and arrested the officers of the expedition and took them back to prison.

All Provo crowded to the railroad tracks to see the hobo army that suddenly had been cast upon the town out of the night and lay in its bivouac like a stranded monster on a sea beach.

"Won't you please point out General Carter to me?"

He was a fluent, unctuous speaker.

The request smote upon Lieutenant Billy's ears as he sat by a camp fire sipping coffee from a tomato can. As he glanced up into a pair of blue eyes, he became conscious, in an impressionistic sort of way, of brown curls wreathing about rosy cheeks, of a sailor hat with ribbons and a neat girlish figure in fluffy white with a blue sash.

"General Carter has said farewell to his army, Miss," replied Lieutenant Billy. "But it won't never be the subject of a steel engraving. The last I see of our gallyant commander, he was hiking for the tall timber. You could have played marbles on the tails of his brigadier's coat. He must be half way back to Salt Lake by this time."

In the pretty girl gazing down at him, Lieutenant Billy recognized an opportunity and, setting his can of *café noir* on the grass, he rose to it, at the same time doffing his chapeau and striking a gallant attitude. He was looking his best. While on fatigue duty in Salt Lake, he had "battered" for "rags" at back doors and had done pretty well. Some kind lady had given him a very decent suit of clothes which set him off to advantage. He had washed his face at an irrigating ditch and it shone bright and clean from his ablutions.

"The general run!" exclaimed the girl. "What for?"

"Well, now," said Lieutenant Billy with a friendly smile, "the bulls was after him."

"The what?" asked the girl.

"The bulls," repeated Lieutenant Billy.

"That's Farmer Jones' pasture," said the maid with a blush, "and I—didn't—know—he—had—any."

"I mean the deputy sheriffs, miss," explained Lieutenant Billy. "Yes, they pinched all the off'cers and took 'em back to jail in Salt Lake. There was Colonel O'Hoolihan, formerly of Union Pacific Section No. 13, before he became a sojer; Lieutenant-Colonel Pat Casey, who was pretty handy with a No. 2 shovel before he took up the sword; Major Moriarty, whose greatest boast is that he can swing under when the train is going twenty miles an hour, and twenty or more captains and lieutenants whose monikers are carved on the water tanks up and down half the railroads in the country. Deir dreams of military glory is ended now and dey'll be doin' time on the Salt Lake rock pile next week."

"Dear me!" said the girl.

"Oh, dat's de fortunes of war," pursued Lieutenant Billy. "Now I'm a off'cer meself, tho' I ain't chesty and you wouldn't tink it. But I escaped. I got wise as soon as de fly-mugs showed, and I broke me wooden sword and tore off me epilettes. Dem other guys didn't have gray and white matter enough fer dat and dey all got sloughed."

With Lieutenant Billy as cicerone the girl strolled through the hobo encampment. All about the big, open lot little camp fires were going. Bacon was being fried at the end of sticks and coffee was boiling fragrantly in battered cans. As Lieutenant Billy discoursed on the adventures of the army, the girl became interested not only in his stories but in him. To her unsophisticated Utah eyes he did not seem impossible.

"You're no tramp, are you?" she asked confidently.

"Who, me?" returned Lieutenant Billy. "Why, me fadder's a bank president back in Noo York. You had ought to see me paw's palatial res'dence out on Fit' avenoo among de millionaires. Up among de oil paintings? Well, I guess yes. I eat chicken and pie tree times a day at home, and dose on feathers every night. I'm taking dis summer trip for me healt. Me a tramp? I should say nit."

"I could tell you weren't" echoed the girl.

The tour of inspection was the beginning of the romance. When they separated Lieutenant Billy had a "date." So it came about that they met under a locust-tree at a corner of the town park every evening while the army was in Provo. When under new leaders the army marched away to Springville, Billy made nightly trips back to Provo to see his "mash." Every evening he rode to the trysting-place on the bumpers of the West-bound freight. When he had told the girl good-by at the big gate of her father's farm-house he hunted up a haystack and went to bed. In the morning, having made his toilet at the irrigating ditch with the aid of a piece of soap and a piece of comb, which he carried in his hip-pocket wrapped in a towel, he took the blind-baggage of the early passenger train back to camp in time for breakfast with the army.

One night he took Sergeant Jack Bonner, his chum, to Provo and introduced him to the girl. He wanted to show Jack, he said, what a fine girl she was, and how badly she was "stuck" on him. Next morning he and the sergeant waited at the Provo water-tank to catch the passenger train back to camp. On a nearby street corner the girl stood to wave them good-by. As the train drew out from the depot Billy caught the blind-baggage and was promptly kicked off by a brakeman who leaped down upon him from an ambush in the tender. He fell sprawling in a half-dry puddle. Covered with mud from head to foot, he arose in time to see Jack catch the gunnels of a passing coach, swing himself underneath to the trucks, and seat himself comfortably on the rods between the wheels. Jack did the trick with the ease and grace that come with strength and long practice. The helpless "brakey" stared in amazement at his dexterity, and from behind the trucks Jack waved his hat in laughing triumph to the girl as the train

Promptly kicked by a brakeman.

steamed away. Billy, all mud, ventured a disconsolate glance to where she stood. For one moment she fixed on him a regard of utter disdain. Then she turned up her nose, spun round on her heel, and walked up the street with her head in the air.

When Lieutenant Billy waited for his "mash" that night under the locust-tree, she did not come to meet him. He found her later sitting with Sergeant Bonner on a park bench. They were in the shadow, and Lieutenant Billy could not tell whether the dark zone about her waist was her sash. Lieutenant Billy was indignant. He halted in front of the couple with his heels together. He drew himself up in a stiff, military manner.

"Sergeant Bonner," he said severely, "report to your company at once."

Sergeant Bonner laughed.

"He is reporting to his company," said the girl. "I'm his company—his steady company, Lieutenant Billy. See?"

She put one hand to Jack's cheek and laid her head upon his shoulder.

At Thistle the army came into barren hills which edge the desert. Facing starvation, they grew desperate. When an East-bound freight drew in one afternoon they settled upon it like bees. Lieutenant Billy and a pal loosened the inside latch of a box-car's end window with a stick, climbed in and locked the window after them. Both end windows were locked. The seals on the side doors were unbroken. There was nothing to indicate that two tramps were stowed away inside.

"Lieutenant Burton of Co. H. Carter's Army?"

Unable by threats or entreaties to induce the army to leave the train, the railroad people suddenly coupled an engine to the hind-end and started back with a rush. Before the army realized what had happened the train had gathered such speed that it was as much as a man's life was worth to jump off. Telegraph messages had cleared the right of way and the train did not stop between Thistle and Salt Lake. It had taken the army six weeks to march to Thistle. It took it six hours to get back to Salt Lake.

Policemen were waiting as the train drew into the yards. At sight of the bluecoats the tramps slid from the box-cars and scattered in wild disorder, while the coppers pursued, laying about them with their clubs. Through a crack in the box-car door Lieutenant Billy watched this Waterloo of the Salt Lake freight yards.

Freed of its incubus, the freight train started East again at midnight, and with it Lieutenant Billy passed out of Utah and out of the life of the girl he had won and lost.

Ten years slipped over the Wasatch summits,—ten years of peace and prosperity and old-fashioned comfort to all the dwellers in the valley. Late one evening, a tramp knocked at the back door of a farm house on the outskirts of Provo. He doffed his battered hat as a bronzed young farmer opened the door.

"Can you gimme a bite to eat, mister, I'm hungry," said the tramp.

For a moment the farmer stared at him in silence. "Ain't this Lieutenant Burton?" he gasped at last.

"Don't jolly me," snarled the tramp. "I'm hungry. Gimme a bite to eat."

"Lieutenant Burton of Company H, Carter's army?" pursued the farmer.

Then in a flash the tramp's face lighted up with recognition.

"Jack Bonner, me old pal," he cried. And the prosperous farmer and the ragged hobo clasped hands like long-lost brothers.

That night Billy sat down to a meal which surpassed the imaginary banquets of his hungriest dreams and Mrs. Jack smiled at him over the tea-things. For the first time in his life, he had all the fried chicken and pie he could eat, to say nothing of slap-jacks and preserves and steaming vegetables that filled the room with their savory odors. "Do let me fill your plate again, lieutenant," the blooming little matron kept repeating until Billy was almost foundered. And all the while he was stowing away the good things, he listened to Jack's story of how it all happened. Jack had gone back to Provo from Salt Lake. The girl's father had given him work on the farm. He had settled down to a steady life, had won the regard and affection of the old man, and in the end had married the girl. At last when the old farmer had been gathered to his fathers, his broad acres had become the inheritance of Jack and his wife.

Jack's romance may fade some day from Lieutenant Billy's mind but the memory of the fried chicken and the pie of that night will linger to the last water-tank.

THE FIGHT FOR COPPER

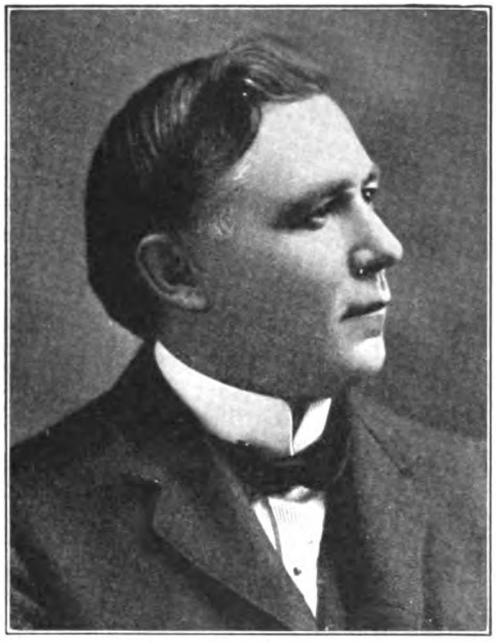
The Second Article on the Struggle now in Progress Between F. Augustus Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Co.

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

Mr. Raine was sent by Leslie's Monthly to Montana to make an impartial investigation of the causes and conditions of this contest, which is unique in industrial history.—The Editors.

IT was after Mr. Heinze's political victory over the Clark-Amalgamated combination that the legal battle between the contending copper interests took on a phase startlingly dramatic. Hitherto the fight had been conducted largely along the lines of impersonal legal subtleties. Not it took on an aspect acutely personal. Men and women became the weapons as well as complaints, answers, injunctions and citations for contempt. Reputations were cracked like empty egg shells.

In 1900, against the bitter opposition of the Amalgamated which had candidates of its own in the field, Mr. Heinze re-elected Judge Clancy and put in as his colleague on the bench of Silver Bow County one E. W. Harney. Shortly after this the famous *Minnie Healy* case between Heinze and the Amalgamated came on for trial before Judge Harney. The Amalgamated Company employs many detectives in Butte, and these detectives soon discovered that a certain Mrs. Brackett had much influence over Harney. They further discovered that she had been appointed to a stenographer's position at the legislature through the influence of John MacGinniss, Heinze's right hand man. Later developments showed that this woman told various parties that she was much interested in seeing the Montana Ore Purchasing Company defeat the Amalgamated. She admitted that she was employed by the Heinze faction to influence Judge Harney in the *Minnie Healy* decision, and that her position was worth to her several thousand dollars a year. She was established in a fine house at Butte, and was seen much with Judge Harney, who was a married man. Letters were intercepted between Judge Harney and Mrs. Brackett, showing that the woman was doing all she could to influence Judge Harney's decision. Whatever motives ruled his judgment, Judge Harney gave his decision in favor of Mr. Heinze. The Supreme Court set



Judge F. W. Harney.

One of the judges of Silver Bow County who has figured largely in the struggle, but whose usefulness to Heinze has been nullified by the reflections made upon his personal character.

aside his decision on account of misconduct of the judge, and arraigned him severely as being "lost to all sense of decency and propriety." Harney's impeachment would undoubtedly have followed if, in the ensuing election, Heinze had not secured a legislature which refused to impeach. The case was then retried before Judge Clancy with the same result. It is only fair, however, to say that the Supreme Court gave as its opinion that the facts warranted Judge Harney's decision, and that there is no direct proof whatsoever that Judge Harney accepted a bribe, though it is on the records that influence was used to affect his decision. Nearly everybody in Butte believes that Heinze is fairly entitled to the *Minnie Healy*.

Not long after this an attorney named Jesse B. Roote, who was a law partner of W. A. Clark, Jr., told the general council of the Amalgamated Company that he represented Judge Harney, who was willing to make a confession if assured of full protection from impeachment. Mr. Scallon, in command of the Amalgamated forces, refused to accept the proposed terms, but Mr. Shores, one of the principal attorneys for the Amalgamated, and D'Gay Stivers, captain of a troop of Rough Riders equipped at Butte and also an Amalgamated attorney, became interested in the matter. Charles Clark, a son of Senator Clark, agreed with Roote to meet Judge Harney at the Thornton Hotel. Harney did not appear, but he was brought by a messenger. The negotiations occurred in a suite of rooms opening into each other, young Clark acting as intermediary between Harney and the Amalgamated lawyers. The interview was a stormy one, and in the course of it Charles Clark offered Harney $125,000 for his confession and his resignation from the bench, being empowered to do so by the lawyers, as he claimed in his affidavit later. There was some bitter recrimination, and young Clark wearying of it raised his bid. "H—, I'm not going to stay here all night. Call it $250,000, Harney."

The anecdote is very characteristic of Montana in general and Charles Clark in particular. In the course of the night a hack was sent for Mrs. Brackett, and when she arrived, escorted by an Amalgamated attorney, an offer of $25,000 was made her to secure Judge Harney's confession. Judge Harney, however, refused to make the confession, possibly feeling that it would not be honest not to stay bought.

A MORE DELICATE METHOD

Suggestions of bribery were flung broadcast by both sides. In attempting to clear her husband's character, Judge Harney's wife, who stuck by him in spite of much provocation, submitted to the Supreme Court the affidavit of an extraordinary story. According to the substance of her statement, she had started with her husband to take a walk in the country. A gentleman known by them both to have affiliations with the Amalgamated asked permission to accompany them. Other persons joined the party and walked ahead with the Judge, while Mrs. Harney walked behind with the gentleman.

"What a beautiful house that is," said he, pointing to an elaborate mansion they were passing.

"It is beautiful," said Mrs. Harney; "how I should like to have one like it."

"Would you?" he replied, "you can if you want it."

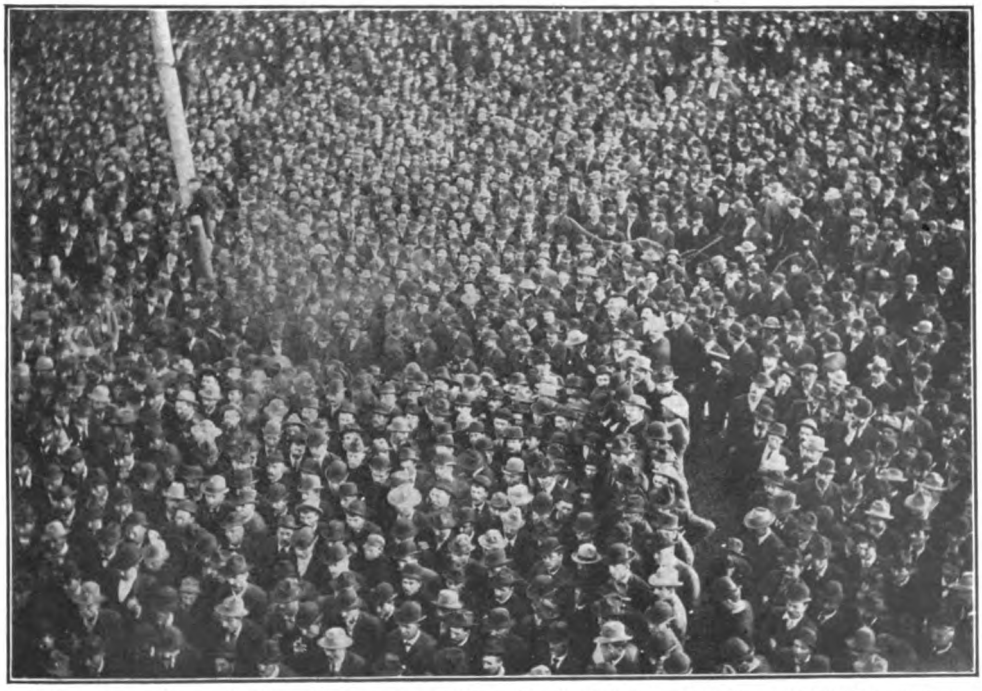
"What do you mean?"

"Why, a woman can generally have what she wants and I am sure you can. Besides if you and the Judge did not care to build in this country you might choose England or France."

Mrs. Harney indignantly declared she would hear no more talk so suggestive of bribery, but nothing which was said was sufficiently definite to incriminate the agent of the Amalgamated and nothing came of the incident. A motion for a new trial was made, which Judge Harney overruled and then took a train for the East for his vacation. On his return the attorneys for the Amalgamated presented a bill of exceptions for him to sign, whereupon he threw them both into jail for contempt. Charles Clark took, and is still taking, an extended vacation in the East. Captain Stivers also felt the need of a rest and found Alaska much to his taste. Subsequently proceedings were put in motion for the disbarment of Mr. Shores and of Captain Stivers for their share in offering the $250,000 to Harney to "tell the truth."

The fight is a cruel one, and men that make a slip and are caught by the wheels of the opposing machine are crushed without malice, but relentlessly. Welcome, of the Clark faction, was destroyed; Judge Harney, of the Heinze side, though he still sits upon the bench, is a man without a future, and A. J. Shores and Captain D'Gay Stivers, representing the Amalgamated, stand on precarious footing and are confronted with disgrace; but the big interests for which these men sacrificed themselves drive on without hindrance.

The Brackett exposure, in large measure, destroyed Judge Harney's useful to the Montana Ore Purchasing Company. He lacks, moreover, Judge



Heinze's audience during his speech at the critical moment when he rejected the compromise offered by the Amalgamated and offered a counter proposition of his own.

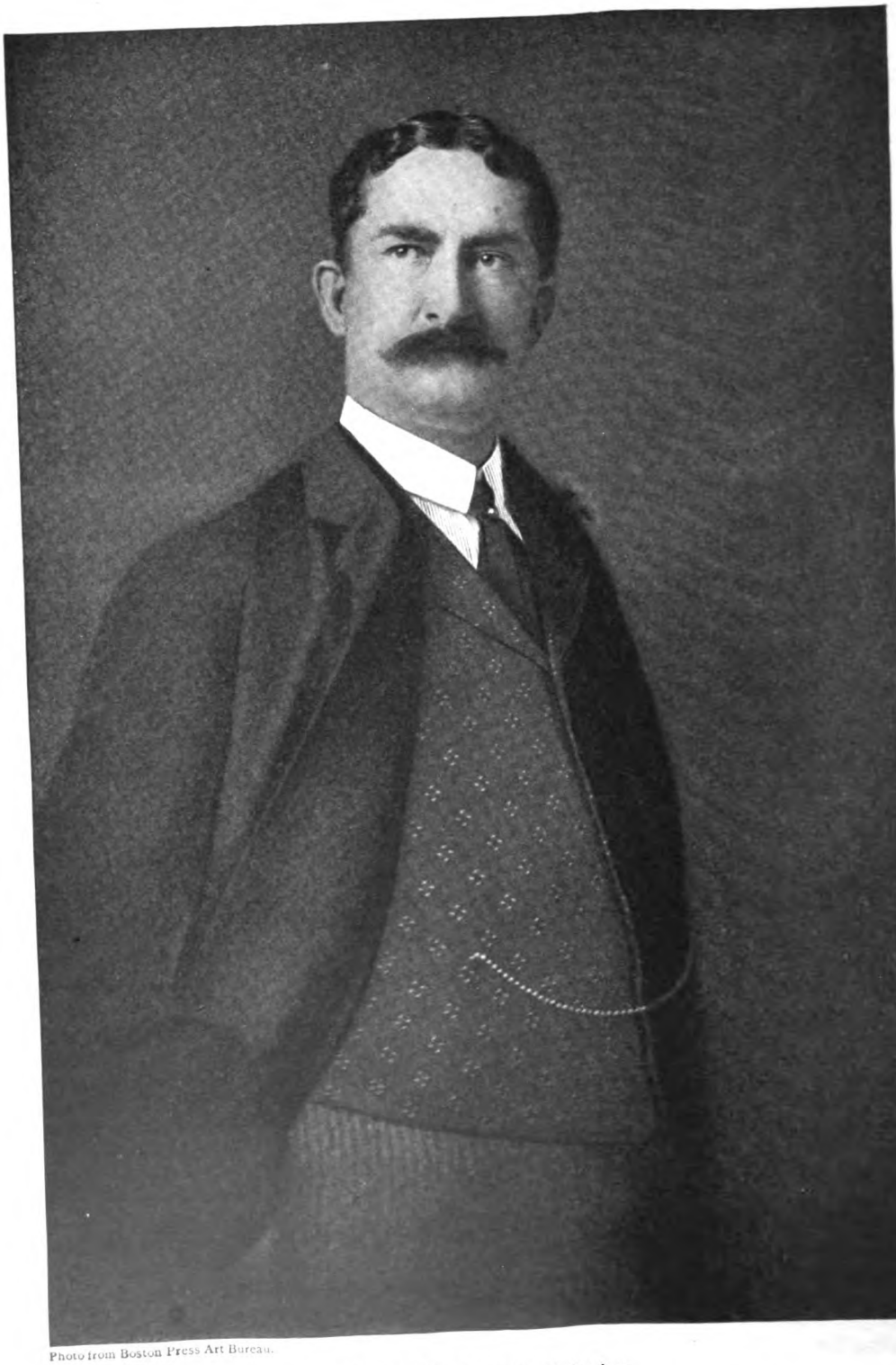


Photo from Boston Press Art Bureau.

Thomas W. Lawson of Boston.

Millionaire, yachtsman, horse owner and spectacular promoter, long identified with the Butte and Boston Copper mine, and by his own account the bearer of an olive branch rejected by Heinze.

Clancy's stubborn courage. Against Clancy the most eminent lawyers of the West make no impression. He is neither to be overawed nor browbeaten. It is perhaps because of this unflinching boldness that Heinze's M. O. P. Company has gone to his court with most of its legal tangles, including the one which proved the last straw in Heinze's cumulative attack and caused the great Amalgamated Copper Company to throw up its hands in admission of temporary defeat though not in surrender.

W. A. Clark, Jr.
Son of the Senator and prominent in the fight.

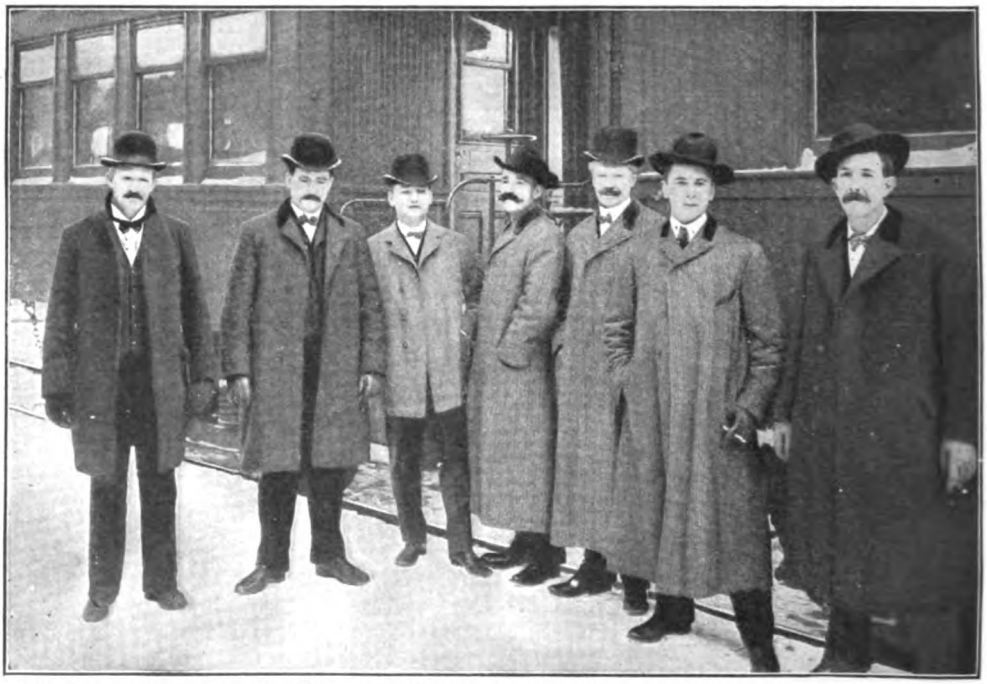
THE FAMOUS HUNDRED SHARES

When the Amalgamated was in process of formation, after Kidder, Peabody & Co., the Boston bankers, had issued their circular regarding the exchange of B. & M. stock for Amalgamated, John MacGinniss, in behalf of the Heinze people, bought one hundred shares of Boston & Montana stock for purposes of litigation. In course of time the Amalgamated took over the stock of the Butte & Boston. MacGinniss promptly brought suit to have this transfer annulled and a receiver appointed for the Boston & Montana Company, which company was exceedingly profitable and had paid about $10,000,000 in dividends. The contention of MacGinniss was that the old rule of common law that one corporation cannot own, vote or control shares of stock in another was applicable against the Amalgamated. He asked for an injunction to prevent the transfer of stock on the books of the Boston & Montana Company to the Amalgamated. It is to be remembered that MacGinniss represented only one-fifteenth of one per cent. of the company's stock and that the Amalgamated owned over ninety-eight per cent. of it. Judge Clancy appointed as receiver a Heinze man named Thomas Hinds. The company appealed to the Supreme Court, which held the transfer void. The stock was reconveyed and the order for the receiver was then reversed. Forthwith, Mr. Hinds, who had been in possession as receiver five days, turned in a bill for $400,000. Judge Clancy did not think that Mr. Hinds' time was worth more than $40,000 a day and allowed him only $200,000. For fees of his assistants, however, he allowed $31,000, and for attorney's fees $50,000. These costs were taxed up against the B. & M. Co. Later Mr. MacGinniss brought another suit, on the basis of this one hundred shares of B. & M. stock, praying the court to appoint a receiver and to enjoin the payment of dividends on such stock of the company as was owned by the Amalgamated. The restraining order was granted in Judge Clancy's court. Ostensibly acting to protect his interests as a stock-holder, MacGinniss has tied up for over two years accumulating earnings of the B. & M. stock which now amount to over $2,500,000, while his own dividends have been drawn with entire regularity as the injunction held only against the stock owned by the Amalgamated. During the two years since the restraining order was granted the Boston & Montana Company has made repeated but unavailing efforts to obtain a hearing on MacGinniss' motion for the appointment of a receiver and to obtain a dissolution of the

restraining order. On October 22, 1903, Judge Clancy made the order permanent. His decision on the application of MacGinniss for a receiver he held in abeyance. On the same day he decided in favor of Heinze the *Minnie Healy* case, the circumstances of which have already been described.

Immediately wires were sent from the headquarters of the Amalgamated Company ordering all the mines, mills and smelters of their sub-companies to shut down at once. The contention of the officers was that the injunction was the

Robinson. Dempsey. Conover. Gillis. Doyle. Gilbert. Edward Long, President Butte Miner's Union.



The Deputation of Butte Miners on the way to Washington to lunch with the President.

culminating point of a series of attacks that had endured for years, which forced the Amalgamated into a position where it had become an outlaw in the State and had to find out by supreme court decision whether it had a right to exist, and that in effect the court's order meant confiscation of its entire property, since its other subsidiary companies held the same position with regard to it as the Boston & Montana, rather than protection for MacGinniss, who asked the Judge, sitting in a court of equity, to assist him in his scheme of spoliation and robbery by wiping out the Amalgamated's ninety-eight per cent. holdings in the Boston & Montana Company.

Mr. Heinze, through his paper, *The Reveille*, a little weekly sheet which exercises a potent influence in Montana, accused the Amalgamated of shutting down in order to intimidate the people, the Legislature and the Supreme Court by showing that if the Amalgamated properties were idle the industries of Montana would be prostrated. It is doubtless true that the motive given out in their signed statements to the public were not the only ones which found place in the minds of Mr. H. H. Rogers and his associates. They undoubtedly felt that the situation had become so intolerable that the sooner a crisis was reached the better it would be, but beyond question they meant the precipitation of the crisis to show Montana by a drastic concrete illustration how completely the State was dependent on the men who control

the Amalgamated Copper Company. They made the fact stand out with startling significance that a single corporation had power to stop at will the principle business of a State. They virtually served notice on Montana that unless the State came to their aid by means of an extra legislative session to enact special laws for the benefit of the Amalgamated, the major portion of the State's business would be shut down for an indefinite time.

If the statements of certain copper experts are true, the Amalgamated was in a position to close its plants without loss to itself. According to those experts, the Amalgamated had accumulated more than one hundred and fifty million pounds of copper during the time that the company had tried to maintain the price at seventeen cents. When the news of the shut-down reached London copper advanced a cent a pound. With a third of the production cut off the price was to rise much higher. The shut-down would pay for itself.

The shut-down was a shrewd move, since it put Mr. Heinze on the defensive for the first time in years. The industries of the State were paralyzed, just at the beginning of the long Northern winter, and apparently for an indefinite period. The people did not analyze causes any further than to remember that a suit brought by the Montana Ore Purchasing Company had brought about the shut-down. For once Mr. Heinze's appeal to the people of Montana fell on deaf ears.

The Amalgamated Company scored again. Through Senator Clark, President Ryan, of the Daly Bank and Trust Company, and President Davis, of the First National Bank of Butte, it authorized the Miners' Union, in order to remove the cause for the injunction and shut-down, to offer MacGinniss, of the M. O. P. Company, five hundred dollars a share for his hundred shares of Boston and Montana stock, which is a total of thirty thousand dollars more than it was worth in the market. In short, to get rid of the hampering litigation which caused the shut-down, it offered to pay to Mr. MacGinniss for the stock two and a half times its value.

The effect of this offer was immediate. Hitherto Mr. Heinze's Montana Ore Purchasing Company and the Miners' Union had been allies. Mr. Heinze had posed as the Moses who was to lead the miners out of the Egypt of their subjection, as the buffer against which the rapacity of the Standard Oil Company was vainly to break itself in its effort to reduce the wages of the miners. It had been by their help that he had carried elections and seated judges on the bench of Silver Bow County. But now the interests of the allies diverged. The Union wanted to buy the B. & M. stock of MacGinniss to determine litigation and start the plants of the Amalgamated in order to get the miners back at work. The interests of Mr. Heinze and his company lay in retaining the stock for purposes of continued litigation.

Heinze and MacGinniss both knew that the miners were in no mood to listen to explanations as to why the M. O. P. Company wanted that particular stock so badly. The Heinze faction had protested loudly that the shut-down was unnecessary, and they knew now that a refusal to sell the stock which had been the bone of contention would eventuate in a severance of the tacit alliance which existed between them and the miners.

A hurried consultation of the M. O. P. leaders was held, at which it was decided to postpone the issue by flight.

Mr. MacGinniss fled precipitately with his stock before the committee of the Miners' Union could wait upon him with its offer to purchase—fled in a consuming terror lest his enemy, the Amalgamated, should force him through the friends he dared not offend to accept a present of thirty thousand dollars. At first Salt Lake seemed far enough, but as the fear grew on him he continued his flight. Denver became too near, Chicago appeared to him only a Butte suburb, and New York was not large enough to lose himself in.

Mr. Heinze's victory in the court was proving a boomerang. He was cornered, for his prestige with the people was in danger, and in that lay one of his two sources of power. Another

meeting of the M. O. P. leaders was held to canvass the situation. Faint-hearted followers were ready to believe that Heinze's star was waning, that a compromise would be best.

HEINZE FACES A CRISIS

But Heinze is too good a fighter to copper on his bets, as the Western phrase has it. He gambles "with the lid off." So, while his friends anxiously canvassed the situation, Heinze leaned back on a divan and played with a kitten. When he spoke, it was to comment on the good time the kitten was having. But he had his finger on the pulse of the situation, and before the meeting adjourned he had brought it round to his point of view. Since the Miners' Union had appointed a committee to wait on him and demand the surrender of his B. & M. stock, he was determined as usual to be the aggressor and meet them more than half way. Thirty thousand dodgers were distributed, stating that Heinze would talk to the miners from the court house steps concerning a proposal which he had to make for the settlement of the trouble. More then ten thousand people were present. The committee was there to purchase the stock. Heinze shouldered his way through the unfriendly crowd and climbed the court house steps.

Mr. Long, President of the Butte Miners' Union and chairman of the committee appointed by the Union to wait upon Heinze, demanded of him a decided answer as to whether he would sell to the committee the B. & M. stock which had caused the trouble. Heinze evaded the question and began to address the people amid frequent interruptions from the committee and others. He faced the great sullen crowd with an imperturbable poise and coolness, and his strong voice and insistent appeal for a hearing caught the people's ear. Mr. Long and his committee were shouted down by the miners they represented. Heinze had his chance, and for ninety minutes made the most of it.

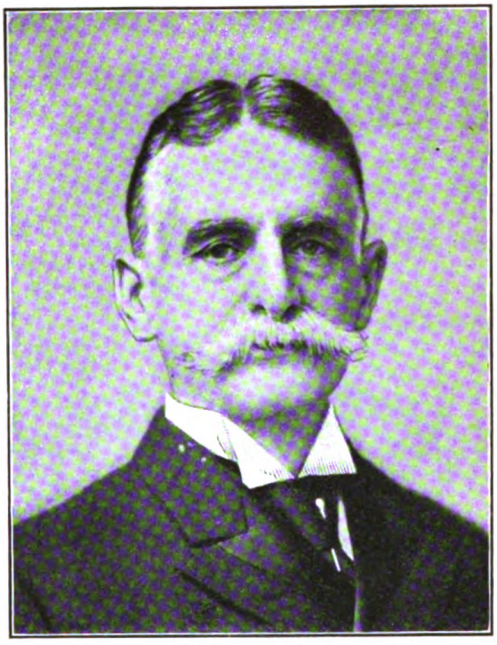
Heinze's proposals for a settlement were plausible but impossible of acceptance, and nobody knew that better than Mr. Heinze. He made two propositions. One of them was an offer to arbitrate all disputes concerning the ownership of all controverted ore bodies, the decision of the arbitrating committee to be final and binding. According to the laws of Montana the arbitration of controversies of a civil nature is permitted, but questions of title to real property are specifically exempt from the section of the code recognizing this method of settlement. His other offer was to sell the MacGinniss B. & M. stock at the price of purchase with interest from that date, provided that the cost of the various actions with reference to this stock be paid by the B. & M. Company. This included, though it does not appear on the face of the offer, besides the ordinary costs of the suits, the two hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars entered by Judge Clancy in the receivership case. He further provided that the Amalgamated should sell him five thirty-sixths of the Nipper claim, the rest of which Mr. Heinze owns, "for the price paid therefor by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company at the time it purchased the same, and eight per cent. interest thereon from the date whereon the same was purchased . . . . and shall give me a deed of conveyance, assuring the title to all the veins and ore bodies contained within the said *Nipper* lode claim." Now Mr. Heinze's contention in regard to the *Nipper* is that the ore veins dip under the adjoining properties to the south and include rich ore within the lines of the *Anaconda*, the *Never Sweat*, the *Oden*, the *Kanuck*, the *Adventure*, the *Parrot*, the *Bellona*, and other claims belonging to the Amalgamated. If his offer had been accepted he would have expected to make his deed of conveyance and assurance of title a basis upon which to continue litigation against the claims named. Indeed Mr. Lawson says that Mr. Heinze told him that given an undivided control of the *Nipper* he could tie up for a generation nearly every mining property on Butte Hill.

LAWSON A MEDIATOR

Meanwhile various tentative efforts were made to bring the contending cop-

per interests to an agreement. The Great Falls Business Men's Association suggested a committee of mediation, consisting of Governor Joseph K. Toole, President James J. Hill, of the Northern Pacific railway, United States Senators W. A. Clark and Paris Gibson, and the Hon. Joseph Dixon. The efforts of the committee were quite unavailing. That was not quite the kind of a committee of arbitration that Mr. Heinze wanted. As he luminously phrased it, "Four out of the five hold offices to which I elected them, but my chances with them would be about as good as that of a snowball in Cuba."

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, who is interested in the Amalgamated, now came forward with a proposal to buy out Heinze's Butte holdings at a price to be determined by arbitration. Mr. Lawson says that there had previously been considerable negotiations between the two men, but that they had been unable to come to any agreement as to the price. Over his signature he makes the statement that Heinze has spent hours at a time negotiating with him and with Mr. Rogers, the president of the Amalgamated Company, both at hotels and at the private offices of the Standard Oil Company. In one instance he met Mr. Heinze at the Waldorf, where each of them had taken rooms on the same floor. These rooms were five suites apart, and the intervening rooms were all engaged by them but allowed to remain empty in order that they might meet without going into the hall, so that they might not be subjected to the deductions of alert reporters. Mr. Heinze insisted earnestly on secrecy, since he feared that if he were caught by a photographer conferring with the Standard Oil people and the picture should get back to Butte his influence with the miners would be destroyed. Mr. Heinze categorically denied these statements, each of which was made over the signature of Mr. Lawson, and added that he had always refused to consider any proposition to sell his Butte property, since he proposed to stand by the miners so long as they stood by him. To Mr. Lawson's latest published offer to purchase he replied with a scornful refusal. He had already in his speech to the miners proposed to the Amalgamated a settlement, and by that he meant to abide.



H. H. Rogers, of New York.

President of the Amalgamated and one of the five directors of the Standard Oil Company.

On behalf of the Amalgamated, Mr. Scallon declined Mr. Heinze's offers as unworthy of consideration. Immediately petitions began to pour in to Governor Toole from all over the State to call a special session of the Legislature to pass the required legislation. When the Governor had become thoroughly convinced that the shut-down would occasion very great suffering, and that it was the desire of the people that special legislation should be enacted, he wrote to Mr. Scallon, stating that in his opinion the inherent infirmity of the proposition was the one which made the passage of the legislation mentioned *a condition precedent* to the resumption of work by the several companies of the Amalgamated. He further stated that he was firm in the conviction that it were far better for the State of Montana as a whole that the calamity should continue indefinitely than that "a precedent should be established by which legislation of a given kind should be

Gov Joseph K. Toole.

Distinctively a product of the West, a pioneer of the Daly type, Governor of the Territory of Montana twenty years ago and Governor of the State to-day.

made a condition precedent to the doing or the omission of any act by any corporation or individual in this State." Any other conclusion did not seem to him consistent with the genius and spirit of our government. The Governor also desired to know whether in the event of an extraordinary legislative session the managers of the Amalgamated would resume work at once without waiting to see what kind of legislation might be passed.

The Amalgamated officials agreed to resume work at once, if a special session were called. They desired also to call to the Governor's attention the fact that what they had had to say in regard to an extra session had been said in answer to questions put to them by representatives of organized labor, and that resolutions by organized bodies for an extra session were adopted prior to any statement of Amalgamated officials on the subject.

Thereupon the Governor issued a proclamation to the Legislature for a special session, and the Amalgamated properties resumed work. The Legislature very promptly, and without serious opposition passed bills for a Supreme Court review of facts in equity cases and for a transfer of any case to another judge in the event that either party believes that the bias or prejudice of any judge would prevent his securing a fair and impartial hearing.

It may be submitted with much show of justice that the special legislation enacted for the Amalgamated is in this instance fair and equitable, but the significant feature which stands out, notwithstanding Governor Toole's honest effort to eliminate it, is that a combination of corporations under a single head has the power under duress of starvation to a hundred thousand people to force an unwilling Governor to call together the Legislature to enact measures which will inure to its benefit. In short, a combine of capital for the first time in our history openly placed itself above the will of the commonwealth under the laws of which it existed and practically forced such legislation as it wanted, demanding a special meeting of the Legislature and specifying in precise terms what legislation would suit it. As one of the Amalgamated magnates phrased it in a newspaper interview :—

"We have demonstrated that the seventy thousand voters in Montana, who are dependent upon the Amalgamated for a living, can be made to think through their stomachs better than through their brains. We have solved the Heinze problem by the only reasonable method."

While the Legislature was in session the opponents of the Amalgamated held a convention at Helena and formed the Anti-Trust Party. Over six hundred delegates were present, representing cattlemen, sheepmen, miners, ranchers, lumbermen and business men. Its avowed object was a campaign against the Standard Oil Copper Trust. The Amalgamated newspapers were quick to point out that it was a Heinze party, dominated by the United Copper Company (Heinze's company) "with a capital stock of eighty million dollars and assets consisting of a number of lawsuits and

some district judges and county officials in Silver Bow County." But the fact remains that there were present as delegates a former Governor or two, some ex-Congressmen and other representative citizens from both the Republican and the Democratic party.

The fight between Heinze and the Amalgamated is still on. Within a week of the present writing Judge Clancy has rendered a decision regarding veins No. 3 and No. 7, in the *Pennsylvania*, which awards them to Heinze.

It is difficult to determine what the value is of this rich lead which Heinze has just struck in his court prospecting, but if the Supreme Court sustains the ruling it may be worth a million to the proprietor of the *Rarus*.

The *Wall Street Journal* has announced that Mr. Rogers is determined to end the fight without a compromise if it takes ten million dollars.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Heinze can be curbed by law without being crushed, even though he represents a type of business man both predatory and parasitic. For he has made a more effective resistance to the deadening influence of the Standard Oil domination than any other kind of man could possibly have done. His course has been without moral justification, but not wholly without excuse. Indeed the most depressing feature of the conflict to an unprejudiced onlooker is the fact that if he had been a more scrupulous man he would long since have been wiped off the slate. He has held his own and more, because he has been willing to play the game unfairly and win on a foul.

The contending individuals and corporations have eliminated entirely from their calculations the sovereign will of the people. They have assumed that the Commonwealth of Montana was a puppet to be used in schemes of personal aggrandizement. It may be respectfully suggested to those contending factions that the most direct road to anarchy is to throw contempt upon the laws that are a safeguard to their vested interests. If the people should learn thoroughly the lesson that they teach insistently, the spoliation and confiscation of these same vested interests would be only a question of time. Montana stands between the devil and the deep sea. On the one side it is confronted with private ownership of the courts, on the other with corporate ownership of the State. Between these runs the difficult road of safety and of honor, to be picked out only by vigilance and perseverance and public spirited incorruption. Will Montana find it?

Note.—Since Mr. Raine's narrative was written the inevitable has happened, and murder has been added to the iniquities of the struggle. Pending a dispute concerning the Mitchell-Davitt mine, both parties were enjoined from working the leads. The Amalgamated suspected that Heinze was disobeying this order, and procured from the court a license to inspect the premises. While engaged in this work parties of Amalgamated miners were systematically attacked by unknown persons. Burning rags and car loads of ore were dumped upon them, while noxious gases were exploded to drive them from their work. On January 2d last an explosion killed two Amalgamated employees outright. At this writing the coroner's jury is still in session.—The Editors.

The famous "Minnie Healy" mine.

"SUPERS": THE LIVING BACKGROUND OF A PLAY

By CAMPBELL B. CASAD

THE "Super" (or extra gentleman as he is now called) is the actor's apprentice. He is the bottom rung of the theatrical ladder. His duties consist of filling up the stage, acting as the mob, and making the shouts of the populace, such as "God save the King," or "Down with the traitor," or "Bread! bread!"

His salary ranges all the way from twenty-five cents to a dollar a performance, but is generally about three dollars and fifty cents a week. His chance of promotion was formerly rare, though of late years, a man with talent stands a very fair show of climbing. There are several well-known actors who began as supers and they are always pointed out by the rest of the profession (super) as shining examples, but for everyone who succeeds, hundreds fail.

A Græco-American.

Fifteen years ago, supers were recruited from the ranks of petty thieves, pickpockets and barroom loafers, whose sole ambition was to procure enough money to buy beer, and they certainly made the stage manager's life miserable. The sharpest kind of watch had to be kept to prevent them from carrying off everything detachable; still they had to be tolerated.

Of late years, this element has entirely disappeared and a new class of men have entered the field. In no other branch of the stage is evolution more apparent than in the transformation of the "super" into the "extra gentleman." No longer are stage mobs composed of sidewalk loafers, and liquor store roughs. The "extra people" are of different fiber and they are nearly all ambitious to do more than carry a spear with the mob, play "heavy thinking" parts, or ornament the rear drop of a stage setting.

Now "supers" are composed of men in all walks of life; mechanical, clerical, and even professional, while in college towns the "supers" are invariably college boys, and I have known cases of aspirants for the clergy making extra money in this way.

Then there is another class of "super" entirely distinct from the rest, that is, the wealthy "super." Yes, wealthy. Many a man in the mobs of ragged villagers at whom you gaze with pitying eyes, has a far larger bank account than you. Take for instance the beggar in "Robert Emmet." In the season of 1902 he was the owner of several fine business blocks in New York City, while a still more dilapidated individual in the same play, who makes his entrance on a donkey, takes an annual trip to Europe.

THE OLD METHOD

The old scheme of advertising for extra people and taking the first applicants who answer, is all changed now, being replaced by an entirely new system.

In old times it was the custom in heavy productions to have six or eight men represent a vast concourse of people; then they gradually increased the number until sometimes a hundred were used at one time. It was at this period that the "super" entered the dramatic field. It was then that the "ads" in the papers for "supers" began to make their appearance, and nothing in the "Help Wanted" column was so well responded to. A call for fifteen men invariably brought a hundred and fifty, in all stages of dilapidation.

The super captain having selected the number required, would endeavor to dismiss the rest; not an easy matter,

however, as sometimes he was forced to call the assistance of the police to disperse the crowd of disappointed applicants. The lucky ones were taken in on the stage and put through a brief rehearsal—so brief, in fact, that at its conclusion they were dismissed with but a faint idea of what was required of them for the night's performance. As they passed out the stage door each man was given a ticket, reading :—

"SUPER TICKET

ADMIT ONE TO STAGE DOOR"

At the same time he received instructions from the "super captain" to be sure and report at 7.30 p. m.

On arriving at the theater every one received a costume and was directed to the dressing-room. This was usually in the cellar under the stage, where the extra baggage, old "props" and broken scenery was stored. After hustling into their costumes as best they could, using old trunks and boxes for seats and newspapers for carpets, they were then made up by some one experienced in this art —usually the assistant stage manager or one of the minor actors.

Then would come a long, tiresome wait for their cue. Sometimes a couple of hours. When at last it did come they were marched up to the stage, under the direction of the "super captain," and when their proper cue came were hustled on, and in a half-dazed condition went through what they remembered of their rehearsal.

THE MODERN WAY

When a manager needs "supers" nowadays he simply goes to the 'phone and calls up the agency handling them, states how many and what kind he wants, and the agency fills his order.

For example, suppose the manager of a large production requires:—

"Two old men with full beards, six middle-aged Frenchmen, one Japanese with long, drooping mustache, twenty well-built young men." He rings up the extra people's bureau and gives these items; and the agency, after selecting as many as they have on their books, sends out trained assistants to procure those

Trojan warriors at a dollar a night.

not at once available, and in a surprisingly short time have the list complete.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE

My first engagement as super was virtually thrust upon me. I was spending an enforced vacation, having been thrown out of employment by the failure of the firm with which I had been for the previous five years. Together with a friend of mine, I was strolling down Broadway, when happening to pass a well-known theater, we saw a large crowd of men and boys struggling to gain favorable places near the stage door. Our curiosity was aroused; we hastened to where they were and mounted the fire escape. From this point of vantage we overlooked them, as they wildly struggled, fighting, swearing, laughing and guying one another as the mood struck them.

Our curiosity was further aroused when the stage door opened and a man stepping out, pointed to one of the writhing mass of humanity, exclaiming, "You'll do," and the man addressed entered, his face wreathed in smiles.

Just as we were about to leave, the man pointed to me on my lofty perch and repeated, "You'll do." I smiled a rather foolish smile and remained where I was.

"Go inside," he said. I climbed down and, forcing my way through the crowd, to where he stood, told him I had a friend.

"Where is he?" he replied.

I pointed out my chum.

"Well, bring him along," he said, after looking him over. I quickly beckoned to him and we entered the theater, still wondering what it was all about.

Walking through the narrow hall, leading from the door, we emerged on the stage itself, where we stood in open mouthed wonder. The front of the house, its tiers of empty seats, weird and ghost-like in their coverings of white muslin, yawned before us.

In the center of that portion of the stage where the footlights should have been, a bunch light projected three or four feet above the floor, with two yellow flames sputtering at the top. The rest of the lighting was done by a strip of border lights suspended above the first entrance. This lighted up a small deal table strewn with manuscripts and scene plots. Odd pieces of scenery and "props" lay scattered about, while begrimed and perspiring stage hands flitted here and there moving huge wings (scenes) and set pieces. Above us fluttered hundreds of ropes and strips of loose hanging canvas and above all, the slats of the loft floor.

After noting all this, we turned our attention to the principals. All the actors were in street dress, and with many a word of advice from an important individual (whom he afterward learned was the stage manager) they struggled through their parts.

Going up to one of our fellow supers I called him aside and asked:—

"What are we going to be used for?"

"Extra men," he replied, as he stared at me with pitying eyes, surprised no doubt, at my ignorance. Just then the "super captain" entered with his last man, and after counting us to make sure he had enough, proceeded to take our names.

When he got to me, he carefully looked me over, and after taking my name, said:—

"Is this your first time?"

I replied that it was.

"You know the salary?" is the next question.

This time I told him I didn't.

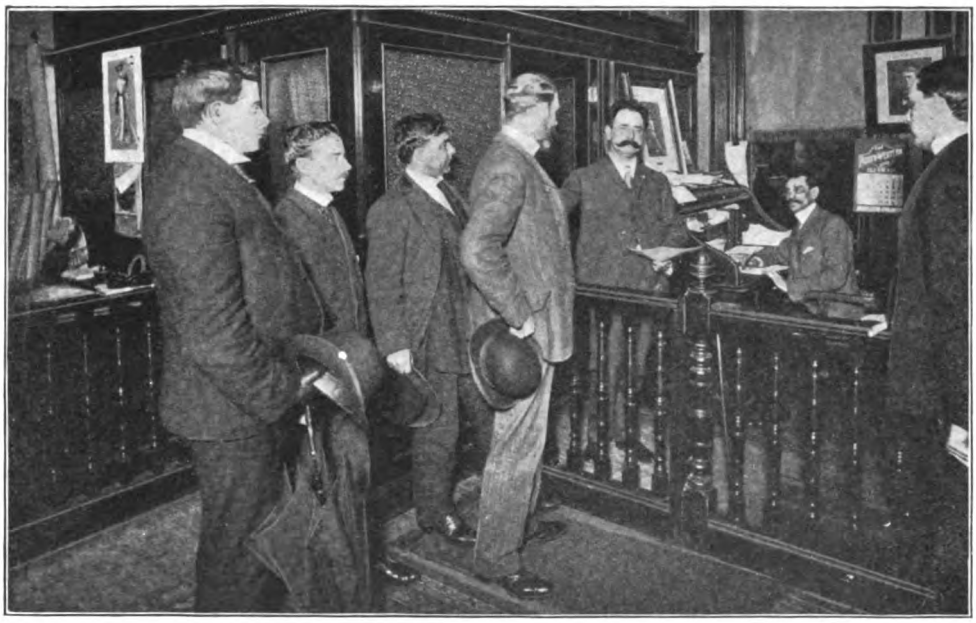
"Well, it is fifty cents a performance, and one performance goes to me as my commission," he told me.

To this I agreed, and we started the rehearsal.

In the first act we were the jury in a French court.

"Bring on the jury-box!" shouts the stage manager, and "props" hustled in with a flat piece of scenery neatly folded. Upon opening this it proved to be a square, fence-like arrangement, of about nine feet square and two feet high. Into this we file, and as soon as we are seated on the benches therein the rehearsal starts off with a swing, but the counsel for the defense had hardly started his impassioned pleading

Applying for a job at the "super" syndicate.



for his client when it is discovered that the jury is minus a foreman.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the stage manager. "Who ever heard of a jury without a foreman? Where's Jones?"

Mr. Jones was the actor cast for the part. Some one answered that he was ill.

"Well, why didn't he notify me? Hey, Sam! Sam! Come here." The "super captain" went over to him and they had a hurried consultation carried on in an undertone. In a few minutes the "super captain" beckoned to me.

"Do you think you could play the part of our foreman?" he asked.

"Sure I can," I replied, delighted with the opportunity. The stage manager went over to the much-littered table, took up a manuscript and handed it to me, saying:—

"Here is your part; take it home, study it, and try and be up in it by next rehearsal."

Almost overcome with my sudden good fortune, I thanked him and hastened out the stage door. I didn't wait to get home to read my part, but opened it as soon as I was out of sight of the theater.

It proved to be a brief typewritten sheet containing my three or four lines, and the last two words of each sentence preceding them as cues.

Well, to be brief, I sat up all night studying, and at rehearsal next day made good, and by the opening night was as near perfect as I ever could be.

And that opening night! Can I ever forget it? The call read 7.30 p. m., but I was on hand at 6.30 ready to begin, my nerves strung up to their highest pitch. I was past the "super" stage, having reached the dignity of three lines, so I didn't have to present a "super" ticket at the stage door, although I had to dress down in the cellar with the rest. After a tiresome wait of an hour the others arrived, and at last I got my make-up on. It was to represent a character of forty, while I was only twenty-two. When the assistant stage manager finished, and I looked in the mirror, I could hardly believe the reflection, with its abundance of moss-hair beard and grease-paint complexion, was I myself.

Tiring of the cellar, I went up on the stage, where the stage manager was giving two of the company a little extra rehearsal.

As I stood in the wings watching them a quiet little man stepped up beside me. Thinking to show how well-versed I was in the business, I muttered some criticisms on the performance. The little man looked at me.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"I think it will last about three weeks," I replied.

"Thank you," he responded and walked away. When a little later the "super captain" joined me, I pointed the little fellow out, asking who he was.

"That," said he, "is the manager of the show, theater and whole concern."

At last the overture was called and the orchestra struck up. We took our places, while the stage manager clapped his hands and shouted:—

"Clear! Clear!" and the curtain went up.

Can I ever describe the feeling that assailed me, every nerve tingled as I glanced forward for the first time.

The house looked like a great black hole. Presently I regained control of myself, and gazing steadily over the "foots," tried to distinguish the faces of the audience, but soon gave it up.

At last, I got a cue, and, rising, spoke my lines, but somehow they didn't seem to have the effect desired.

When the curtain fell, the stage manager rushed up to me and fairly screamed—

"What's the matter with you? Have you lost your voice? Can't you speak above a whisper?" And all the time I thought I had spoken too loud.

The next night, and every performance of the three brief weeks of its run, I carried my part through without making a mistake. But unluckily on the third week, the show closed down on account of bad business. On the last night, the manager came up to me and sorrowfully shaking his head cried:—

"Well, you were right about the three weeks."

During those three weeks I was with this company I got about as badly stage struck as ever a young man was, and the Monday after the show closed found me at the Metropolitan Opera House "supering" in "L'Africaine." Among my fellow "supers" was a large, dignified man with a luxuriant jet black beard. He was well-dressed and his appearance was so different from the average "super" that the boys gathered about him plying him with very personal questions.

"Are you an American," asked one.

"No!" he replied, with a melancholy shake of his head.

"A foreigner?" suggested another.

Another shake of his head.

"Well, where do you belong?" they asked in a chorus.

After three nights of rehearsing the "super" becomes

"To the Kingdom of Heaven," he responded.

"Crazy," they all thought, but when they read the paper the following Sunday, and saw their impertinent questions in print, they realized to their amazement that the supposed lunatic was a reporter on the city staff of a big paper.

Another funny thing happened in this show. In the boat scene, the "supers" made up as savages, were supposed to board the ship and capture it.

Other "supers" as sailors were supposed to fall down as dead. They were rehearsed thoroughly, and the "super captain" congratulated himself on the results, but he reckoned without the tenor, a high-priced foreign gentleman whose knowledge of English was very limited. The tenor did not attend the "super" rehearsals, so none of the boys knew him.

That night when we made our rush, the "supers" on deck fell down as arranged, but never a move did the tenor make. A big Irish "super," Finnegan by name, saw him and making a grand rush for him, shouted:—

"Lay down, ye divil, or I'll knock yer block off," but as the tenor didn't know a word of English, he didn't lie down. So Finnegan grabbed him and threw him to the floor, where he lay, a mass of some two or three hundred pounds, with Finnegan jumping up and down on him as the curtain went down.

I was only a week at the Metropolitan Opera House when Mr. DuBois sent for me and engaged me for Modjeska's company. The piece was "Measure for Measure."

On the opening night, two of the girls who were supposed to be pages in the third act failed to make their appearance, and so Mr. DuBois decided to select two of the boys for the part. My chum and I being the youngest of the lot, were picked out, and so when the curtain went up, it found us transformed into two rosy cheeked girls.

We had scarcely settled into our places when a

as harmonious a background as the drop curtain.

violent cough from the front of the house attracted my attention. Shading my eyes from the glare of the "foots," I took a look out front to see from whence it came, and the very first thing I saw was a bald-headed old gentleman in the first row trying his best to flirt, having mistaken me for a girl. I nudged Henry, and he and I kept the thing up as much as we dared without the stage manager noticing us. Towards the end of the act, I signalled to my aged admirer to wait at the stage door after the show, and when at last Henry and I got out, there stood the old gentleman accompanied by a young man in evening dress.

Henry and I stood in the stage door and awaited developments.

Presently "papa" came over to us.

"I beg pardon," he said, "can you tell me the names of the two young ladies who played the part of pages in the third act?"

"I guess you're rather mixed in your dates," Henry spoke up. "This gentleman and I were the pages."

At first he wouldn't believe us, but when at last we convinced him he treated to supper.

But the best part of the affair came later. A few days afterward I received a letter of introduction through a friend of mine to a gentleman down town, to whom I applied for a position. Imagine our mutual astonishment when the office-boy ushered me into the presence of my flirting friend.

THE "SUPER CAPTAIN"

Like the "super," the "super captain" is practically a thing of the past, except in cities supporting only two or three theaters, for in all the larger places he is replaced by the "extra gentleman" bureaus. Foremost among these is the Geo. R. White establishment, though at present Mr. White's place can hardly be classed as an extra man's agency, for he is working for better things.

Mr. White started twenty-three years ago as call-boy in the Grand Opera House in New York. After two years as call-boy he realized the possibilities of running "supers," and began his present business. It is to him the "super" is indebted for his rise to the dignified position of "extra gentleman."

He revolutionized the business, though it took him twenty-one years to do it. He has now a complete monopoly of the "supers" of every theater in New York, and for nearly every production in the United States.

In 1902 he had five hundred "extra men" and women on his salary list at one time, and the season before he supplied "supers" for one hundred and forty-five plays and thirty operas, and during this season he had altogether twenty-five thousand people at one time or another drawing salary. As no large company can afford to carry the vast army of "supers" required, Mr. White's assistants go ahead of the companies, engaging and rehearsing the people in each town, so that the "supers" are perfect by the time the company arrives. For this purpose alone he has a corps of trained men, who are as good as stage managers in this line of work. In Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and New York city Mr. White personally attends to this.

"I like this kind of work," he said to me, "and take as much pride in my part of the production as the stage manager does in his, and the returns amply repay me for my interest in my work. In 1901 I cleared seventy-five thousand dollars, and there has been a steady increase in my profits each succeeding year."

The bureau watches the work of their people, and if they are not properly drilled, it gives them a rehearsal and when capable, promotes them.

The best kind of "super" is the old actor, the "has-been," who through some mishap or fault of his own has gone down in the business until he is glad to join the ranks of the extra people. He has outlived his usefulness in delivering lines, but his familiarity with stage business makes him a valuable addition to the bureau's forces and he is eagerly sought by it. As soon as the actor is placed, he immediately becomes the center of an admiring group of fellow "extras," whom he entertains and at

the same time instructs with accounts of his former career. "Why, when I was leading support with Booth," he cries, and follows this up with some yarn of previous triumphs.

SOME SUPER LETTERS

Some very interesting letters from "supers" (I beg pardon) "extra gentlemen" are on file in Mr. White's office. Three of them are given below. The first, a letter of application from an aspiring young Booth was precisely as follows:—

DEAR SIR:—I am a young man 20 years of age and would like to now If you have enny chance fore me your company.

I have bin working at a good thrad fore about 2½ years and my pairence do not now about me workeing at the buisnes at al, my pairence keep bothering me to go upon the stage. But I hope you do not think I am stage struck. Is al the same to me if I get a position ore not, I'll tell you why I rite this letter, we have a good deal of friends and relations to our house, they al say saim thing that I am foolish fore workeing at the thrad I am workeing at the thrad I am workeing at. We have a quartet to home and I am the tenner singer they al say I have a splended voice for singing they have trubeled so that I go and learn the vaudival thrad. We have an awful jollie familie at home we are eather singing ore telin each jokes to make each other laugh.

I am willing to take and learn to enny kind of a position for the starte in your company so as to learn the thrad to satisfy my pairence. I have plaid with the Sarlstadt Amature Damatic Club in takeing anchris ore Hebrew comedian part I am quick and active on my feet and hand. If you have an open space for a learner pleas let me now and I will call at once. If you wish to see me I would be glad to call upon you in your office enny time and we can talk the mater over. If you now enny company let me now and I will refir the letter to them. Plese let me here from you soon as posiable.

G—C— T—St., Bronx, N. Y.

2 sheets with riteing on it.
Pleas return this letter with answer to it.
1. 2c stamp to return letter.

Yours truly,
G—C—

Another application:

N. Y. June 27 1903.

FRIEND MR. WHITE:—

I take pleasure in writeing to you to ask you if you can give me a position as a chowrish on the stage. As I have a good strong Baritone voice and can sing alone. I sing the latest songs and can make good if you will give me a trile as a chorist I worked for you as extra for the last five months. I plade in Hamlet, Pretty Peggy, Eternal City, Proctors Circit, and other houses so if you will let me know if there is any show, why I will ever so much OBlige to you for your trouble. Good Day I remain,

Yours S—P.

Of course this is not a fair sample of the "extra" in general, for in no branch of the theatrical profession is there so varied an assortment.

Outside the stage door: The makings of a Roman mob.

THE CANADIANS AND WHAT THEY THINK OF US

By CY WARMAN

TWENTY years ago twenty per cent. of the people of Canada would have welcomed the annexation of the Dominion to the United States. Ten years ago only ten per cent. of the men who think thought seriously of such a move, and to-day no one ever mentions the matter at all.

Twenty years ago only a few dreamers dreamed of the Republic of Canada. Ten years later ten per cent. of the people were in favor of it, and to-day twenty out of every hundred Canadians would welcome the news that Canada had cast off the cable that moors her to the Motherland and had blossomed out as a Nation.

Mind you they wont all say so in open meeting. It is disagreeable to a British subject to be called anti-British, and that's what the ultra-loyal say of those who have the courage to speak out for independence. It is a smoldering fire as yet, this idea of independence, and may continue so for fifty years, but there are those who hold that it will blaze up sooner or later.

There seems to be a nervous dread in England that any estrangement of Canada would result in her rushing headlong into the arms of the Republic. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Just as the annexation sentiment has died out, so has the idea of absolute political independence grown. It is in the air. It is of this continent—this spirit of Freedom.

No, Canada of her own volition, will never become a part of the United States. Her people are not in sympathy with the republic. Her public men are constantly being shocked by what they call the depredations of the American Government. They express amazement at the "audacity" of the Washington Government in the Panama incident. They look upon Uncle Sam as a Rough Rider, galloping and cutting out a Province, roping it, throwing it and branding it "U. S." without the consent of the calf or of its mother who bawls at the bars, bristling with ten inch guns—bellows and bawls piteously in her impotent rage. What distresses Canadian public men is the belief that this will always be so, that the Democrats would be as bad (Mr. Cleveland —Venezuela), in short that the disease is national.

"Privately, personally the Yankees are the salt of the earty," they tell you, "but Uncle Sam is a road agent, swaggering up and down the country taking what he wants."

Then comes the final shock that almost splinters the spine of the Canadian Statesman—the fact that the European rulers, including the British, not only suffer these "outrages" but openly applaud them. The editorials of the *London Times*, for instance, are reprinted in Canada, paraded and pronounced infamous.

And if you seek to justify the actions of the American Government by arguing that these South American statesmen are pirates, who, if allowed to come aboard would rob Uncle Sam to a limp finish and finally scuttle his ship of state—that no matter how much money you gave them they would want more—the Canadian will shrug his shoulders, and in that shrug say,—"That does not justify Uncle Sam."

Of course all of this might have been different if our statesmen, a quarter of a century ago, had shown a little more political sagacity, not to say tolerance

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and decent consideration of the claims of Canada.

"We'll starve them into the Union," bawled a blatant statesman in Detroit some years ago, and that speech will echo down the years and whenever it is heard it will stiffen the spine of the Canadians. He tells it to his children, and his children's children will hear it and hand it down.

That one declaration, almost brutal in its bluntness, did more for Canada as a "Nation" and more to smother and discourage the then growing sentiment in favor of annexation, than anything ever uttered.

No man reared in the shelter of the British flag likes to be threatened with starvation.

Now Canada is indifferent. Even the growing desire for better trade relations, the revival of the reciprocity idea, below the line, fails to create any very great amount of enthusiasm in Canada.

The truth of the matter is the people have been prospecting and have found Pay Dirt. They have sown twenty crops and have had nineteen harvests that were worth reaping, and many times the average yield has been double the average yield in the great American wheat belt. Also they have been breeding and bringing up statesmen and think they have a few now who are able to go over the jumps.

Another nightmare, common in England, is "the Americanization of the Northwest." Utterly absurd.

The American settlers will help to Canadianize the Northwest.

For the past six years I have watched my countrymen who have come over here to find homes, and I find that almost to a man they fall in with the ways and workings of things, and are almost immediately "assimilated." They speak the language of this new land, the laws are good laws and they are enforced. They get protection. Also they get justice. Mark the renegade who went into the Northwest recently and murdered a man for his money. For months he covered his tracks until the Watch Dogs of the Desert, the Northwest Mounted Police, were put upon his trail. He is in jail in Regina now, and he'll hang in Regina one of these crisp mornings.

The sturdy farmers from the Middle West who are going into the Northern fields by the thousands will like that, as all honest Anglo-Saxons like to see the innocent protected and the guilty punished.

These things help to Canadianize the newcomer, and that's what Canada needs—*Canadians*.

Across the river from where I write to-day I see a lumber town holding one of the biggest lumber manufacturing industries in the Dominion. This business was begun by a Yankee. His sons are in charge to-day, and they are intensely Canadian.

I know of a large leather industry and two other manufacturing concerns in Ontario that were founded by men from the United States. The present head of one of these concerns is a Member of Parliament. Nobody doubts his Canadianism. The wife of the founder of the McClary Manufacturing Company, according to her tombstone, was an Adams, first cousin to John Q. Adams. These facts show that the United States have helped to people and develop the Northern Dominion and that there is nothing to fear from the rush of Yankees to the Northwest.

And so far as the matter of political independence is concerned, I am convinced that the newcomers, especially the Americans, will be the last to agitate the subject. The Yankee will be disposed to echo the cry of the mighty Mark, of Cleveland, "Let well enough alone."

He is apt to say: "Why, Jack, what the dickens are you kicking about? You have the protection of the British army and navy and nothing to pay. It's a snap."

The German settler will smile and say: "Dot ish vear goot." Men from Russia and other military countries will simply be too full for utterance.

We hear some grumbling over sea because Canada contributes nothing, or nearly nothing, to imperial defense.

My observations lead me to believe that Canada will contribute to imperial defense so soon as she is allowed

to share in the imperial councils. She showed her patriotism and loyalty to the Empire when she sent her sons to South Africa to be stood up and shot down according to the English army code. The Canadians complain—not the live soldiers, but the friends of the dead ones—complain bitterly because the Colonials were not allowed to skirt the hills, follow the ravines, dodge from rock to rock, until they could come within reach of the enemy, instead of being marched broad-breasted up to a river bank whose brink bristled with Boer guns.

And yet, if there should come a call for troops to-morrow, and the cause were a just one, Canada would do her part cheerfully. This being so, one is surprised to find so many men of intelligence in favor of breaking away from the protecting arms of Great Britain. "But she is powerless—absolutely, utterly powerless to protect us at the only point where we are at all likely to need protection," said a prominent K. C. to me the other day. "Give every Canadian a cayuse and a rifle, let him take to the woods, Boer fashion, and woe be unto the enemy that goes in after him. No," he went on with growing enthusiasm, "there is no room on this continent for a monarchical form of government, and, sooner or later, it will pass."

"What would you?" I asked.

"I'd make it, to-morrow, a republic, like Switzerland, with no army but the Mounted Police, and no navy but the fishing fleet, having the passing applause and eternal friendship of eight-tenths of the people of the United States and the good will of the world. I'd cut loose, and then when Britain had a fight to make she'd have to fight instead of breaking off a piece of the empire and pitching it to the dogs of war, as a man in Siberia heaves a hound from his sleigh to stay the wolves until he can get under cover."

That last shot, as you will have guessed, had reference to the late Alaskan unpleasantness, which, I am pleased to note, is slowly but surely fading from the minds of men, so busy are they and so boundless and almost limitless is this New Empire of the North.

I am inclined to believe that as the white man becomes civilized and arbitration takes the place of manslaughter—when the possibility of war, on the continent at least, has disappeared—the sentiment for political independence will grow, and that some day, quite peaceably and pleasantly, Canada may pull out, as a boy grown to manhood leaves home, taking a parent's good wishes and good will.

The relations between the people of the United States and of Canada will grow more friendly and pleasant as the years go by, because of the wholesale swapping of citizens now going on. Millions of Canadians have gone to the States, and in the next decade millions of Americans will have crossed into Canada. We shall like each other better as we see each other more, for we North Americans are the People—all of us.

FRIEND AND ENEMY

By MAURICE SMILEY

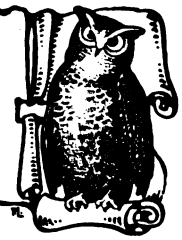
My friend was perfect in my sight
And all he did was done aright;
I saw in him no flaw or blot.
When men assailed him I was hot
His dear perfections to defend,
Because he was my trusted friend.

Mine enemy was wholly bad,
I saw each weakness that he had,
I wondered what men saw to praise
And heard approval with amaze.
No worth or goodness could I see,
Because he was mine enemy.

Yet I was wrong, for after all
In him I thought was wholly small
I've found so many greatnesses.
I've found so much of littleness
In him who had my perfect trust
That time has made my judgments just.

And now with keener eyes I see
That neither friend nor enemy
Is wholly good or wholly ill,
For both are men and human still.
In both is much the years shall prove
That we should hate—but more to love.

EDITORIALS



OUR RECKLESS RAILROADS

IT is hard to understand the complacency with which the American people tolerate the reckless disregard of life that may fairly be said to characterize the railroads of this country. Scarcely a day passes, never a week, without its vivid newspaper story of a railroad horror. Each year the collected statistics of the dead and wounded rival the harvest of a war between great nations. In 1902 the injured numbered sixty-four thousand six hundred and sixty-two, and the killed eight thousand five hundred. Think of it. Men, women and children, enough to people such a city as Wilmington, stricken down because somebody makes a mistake. There is no excuse in physical conditions. Year after year grade crossings are abolished, embankments strengthened, road beds ballasted, yet year by year the tally of the victims mounts out of all proportion to the increase in traffic. In 1895 passenger travel was only five-sixths as heavy as it is to-day, but the list of killed and wounded was little more than half so great as the holocaust of last year. With each accident the neighboring community is aroused. The Grand Jury sits on the case. If the engineer was killed there is a scapegoat ready made. If he survives he is held for trial, with the switchman, perhaps, or any employee who is not important enough to count. Rarely, if ever, does the blame go higher. When an attempt is made to indict Directors or a President, the public smiles, and the cynicism is justified. Yet in nine cases out of ten the fault is due to incompetency tolerated, if not countenanced, by those in authority. Somebody blunders besides the engineer, overworked at eighty dollars per month.

When an army meets with disaster the general may blame his subordinates, but the nation holds him to account. In railroading as in war, inefficiency is a crime, and as the general is absolutely responsible for his command, the President and Directors must be made to answer to the public. The conviction of a single twenty-five thousand dollar a year man might send a shudder round every Directors' table in the country, but also it might cut down railroad accidents by a third. It probably would. Anyway, it is worth trying. Keep your eye on the man at the desk, not on the man at the lever.

ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE SUBURBS

The most beautiful characteristic of the suburbanite is undoubtedly his cheerful loyalty to the place of his adoption. Trains may be late and snows deep, but however ruffled his temper the commuter never fails to recall that while man made the city it was God who made the country. Indeed, there is no trial for which he cannot find an overbalancing delight, and as for the homely tragedies of his existence, he meets them like another Robinson Crusoe. A fresh remedy for each fresh disaster. We quote from the experience of a rural contemporary :—

"I was caught in the deluge the other day, and in spite of raincoat and umbrella arrived at my office thoroughly soaked from my knees down," said a sad-eyed suburbanite who was recounting the joys of country life. "I knew that to sit at my desk all day with wet feet and legs meant a severe cold or worse, and I was in a wretched state. I sat with the cold, wet things making me more and more miserable, when suddenly I had an idea. In my office are a number of swinging incandescent lights suspended by the wires only. Loosening the surplus wire to give the lights more play and removing the light shades, I turned on the current and, resting my legs on a chair, pushed a light up each leg of my trousers to a point between the knee and ankle. The heat from the lights was just the right quantity, and in about half a minute my legs began to feel a warm glow that was delightful, and the steam rose in miniature clouds. In

half an hour both legs of my trousers were thoroughly dry. Then I pulled my wet socks over the bulbs, and they were dry in no time. The job was finished by putting the lights in my shoes and I had dry shoes in a little over an hour."

Besides, what's an hour, more or less, to a suburbanite?

THE UNREST OF READING

We commented last month with some asperity upon a book by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr. Our objection is not based so much on the book, which is sufficiently worthless to insure prompt oblivion, as upon its temporary popularity. If there is one thing that we Americans have a right to feel proud of it is the healthy mindedness of our inheritance. We are not naturally morbid or neurotic or introspective. We are more prone to speculate in stocks than in the whys and wherefores of our being. We set our hands naturally to the work nearest us. Now there are signs that the race is changing. Our success has been purchased at a price. Our nerves are tense. The strain is on, and if in our scanty seasons of relaxation we turn for rest and amusement to such a neurotic compound as "The One Woman," we lose our chance for real refreshment and for return to a normal order of things. If a healthy people make a healthy literature, the reverse is also true. Healthy books make healthy men and women.

A RELIGIOUS AGE

Frequently the cry is heard in the land that religion is waning—that the churches are only gaining ground at the expense of each other. Statistics seem to show that the latter contention is true, but it needs no argument to prove that the two statements are entirely distinct. Indeed, it is improbable if, since the revival of the Wesleys, ideas truly religious have been much more prevalent throughout this country than they are to-day. Not to speak of the extraordinary number of mental healing sects and their kin, Christian Science, whatever one may think of its tenets, owes its main success to the religious instinct never more eager than now to find an outlet. The "New Thought," a name which grows daily more familiar, is a still better example. Though this cult practices mental healing, and accepts in part the theories of spiritualism, it is the complete opposite of Christian Science in that it refuses definite organization and denies any central authority. No more democratic type of religion exists in this country. About Boston the New Thought counts its adherents by the tens of thousands, and in the middle West they are everywhere.

As it is in all vital forms of religion, the corner-stone in the New Thought is faith. "Rub a wart," says one of its leading apostles, "with a split bean or pea, and throw the same away, and the wart will disappear—if you expect such a result." And if this faith of the child endures in the man it can move mountains.

No observer can fail to be impressed by the toleration which is the most remarkable characteristic of this new faith. "The authority of the inner life," say its believers, "which is God in the human soul, may gently replace dictation from without."

Those of us who belong to the established churches may well ponder on this thought.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By ANNIE PAYSON CALL
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

II. SLEEP

IT would seem that at least one might be perfectly free in sleep. But the habits of cleaving to mistaken ways of living can not be thrown off at night and taken up again in the morning. They go to sleep with us and they wake with us.

If, however, we learn better habits of sleeping, that helps us in our life through the day. And learning better habits through the day helps us to get more rest from our sleep. At the end of a good day we can settle down more quickly to get ready for sleep, and, when we wake in the morning, find ourselves more ready to begin the day to come.

There are three things that prevent sleep. Over fatigue,—material disturbances from the

outside,—and mental disturbances from within.

It is not uncommon to hear people say "I was too tired to sleep"—but it is not generally known how great a help it is at such times not to try to sleep, but to go to work deliberately to get rested in preparation for it. In nine cases out of ten it is the unwillingness to lie awake that keeps us awake. We wonder why we do not sleep. We toss and turn and wish we could sleep. We fret, and fume, and worry, because we do not sleep. We think of all we have to do on the following day, and are oppressed with the thought that we cannot do it if we do not sleep. First, we try one experiment to see if it will not make us sleep, and when it fails, we try another, and perhaps another. In each experiment we are watching to see if it will work. There are many things to do, any one of which might help us to sleep, but the *watching to see if they will work keeps us awake.*

When we are kept awake from our fatigue, the first thing to do is to say over and over to ourselves that we do not care whether we sleep or not, in order to imbue ourselves with a healthy indifference about it. It will help toward gaining this wholesome indifference to say "I am too tired to sleep, and therefore, the first thing for me to do is to get rested in order to prepare for sleep. When my brain is well rested, it will go to sleep; it can not help it. When it is well rested, it will sleep just as naturally as my lungs breathe, or as my heart beats."

In order to rest our brains we want to lie quietly, relaxing all our muscles, and taking even, quiet breaths. It is good when we can take long, full breaths, but sometimes that is too fatiguing; and then we must not only take moderately long breaths, but be careful to have them gentle, quiet, and rhythmic. To make a plan of breathing and follow it keeps the mind steadily concentrated on the breathing, and gives the rest of the brain, which has been working on other things, a chance to relax and find its own freedom and rest. It is helpful to inhale while we count seven, exhale while we count seven, then rest and breathe naturally while we count seven, and to repeat the series of three for seven times; but to be strict with ourselves and see that we only do it seven times, not once more nor once less. Then we should wait a little and try it again,—and so keep on for a number of times, repeating the same series; and we should always be sure to have the air in our bedrooms as fresh as possible. If the breathing is steady and rhythmic it helps very much, and to inhale and exhale over and over for half an hour, has a very pleasant, quieting effect—sometimes such exercises make us nervous at first, and, if we are very tired, that often happens; but, if we keep steadily at work, the nervousness disappears and restful quiet follows which very often brings restoring and refreshing sleep.

Another thing to remember—and it is very important—is that an overtired brain needs more than the usual nourishment. If you have been awake for an hour, and it is three hours after your last meal, take half a cup, or a cup of hot milk. If you are awake for another two hours take half a cup more, and so, at intervals of about two hours, so long as you are awake throughout the night. Hot milk is nourishing and a sedative. It is not inconvenient to have milk by the side of one's bed, and a little saucepan and spirit lamp, so that the milk can be heated without getting up, and the quiet simple occupation of heating it is sometimes restful in itself.

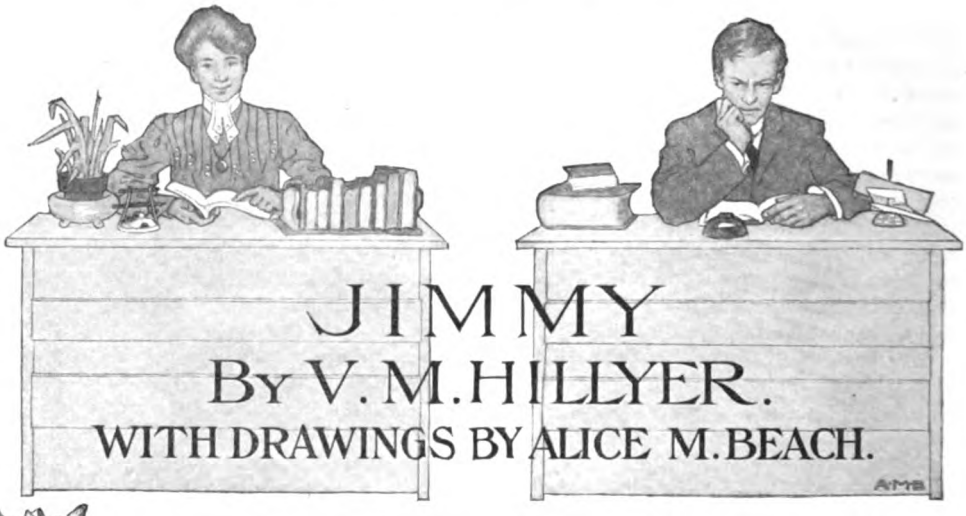
There are five things to remember to help rest an over-tired brain: 1. A healthy indifference to wakefulness. 2. Concentration of the mind on simple things. 3. Relaxation of the body. 4. Gentle rhythmic breathing of fresh air. 5. Regular nourishment. If we do not lose courage, but keep on steadily night after night, with a healthy persistence in remembering and practicing these five things, we shall often find that what might have been a very long period of sleeplessness may be materially shortened and that the sleep which follows the practice of the exercises is better, sounder, and more refreshing, than the sleep that came before. In many cases a long or short period of insomnia can be absolutely prevented by just these simple means.

Here is perhaps the place to say that all narcotics are, in such cases, absolutely pernicious.

They may bring sleep at the time, but eventually they lose their effect, and leave the nervous system in a state of strain which can not be helped by anything but time, through much suffering that might have been avoided.

How to avoid being kept awake by outside disturbances, and by troubles of the mind will be told in the next article.

MARGINALIA



JIMMY

By V. M. HILLYER.

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALICE M. BEACH.

SAY, our new teacher's all right. You can't give him no guff. Th' other day, 'bout ten o'clock, I want'd a smoke, and I want'd it bad. So I flops m' head down on m' desk, jest this away, same's I uster with Miss Mamie, and waits fer teacher to come round, and puttin' his hand on my shoulder, sympathizin' like, say: "Jimmy, duz you feel bad? Don't you think you'd better go home?" But he goes right on with the lesson, payin' no 'tention to me at all. So I begins to groan sorter softly, jest this away, 's if I wuz tryin' not t' interrupt, but 'twuz hard to hold in. *Then* he notices me all right, he duz. He stops, plunk, and he sez, 's sharp 's a whip: "Jimmy, wat's the matter with yer?"

"Oh, sir," I groans, "I feels so sick, sir."

"Feels sick, do yer?" sez he. "Where?"

I draws a face like a funeral and rubs my bread basket. "All over here," sez I.

I suppose I orteren't t' raised m' head, 'r else I did the too-much-sick act, fer he was onter my game in a minit.

"Sick, the devil!" sez he; yes, he did, jest them words, "Sick, the devil! You sit up and do your work or I'll make yer feel sick!" sez he.

So I makes 's if m' feelin's wuz hurt by his thinkin' so hard of me, but I begins studyin' again, you bet, only gradual like 's if I wuz on the point of death, but 'ud do anythin' s' long 's dear teacher tol' me.

Jimmy.

'Twa'nt that away with Miss Mamie. She wuz easy, she wuz. You cud jolly her along with any old song and dance and she'd smile 's happy 's a baby. Oh, yes, I wuz her pet all right, and I ain't so pious neither, not so's you'd notice it. I tol' her I liked her better'n any teacher I'd ever had and that she wuz a hundred times nicer 'n old Miss Warner.

"Jimmy," sez she, blushin' like, "you mustn't say that—comparisons are odorous," sez she, but she wuz 's tickled 's a kitten and after that I cud pull her leg for any old thing. Gee! it wuz a cinch. The knives and marbles she'd took from the naughty boys went into the waste basket, but I went in after 'em 's soon 's school wuz out, all right, all right.

If I didn't have my lessons, w'y I'd work the old gag 'bout not havin' time 'count supportin' my father and mother sellin' newspapers—say, wouldn't that jar you; pap's a licensed engineer at fifteen per, and the old oornan makes jest a few herself, w'at with plain sewin and the like. But she tumbled to once; said that wuz all right 'bout the lessons and I wus a good boy to work for my parents. Then when we'd have visitors she'd point me out be-

Puffs in the basement.

hind a geography, pertendin' to study 'bout day and night bein' caused by the rotation o' the earth on its axis, and tell 'em how good and noble I wuz. Gee! it seemed a shame to take the money.

Why Tommy Green ain't in it at all. He thinks he's somethin' much jest 'cause he c'n do his fingers this away and h's had the scarlet fever.

Why that's nothin'. I've had my leg broke in two places and I nearly died of the diphtheria. Tommy don't know beans neither 'bout runnin' a teacher. If he breaks a winder, he swears he ain't done it, when his teacher seen him herself plain as day. Now that ain't my style. When she asks the class who did it, I sez up humbly like, "Please ma'am, I did."

"That's wat I like to hear," sez she, "you're a noble boy," and then jest to show she ain't mad with me but likes me better'n ever, she asks me to get her a glass o' water, and I gets a few puffs at the same time, for I gotter go down in the basement and I gotter let the water run till it gets good and cold.

I fixed her good and solid though when I wrote a essay on wat I wuz going to be. I sez I wanted to be a teacher jest like Miss Mamie if I cud ever get 'nuf learnin' and goodness and a lot o' other rot. Holy smoke! I'd rather die first; and there ain't no money in the teacherin business nohow. But gee! she jest thought I wus great after that and it wuz "Jimmy, carry this here note"—half hour off,—"Jimmy, you're to be monitor"—a swipe at Tommy Green—"Jimmy, you're excused early so's to meet the paper wagon."

But jest 's I gets everythin' fixed all O. K. I gets promoted. Mr. Grey—he's my new teacher—sez I hadn't no business to be there, wich is jest 'bout right; sez I don't know nothin', which is jest 'bout right, too. But say, he's all right though.

I sprung the supportin' father and mother bluff on him and he sez "Get out," or words more or less to that effec.'

"How much does you make?" sez he.

I dodged a bit, but 'twant no use, for I sees as how he wouldn't bite at no fish story, so I sez up honest, "'Bout eight dollars a month, wat with a news route in the northeast and extra papers besides."

"What does you do with your money?" says he.

"Oh," sez I, "I soaks it away in a cigar-box."

"How much have you got?" sez he.

"Seventy-three dollars and twenty-seven cents to date," sez I.

"Why don't you put it in a savings bank?" sez he.

"Wat's that?" sez I.

Then he sez as how you gets three cents a year on every dollar you puts in.

"Gee!" sez I, "that's jest like findin' money."

"Yes," sez he, smilin' like, "you orter put yourn in the Union Savings Bank,"—and I did.

II

Say, that bank wa'nt no good. Jest 'bout the time I wuz beginnin' to feel like a bloated bondholder, and had six months' interest added onter my book, that bank busted. But that wa'nt the worst by a long sight. Misfortune come in triplets, as the sayin' is, and it wa'nt a week after that when ma fell sick of a fever and jest naturally died, I mean — typhoid fever, yer know. Then 'bout a month after that a shaftin' fell on pap

I waits fer the teacher to come round.

and smashed both'n his legs to a jelly so's they had to be sawed off, and he's no good no more. What do yer think o' that fer a bunch o' hard luck? I wuz worse'n a orphan all right and no joke. Naturally I quits school fer keeps and starts sellin' papers down town.

One day Mr. Grey comes 'long, 'bout ten in the mornin', wich surprises me some, 'cause it wuz a Wednesday and 'twant no holiday.

"I've been wantin' to see yer, Jimmy," sez he. "No, thank yer, I've read the paper. Come up to my office in the Globe Buildin' after yer sell out."

"Globe Buildin'!" sez I, fer I didn't catch on.

"Yes," sez he. "I've quit the teacherin' business and 'm practicin' law."

"Oh," sez I, "all right," and I goes, wonderin wat's up. Say, watter yer suppose he wanted?

"Jimmy," sez he, "I'm orfully sorry 'bout that bank; I thought it was all right, and I lost some money in it myself, too."

"Oh, that ain't no matter; 'tain't no use cryin' over spilt milk. How's the law?" sez I, changin' the subjec', fer I want goin' ter have him think I cared or held it up against him, fer I didn't, not one little bit.

"Oh, the law's all right," sez he, smilin' like; "but it ain't comin' my way much jest yet. Jimmy," sez he, "I've a propersition to make. You c'n rent space fer a news stand in front of the Globe Buildin' fer fifteen a month, and though I ain't got much, if yer'll try it, I'll start yer and ye needn't worry 'bout the rent till ye c'n pay it."

"Fifteen a month!" sez I "that's twicet as much as we uster pay fer our house."

"Oh, yes," sez he, "but think of the advanterges over sellin' papers on the street."

"All right," sez I, "if you'll fix it up,—I don't mean the money part, fer I ain't in the poor house jest yet—but if you'll fix it with the managers, I'm game all right."

III

Say, y'orter seen my place o' business. I made that stand look like a circus come to town. Wen I wuz'nt takin' in the dimes and nickels I wuz printin signs that Mr. Grey said wuz all right. I made 'em fresh every hour jest t' tract attention.

"Fond Parunts Attenshun. Lern How to Edercate Your Childrun. In the—— this month, Jest Out."

"Lady's Look. How To Make Your Winter Bonit—for 25c."

"How to Bild your own Home on 10c a weak."

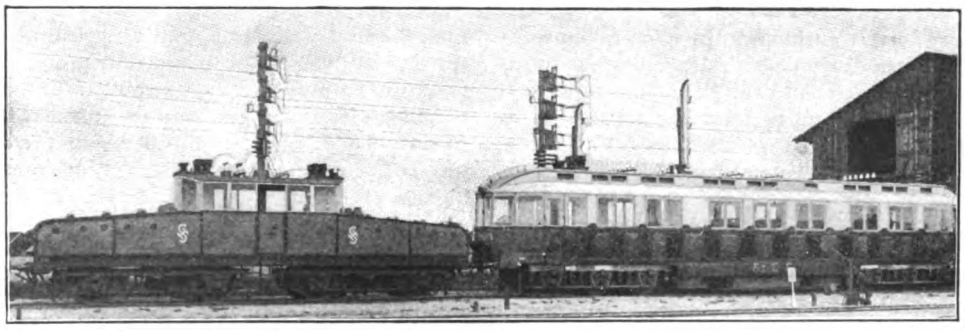
"Half-hour off."

Say, there wuz a crowd roun' that stand frow dewy morn till the lights wuz put out, and I passed magazines and newspapers over that counter like hot cakes. In 'bout a month I buys pap a patent rollin chair so's he cud push hisself about and soon I brings him down town to help handle the cash. Say, I'll be livin' on easy street in 'nother year sure.

I wanted to take Mr. Grey inter partnership, but he sez, smilin like, "No, it's all yourn Jimmy, and besides I'm gettin' busy myself some now." Say, I always said he wuz too good fer the teacherin business. He'll be president some day if I ain't mistook. He's runnin' fer councilman from our ward now and if he don't make it, it won't be my fault, fer in every paper and magazine I sells there's a bang up printed notice shoved in at the openin' page :—

"Vote for the Hon. John Grey.
He's the cleanest, whitest
man clear through that ever
came down the pike.
Refer to JIMMY."

The cars used in the Zossen experiment.



THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR SPEED

By LOUIS BELL

A FEW weeks ago the news flashed under the sea that the experimenters on the electric line at Zossen had driven their car at the terrific rate of more than one hundred and thirty miles per hour. The feat was hailed with more joy than surprise by the little group of advanced engineers who had followed the work and knew well its possibilities, but to the world at large it was merely an unheard-of speed at an unheard-of place. One has to stop and reflect before he can fairly realize what the achievement really signifies.

One hundred and thirty miles per hour is by far the highest velocity ever reached by anything of human contrivance, save a projectile. It means that the car is traveling close upon two hundred feet in each second of time, that it would pass the fastest express train as if the latter were standing still, and, given a clear track, could run from New York to San Francisco in less than twenty-four hours.

The magnificent result was not the outcome of individual enterprise or invention, but of deliberate organized effort extending over four years of persistent labor. In 1899 a society for the study of high-speed railroading was quietly formed in Germany. Among its leading spirits were Herr Rathenau, head of one of the great German electrical companies, and Von Siemens, head of another world-famous firm. Associated with them was a small but distinguished body of engineers and capitalists, and the organization won the potent backing of the German Emperor himself. It was a syndicate unique in the world's history, bent not on the formation of a huge industrial company, but on the solution of a tremendous technical and commercial problem.

The necessary funds were subscribed by prominent financiers and banking firms, engineering plans were formulated, and permission was obtained from the Government to use for an experimental track the military railroad between Berlin and Zossen. The part of the road selected was that from Marienfelde, a suburb a few miles south of Berlin, to Zossen, the terminus, a distance of a little less than fifteen miles, where the track was fairly straight and nearly level.

There, in the late summer of 1901, the first of the epoch-making experiments was tried. Before this could be done a long period of experiment and construction was necessary; new apparatus had to be built and new methods developed. Our ordinary methods of electric railroading break down when applied to high-speed work demanding the supply of large amounts of power to the moving car over considerable distances. Their weakest point is that the continuous current motors in common use on electric cars cannot well be constructed to take their supply of power at a greater electrical pressure than a few hundred volts. Consequently, if great power becomes necessary, a very large current has to be furnished to the car. It is on just the principle that a waterfall if the head be only a few feet requires an enormous flow to produce a great amount of power. This large current cannot be delivered over long distances without severe loss and great expense, nor can it easily be taken off the working conductors by a fast-running car. The third rail, so much used in this country, would have proved entirely inadequate to meet the conditions demanded in the Zossen work, even were it free from the difficulties of insulation which beset it. The only feasible plan for the supply of great power to a fast car on a long line is to deliver the power at very high voltage from the working conductors.

This plan, already announced by theory, the Zossen engineers put into practice. They transmitted the power along the line in the

way now customary in power transmission, as three-phase alternating current, and delivered it to the car at the full transmission pressure of from eight thousand to fourteen thousand volts. Three trolley wires, similar to those common in our streets, were erected, one above the other, at the side of the track. This position was chosen as giving better contact at high speed than if directly overhead. The power taken from these wires was utilized on the car by three-phase alternating current motors, since a change from alternating current to the continuous current of the common railway motor could not be made except by carrying heavy and complicated apparatus.

The high voltage on the trolley wires was reduced by alternating current transformers carried on the car to a pressure more convenient for the motors and regulating apparatus.

The cars themselves were two in number, similar in construction and dimensions to our ordinary long passenger coaches and were mounted on a pair of six-wheel trucks, each truck fitted with a pair of two hundred and fifty horse-power motors. These motors were capable of working temporarily up seven hundred and fifty horse-power apiece, and were spring supported, with large hollow shafts connected with the axles which were driven directly by flexible couplings. The wheels were about four feet in diameter, and were equipped with both air and hand brakes. The cars complete with their ordinary number of passengers weighed about ninety tons each. Trolley contacts for all three wires were arranged at each end of the cars, those on the now famous car "B" being strong insulating pillars each bearing three spring-carried trolley bows, trolley wheels being quite out of the question at very high speed.

The engineers well knew that the track with rails weighing sixty-four pounds per yard and carried partly on steel and partly on wooden sleepers was rather light but began the experiments on it partly with a view of seeing what could be done with standard track construction at very high speed. One hundred and twenty-five miles per hour was the goal that they had set before themselves, and beginning at less than half this rate the speed was gradually and carefully worked upwards with elaborate measurements of power, speed, and wind pressure at each stage of the operations.

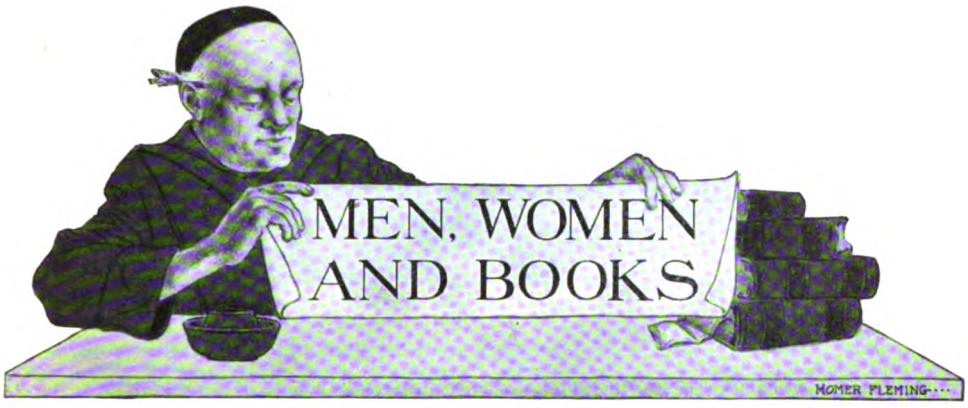
The results were precisely what had been anticipated by well informed engineers on both sides of the Atlantic. Taking power from the trolley wires and getting prodigious speed with the motor equipment provided proved to be easy, but the capabilities of the track for safe running were soon exhausted. At sixty-five or seventy miles per hour there was severe jolting, which steadied down at higher speed, but was followed a little above eighty miles per hour by more serious signs of weakness. The cars began to sway alarmingly and after pushing the speed to just short of one hundred miles per hour, the experimenters thought it discreet to halt.

They had already done invaluable work. They had shown that they could develop enough power in the motors and could easily take power enough from the high pressure trolley lines to win the speed desired. They had shown, too, that many current estimates of air pressure at great speed were gross exaggerations. Less than three hundred horse-power at the motor was sufficient to hurl the ninety ton car along an indifferent track at nearly ninety miles per hour. The only weakness developed was in the brakes, which bit less effectively at the higher speeds than was their wont. At above seventy-five miles per hour the signals were hard to see, and it was evident that a general re-arrangement of the track would be necessary before speed could be pushed to the limit.

It took nearly two years of careful labor to work up the immense mass of data obtained. The entire length of experimental track was thoroughly ballasted. The old rails were replaced by much heavier ones, all laid on oak ties, since the section of road laid with steel ties had proved particularly unsatisfactory. Curves were eased, guard rails laid, and the whole line put in the best possible condition for high speed. Only minor changes were made in the cars since the electrical equipment as a whole, had proved highly satisfactory.

Finally, early the past autumn, experimental runs were resumed, trying the effects of higher speeds, and gathering at each stage complete data for attempting the next.

So the work went cautiously on and presently we began to get startling results. First one hundred and fifteen miles per hour was scored, then one hundred and twenty-five, and finally one hundred and thirty and more. The experimenters had won and more than achieved the splendid task they had set for themselves. Complete reports are lacking, but the entire feasibility of sustained speed above one hundred miles per hour is put beyond question.



ROBERT BARR, author of "Over the Border," is one of the most energetic of literary people and, besides writing novels and short stories and editing a magazine, he has managed to acquire one of the most beautiful building sites in England and to build a house on it. He lives now at Hillhead, Woldingham, on a bit of high ground which looks off over a vast plain wherein lie the counties of Kent, Sussex and Surrey, and whose border is the hills that touch the English Channel. He is an American, of course, and one of the most striking examples of the American invasion of England; for his books have a breezy, energetic quality which holds the attention and has made him as popular on that side of the water as on this.

Mr. Barr's house.

As for style—"If I were a young man," Mr. Barr said once, "I would learn style. As it is, I just think of my story. I was talking once in a club with a leading critic, some leading authors and Thomas Hardy. They were talking about style, and I said, 'What is style?' Hardy said, 'I really don't know.'" Who does?

Not long ago Mr. Barr was at the Euston Station in London, seeing off Dr. McKenzie, of McGill University, who was taking the steamer train for Liverpool. As they walked up and down the long platform together, Dr. McKenzie said jocularly:—

"Let us go to the bookstall and see if any of your immortal works are there. If they are I'll buy one to take across with me. If they are not, I'll tell all your friends on the other side that your supposed British reputation is a sham." The two walked to the bookstall and examined it carefully, but nothing with the name of Barr was found.

Where Barr's novels are planned.

The novelist was visibly annoyed and would have entered a protest, but the doctor claimed that was against the rules of the game. Time was short, and Professor McKenzie took his place in the forward part of the long train. Barr bade him goodby and then made direct for the bookstall to give the seller a piece of his mind, but as he glanced casually at the array of books, there, in the most prominent place, he saw a row of seven copies of "The Victors."

The shrill whistle had sounded, and the train was perceptibly in motion. There was no time for paying

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barr.

anything, so Barr grabbed his book and ran like mad up the long platform. The stall-keeper shouted "Stop thief!" and others took up the cry, trying to intercept the culprit, but Barr dodged them successfully.

Broughton Castle, familiar to readers of "Over the Border."

The energetic railway officials thought he was a belated passenger and determined to throw him into the train. Doors in the moving carriages were flung open, and officials yelled frantically: "Jump in anywhere!"

It took great agility to evade the officials, but Barr succeeded. Dr. McKenzie was leaning out of his window, thinking from the outcry that some one had been killed, when Barr hove alongside and said politely, if breathlessly:—

"Mac, allow me to present you with a token of esteem."

The train was out of sight a second later. Panting but triumphant, Barr strolled back to the bookstall.

"Didn't some one steal a book from you a moment ago?" he asked.

"Yes," cried the indignant stall-keeper, "and he's bolted off to America with it."

"Why don't you telegraph a description of him to Liverpool? It will be hours before the train is there," suggested Barr sympathetically.

"Description! I didn't see anything but his back and his legs."

"Oh well, let it go," said Barr airily. "It was a good book, for I wrote it myself, so I'll pay for it," and he planked down the money.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"Cherry," by Booth Tarkington.

To Mr. Tarkington we can forgive much. We forgive him "Cherry." There is humor enough in the book to give sprightliness to a short story, and incident possibly sufficient for an anecdote or two, but with the bookmaker as an accomplice the story is sold for a novel. Even then the reader might do well enough, but Mr. Tarkington must needs tell his story in the first person, through the mouth of one Sugdeberry, a monstrous prig, who describes his discomfiture regarding a lady's heart at the hands of a dashing rival. The experiment of permitting an ass, admittedly insufferable to every other character in the story, to chatter to the reader without pause, from the first chapter to the last, is certainly hazardous, possibly impossible.

If we have found fault with Mr. Tarkington's story for its brevity we withdraw the criticism, and we say once again we can forgive him till seventy times seven for the memory of "Beaucaire."

"The Main Chance," by Meredith Nicholson.

The knowledge of what not to say, of how to omit material which is perhaps good of its kind, but not vital to the story in hand, is not given to every novelist. "The Main Chance" is a good story, but there is too much of it. It is the tale of an Eastern man who goes West to a small town on business, of the men he meets there, of his successes and failures and of his love affair, and it is always well, though rather stenographically told. There is nothing offensive in the story, neither is there anything particularly remarkable about it, anything that holds the attention or strikes any new note. The main impression the book leaves is one of monotony, to which the reader is rather ashamed to confess. Some fairly good illustrations by Harrison Fisher have been caricatured by an attempt to color them.

"The Heart of Rome," by F. Marion Crawford.

The ingredients of a Marion Crawford novel are too well known to need description, and this last story has the same qualities and the same defects as most of its predecessors. Sacred waterways, ancient palaces, ruined princesses and mushroom millionaires, whose millions are never allowed to conceal the mushroom quality of their owner, make up a story neither very exciting nor very original, but which the literary skill of its author raises to the upper middle class of novels. There is a story told nowadays of a woman who said to Mr. Crawford, "Have you ever written anything that will live after you are gone?"

"Madam," the novelist replied, "what I am trying to do, is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

"The Heart of Rome" should prove a fairly profitable contribution toward that purpose.

S O N G

By ETHEL M. KELLEY

Spring! Spring!
Ecstacy's sting!
Birth in the wildwood, and birds on the wing,
Living cries out to you
Fragrances shout to you,
What is all doubt to you,
—When it is Spring?

Birds! Birds!
Flocks of them—herds!
How can we welcome them merely with words?
Up from the sod to us
Daffodils nod to us.
Message of God to us
Brought by the birds!

Love! Love!
Cloud-ships above!
Trees are a tremble with messages of
One who will mate with us,
Sharing our fate with us
Who will be great with us
Giving us love!

Spring! Spring!
Wonderful thing!
Waves on the shore of it clamber and cling
Blossoms aburst in it,
Rapture is nursed in it.
Earth is immersed in it,
Exquisite Spring.

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

See " Our Melancholy Pastimes."

In the corridors of the best advertised hotels.

LESLIE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME LVII. APRIL, 1904 WHOLE No. 6

OUR MELANCHOLY PASTIMES

By JAMES L. FORD
Author of "The Brazen Calf"

With Drawings by KARL ANDERSON and W. GLACKENS

AS it has always been found difficult for a warlike people sated with the spoils of victory to lay down its arms and resume the gentle arts of peace, so have we, essentially a race of workers, and sated, as many of us are, with the fruits of our labors, found it hard to enjoy in a rational and healthful manner the recreations to which we are now fairly entitled. And in this respect we are as a nation distinctly inferior to the Latins, the Teutons and even the sober-minded British, who "amuse themselves sadly," as their Gallic critic once amiably put it.

In no respect do the French—in many ways the wisest people on earth—show riper wisdom than in their appreciation of the supreme importance of amusement as a factor in their national life. I declare that in all Paris there is nothing better worthy of our serious consideration or more pleasing to the eye than those family groups which may be seen in the Bois any fine Sunday afternoon —groups in which real enjoyment is written on every face, from that of the wrinkled grandparent to the rosy one of the toddling infant of two years.

Now a careful consideration of the various forms of amusement that find favor in this country cannot fail to convince even the most skeptical that that is a branch of our education that has been sorely neglected. It is an important branch, too, when we take into consideration the vast amount of work that is accomplished by us every year and the consequent necessity for a commensurate degree of diversion that shall be healthful and at least not mentally or morally degrading.

As it is, we have only to consider the American people, class by class, to learn the barrenness of most of what passes current as amusement or recreation.

The amusements of the young, and particularly of school boys, are founded largely on disaster to somebody else, and are almost invariably flavored with the pungent spice of disobedience. In the case of infants this tendency to defy traditions and orders manifests itself in their manner of playing with toys. Give a child a locomotive capable of generating real steam, and two hours afterwards it will be found with its train of real cars in the bath tub, where it has been put to soak; but the toy steamboat, intended to float in real water, will be dragged across the nursery floor at the end of a long string.

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Drawn by W. Glackens.

Pepper on the stove.

Somewhat later in life the boy who plays in this topsy-turvy fashion is likely to become the ringleader of his little set in school and famous as the organizer of all sorts of fun. During the recitation hour almost anything that has no earthly value will pass current as amusement, provided only that it be offensive to some one—a form of entertainment that finds its highest expression, as well as its most honored tradition, in the putting of pepper on the stove.

But late at night there is more variety and spontaneity in the fun. There is, for example, the midnight supper, stealthily served by young gentlemen whose bare feet and light attire invite pneumonia, and consisting largely of indigestibles that bring a shudder to middle life. If the head master were to compel his refractory pupils to get up in the middle of the night and eat crackers, chow-chow and canned peaches as a punishment for their misdemeanors, the boys would run away and their parents would commend their course.

The ancient ghost trick is another deathless form of school-boy entertainment and one that owes not a little of its success to the opportunities it offers of scaring some trembling new boy into fits. Like the midnight supper, it is also provocative of pneumonia, and en-

Drawn by W. Glackens.

Indigestibles that bring a shudder to middle life.

tails on its perpetrators want of sleep, personal discomfort and the risk of capture.

But, after all, the first swim of the season is without a peer as a serious menace to health, combined with

Drawn by W. Glackens.

A serious menace to health, combined with acute personal suffering.

acute personal suffering. There always comes a time early in May when three or four successive days of warm weather give a sudden impetus to the buds, leaves and grass, and fill the schoolboy's heart with a longing for the cool depths of the river that flows through the meadows half a mile from the school. And on the second or third day of this warm spell Tommy will take Jimmie aside at the noon recess and say: "I'll bet the water will be bully and warm with all this hot weather we've had. Let's get a crowd of fellers and go swimming this afternoon."

And, immediately after the hearty two o'clock dinner—which, as every physician knows, is a most auspicious moment for bathing—a dozen boys with towels stuck under their jackets may be seen leaving the school grounds in a furtive manner so as not to attract the notice of the "old man," who is known to harbor certain old-fashioned prejudices against swimming in the early spring when the water is as cold as ice and malaria lurks about the river banks. The little band of fun-seekers are also at pains to elude the school bullies who might play disagreeable tricks with their clothing, and to bid to their saturnalia of discomfort two or three unsuspecting small boys who are surprised, pleased and flattered by the invitation.

After all, there are so many things that can be done with a small boy in the water without actually drowning him; and besides, there ought to be some fun to compensate for the discomfort!

Which one of us will ever forget the

ghastly misery of that early spring swim? The icy coldness of the water; the oozing turf on which we undressed and left our clothes; the gusts of chill wind that swept down the river; the sharp stones over which we walked and the awful coldness of the water that was spattered on our backs by our merry comrades! As to the health-wrecking and nerve destroying practical jokes that we played on one another, even at this late day I am absolutely ashamed to allude to them.

Many of the most popular forms of college fun are even inferior to those which are so popular among school boys because they are smirched with the adolescent yearnings after dissipation. To consider the follies and excesses into which the simple gudgeon of an undergraduate plunges in the hope that his classmen will regard him as a *vivcur* or dashing man of the world, is simply to take up the whole subject of human folly, vanity and weakness. But I will venture to remark that the spectacle afforded by beardless youths, to whose unaccustomed stomachs strong drink is still a nauseous draught, deliberately trying to cultivate appetites that they may never be able to shake off, is one likely to be viewed with scant respect by those who have learned some of the real lessons of life. As compared with these shuddering dips into the early spring waters of dissipation, such amusements as painting the statue pea green or (what bright jolly dogs they are, after all!) tying the professor's cow to the end of the bell rope are diversions well worth the regard of the wisest of French philosophers.

The amusements of the rustic are inferior, in point of physical suffering endured, to those of the school boy or collegian, but they excel them in the matter of stupidity and positive melancholy. The village store also affords a great deal of innocent diversion to people who enjoy the health-giving warmth of an air-tight wood stove and prefer the senseless and ceaseless repetition of such pleasantries as "Wa'al, 'Lisha, haow abaout that air watermelon up to Deacon Sproggett's?" with its ensuing guffaws, to real humor.

But these enjoyments are merely for week days, which are supposed to be given over entirely to work. Far more remarkable are the diversions which bucolic habit sets apart for the day of rest. On this day the rustic gives expression to his religious ecstacy by greasing his hair and his boots, but these purely decorative exercises are as nothing in the way of amusement in comparison with the afternoon walk in company with the girl of his choice.

This form of diversion would not be in itself extraordinary were it not for the direction which this Sunday stroll inevitably takes. No matter how beautiful the surrounding country, how rich in points of historic interest, in shady dells, sylvan glades and sequestered paths by running streams; there is but one point towards which the village lovers bend their steps by common consent on Sunday afternoon. That spot is the village cemetery, and there, by crumbling tombs and chilly vaults, 'neath the shade of doleful cypress and resinous evergreen, one may find these bucolic couples wandering hand in hand, pausing now and again for a sly embrace or to read mendacious epitaphs over the bones of those who in life's Sundays sought the very turf which their feet now tread.

The middle-aged or elderly rustic has, as a usual thing, outlived most of the pleasures that I have named and finds his chief delight in the trip which he makes to New York every fall for the ostensible purpose of disposing of the produce of his farm. Now it is well known that in point of quality, variety and quantity the amusements offered by New York to the intelligent citizen or visitor, and even to the unintelligent ones, are practically without limit. Even those who are unacquainted with the more intimate and fascinating phases of New York life may still find endless diversion in theaters, art galleries and libraries; in streets and parks and in the thousand and one points of historic and public interest in which the city abounds. Which one of these shall the visiting farmer choose—theater, park, museum or art gallery? Not one of them. In his eyes metropolitan life

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

The point toward which the village lovers bend their steps.

Drawn by W. Glackens.

possesses a far keener zest than can be found in any of these, but it is for the initiated alone to enjoy it.

What do streets, theater or art gallery offer in comparison with the dingy saloon toward which he bends his eager footsteps, valise in hand, the moment he leaves the Grand Central station? What sweeter sleep than that which comes to him in that cosy back room where the knock-out drops are served? What sweeter awakening than that which finds him with his pockets turned inside out and the bartender asking him when he is going to settle for the last round?

Drawn by W. Glackens.

The refreshing lung tester.

I who have lived in New York for more years than I care to acknowledge, and have in my day trod nearly every one of her many streets, could not for the life of me point out a single place of refreshment in which knock-out drops are to be had for the asking. But to the bucolic visitor, brought up among the green fields and dusty roads, the source of this popular sedative is as an open book, and, as a general thing, he contrives to drink deep of it within fifteen minutes after his arrival in the city.

The rustic or provincial visitor of higher, or rather of wealthier degree, hies him with his wife and progeny to certain gorgeous hotels which he fondly imagines are the favorite haunts of our well-advertised Four Hundred, and there spends a week, at an outrageously high price, in roaming through the corridors and other public rooms, and gaping at the other overdressed and equally ignorant provincials of his own kind who are there doing just exactly what he is. This peculiar diversion resembles tennis, whist and the art of embroidery on textile fabrics, in that women attain in it a proficiency that is

equal to, and even greater than, that of the males of their species. In the height of the season the spectacle afforded by these bands of open-mouthed strangers eying each other with awe is so amusing that a great many of the wealthy and leisure class not infrequently visit these hotels for the purpose of enjoying it themselves.

And this lays bare a curious and interesting phase of the amusement question. A great deal of the most rational entertainment that this country affords is derived from the spectacle of other people amusing themselves in what we onlookers regard as an irrational manner. Thus there are more smiling faces to be seen among those who watch the eagerly gaping throngs in the corridors of the gorgeous hotels than there are among those who are really furnishing an amusing spectacle of mutual deception. And certainly Atlantic City would not be one of the most picturesque and entertaining spots on the Atlantic coast were it not for the crowds that patrol its board walk hour after hour and day after day seeking after amusement, but never finding as much as that which they themselves afford to the philosophic onlookers.

A more pronounced example of this condition is to be found at Coney Island, which, in the busy season, offers infinite diversion to those who know enough to appreciate it; not so much on account of its elaborate system of cheap shows and catch-penny devices—funny as many of them are—but because of the manner in which the regular frequenters of the place seek their amusement. On the very hottest Saturday afternoons in August thousands of the city toilers, exhausted with the heat and worn out with the week's labor, pack themselves into steamboats and trolley cars and come hurrying down to enjoy a breath of the cool sea air. Arrived at the world-famous ocean beach, one would naturally expect to see them plunge without delay into the refreshing salt waves, or at least sit down in some shady spot where the sea breeze can fan their heated brows and bring back some of the strength that has been worn out in the week of unremitting toil. But the habitual Coney Island visitor pays scant heed to the ocean breeze or the refreshing salt waves, and even in the very hottest weather the proportion of visitors who

Drawn by W. Glackens.

Watching the miracle of honest toil.

Drawn by W. Glackens.

The tramp loves to read the comic papers.

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

The added encumbrance of pretended culture.

derive any sort of pleasure from the ocean itself is not more than one in ten. The other nine hurry from railroad depot and steamboat landing to the heart of the densely populated region of chowder pots, photograph galleries, variety shows, fortune tellers and other characteristic Coney Island attractions. Once within the limits of this enchanted territory, the perspiring citizen plunges with animation into the whirlpool of enjoyment that lies before him. The lung-tester claims his instant attention; and, placing a filthy rubber mouthpiece to his lips, he blows until his face turns purple and his lungs threaten to split, in an insane attempt to force the pointer on a dial to the unattainable number that will yield him an unsmokeable cigar.

Having had all the fun that he can with the refreshing lung-tester, he passes on to the sister device known as the "try-your-strength," and by payment of a nickel secures the privilege of pounding with an enormous mallet, in the hope of reaching a number which lies only within the powers of the proprietor of the machine, the only man, by the way, who can smoke the cigars that are the reward of this prowess.

Cheered and invigorated by these two forms of exercise, the amusement seeker next proceeds to the photograph gallery and secures a tintype of himself that his own mother would fail to recognize; then on to the fortune teller, where a soothsayer, who is also a chiropodist, pictures for him a future state which he knows he can never realize. These forms of amusement exhausted, there still remain the variety shows in which the worst acts in the world are performed by the worst serio-comic and played-out song and dance men known to the modern stage; the hot corn spread with rancid butter; the poisonous beer with a headache in every glass; the "loop the loop," in which enjoyment is flavored with the pungent spice of peril; and the thousand and one opportunities for staking and losing money on reputed games of chance that are really the surest kind of sure things. In fact, I know of no place in which the search for pleasure is marked by such strange eccentricities as here.

Our two leisure classes, meaning the two extremes of society, also have ideas of their own as to what constitutes fun. The tramp loves to read comic papers and to see other people work. A city librarian once told me that he did not allow any funny colored supplements or copies of *Puck* and *Judge* in his library because they attracted so many tramps. There was nothing, he said, that a tramp liked better on a cold or stormy day than to come into a warm library and spend a few hours looking at comic pictures printed in bright colors, and reading jokes. And, curiously enough, nothing will divert him from this form of entertainment so surely as the news that some great public work is going on, in which case he will cheerfully trudge off to some distant part of the city and there stand on the edge of a subway excavation for hours at a time, watching the miracle of honest daily toil.

Bourke Cochran has wittily and wisely said that the one place in the world into which no ray of human enjoyment ever penetrates is the safe deposit vault in which the millionaire finds himself face to face with his securities. He might have said, also, that genuine amusement is as far removed from all money considerations as anything in this world can well be and that the way in which, in this country, the whole question of entertainment has become closely intertwined with that of spending money shows how very far off the track we have gone in our feverish and uncertain quest for enjoyment.

The first thing that the newly enriched man does, after carefully washing from his hand all soluble evidence of the fact that he once did honest work, is to go into some high-priced barroom and ostentatiously spend money on the most worthless assortment of human beings that he can find within the length and breadth of the town. This is what he calls "having a good time," and it must be a consolation to him to realize that he is spending his money in such a manner that not a single decent human being, with the possible exception of the landlord

and the bartender, can derive the slightest benefit from it. I never heard of a man of this sort who would consider that he was having a good time if he took the hungry and unfortunate into a restaurant and fed them or if he invited a number of poor and worthy persons of scholastic tastes to step into a book store and have a few books with him. And yet this café hero thinks that he is amusing himself legitimately when he gathers his loafer following together and buys cigars and drinks for them for the mere sake of hearing them laugh at his jokes and applaud him for his liberality and good fellowship. As a matter of fact, he is simply having his vanity tickled, which is a diversion so primitive that angle worms and caterpillars are able to indulge in it.

Among those who, with increasing wealth, have found time to study the arts of amusement as practiced in the different capitals of the world we find more variety in the methods of seeking it and results that are pitifully small. It is indeed a curious fact that the very people whose lives are chiefly devoted to the pursuit of material happiness are the only ones who scarcely ever catch up with it, whereas the working classes —whether they labor with their hands or with their brains—nearly always succeed in getting a large amount of enjoyment out of life during the very few moments that they can spare for its pursuit. The trouble with the rich is that in their anxiety to escape the primal curse of labor they have taken upon themselves the yoke of that deadly form of *ennui* which is a thousand times worse.

And of all the melancholy attempts at recreation with which New York's social season is scourged, none is more deadly than that which carries upon its shoulders the added incumbrance of pretended culture. I never knew what boredom really meant until I was enticed into a huge drawing-room to listen to a lecture on the "Folk-lore of Greenland" delivered by a solemn ass with a college education in his head instead of brains. The room was crowded, chiefly by women not one of whom could have any sort of real interest in the subject under discussion. That they all went through the ordeal with comparatively cheerful countenances and even voted it "perfectly charming" speaks better for their good manners than for their common sense.

And so, whenever I am moved to ridicule the taste of school boys in the matter of their sports, or that of the Coney Island visitor who prefers the bad variety show and worse beer to a cooling ocean bath, I think of that intellectual salon and what I suffered there at the hands of the "Folk-lore of-Greenland" man while penned in by two solid rows of amusement-seeking women.

IN TIME OF STORM

By SARA CONE BRYANT

With Drawings by C. W. ASHLEY

THE sun was just sliding below the low hills, westward. Above the red menace of his upper arc violet and crimson stains patched the sky; below, the tide-pools on the marshes flared with reflected color till the inlet seemed to glimmer and undulate up to the strip of built road which stood between the flats and the higher ground formed by the push of tides on the sea beach.

The girl walking briskly along this road laughed as the gust caught her skirts, and took an involuntary dancing step toward a young man in the uniform of the coast guard, who smiled at her with a "Hullo, Martha!"

"Hullo, David," she answered; "you aren't on, this evening?"

He turned to walk with her, taking the windward side of the road and shielding her with half turned body. "I was coming round to your house," he said; "I wanted to see you a minute. Are you too cold to walk down the dike, a piece?"

"Cold!"—she drew a long breath of the keen, delicious air—"I'm warm as toast, and I would rather walk than not. What a splendid night?"

"Great!" lifting his head to look over her hood at a deep gloom of the sea; "looks some like a weather breeder, though."

"I shouldn't wonder. I hope it won't come in your watch. You look—has something nice happened?"

"That's what!" He took her arm in a boyish pinch. "Martha, I've got the position! Honest. They are willing to take me on as soon as father can fill my place on the beach. I've got it, Martha, got it at last!"

"*David.*"

"Yes; I knew you'd be glad. I can hardly believe it, though. I had about given up for this winter, you know. Jove, I'm glad."

The girl squeezed his arm in turn, exclaiming at him: "Oh, David, I'm so glad, too; it has all come right, hasn't it? I knew it would; I'm *so* glad!"

"I am going right off," David said importantly, "in a week, I guess."

"A week?—why,—that is pretty soon," the girl said, rather breathlessly.

They had paused midway across the dike and were looking out over the whispering flood of the inlet toward the harbor. Out beyond was the solemn vagueness of space, and the edge of the world just touched with luminous prophecy of the climbing moon. The eternal mystery of the sea whispered to them both; were they not both his children?

"It means leaving—this," said David more soberly.

"Yes."

"It's going to be hard, Martha."

"Yes; awfully hard."

"I wish I could take you with me! It doesn't seem fair that my chance should come first; you deserve it more than I do."

"Thanks, David, but you know I couldn't leave father now, even if it did come."

"I know; you're good, but I hate to leave you."

"Oh, you'll have lots of other people," the girl said with a touch of coquetry in her voice.

"They won't none of 'em be you," said David, practically.

Martha blushed in the dusk. "There'll be Miss Lawrence, for one," she said, tentatively; "she lives right in Cambridge."

David laughed in an embarrassed kind of way. She laughed back at him with sudden daring. "I expect you'll be seeing her most every day," she said, twisting her cape fringe.

"Oh, I don't know," said David, hesitatingly.

The eternal mystery of the sea whispered to them both.

"Yes, you will," she teased; "you will be so handy to her house."

"That's a fact," said David.

The girl stopped laughing, suddenly. She looked at David in astonishment. Then she said uncertainly, "Why, yes; it will be pleasant for you, won't it?"

David had his hands in his pockets; he drove them deeper in, as he broke out, in a boyish fashion, "Say, Martha, Miss Lawrence is a mighty pretty girl!" There was a long pause; then Martha said:—

"Yes, indeed she is; and a nice girl, too." She was looking at him with wide, startled eyes, through the dusk.

"It's funny," he went on impulsively, "about her; the way she makes you feel acquainted; I suppose it's only what they call 'society,' but she makes it mighty pleasant." He paused for a reply, then went on with the expansiveness of one sure of a sympathetic audience, "Do you know—she seems like—all the rest of it, somehow—that I've never had; the city,—and traveling,—and doing things up fine—I can't explain it; but the way she shakes hands, and her clothes, and that funny way she says things with her voice up, as if she was asking a question—oh, you know what I mean, Martha!"

Martha's lips moved stiffly; she did not answer at once. "She—she makes you feel—sort of as if you were at a party; have you noticed it, Martha?" The girl clenched her hands together under her cap. "I know what you mean," she said.

"I—I like things like that, even if I don't have 'em; don't you? I mean to have them some day, too."

"I—think you will; I hope you will have all you care for." Her voice came unevenly.

"Caring is easy," said David, "it's the getting that is hard."

"But the getting mostly depends on caring?"

"Not always your own."

"Oh," fiercely, "it is easy enough for a *man* to make others care!—a great, strong man, with all the world before him."

David thrilled at her tone.

"That's the talk," he said, squaring his shoulders. "A fellow can't do less than make a fight for it. I never thought much about such things—till lately."

Again Martha was silent. Amy Lawrence had been at the Rock since September, recuperating in the post-summer quiet from an illness of the nerves. David laughed with unfamiliar embarrassment: "We'll have our party yet, Marthie."

The girl gasped. "You really want—like—the party so much?" she said.

"I guess so," said David.

Martha stood very still for a moment, looking at the great saffron moon swinging clear of the black sea. Then she said: "I hope you will get to the party, David; I hope you will get everything you want, always."

"You are mighty good. I guess if it depended on you your folks would get all there was going, wouldn't they?"

"Perhaps. You feel like one of my folks, don't you, David?"

"Well, I rather guess! You are all I ever had. All the sistering—or mothering, either—I ever had I've had, or guessed, from you; you are—my *own*, Marthie!"

"Ah!" The sound forced itself from her clenched teeth. Then, suddenly: "Oh, I am so cold; let's go home"

"Why, Martha! Why didn't you tell me before?" He tried to wrap the tightly-held cape still closer about her. She suffered it passively. "Take hold, and we will run a bit," he said cheerfully. But Martha's weight sagged against his hand. He looked at her uncertainly. How wearily she moved!

"You poor little Marthie," he said drawing the limp hand within his arm, "we have been letting you work too hard, that's what. I ought to have had more sense than to keep you standing in this cold. Lean on me, dear."

Martha swallowed hard. "You mustn't mind me," she said unsteadily. "I did not know I was tired before, and I shall be all rested up to-morrow."

David shook his head protestingly. Ah, the pitiless wind, how it pushed and baffled her! How it stung her face! Yet half an hour before it had been sport to oppose it. At her door David spoke anxiously: "You go right to bed—there's a good girl—and rest."

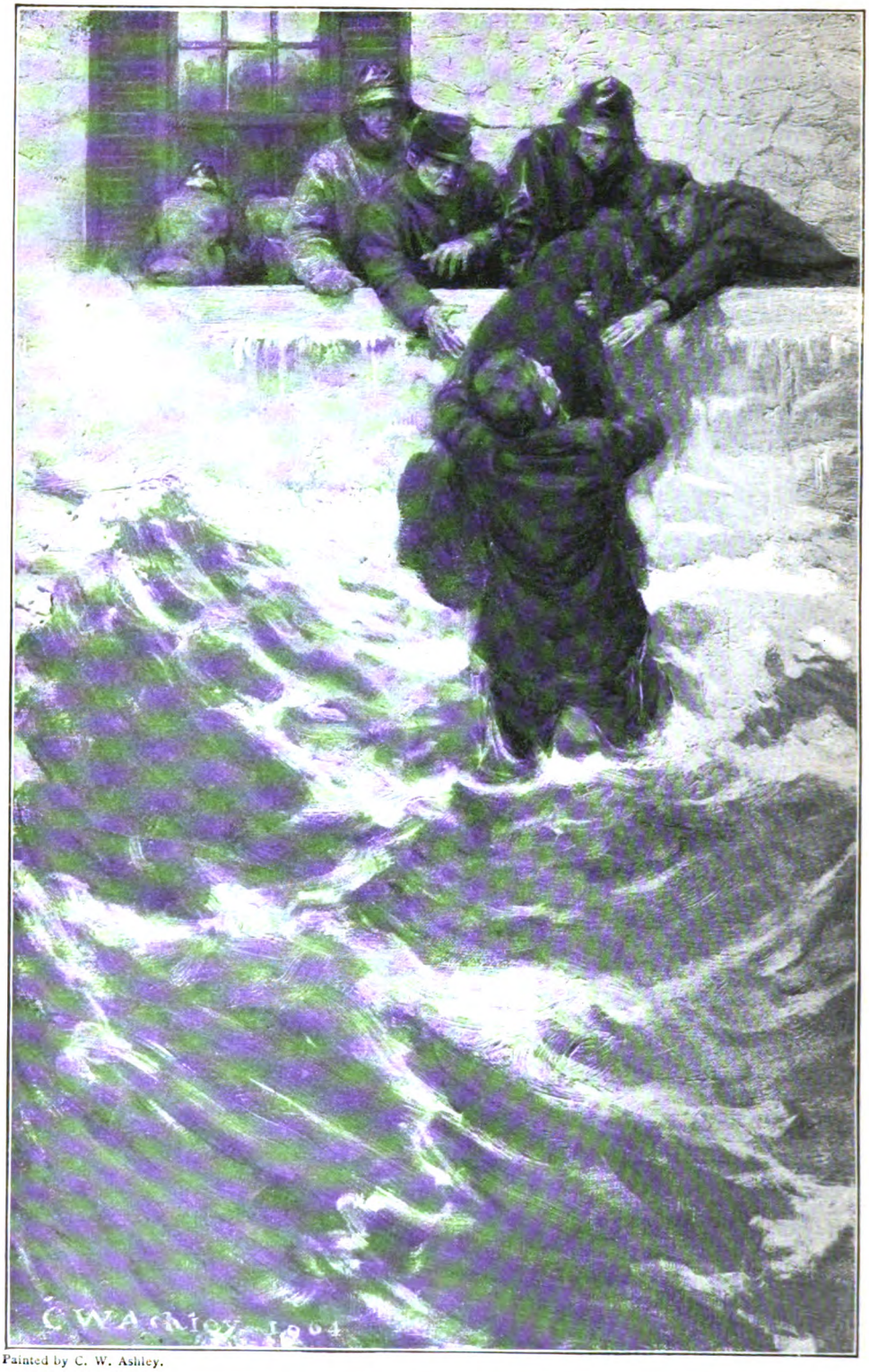
She smiled at him faintly as she drew her hand from his strong, warm grasp. Her eyes were very large and dark as he looked into them. "Good-night," she said. "You are very good to me, David. Good-night." He would have lingered, but she smiled again and shut the door gently.

When Martha shut the door on David she saw her father sitting expectantly before the fireplace with the checker-board. And Martha took off her things and played checkers. Her father beat two rubbers in succession. He was in high good humor, and made no objection when at last she said she guessed she would go to bed, she was a little tired. She went up the narrow stairs slowly, and shut the door of her own pretty chamber behind her.

And then, standing among the small tokens and conveniences her own patient handiwork had wrought, the sensible, cheerful, New England girl, who had never done a dramatic thing in her life, suddenly threw up her arms and clutched wildly at the air, like a tragic actor in a scene of despair.

That night she learned for the first time what the unbroken darkness is from end to end of a sleepless night. Staring into the shadows with hot eyes she asked herself, over and over again, why? why? why? He was hers, hers, not this stranger's? Who could love him as she did? Who could know him as she did? She found herself sobbing helplessly, unrestrainedly, in the dark. After a time she became aware that the wind was rising. It was raining, too. She realized that it was a wild night.

"A real northeaster," Martha said to herself indifferently. "Well, our house



Painted by C. W. Ashley.

"Now then, Dave!"

is solid." The fleeting thought crossed her mind that she would not care were it not.

At seven o'clock the snow and sleet had ceased, but the wind rose steadily. Martha dressed, and made a fire in the kitchen stove. Her father was already out; he came in as she was lifting the coffee pot to the back of the range, and drank a steaming cup without sitting.

"Awful wind," he said, as he drank; "roof's gone off the barn; I've got to go right back up there, the creatures 'll freeze to death if they ain't tended to. You won't be frightened stayin' alone, will you Marthie?"

"Oh no," Martha said smiling faintly, "I guess not, father."

She drank a little coffee herself after he had gone, but she could not eat.

The crash of the stones on the beach was tremendous, here. The sea rushed up with an appalling roar, broke with a deafening boom, and sucked sullenly out again with a mighty grinding of stone. So overwhelmingly near it sounded on this side that the girl ran to the window and rubbed it as clear as she might. The first glance brought an exclamation to her lips. The huge dirty waves were rolling high over the crest of the beach on a level with the very top of the breakwater which bounded her own little front lawn.

The girl watched them with puckered brows, then she turned and looked at the little clock on the mantel. Just then a loud knock sounded at the back door, and as she hastened to answer, it was pushed open and the slender figure of a girl half fell into the warm kitchen.

"Oh," panted Amy Lawrence, "isn't this awful? Our house is shaking so we couldn't stay in it; the water's running right under it! Every one at our end has gone to the life-saving station, they say the houses are going! The Greens went to the Clarks, but I made them leave me here, your house looks so much stronger. You don't mind my staying, do you? I'd rather be with you than anywhere."

Martha listened to her excited detatched sentences with a strange dazed expression, mutely. She stooped and drew the cloak from the other girl's shoulders, and pushed her into a chair by the stove. "I guess there isn't any danger," she said, "but I'm real glad to have you."

Miss Lawrence drew her feet up with a rueful laugh. They were wet to the boot-tops, and the bottom of her skirts were sodden. Martha saw them, and straightened sharply.

"How did you wet your feet," she cried, "just coming from your house?"

"The road's all over water; didn't you know?"

"From the other side?"

"Why yes, from the flats."

A cold thrill ran down Martha's spine like the touch of an icy finger. She remembered the outlook at the front of the house. She hesitated a moment, then she opened the oven door and made her guest put her drenched feet inside. She also made her eat something, and drink of the coffee, finding that she had no breakfast. To accomplish this she had to eat a mouthful herself, though it was difficult. Suddenly there came a rattling, slapping crash on the front windows. Miss Lawrence screamed. Martha threw open the parlor door and went swiftly in. A green and gray cloud was breaking, scattering, and falling outside the dripping panes.

Martha looked at the clock again, calculating rapidly; half-past nine,—high tide at—at—not till *eleven*; high tide at eleven, and water on the windows now! The icy finger touched her again. Water on the windows, and more than an hour for the tide to run; the harbor coming over the flats;—wind,—such wind as no one ever heard on that coast before, wind like the suction and sweep which might follow the falling in and the engulfing of a world. Their house was the strongest on the beach; would it stand? Could they stay in it?

Suddenly Amy tightened her clasp convulsively. "Martha, look! The water—on the floor!" she gasped.

Along the front edge of the room, and across the floor a curling line of damp spread, grew wet, ran in small streams from an increasing supply; the sea was running under the house.

The give and settle of the timbers sounded more ominous than before; it was sickening to feel the slight lurch of the floor as it swayed under them.

"Why doesn't father come?" Martha murmured. Then she turned quickly, and drew Amy Lawrence into the kitchen, closing the door. "Put on your cloak," she said, "I will be ready in one minute."

She ran up the stairs, which wavered once as she mounted. The one minute sufficed to thrust in her bosom the little pile of bills which was her last quarter's salary, her watch and one small, valueless, invaluable treasure in the shape of a photograph. In two minutes she was in her rubber boots and cloak in the kitchen again. As she tied her hood with swift fingers a great wrenching and grinding sound somewhere to the right penetrated all the howling and wailing of the storm. An instant later there was a mighty crash, followed by a second duller, heavier one. Then all the seething waves on the beach seemed to hiss at once.

"What is it—oh, what is it?"

"Some house has gone," Martha said with white lips. "Come!"

"But where? Where can we go? Oh, *Martha*, hear that!"

Above the crashing and thud of another structure near at hand Martha spoke clearly: "The chapel. We must get to the chapel, that will stand. Come!"

"*Alone!* We can't do it! You don't know what the wind is outside—it's death to go, Martha!"

"It's death to stay," Martha said, pushing her toward the door with an arm stronger than her resistance. And in commentary on her words a snaky stream of water purled in under the parlor door, and the slapping of spray on the windows changed to a sullen beating of heavy water.

"Oh, where is your father? Why doesn't he come?"

There was a snapping crackle of breaking glass and a shriek of triumph from the wind as Martha answered with set lips: "We can't wait for father *now!*" And then they were outside, together—outside, in a pandemonium of wrack and terror, though there was neither rain nor snow.

The first aghast look showed them ruin on every hand, before the wind pushed them from the step into a path running steadily with muddy water, which broke on the lawn and poured down to the lower level of the street.

Somehow, no more to be told than a delirium after it is passed, the two reached that street and faced into the wind—as they must to gain the one sure refuge, the little stone chapel which stood solidly on the first rise beyond the dike, not a sixteenth of a mile away. No, nor any distance to be measured by standards of length—say, rather, a timeless, measureless struggle, meted out in numbers of dumb defeat, passionate revolt, desperate recovery, heroic will, striving, exhaustion, endurance. As they clung and bent to the awful wind, gasping against the breath that was crowded into mouth and nostrils, the house they had left shivered and throbbed horribly, then, statelily and slowly swung round like a ship at anchor, faced the West in farewell, and on the instant collapsed bodily like a house of cards, and presently from the heap of roof, walls and floors a sullen bit of heavy smoke pushed its way up to be followed by a flicker of red flame. The two girls did not even know it. The sounds in their ears would have drowned a deeper noise than that of a falling home.

"Where is my father? *Has my father forgotten me?*" Martha's thought ached on the question, though she said neither that nor anything else. If one spoke one could not breathe, and breath was life. But the piteous sense of desertion pierced through all the strife and fear and dazing clamor.

Long before they reached the corner of the dike Martha knew that they were indeed fighting for their lives, and the wildest spot was yet to come. The chapel was just across the dike road, with but a tiny up-sloping lawn between, but that corner was the meeting place of all the demons of air and water, and the deep water of the flats lay at the very edge of the road. Yet the chapel was so near and the life-saving station on the beach just opposite. Surely there were men somewhere, strong men, to help. "Oh, God! where is David?" Martha's heart cried. "Where is my father?"

Even as she thought it her father lay dead in his barn, where a falling timber had struck him as he stooped. And David, roused from the sleep of exhaustion by a new emergency, was working for strangers in the mistaken assurance that Martha was safe at the farm.

At the corner the swirl of water round their feet eddied and sucked at their knees; then the wind gathered itself up and hurled itself against them; stones gave beneath their stumbling feet; the water pushed horribly toward the marsh-edge. Suddenly the weaker girl lost her footing. Martha dragged her up with the strength of despair—to fall was to drown. She held her with both hands while the other gasped for breath and clung to her in a panic of fright. Her weight dragged on Martha savagely.

All at once a fierce impulse throbbed in Martha's veins to throw her off, to shake off her hands; like lightning of the soul it flashed on her that this girl stood between her and her chance of safety. It was so near,—just across the road; if she were alone she could get there, she knew it; but this girl clung and hung on her so!

The soaked skirts of both slapped and twisted about her limbs. What was this weak girl to her, that she should risk her life for her? Was she a man, that she should be expected to rescue helpless women,—was she not also a woman, as much in need of help as this baby thing who had made David love her? David loved her. David—loved—her. *David loved her!* With the temptation of devils and the solace of angels the silent iterant cry beat on her brain. She groaned in mortal pain. Then she lifted her head suddenly, and wound her arm more strongly under the other's shoulder: "*Almost* there," she cried in Amy's ear, "don't slip!" And as she spoke she urged the other girl forward with all her strength.

Pushing, sobbing, clinging, buffeted by wind and dragged by water, they got across the road and were almost in touch of the porch. But its steps opened to the northeast, and on the other side it was parapeted with stone to the height of a man's breast. Wicked, heavy waves laden with wreckage surged continually onto the steps and round their corner, pushed before the wind; and the wind!—The strongest man on the life-saving force tried in vain to pass that corner earlier in the day.

Again and again the surge and the pull of the wave threw the other woman against Martha's body; she felt her last remnant of strength going, and tried supremely to cry out for help, but as in a nightmare no sound came from her utterly exhausted throat. Once more, and then through the agony of exhaustion she heard a great shout, and saw as in a flickering haze one figure and then another outside the station. Help was coming! Thank God, help was coming! But how long, how terribly long they were; the hot thrill of renewed courage was fading from her veins again; was it minutes or hours? She saw one of the men suddenly above her on the porch; as her knees sank under her in her last effort to lift her stumbling companion, a strong hand grasped her arm, a shoulder braced behind her, and a voice shouted, "Now then, Dave!"

She tried with all her failing strength to help her helper, as he lifted both girls bodily toward the stooping, reaching arms David held ready from the side of the porch.

Without words the two men had divided the rescue according to their strength; if anyone could lift the women over that parapet and draw up their dead weight it would have to be David. He leaned, now white in the face, as far down as he could reach, to take one of the girls; the other man stumbled with his burden, and half falling pushed Amy Lawrence in reach of David's hand. She clutched at it convulsively:

"For God's sake, man!" shouted David, trying to grasp at Martha's clothing with his left hand. But the man could not on the instant recover himself. He was rolled over by a wave, as the girls were almost torn from David's grip. Martha looked straight into David's fierce eyes.

"Amy first," her lips moved to say.

A strange look came into David's white face; his eyes burned into hers;

"*You* first!" he cried, and tried to free his other hand to lift her. She slipped from his grasp like water, smiling up at him.

"Her first," she repeated, and pushed the other girl into his arms, falling forward on her knees. David dragged the girl who clung to him over the parapet with a desperate jerk which almost tore her arms from the sockets; he did not hear her whimper, or see her at all; he could have cursed her for her need of him. She was scarcely over the edge before he had thrown himself to the ground.

Martha, choked and blinded by the water, losing her hold on life and consciousness together, felt a grasp that was like the arm of God, gave herself up to safety or death, she knew not which, and knew nothing more.

When she woke from her swoon she found herself the center of a strange little company. They were homeless, they had lost every rag of clothing except what was on their bodies, they had no fire; but they were cheerful as only people can be who have suddenly learned the unimportance of the things which make up our schedule of values.

Martha looked around, smiled at Amy Lawrence, who was curled up beside her, and who stroked her hair with trembling fingers, then drowsiness crept over her again, and she also slept.

The smell of food awoke her the second time, and coming back to consciousness with a pleasant sense of somebody watching over her, she wondered vaguely at the delicious warmth which surrounded her. Moving her hands, with lazily closed eyes, she realized that they were in big thick sleeves of heavy cloth. Her head was on something soft and warm. After a minute's deliciously irresponsible speculation she opened her eyes,—full on David's bending face.

As he saw her awake a flush crept up his storm-beaten cheeks; his eyes became deprecatory. "Drink this,—Marthie," he whispered, holding a cup of steaming soup to her. Their eyes met over the cup as she drank with eager hunger. Somehow no one came very near. "Oh, how good," Martha whispered back,—"I'm *so* hungry, David!"

"I know it, dear," he said huskily. "are you warm, now?" He touched the clothes about her, and his hands trembled.

"Yes," she breathed, smiling contentedly into his tender eyes. It was so good, so heavenly good, to lie there and feel David close over her, taking care of her, petting her! She would not come back to reality yet,—not—quite—yet. She turned her head on David's sweater, and saw that she was wrapped bodily in his coat.

"You saved my life, David?" she said, softly, after a little pause.

David swallowed hard, in silence. He had nothing to say.

"And Amy,—" the sweet murmur went on, a little brokenly, "she is all safe, and not hurt—I tried not to let her get hurt, David—for you?"

David took both her hands in one swift shaking grasp, as he bent to her:

"What do I care for her, if you are safe?" he whispered, "if you had been hurt—if you had been hurt, Marthie!"

"Why—David—"

"When you fell," David said, "I—I could have killed her! It seemed to me I should never get hold of you—and—there wouldn't be anything left in the world for me—if—"his voice broke and sank "if you were gone."

Martha's hands, clasped in his, sank against her breast, to still her hurried breathing.

"You're all the world to me," David pleaded, "I didn't know it till I saw you—there—in the water—oh, I love you, Martha, I love you!" Martha lay and looked at him with wide, wonder-dewed eyes; her lips quivered, and her pale cheeks flushed deeper and deeper, like a sweet rose, opening.

"I'm going to take care of you," he whispered, "it'll kill me if you don't let me, I've got to have you for mine! Will you, Martha?"

"Oh!" the girl breathed softly, tremulously, her eyes fluttered and fell under his demanding gaze. But their sweetness sent the blood pounding through David's veins, hot and strong.

And so the storm passed by. When the waters went down, they told Martha how they had found her father. And it was well for her that happiness had come to her with the morning, for the shock was softened to her by the strong clasp of David's tender arm.

THE DIVINE PHYLLIDIA

By JEFFERY FARNOL

With Drawings by O. TOASPERN

THE Cherub drifted into my room one evening with a woe begone expression on his usually placid face, and sinking into the most comfortable arm-chair, sat staring moodily into the empty fireplace.

"Liver?" I inquired in response to a long-drawn sigh.

"Don't you think you might try to be a little less objectionable?" he said reproachfully. "You see," he continued after a pause, "when a fellow wants to—to screw himself up to the point, you know, how the dickens can he when the girl as good as tells him she hates him—er—like the very —"

"Exactly," I put in. "It's not to be done, my dear chap."

"No, I was afraid not," said the Cherub; "that's why I came to ask your advice."

"Certainly," I said encouragingly. "Suppose you begin at the right end and tell me all about it."

Forthwith he plunged into a rambling account of his hopes and fears, what she said on this occasion, what she did on that, ending with the usual fulsome panegyric on her person and attributes.

As becomes a true cynic, I sniggered.

"I thought you might perhaps give me a 'leg-up' with the affair," he said gloomily.

"My good chap," I said, "this sort of thing doesn't suit you; it never did—give it up. Love," I continued, warming to my theme, "love is a disease, an insidious disease, and should be treated as such. What you require is merely a change of air. Go down to your country place and you'll come back cured in a month."

The Cherub looked at me with a malevolent eye.

"About a month now," he replied in a tone of dreary pleasure. We smoked for a while in silence.

"Tried flowers?" I inquired at length.

"Flowers!" he repeated.

"Certainly; they are the usual medium to start with I believe."

"Well," he hesitated, "I gave her a rose once."

"M—yes; but did you stick it in her hair?"

The Cherub gasped. "Lord, no!" he exclaimed.

"Ah! you should have done so—in an off-hand, matter-of-fact, brotherly

"I look upon these things from a purely philosophical standpoint."

"I only hope you'll get it jolly hard when it comes to your turn, that's all."

"I shall immediately resort to medicine," I returned.

"Oh, it's easy enough for you to sit there and talk lightly of the matter, just because you never happen to have been hit, but I call it beastly low," and the Cherub ran his fingers through his curls with an air of such utter dejection that even my cynicism was not proof against it. I reached down a favorite pipe, filled and handed it to him.

"Now," I began when it was well alight, "how long have you been in this state?"

sort of a way, of course, but with a suggestion of hidden passion, you know—just to let her know you mean it."

The Cherub's speechless admiration flattered me.

"Gad! You seem pretty well up to all the moves, considering you pose as a—"

"My dear Cherub," I broke in, "I look on these things from a purely philosophical standpoint."

The Cherub became preternaturally thoughtful.

"Look here, Gip," he said suddenly, "you must tackle her for me—sort of lay the groundwork, talk me up to her, you understand. I fancy I could man-

age things then. It would be quite easy," he continued; "they are staying with mother at Down."

"They?" I inquired.

"She and her cousin. You and I might run over for a day or two—be quite a merry little party."

"House-parties are an abomination," I said.

The Cherub assented, and reached down a time-table.

"There's a train leaving in an hour," he suggested.

"Well?"

"If we catch that we shall be there in time for dinner." Now it is one thing to sit in one's own rooms and describe the right and proper way to carry so delicate a matter to a successful issue, but quite another to face the haughty *She* one's self. My mind was made up in an instant.

"Such an idea is not to be thought of," I said decidedly. The Cherub's smile was anything but cherubic.

"Meaning, that theory is one thing, and practice another."

"My good chap, don't be a fool," I said, "of course I'd stand by you in the affair, but unfortunately I've promised to go fishing with Pattison this week."

"Put him off,—Pat won't mind,—urgent business,—called out of town, etc., you know the style," beamed the Cherub, thrusting a sheet of note-paper before me.

I groaned inwardly, and took up the pan. I am not a weak man as a rule, but what could one do in the face of such determination? Thus while I lied to Pattison, the Cherub busied himself throwing things into my grip; as I sealed the note, he was in the act of ramming in a dress coat.

"Hurry up," he panted, "or we shall miss that train."

"Tooth-brush in?" I inquired.

"It can't go in here," he cried excitedly,—"no room," and with a mighty effort he closed the grip.

"But my dear chap," I remonstrated.

"All right, I'll make a parcel of the rest," he said buckling the straps feverishly.

Thus exactly fifty-eight minutes later we were facing each other, somewhat out of breath, in the express for Down.

"By the way, you're not much of a hand at parcels, are you?" I said glancing at the bulging, misshapen object in the rack.

"Oh, I fancy it will be all right," he said easily, and leaning back he puffed at his pipe with a dreamy expression that warned me what was coming. Presently he sighed.

"She's wonderful, old chap," he exclaimed.

"Since I'm in for it, you might tell me her name and have done with it," I said.

"I call her the Divine Phyllidia," he replied.

"Look here, Cherub, do you expect me to lie about you with any success to a girl with a name like that?"

He looked a trifle uncomfortable. "Well, you needn't pitch it too steep, and I'll back you up you know Gip."

After this we traveled some time in silence.

"Yes," he said suddenly, "she's wonderful, with eyes, black my boy as a moonless night, that flash at you, man, beneath low brows crowned with misty hair."

I did not even attempt to hide my smile.

When in due time we arrived at Down, there was of course no conveyance to be had for miles round, and the Cherub, taking the paper parcel gingerly under his arm—I had, with an eye to possible future contingencies prudently secured the grip before hand—elected to show me a short cut.

"By the way," I said, "looks a trifle unwell, that parcel."

"Oh! it will hang together all right until we get there, it isn't far you know, this way." So saying, he led the way down a maze of narrow lanes, and after climbing grassy banks and squeezing through numerous fences, we found ourselves in a small wood. Here the Cherub suddenly stood still and swore,—the parcel had gone wrong.

"Just what I expected," I sighed, "and by-the-by, what *did* you do with my tooth-brush?"

"Tooth-brush be hanged," he cried, struggling desperately with the parcel, "come and help me with the confounded thing." But instead of complying, fancying I heard voices, I stole towards a clump of bushes, and stealthily peered round.

Within a few inches of mine was a face, so close that I might almost have kissed it,—a piquant face it was, warm with the rich coloring of scarlet mouth and raven hair. I started back.

"I beg your pardon," I began, and lifted my hat,—as I did so something leaped thence to the grass at my feet,—it was my errant tooth-brush. I trod upon it immediately, but too late, for I heard a half-suppressed laugh behind me, and turning, I saw another face peeping at me over a bush, and this time the hair was red gold, and the laughing eyes wonderfully blue. I was standing there with my foot on my tooth-brush, looking from one to the other helplessly, when the Cherub appeared. I fancy he must have had a bad time with that parcel, for it was torn in several places, from one of which dangled a white flannel trouser leg.

"Phyllidia!" he gasped, and, dropping the parcel stood staring. In a moment Phyllidia was down on her knees, and began setting it to rights.

"This is outrageously packed," she laughed, "and just look Kate, tied with two boot laces."

The Cherub looked apologetic. "You see," he began, but meeting the cousin's blue eyes stopped.

"We were in rather a hurry packing, and the Cherub's idea of a parcel is decidedly quaint," I put in.

"And pray, is it your custom to carry tooth-brushes in your hat?" she inquired, flashing a laughing glance up at me as with a few dexterous touches she transformed the Cherub's bundle into a really respectable-looking affair.

"As a matter of fact," I said as we followed the other two toward the house, "I have always found a tooth-brush a source of worry and anxiety. I never travel anywhere but I begin to try and recollect if I packed it, and if so where, and, after turning my things over, generally end by finding it in my vest pocket or tobacco-pouch. I don't remember that I ever carried it in my hat before."

On the lawn beneath the cedars we came upon Mrs. Dymott, reading, her pince-nez, with its broad, black ribbon, balanced upon the extreme tip of her nose in that way which, in my schoolboy days, had always caused me to wonder how it managed to stick on. She rose to meet us with many expressions of pleased surprise, kissing us both resoundingly in her old, motherly way.

"How you've grown!" she remarked, patting me affectionately on the shoulder, "though, to be sure, I haven't seen you since you left Harvard."

"And he's degenerated into an awful cynic since then," put in the Cherub.

"And carries tooth-brushes in his hat!" added Phyllidia.

"Still your tooth-brush," laughed Mrs. Dymott. "Do you remember, when you were quite little, losing it in the stables?"

"And fighting the boy because you found him cleaning the silver with it?" put in the Cherub again.

"I had settled convictions on the rights of property, even in those days," I said as we entered the house.

So that is the girl I have come to win for the Cherub, I said to myself as a little later I followed him upstairs, and somehow the idea seemed singularly repulsive, and I felt unreasonably angry with him.

"Well," he inquired, as we dressed for dinner, "what do you think of Phyllidia?"

"Well," I began guardedly, "she is—"

"Magnificent," he broke in, "and her eyes—what do you think of her eyes now?"

"Black as a moonless night," I repeated, fixing my collar, "'that flash at you, man, from under low brows crowned with misty hair.'"

The Cherub glanced at me sheepishly and changed the subject.

"Cousin's rather nice," he ventured.

"Charming," I answered, arranging my tie. "You had better be prepared," I continued, after a pause. "I shall commence operations for you at dinner to-night," and somehow I found myself sighing heavily

And yet I did not after all, for, sitting with her voice in my ears and an occasional glance into her black-fringed eyes, I forgot the Cherub's very existence.

As the days passed my promise became a grisly phantom, haunting me in all places, my sleep became broken, and when I met the Cherub's eye by accident I felt a traitor, and though I argued that he was unworthy of her, that such a mind as hers would be wasted on him, my conscience refused to be quieted. True he had ceased to worry me lately concerning the progress I had made, but his very avoidance of the subject served but to add coals of fire. I determined, therefore, to have it over once and for all at the next opportunity.

That evening, sitting in a quiet corner of the drawing-room, chance favored me.

"I've been wondering why you call Mr. Dymott the 'Cherub'?" she inquired, glancing to where he and Kate were turning over some music at the piano.

"Oh, he got that at college," I began. "You see he was such a contrast to himself, so to speak, his golden curls and blue eyes were so—so very cherubic, you know, and his general character was so—er—so—"

"And what did they call you?"

"They called me—'Gip'," I said, grateful for the interruption.

"Gip," she repeated, and her eyes belied her solemn mouth. "I have a dog named Gip, the dearest old fellow. I really believe that, in his own way, he loves me better than anybody else in the whole world."

I shook my head. "I doubt it," I began unwarily, "though to be sure,"

"Is it your custom to carry tooth-brushes in your hat?"

I continued more cautiously, "there is a strange affinity between men and some animals, especially dogs; for instance, now I—" In another moment, despite my stern self-repression, I really believe I should have said more than I ought, for as she sat there beside me looking at me out of those deep eyes of hers, so close that her skirts brushed my knee, I had an almost overmastering desire to relegate the Cherub to the deepest limbo, and my fingers itched to clasp the hand lying so near my own, but at that instant Kate began playing, and I pulled myself up in time.

"Well," she said, under cover of the music, with a look that was almost expectant in her eyes.

"For instance," I repeated, "if I were a dog, I believe I could get to—to—love the Cherub—in time."

The corner of her red mouth quivered suspiciously, and I felt that she was laughing at me.

"You see," I continued, hurriedly, "he's such a—a splendid fellow,—er, not bad looking I mean, any woman might—er—"

"Love him," she said softly, without looking up.

"Er—yes,—that is, I suppose so,—though some people object to fair men I believe, think them—er—unstable and all that, but of course the Cherub,—"

"Is perfection," she said, opening and shutting her fan.

"Certainly."

Kate was playing a soft, dreamy air, and as I sat, watching Phyllidia's half-averted face, a bitter feeling took possession of me. Why should I do this thing? I asked myself. Why should I trample thus on my own heart? What right had the Cherub—? My hand closed suddenly over hers, I felt her start, and for one delicious moment I looked into her eyes, and read there,—what? Then her lashes drooped, her fingers slipped from mine, and the knowledge of my presumptuous folly overwhelmed me.

"I once saw a fire," I began, desperately, "such a fire as few have ever witnessed. Standing in the pale-faced crowd, I watched the vain endeavors of the firemen. Suddenly, high up at one of the windows, I saw something that turned me faint and sick. It was a child. I closed my eyes. When I looked again, a fire escape had been run up and a fireman was trying to fight his way to that blazing window,—but without success. A great murmuring sigh went up to the blood red heavens, for that little helpless child. Suddenly, a tall figure, conspicuous in the fire-glow, began to ascend, climbing with strong, firm steps. A great silence fell upon all, broken only by the roar of the flames. Nearer he got and nearer, once his sleeve puffed out in flame, but still he climbed, while—er—strong men held their breath. Then came a wild roar of exultation; he had reached the window, snatched the trembling child, and as I watched a thousand arms were stretched to welcome him, unharmed, save for his hands, and,—" I ended, turning to my companion who had listened with bent head, "the marks are there to this day?—it was the Cherub." Why I told her all this—heaven knows, no one could have been more surprised than myself at my imaginative powers; perhaps the music inspired it, perhaps the sense of the wrong I had so nearly committed.

The music stopped, and seeing the Cherub approaching, I rose and slipping out upon the lawn, leaned there, staring up at the moon with a sense of duty nobly done. Yet it had been a near thing, the touch of her fingers thrilled me even then.

Despite my philosophy, my heart was strangely heavy as I shut myself into my room that night.

Anyhow, I had kept my word, I told myself, but at what a cost. Looking at the matter in a colder light I began to wish I had not made him quite so heroic,—true it was cheap melodrama,—but then women like that sort of thing, I told myself, with a cynical laugh. Of course the Cherub was not worthy of her but, I shrugged my shoulders, she might think so, and after all how could it affect me?

So I went to bed, but not to sleep, and dawn found me tossing restlessly. I heard the first sleepy notes of a bird beneath my window, and presently up

came the sun, and with it the determination came to me that I would not stop to see their happiness. I rose, and having packed up, slipped from my room, and opening a side door, stepped out into the cool freshness of the morning.

At the edge of the grove I came upon a fallen tree and sitting down I lighted my pipe, and listened to the merry carol of the birds about me.

And as the smoke rose in the still air, I seemed to see the face of Phyllidia peeping at me through the blue wreaths, full of mischief and laughter as I had seen it first.

A bush rustled beside me, and glancing up I beheld, no dream-face this time, but Phyllidia herself standing before me fresh as the morning; she carried her hat in her hand, and her lustrous hair was braided low on her temples.

"Phyllidia," I said, using the name unconsciously.

She greeted me with a studied ease.

"You are down very early," I said, wondering why she did not always dress her hair so.

"Oh, I'm fond of the early morning; but you—what brings you down at such an unusual hour?"

"Well, you see," I answered, "I'm going back to town by the early train."

She evinced no emotion at my sudden departure.

"Then I'm glad I happened to find you," she said lightly, "because I want to ask you why you told me all that about Mr. Dymott last night, about the fire and the little child. You must have known it was totally untrue."

"Untrue?" I repeated, trying to look hurt, "you surely don't think—"

"His hands are quite unmarked, except for one small scar, and that he told me he did years ago with a ginger-ale bottle, and he told me, besides, that he had never seen a big fire in his life."

I could joyfully have kicked the Cherub at that moment.

"Let me explain," I began, "but first please sit down."

"Well?" she said, seeing that I yet hesitated.

"Well, you see, I came down to help the Cherub with the—ah—with the —the affair," I stammered.

"'The affair!'" she repeated, with raised brows. "What affair?"

"Oh, the affair, to—er—to propose, you know."

"To propose?" she echoed.

"Yes; you see, fact is, he's got no idea how to manage these things, and so—er—so he got me to—to promise to lend him a hand, you know."

"And, of course, you succeeded?" she asked, after a pause.

"I'm afraid so," I said bitterly— "that's why I'm going. I can't stop to see your happiness."

She glanced swiftly up. "My happiness?" she exclaimed.

"Yours, and his," I added. "I couldn't bear it—just at present—so I'm going."

For a moment she looked at me as if scarcely comprehending, then turned suddenly away, and I saw her shoulders heaving. "After all," I thought, "I misjudged her; my going does affect her, then, and it is some consolation to have such a woman shed tears over one."

"You will think of me sometimes, Phyllidia, in my loneliness when— when you are happy?" I said, leaning above her bowed head. She did not answer, and leaning nearer, I saw her face—and Phyllidia was laughing. Yes, there was no doubt of it, she was actually laughing, and seeing she was discovered she cast aside all dissimulation.

"And that," she cried, dabbing her eyes with a lace handkerchief—"that was why you told me that wonderful story of the fire. Oh! it's too funny —it really is," and she went off into another peal of laughter.

I felt distinctly hurt and annoyed.

"I am glad you see it in that light," I said stiffly, "but to me it is a—a tragedy."

She seemed somewhat ashamed, I thought, at least she kept her face hidden. Mechanically I took out my pipe and began filling it.

"As it is," I continued with an effort, "you have my sincerest wishes for your future happiness, though, of course, the Cherub can never appre-

ciate you as—as—" I stopped suddenly.

"As Gip does," she ended, peeping at me over her handkerchief. The pipe dropped from my fingers and I seized her hands, handkerchief and all.

"Phyllidia."

"I didn't say which Gip," she added, and the droop of her lashes was divine. Then, without another word, I bent forward and kissed her.

Some one approached whistling "Chin, Chin, Chinaman," with astonishing power and volume.

"Now what the dickens is he doing at this time of day?" I exclaimed, "confound him!"

Phyllidia smiled. "Kate told me he was to show her over the farm," she answered naïvely.

"Kate," I cried with a sense of sudden awakening. "Why, then—good heavens!"

"Exactly," said Phyllidia, "and now do let me go—please, I wouldn't let any one see me just now for worlds—please," she pleaded.

"On one condition," I began, but she eluded my arm dexterously and disappeared into the grove.

I turned to meet the Cherub with a sense of offended virtue at his perfidy and the thought of what I had endured on his account.

Catching sight of me, he immediately dodged and tried to hide behind the nearest bush. With pitiless irony I demanded to know if he had taken to birds'-nesting, and thereupon he came forth looking a trifle uncomfortable.

"You're down awfully early," he began, but I brushed this aside.

"I have spoken." I began.

The Churub's discomfort grew painful to witness, and he shuffled from one foot to the other in the old way I remembered of him when in hot water at school.

"You mean—"

"To Phyllidia," I nodded sternly.

"Oh—er—really, that's awfully nice of you dontcherknow,—but I—I fancy I made a mistake."

"A mistake," I repeated.

"Yes,—you see,—fact is," he stammered, avoiding my eye, "I thought,—that is, I fancy I was a—a trifle premature."

"You begged me to speak, and I've done so," I said, with a sensation of virtue beaming in the very buttons of my coat.

The Cherub appeared utterly abashed.

"Oh Lord," he groaned, "what an infernal mess. I meant to tell you,—to explain things, but you've dodged me lately, and—and—it's Kate you know."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I promised to do it, and I've done it," I repeated.

"With a vengeance," he added bitterly, "what did she say?"

I took out my pipe and lighted it carefully, ere I answered.

"She gave me to understand that she would marry me."

The Cherub sprang forward and fairly hugged me in his delight.

"Good old Gip," he cried, "I congratulate—"

But I broke away from him, and presently found the Divine Phyllidia in the grove.

DE LAWD 'LL SEE YO' FROO

By MAURICE SMILEY

Sometimes de sky's got lots o' gray
An' mighty little blue,
But jes yo' keep a-peggin' 'way,
De Lawd 'll see yo' froo.
Jes do yo' duty day by day;
Da's all dat yo' kin do.
Jes yo' keep a-peggin' 'way,
Be suh yo' don' fuhgit to pray;
De Lawd 'll see yo' froo.

Ah wen' to Him de othah day
An' ast Him what to do.
He said: "Yo' keep a-peggin' 'way
An' Ah will see yo' froo."
Jes do yo' duty day by day,
An' jes be good an' true.
Jes yo' keep a-peggin' 'way,
Be suh yo' don' fuhgit to pray;
De Lawd 'll see yo' froo.

THE INTRUSION OF THE PERSONAL

By SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL

IT was a very cutting editorial, and a very strong one. The Governor read it through twice, and then he spread it out on the desk before him, and sat there looking at it.

"In one respect Governor Henderson is proving a disappointment," it ran. "He is buying his personal comfort at the expense of justice. He finds it more pleasant to say yes than to say no; it is easier for him to grant the requests of sorrowing wives, mothers, daughters and sisters than it is to refuse them, and so it has become a matter of personalities with him rather than of justice. All of this is a great disappointment to the Governor's friends. They had believed that his sense of duty to the State would take precedence over everything that was personal, and that hysterical women could not so easily induce him to hold at naught the laws of the great State he has been elected to govern."

And then it went on to review some of the cases upon which the Governor had acted with leniency, to speak of the harm which would surely come of it, and to deplore again that a man, in many ways so strong, should allow his emotions to sweep away his sense of responsibilities.

It was the source of the editorial, even more than the nature of it, which moved him to seriousness. He had been very proud of the unqualified indorsement the *Record* had given him during the campaign, and of the strong manner in which it had championed him since he had taken the oath of office. The *Record* was an independent paper, and the strongest in the State. The Governor looked upon its editor, Frank Morton, as the most honorable as well as the most brainy man of his acquaintance. Morton was conservative, and yet he was fearless; he was slow to condemn, and yet there was no consideration in the world which could have held back the saying of harsh things when he was convinced the time had come for him to say them.

The really hard part of it was that the Governor was forced to concede that upon this, as upon other subjects, the *Record's* editorial was well balanced, far-seeing and fair. But he did not believe Morton appreciated how hard he had struggled, in many instances, against his so-called buying of his personal comfort.

A card was handed the Governor at that moment, and he looked at it, and frowned. Mrs. Frank Payne was a woman he did not care, at this time of all others, to see. He knew that it would be one of the most moving cases it had yet been his misfortune to hear, and he knew, that it was a case where

justice cried out against clemency.

As he sat there holding the card uncertainly in his hand the telephone rang, and he reached over on his desk and took down the receiver. When he had concluded the conversation, and pushed back the 'phone, he looked again at the little card in his hand, and a strange light stole over his face. Then he smiled, and turning to the secretary said: "I will see Mrs. Payne at two o'clock this afternoon."

The telephone message had been from Frank Morton, and he had asked if he might see the Governor that afternoon relative to a certain commission of which Mr. Morton was chairman. The Governor had told the newspaper man that he would be glad to talk with him at two o'clock.

Frank Morton was an entirely unique personality in that State. He was unquestionably the State's most powerful private citizen. Seven years before he had taken the editorship of the *Record*, at a time when it was without prestige or power. He had come from somewhere in the West, and was unknown and unbacked. But nevertheless within three months the reading population of the State was rubbing its eyes and asking where this man had come from and what he intended to do. Where he had come from they did not learn; what he intended to do was soon made plain. He intended to make the *Record* the newspaper of thinking people. And he succeeded.

It was entirely characteristic of the man that when he entered the Governor's office that afternoon he had nothing to say in explanation of the attack he had just made upon him. The two shook hands warmly, for they had come to be close friends. Their difference in type may have been a factor in drawing them together. The Governor was a man of the world; he was a scholar—in the more conventional sense of the term. His face had never quite lost its boyishness; it was clean, clear-cut and attractive. Frank Morton, on the other hand, was undeniably homely. While the Governor was a man easy to get at, Morton was a man one did not attempt to fathom. He was not a man of the world, and his scholarly attainments had not given him that ease which so graces a great mind. He carried his size awkwardly, he did not dress well, and he was unfortunately conscious of his hands and feet. Nevertheless his friends thought of him only as the brainiest and fairest man they knew.

They had not been talking five minutes when the secretary entered and handed the Governor a card bearing the name of Mrs. Frank Payne.

The chief executive rubbed his hand across his head and uttered a bored exclamation. "Now here's a nice thing," he said impatiently. "It's the second time to-day this woman has been here to see me—and, I suppose, I've got to see her."

"Don't let me interfere," said the newspaper man rising at once. "I can wait in the other room."

The Governor let him get almost to the door, and then he called: "Say, Morton, I wish you'd come back and sit down."

Frank Morton looked around at him in some surprise. "It won't do any harm," said the Governor, "and as long as you've shown some interest in this pardon business I think it would be only fair to me to hear something of how the cases are presented."

The newspaper man stood there irresolutely for a minute, and then the request evidently appealed to him as a fair one, for he walked back to his seat. Thereupon the Governor instructed his secretary to show the lady in.

When the door opened both men rose to their feet. It was plain that the woman was very sick, and that it was with supreme effort she was walking toward them. When she had almost reached the Governor's desk she staggered, and would have fallen, had not the chief executive taken her by the arm and assisted her to a seat.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, as soon as she was able to speak. "I thought I was strong enough to-day, but—but I guess the excitement it—it was a little too much."

It was the newspaper man who poured a glass of ice water from a

pitcher near by and handed it in clumsy fashion to the woman. When she had partaken of it he returned the glass to its place on the table, and shoving his chair a little further back into the corner resumed his seat.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Governor," began the woman, her voice shaking with nervous excitement, "but—but, you see, Governor, its terribly vital with me.",

The Governor bowed with the kind courteousness he unfailingly showed women, but said nothing. Frank Morton shoved his chair still further back in the corner, and looked longingly at the door.

"You—you got both the petitions, Governor?" asked the wife of Frank Payne, timidly.

"Yes, Mrs. Payne," replied the Governor, "I have them both here in my desk."

"You noticed the signatures? The county attorney and—and all the prominent people of the place?"

"I saw the names of a number of people I recognized as leading citizens of your community, Mrs. Payne."

"And doesn't that have great weight, Governor? Governor!—in the name of pity can't you give a husband back to a dying woman?"

The Governor rested his hand on his desk, and he began, very slowly: "Mrs. Payne, I can say in all truthfulness that the refusal of such requests as yours is the hardest thing that falls to my lot. But there are only two instances which justify an exercise of the pardon power: when it can be shown justice was not done in the trial, or where there are such extenuating circumstances to make the crime less great in reality than shown to be under the technical construction of the law." He paused, and some way he could feel that the face of the newspaper man had grown red. "I do not find," he went on, his voice trying to take the sting from the words, "that your husband's case falls under either of these."

The woman pulled her chair close to the Governor's desk, and put out a shaking hand. "Governor," she said, in voice not above a whisper, "do you mean that you are going to refuse to let my husband go?"

"I do not see how I can do otherwise," he answered, after a pause.

Then she rose to her feet, her hands clutched passionately before her. "And they told me you were kind," she cried out. "So kind!—they said you would be to me. They said you would be as sorry as my own brother would be, that—oh, they lied!" and she sank upon her knees, her head falling to the Governor's desk, while sobs which it seemed the frail body could not have held, quivered through the big room.

The Governor heard a chair move behind him, he heard a slight cough, but he did not turn around. Instead he lay his hand upon the head which was resting on his desk, and said in the voice which had so endeared him to the people of the State: "You may not know it, but I am very, very sorry."

His touch seemed to give the woman new heart, and she raised her head. "Governor," she began, the flush of the consumptive deepening upon her cheeks, and the fatal glimmer growing more bright in her eyes, "you didn't quite understand. I see now that they hadn't told you just how it was, and that was why you said those awful things. But now I am going to tell you all about it, I am going to make it all plain to you, and then"—a smile of appeal overspread her wan features, "then you are going to let him go."

As she paused for breath the Governor tried to raise her to her feet, but her fingers clung tightly to his desk, and in low, throbbing tones, broken every now and then by a hollow cough, she went on: "You see, Governor, I am going to die. I saw the doctor again this morning, and he said it could not be more than six months. And Governor, for those six months I want my husband. When I die I want to die in his arms—can't you understand that, Governor? If you had just six months to live wouldn't you want to live them with the person you loved? If your very days were numbered, wouldn't you begrudge every hour, every minute even, that you spent away from that person? And, oh, Governor! when

you woke up in the long nights with that awful pain in your side, and with that awful feeling in your heart that you were going to die, wouldn't you want to reach out your hand and feel that some one who loved you was there to care for you?—to be with you till the very end? Don't you see it? Don't you see what an awful, awful thing it would be to die alone? To be alone—think of it!—all alone—when you were in pain and dying. Oh!—I can't tell it right; it's hard to talk—but—" and then, in sheer weakness, her voice broke, and again the Governor attempted to raise her, but she clung tightly to the desk, and after a minute went on more quietly:—

"My father has given me some money. He has raised it for me, and he says if you will let Frank go we two shall go to Colorado. Governor, just suppose that the person dearest to you in all the world was dying, and that you were shut up somewhere and they wouldn't let you out to take care of her—to bathe her head, Governor, when it ached so hard, to hold her when she coughed, to love her and—and make it easier for her. Why, Governor, don't you think you'd go crazy? Do you think there is any crime in the world merits such a punishment as that? You say he stole money. I don't know anything about that. I'm not talking about that now. I'm telling you that I'm going to die, and that I'm afraid—oh, I'm afraid!"—her voice rang out with a kind of fierce terror—"to die alone. It's easy to be brave when you're well. But how can you be brave when you're sick, Governor? When—oh, I can't say any more! I'm tired—I'm—"

"Governor," broke in a stern voice behind him, "in God's name, why don't you end this scene? Why don't you tell this woman you will pardon her husband?"

The woman rose to her feet with a low, happy exclamation. "I knew it!" she cried. "I knew from the very first that you were my friend!" She sank back in her chair and looked at him thankfully—expectantly. "You tell him," she whispered, and closed her tired eyes.

Governor Henderson looked into the face of his friend. It had grown white and it was twitching convulsively.

"The man was convicted of embezzlement," said the chief executive quietly, "and was sentenced to five years. He has served not quite two. I cannot see how, in the name of justice, I can write his pardon."

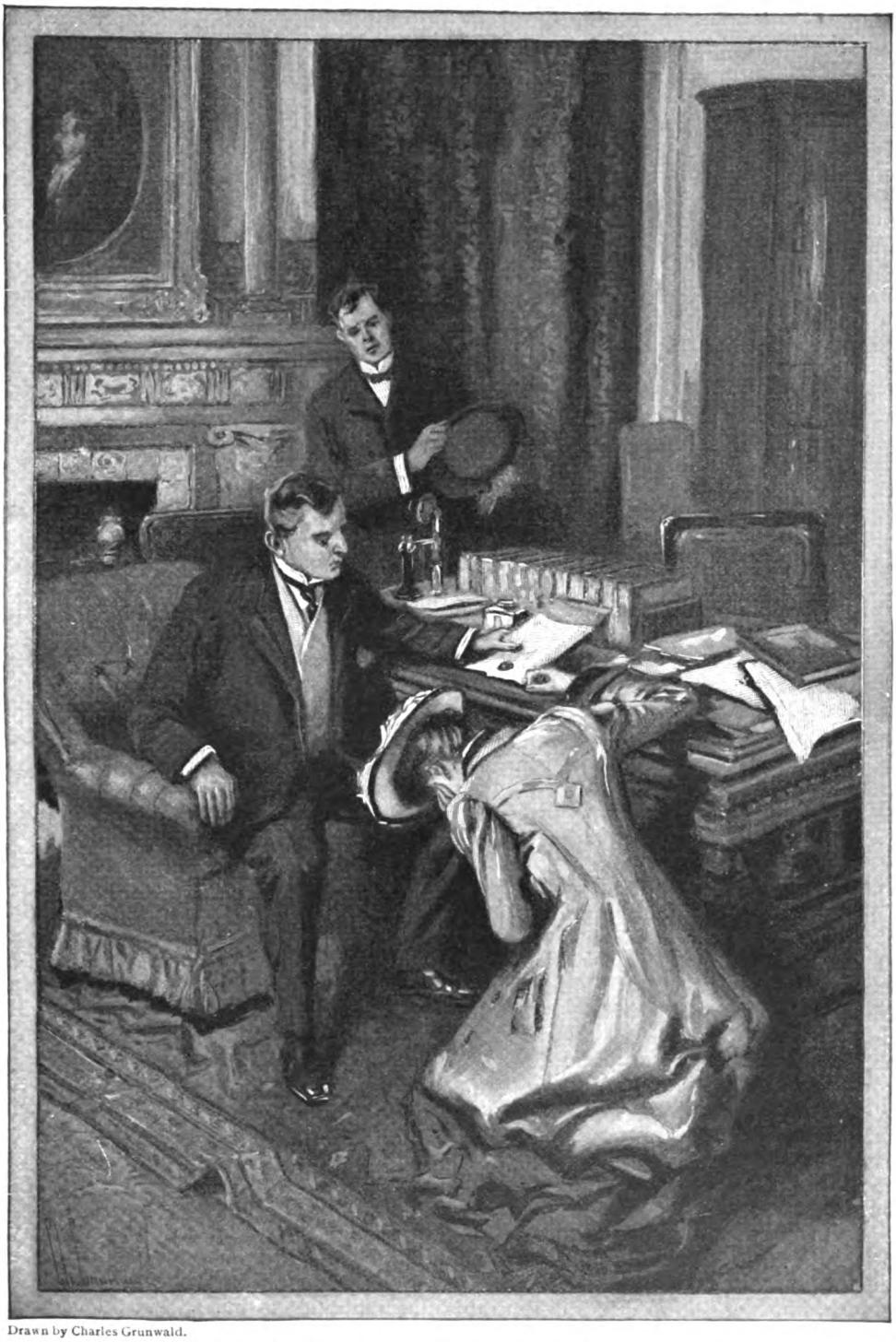
"Don't write it in the name of justice!" said the newspaper man defiantly. "Write it in the name of decency."

A soft little smile was playing about the Governor's mouth as he pulled a document from his desk and wrote his name. The look of supreme joy upon the thin, fever-eaten face spoke the thanks which would not come in words. And then, after she had started away, she turned back to the large man who was leaning heavily against the wall. "May God ever be good to you and yours," she said brokenly and left them.

There was a long silence. At last the newspaper man spoke. "For the first time since it has been my paper," he said, "the *Record* is bought with a price."

The Governor made no reply, and Frank Morton stood there twirling his hat in his hand. "It's a strange world," he said, taking a few steps toward the door. "We think things out, we lay down laws, we have it all fixed—theoretically. And then we meet the actual—confront conditions, and the first thing we do with our theories is to break them."

He went away then—forgetful of the commission, and the Governor resumed his work; but for a long time that soft little smile continued to play about the chief executive's mouth.



Drawn by Charles Grunwald.

"Think of it!--all alone—when you were in pain and dying."

Emma Eames. Lillian Nordica.

THE CHANCE FOR THE AMERICAN SINGER

By ARTHUR GOODRICH

IF it were possible to float in space above America in such a position that all the sounds beneath were collected and brought to the listener's ear, it is doubtful if even the echo of a trained singing voice would be heard in the din of clanging hammers, of whirring machines, of thudding presses, and of harsh cries of command which form the chaotic symphony of industrial progress and supremacy. "Music in America!" said one of our best known singers recently. "We haven't even prepared the soil. If you plant tobacco you'll get tobacco, not green corn. We've planted business and commerce and all that sort of thing. We can't expect to reap art. Musical atmosphere can't be made over night by the weather bureau or bought by millions." However this may be, a small army of earnest people in this country are studying the art of singing and a few really great singers, more perhaps than there ever were before, come from America. "Singing for a living," remarked a conscientious business man, who, every day, toils vigorously to sell a fifty-cent article for a dollar and who occasionally goes to what we call comic opera in the evening, "that doesn't seem a man's work in the world."

Leaving questions of art to the critics, and getting down to the thoroughly American standard of work and results, let us follow the average career of successful American singers and see whether they are, as many people seem to think, leisurely persons gifted with remarkable voices who merely "open their mouths and let the music out."

A young girl—and a very large percentage of those who make singing their single lifework are women—comes to the city with a good voice and with high hopes. She has been told she has a great future and, with fine American confidence she believes it thoroughly. She has high ideals of art for art's sake. Since she comes to study she must first decide who is to teach her. A greater puzzle no one ever solved. "Ninety-five per cent. of all vocal teachers are quacks," said an old musician to me

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long ago. Few singers would doubt the assertion. Probably in no other kind of work can a man who knows practically nothing about a subject do so quickly a lucrative amount of teaching. No degree is necessary. One has only to open a studio and advertise. There are many common types: the piano teacher who cannot get enough pupils to make a living, the broken down, old time singer, the derelict of the concert halls who never could sing himself but who now gives fifty or more lessons a week at from three to five dollars each, and many more. Their half hour lessons may be said to consist one third of chat and gossip, one third of scales and exercises, and one third of the singing of the pupils's favorite songs, all interspersed with just enough commendation and criticism to keep the pupil's good opinion of both herself and of her teacher. And their success proves that this is all the training many so-called students wish. There are teachers who make their pupils sing at a brass-headed tack in the wall, and there are others whose training has not only ruined voices but temporarily harmed general health as well. Over against these charlatans of the profession, there are conscientious men and women who can detect faults in a voice and know how to correct them, who are a constant inspiration to the student's musicianship, and who work carefully and enthusiastically for each individual pupil. One of the best known teachers in New York used to be an accompanist and could barely earn a mere existence. He studied voices as if by instinct. He is a musician to his finger tips. In the last few years he has trained many successful singers, and his days are filled with a more strenuous brain and nerve-racking rush of work than those of many a big business man. Oratorio and concert singers often give a portion of their time to teaching the things they have learned. But vocal teaching may be said to be a profession by itself, a profession that comparatively few study and which many practice.

It is not easy to tell the good teacher from the quack, and you will find bitter early experiences in many a successful singer's career. Granting, however, that she finds the right master at the start, she probably begins by taking two or three half-hour lessons a week at five dollars each. No matter how good her teacher, the young singer soon sees that there is no quickly taught trick of singing well. She learns that singing is not a question of voice alone but of brains and body, of taste and musicianship and many other things; that many methods are only many ways of reaching a single result, a result that can be obtained, if at all, only by persistent, endless work on the part of the student herself. Her days are busy with practice, with study of musical literature and modern languages, with making certain her technical knowledge of music, with getting acquainted with oratorios and operas, and her evenings with hearing famous people sing, and with making friends among the thousands of others who are doing much the same thing she is doing.

Unless she has plenty of money she ordinarily is forced to do something else to make a living while she studies, and this multiplies her difficulties manyfold. There are, however, isolated cases of old-time patronage of the art. One aged Bostonian recently died practically penniless after having given large sums of money for the musical education of promising students in whom he had no personal interest. One of the best known bankers in Wall Street has sent two or three young musicians to Europe to complete their training and they have returned to successful careers at home. But such windfalls are rare. A majority of the successful singers will tell you of scores of times in their careers when they have almost given up what seemed an impossible task.

After months that grow into years, the singer is ready to try for a church position. These range in value from places that pay nothing except experience to some which pay soloists one thousand five hundred dollars a year for singing at Sunday services. Her first step will probably be to join a choir agency. Here she will be likely to find an infinitely good-humored gentleman surrounded by the most mixed, most con-

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The daughter of a Presbyterian minister of Pittsburg, Louise Homer began her career in a church choir. After singing in choirs in Boston and Philadelphia, she went to Paris for two years' study, and then made her operatic debut at Vichy in "La Traviata." She has sung in opera at Brussels and London, and is now the chief contralto at the Metropolitan Opera House.

genial, best-natured crowd of people imaginable, thread-bare beginners shouldering well-known singers, girls voluble with successes and troubles side by side with hard working singers of both sexes who are gradually plodding their way upward. They are all on a level here, as they wait their turn. After paying the good-humored gentleman ten dollars and promising him five per cent. of the first year's salary if the position is obtained through his aid, the singer is told of half a dozen places that are open or said to be open, and, perhaps, the day and the hour of the trial. At the churches she is likely to find half a hundred other people ready to try for the same position. The weeding out process is slow, and perhaps she sings three or four times at a dozen different churches before the gray-haired chairman of a committee, who likes old hymns much better than anything from the oratorios, offers her a position that pays, perhaps, three or four hundred dollars. At the church she will enjoy the work and get a good musical training, but she will also meet the pleasant old lady who tells her how well she sings and who is shortly afterwards overheard remarking that the choir is all right "except the soprano (the singer), who is impossibly bad." The church may be one where she will sing for a year without a word from any one in the church. I know of one where a man did his work for a year without once seeing the minister, whose pulpit happened to be beneath the choir gallery. In other churches she will find pastor and people most hospitable and helpful. Perhaps, too, she gets her first experience of that jealousy which is proverbial in church choirs.

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A southern girl who studied in Europe, Zelie De Lussan made her first success abroad. She has since sung many seasons with the Metropolitan Opera Company under Maurice Grau, during which she was the favorite alternate with Calve in "Carmen." This year she is singing in Europe.

Another year of hard work and she obtains a better position and, perhaps, a place in the choir of a synagogue on Saturday. She may have the good fortune to find a place vacant in a concert quartet, and in this way help herself slightly financially. Soon, sometimes too soon, she feels that she is ready to do concert work. She has studied the oratorios earnestly until she has a wide repertoire. It is not long before she is impressed with the fact that singing demands a business woman as well as a musician. She must pay her manager, after she finds one, a ten per cent. commission on every concert she sings under his direction, and the commission is so small that there are many unauthenticated stories of managers receiving two hundred dollars for a singer's services and paying the singer one hundred dollars, less the commission. This kind of managerial dishonesty is made almost impossible, if it ever was probable, by the singer's collecting her own fees. Traveling expenses often cut down profits by half. The musical papers, in many cases, are conducted after the style of many trade journals. The singer seldom receives mention unless she advertises. And she often runs the risk of being slandered in the paper in which she fails to advertise. The appearance of her picture on the cover is a tribute to her pocketbook rather than to her talents, for it costs her from one hundred to three hundred dollars. If she advertises there is nothing good which the papers ordinarily will not say for her, and she thus buys fictitious public opinion at so much per line. The critics of the daily press cannot be bought, but their opinions, like those of many others, depend often on their digestion. After all they are skilled opinions, nothing more, but they often help to make or break a singer's ultimate success.

Photo by Falk Studio.

Mme. Jacoby is one of the few American singers whose training was entirely American. Beginning study as a soprano, she has sung successfully for many years in Churches and Concerts. She is now one of the most admired contraltos at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Photo by Marceau.

Suzanne Adams went to study in Paris as a child of fifteen. She made her debut at the Opera House there, and since has sung before many distinguished audiences in England and the United States. A splendid example of the care a singer may take of her health, she is a lover of out-of-doors.

After years of hard, up-hill struggle and study she is recognized, we will say, as a successful singer. What is her reward? The season is short, a few weeks of fall festivities, a week or two of Christmas concerts, and a few weeks of spring festivals, with a sprinkling of individual concerts between times, make up the list of her opportunities. There are many available American singers in the field, and the public is not entirely past its interest in foreign musicians, opera stars and English oratorio singers. When she obtains an engagement there is much more preparation necessary than rubbing up her knowledge of the work to be given, and singing the rehearsal —often public—with the local chorus the day or the afternoon before the performance. She must watch for draughts; a cold would disable her completely. She must be constantly careful of the atmosphere she breathes. A tenor last year had a series of important concerts to sing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He went one evening to Madison Square Garden to attend the Sportsman's Show. The air was close in the crowded hall. The next day the singer felt the beginnings of an attack of the grip. As a result he sang only one concert of the series. A crowded car may be dangerous to the throat, or a draughty theater. Every possible means must be used to keep the body in its healthiest condition.

Physical depression means bad singing or singing under great difficulties. On the day of her appearance she must be careful of what she eats; she rests herself thoroughly; she talks as little as possible. She knows that the people who gather to hear her will not be charitable. They will judge what they hear, and by their own varying standards. The acoustic properties of some halls are such that sounds which

produce certain effects in one part of the house bring totally different effects to others. There is no standard of judgment, nothing except personal opinion. One singer recently had the rare good fortune to have two frank friends at a concert. One said: "You never sang so well." The other said: "I never heard you in such bad voice." All the people who are not at the concert will judge by the newspapers next day, one of which is likely to say: "The less said of Miss —— the better," while the next one says: "Hers was a thoroughly satisfying performance." Ordinarily, also, the singer is merely a unit in a performance of which other soloists, orchestra, chorus and conductor are component parts. If she is an artist she submerges herself in the work instead of striving for individual success, knowing, however, that the majority of the audience will judge her individually, entirely apart from the work. If you have ever seen a singer in her dressing-room after a concert you have probably heard her say, with a sigh of relief: "Well, I'm glad that's over." The nervous tension of a concert is great, to say nothing of the physical and mental work. "I feel like a jelly-fish inside," said a prima donna just before a triumph last year. It was an apt description of that stage fright from which nearly every singer suffers.

She receives in compensation two, three or four hundred dollars, from which must be deducted many expenses. There are probably not a dozen American concert and oratorio singers who clear ten thousand dollars a year from singing, including one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars they receive from churches or synagogues. And the study and work they did at the start was only a beginning of study and work they must do all their life. Of the rest, a few make a considerable amount of money by being invited to wealthy private houses, singing for people there and receiving checks the next day for their kindness. The vast majority of the remainder exist on twenty-five and fifty dollar concert work, or take to teaching, or drift into comic opera, or in the end weary of it all and do something else. And this after years of work and expense often of thousands of dollars. Voices, at best, do not last forever. When they are gone singers must have saved enough for the after years, which is seldom possible, and if possible, is seldom probable, or they will join the ranks of the teachers.

Beyond oratorios and concert work the pinnacle of every singer's ambition is the opera. For that she must go abroad. In America there are practically no opera companies save at the Metropolitan in New York, one at New Orleans and a touring English opera company. There is no place for the singer to get experience such as she can get in the little opera houses abroad, which, subsidized by the government, bring more musical atmosphere to small towns in Europe than we have in New York. Mr. Conreid is trying to give American singers experience at the Metropolitan, but it is merely an

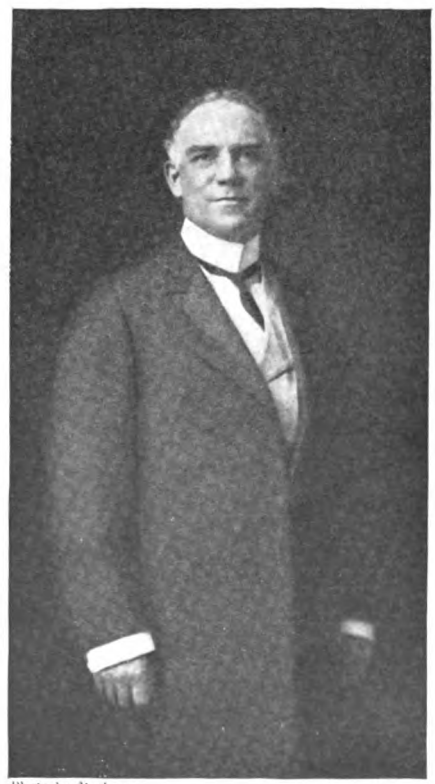

Photo by Bushong.

David Bispham, the only man who, coming from America, is famous as a singer both here and abroad.

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Lillian Blauvelt attracted attention as a violinist as a child, and later sang in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. She studied at the National Academy in New York and in Paris and is one of the best known coloratura singers on the public stage.

Photo by Marceau.

Madame Maconda was born in New York. At fourteen she was soprano soloist in an important church. Since then her training has been exclusively American, and she is now one of the best known sopranos in this country.

experiment which of course has yet to prove itself a help to many singers and entirely satisfactory to the public.

And yet, out of this maelstrom of unorganized and muddled conditions,—and there is probably no profession nor phase of education in America so unorganized,—there have emerged and are emerging intelligent, musicianly, artistic American singers with voices which are a delight to audiences here and in Europe.

Two newcomers in the opera company this year went abroad from America. Olive Fremstad was, for a number of years, a church singer in Minneapolis and in New York and a soloist in concert and oratorio. Even then she was a thorough musician, and served as accompanist in one studio while she was getting her training.

At one oratorio performance of St. Paul, which it was my good fortune to hear, she was the soloist. The bass was indisposed and was forced to leave the stage after his first number. Miss Fremstad immediately put herself in the breach, and sang his solos as well as her own during the rest of the evening. She was very young at the time, and her years of foreign study and her operatic successes have only made her work more certain.

Edyth Walker, twelve years ago, was a school teacher in Rome, N. Y. She had graduated from the Rome schools, and had passed her regent's examinations for the privilege of teaching. Her singing in one of the churches attracted the attention of musicians from Utica, and for a time she went down to Utica to sing on Sundays. Her friends told her she should go abroad, but she had no money. Finally a loan was made her, and she went, scarcely knowing where and having no plan beyond that of becoming as good a singer and as thorough a musician as possible. She went to Dresden, where she knew no one, entered the Conservatory and for two

years she worked hard and made rapid progress. At the end of that time her money was gone. She was not willing to give up, however, and enclosing letters from her teachers at the Conservatory, she wrote for a loan to a wealthy American, whom she had never seen and has never met. It came to her by the first mail with a pleasant note of congratulation and good wishes —an example of the readiness of American wealth to help American talent—and she worked away for two years more. At the end of that time, she was heard at the Vienna Opera, was engaged immediately, although, as she confesses, she scarcely knew the meaning of the words she sang, and for eight consecutive years she was the leading contralto there, leaving only to come to New York.

The accidents which Fortune plays with money have made singers' careers in more ways than one. During her youth Yvonne De Trouville enjoyed everything that money could buy and she studied music both here and abroad simply for the love of it. Just as her equipment seemed perfect, money losses came and she immediately turned what had formerly merely been her pleasure into a most successful lifework.

The only man who, coming from America, is famous as a singer both here and abroad is David Bispham. Mr. Bispham was reared in Quaker atmosphere in Philadelphia. He sang treble naturally as a boy, went to college, and from college to business. He saved time enough, however, to begin to take vocal lessons when he was twenty-three. In Philadelphia he sang with the choral society and at cathedral services and took part in local amateur operas. Soon he went to Italy and studied singing conscientiously, not because he expected to make a career but because he loved music. Professional friends who heard him sing wished him to appear in public, and he finally did so. He went to England to sing in concert and oratorio after illness and more study in Italy. During the season in England also he was constantly studying, getting his operatic start as the chief of the brigands in a charity performance, "The Brigands of Bluegoria," and obtaining the consent of his mother, who had been opposed to an operatic career, he sang for a time in English opera. One night he asked "Planchette" what parts he would sing in

Photo by Rockwood.

Herbert Witherspoon, bass.

Photo by Gessford.

Gwilym Miles, bass.

opera. The thing wrote: "You will be required to sing 'Beckmesser,' 'Kurwenal' and 'Amonasro,' within two months." Mr. Bispham admits that he is superstitious, and he prepared the parts carefully. The remarkable thing about it is that within two months he sang "Kurwenal" at Covent Garden, and was asked to sing the other two parts. Since then he has been a familiar figure in opera in America and in England. A season in New York, moreover, would scarcely be complete without Mr. Bispham's recitals. Personally he is a direct, straight-out-from-the-shoulder, business-like American gentleman of original ideas, quick humor, and a sense of the dramatic things of every day life that gathers numberless good stories, a man who believes things and does them intensely though quietly.

Photo by Root.

George Hamlin, at one time a grain broker, at another a patent medicine man, has finally achieved deserved reputation as a tenor.

Nearly every man who is notably successful as an American singer has had his own way to make financially, and their careers are marked with the same American pluck and perseverance which makes for success in other professions and in business.

Herbert Witherspoon is the son of a Connecticut clergyman. He sang in church as a boy, both as treble and alto, and later, in the same church, completed his experience by singing both tenor and base in the choir. At Yale he studied music, incidentally, and for a time sang with the Glee Club, but his voice at that time was only a small fraction of what it was to become. Graduating from college, he went into business and, after a year, located at the New York office of the concern. He studied music at leisure times and obtained a good church position. Shortly afterwards the business failed, and Mr. Witherspoon decided to make music his life-work. A year or two of study and some concert work made him decide to go abroad. He borrowed the money he needed and went to Paris. His return to America was signalized by almost immediate success to which voice, hard work, trained musicianship, musical temperament and vigorous cultivated personality have all contributed. Gwilym Miles is as short in stature as Mr. Witherspoon is tall. And their careers have been as different as their heights. Mr. Miles worked in Ohio mines as a boy, and went from there into the iron mills. But he is a Welshman, and music would out. After a period in St. Louis he came to New York, where his splendid voice and thoroughly artistic temperament counted at once for success.

Perhaps the most notable thing about Ellison Van Hoose, when you meet him, is the fact that even when he smiles his teeth are clenched. It is an evidence of the determination that has helped to make his career. His father was a minister in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and his mother was a thorough musician. She gave the boy, who had a distinctive remarkable alto voice, the elements of his musical training. Even at that time his ambition was to be a singer. He went to the University of Georgia, but during his junior year financial difficulties at home forced him to leave college and go to work. Looking about for a trade he settled upon electrical engineering and worked for a time in the shops of the old Thompson-Houston Company at Lynn, Mass. From there he went to the Baldwin Locomotive Works and then to a technical school in the Middle West. From the school he went once more into the employ of the Lynn company, but he finally decided to leave business and make his career as a singer. He came to New York, obtained a small church position and studied.

For two seasons he sang with the Damrosch Opera Company. In the

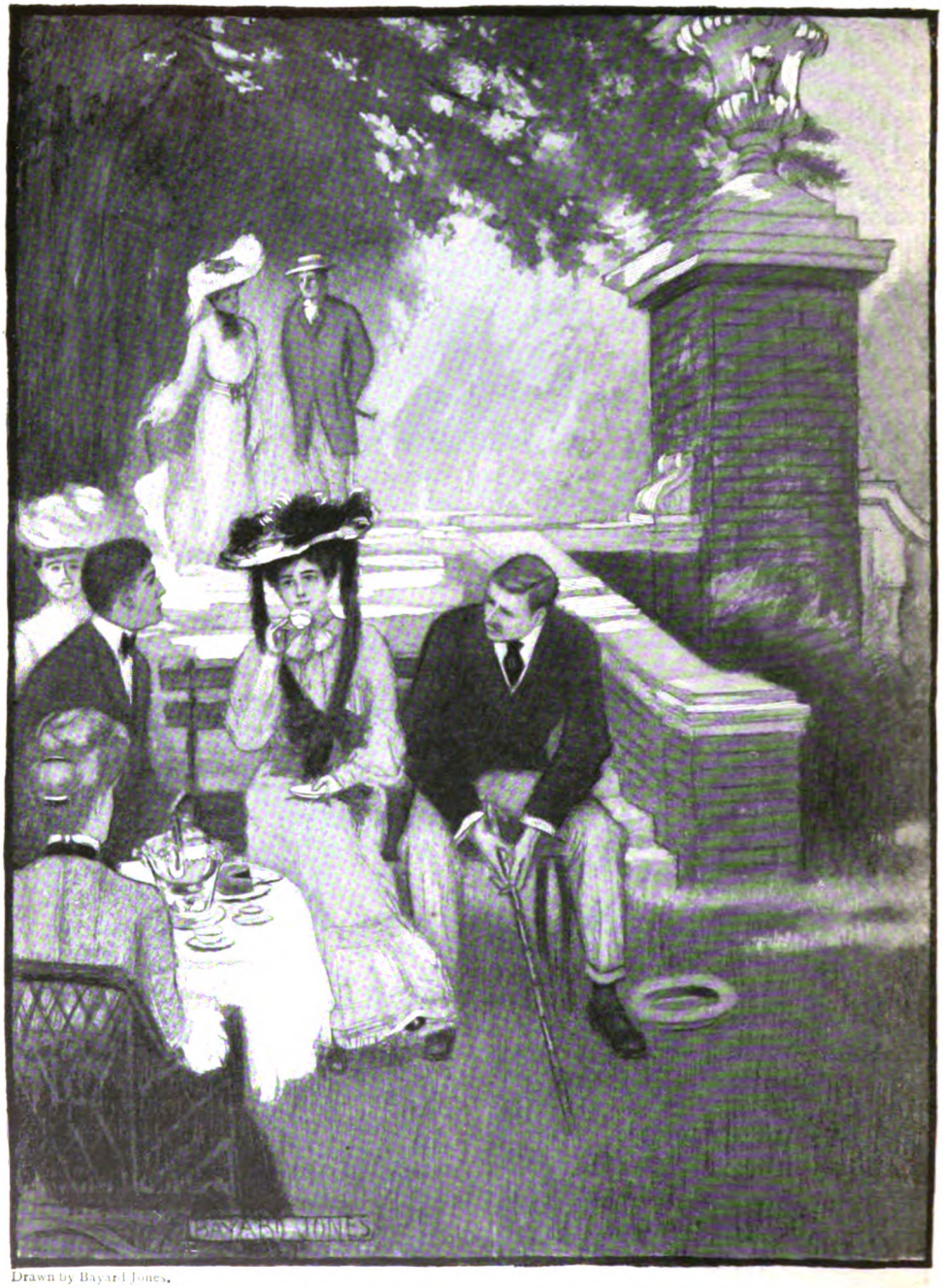
summer, between the seasons, he studied in England and was offered engagements there, and after the second year with Mr. Damrosch, he sang a season in London. He was not well, however, and found he was unable to finish his second winter in England. For nearly a year he lived out of doors in Tennessee, recuperating, and since then he has been singing regularly in concert and oratorio. Last summer he studied opera in Paris, and he is now in France making his first appearances there in opera.

Joseph Baernstein's friends will remember that only a few years ago he was a clerk in Bloomingdale's store in New York, and how, by dogged determination, he forced his way up, training his fine natural voice and getting his musical education on the way, until he is one of our foremost singers. Certainly no one who knows anything of the hard struggle singers must make, of the cruel discouragements they must undergo from disapproving criticism after conscientious singing, of the disappointment and worry and uncertainty of it all, would begrudge the financial reward any singer receives. Money alone probably cannot be the singer's aim, if he is to succeed. Luxurious living is likely to ruin chances of success. But there are compensations. The glow of the reaction after a tense and triumphant performance, the thrill of holding in breathless silence a mixed audience, which is often as ready to ridicule as to applaud, of bringing at will tears to people's eyes or laughter to their lips, the hearty friendships with enthusiastic musicians, conductors, accompanists, organists and the rest, and most of all, the joy of the work itself, the love of the art which must dominate the entire career, these are some of the rewards. And the echo of their song lingers in thousands of hearts who have felt for a short hour the spell of their art.

Theodore Van Yorx. *Ellison Van Hoose.*

Photo by Rockwood. Photo by Marceau.

***Theodore** Van Yorx came from Bridgeport, Connecticut. There were times at first when he could not see food and lodging many days ahead, and his first "easy" berth was ten hours a day manual labor at $25 a month. Finally, discovering that he had a voice he gave up everything for music and is now notably successful as a tenor. Some account of Mr. Van Hoose will be found elsewhere in this article.*



Drawn by Bayard Jones.

"It seems to me ridiculous that Nancy will not marry me."

WITHOUT REHEARSAL

An Adventure of Charles Edward

by HARRISON RHODES

With Drawings by Bayard Jones

THIS is not a love story, yet if Miss Nancy Scott had been willing to accept Mr. Charles Edward Austin it would never have happened. Young men are in the habit of saying, when Miss Scott rejects them, that their lives are forever changed; but the immediate consequences have not usually been particularly interesting. And indeed, if one is to adhere strictly to the truth, it must be admitted that none of Charles Edward's first fourteen proposals led to anything startling or adventurous. He himself said at the time that the habit was growing duller as it grew more confirmed, and that he sometimes felt a change was needed. Either he must be accepted or he must stop proposing.

The fifteenth proposal, as well as several of those immediately preceding it, took place in England, where the young actress was spending the holidays which she had earned by a long forty weeks tour over the United States. Charles Edward was in London for a few days, on his way from America to join his mother at Carlsbad, and he was not wasting his time. One result at least had been an invitation for the week-end in a house in Kent to which Miss Scott was going. It was a kind of unwritten law or custom at the time that when one invited Nancy one also invited whoever at the moment was by way of proposing most often to her. Charles Edward owed his Saturday to Monday to his temporary numerical excellence, and the old-fashioned garden in which the tea table was laid Saturday afternoon, just out of the sun and by the trailing skirts of a copper beech, was delightful enough to make one believe that his reward was in itself sufficient. But Charles Edward was a prey to disappointment, and in characteristic fashion he precipitated a discussion of the whole affair, while he munched a currant bun.

"It seems to me ridiculous," he said to the assembled party, with a detached air, "that Nancy will not marry me."

"I don't see why I should," protested that young woman, too busy with tea to be anything but concise.

"Of course I can see he has many virtues," began their hostess.

"Oh, surely we needn't discuss them," broke in Charles Edward, "I *admit* them. The thing to talk of is Miss Nancy Scott's fault. Now to my mind her greatest fault is—"

"That she doesn't fall in love with you, I suppose," interpolated their hostess.

"Precisely," said Charles Edward.

"My greatest fault is perhaps that," said the young woman under discussion. "But the next greatest is that I am interested in my career, that I love my profession and that I wouldn't give up acting for any man I've yet seen."

"But if you married me you wouldn't need to give it up. That is, not altogether; you could always go back to it for a flyer now and then; that's easy enough."

"Pardon me—" began a young gentleman in gray flannels. Then for at least a half hour he and Miss Scott, growing more excited as they talked, explained to Charles Edward how laborious and exacting was the career of acting. You couldn't "go back to it for a flyer," it appeared. It was with the extremest difficulty you could in the beginning get any parts to play. And even when you had had some success you must keep constantly be-

fore the public or you were forgotten. Every word that they said was true, as the reader knows. One may add as Charles Edward knew. But there were special circumstances which modified his public attitude, and undoubtedly caused him to adopt a tone of bravado not usual with him. The young gentleman in gray was an actor, or to be more exact what is commonly termed a promising young actor. This meant that he had a gentlemanly appearance, agreeable manners and no great talent. He had, to judge from his conversation, considerable difficulty in getting such engagements as pleased him. And an additional fact of importance was that, having made Miss Scott's acquaintance he was behaving in the usual way. It is not probable he had at this period made more than his fourth proposal, still it is not difficult to understand that the inevitable rivalry of male creatures lent a note of acrimony to Charles Edward's remarks.

"In short," said Mr. Austin, "I feel that you exaggerate. I believe that I could go on the stage at once. And I believe that one could get an engagement in almost any company he liked if he knew how to ask for it."

"You might try," said the young gentleman in gray.

"I will," said Charles Edward

"By the strangest chance Henry Trevelyan is playing for this one night at Chatham. His company is fairly difficult to get into. You might take a train over after dinner and get an engagement in it."

"I will," said Charles Edward.

He rose and took Miss Scott's cup from her. Then, having disposed of it, he sat down next her.

"You'll never do it, you know," she said,

"What will you bet?"

"What you like."

"You know what I want," said Charles Edward lowering his voice.

Miss Scott looked at him. It is not right that a girl who does not intend to marry should have such attractive eyes.

"You are absurd," she said. "Well, if you have an engagement in Henry Trevelyan's company by lunch to-morrow you can—you can propose again. Good heavens, no, I shall unquestionably refuse! But you seem to like doing it."

II

That a story in which Henry Trevelyan figures should have its scene at Chatham is a kind of geographical paradox, for, from a theatrical point of view, the place is not important enough to be upon the schedule of the dignified provincial tour of his company. But a few years ago, on the occasion of the opening of a new theater, Trevelyan did go to Chatham for one performance. To the evening's entertainment the great actor contributed a one-act play. He journeyed down without scenery, secretary or general manager, and it just happened that he was left to return to London alone by a late train of notably uncertain habits.

There is nothing of special interest to record concerning the evening at the theater. The opening of the new playhouse was indeed exactly what the distinguished gentleman from London had expected, even to the usual pile of letters from unknown people.

To requests for personal interviews the great actor was not unaccustomed to turn a deaf ear; but when, a few minutes after the curtain had fallen upon "The Heights of Elba," Mr. Austin's name was brought to his dressing-room he was, as it chanced, in a genial mood. He sent a message that, while he could not see him at the theater, he would be glad if Mr. Austin would wait and drive with him to the station; there might be a chance before the train left for a few minutes' talk.

The vehicle which conveyed the two from the theater did no credit to Chatham. It had not gone ten yards before Trevelyan, availing himself of the kind of privilege accorded to royalty and to prominent members of the theatrical profession, announced abruptly that it was no use trying to talk until they were out of that confounded noisy cab. At the station, necessary inquiries concerning the train wasted much precious time. But the young man fairly beamed when he announced to Trevelyan, who

Drawn by Bayard Jones. See page 650.

"I am Captain Jackson."

had established himself in the dismal and ill-lit waiting-room, that the train was twenty minutes late.

"I won't pretend to be sorry," he said. "Instead of five minutes I shall have twenty-five to talk to you in. That is if you will let me," he added as a graceful concession.

Trevelyan seated himself resignedly.

"Very well, Mr. Austin, go ahead and talk. You want something from me, I take it. Got a play you want to read to me?" Mr. Trevelyan's air was scarcely encouraging.

"Oh, no, not that. I wanted—"

"An engagement in my company, I suppose," interrupted the great actor.

His directness was a trifle disconcerting. They had come to the point, although somehow Charles Edward felt that they were not likely to dwell upon it long. Still it was a relief to be there.

"Yes, I was going to ask for that," said he, seating himself. But the fusillade continued.

"Can you act?"

"I'm sure I can."

"But have you acted?"

The applicant leant forward in his chair. "A lot as an amateur, and, although perhaps I'm not the one to say it, I was thought—"

He looked at Trevelyan, whose hand was raised in horror and warning.

"No? Then I won't," he said after a moment with a little laugh. "I see that doesn't count."

"No," agreed Trevelyan, "it just put," he murmured encouragingly. "They why act?"

Why indeed, thought Charles Edward.

"It's difficult to explain," he said. "But I must act. I must get an engagement at once."

"Are you so poor?"

"No it's not that. There are special reasons which I can't well explain."

Drawn by Bayard Jones. See page 653.

Miss Scott took refuge in a quibble.

doesn't count. Especially as I don't frequent amateur performances. If I've engagements to offer I like to give them to some one I know can act."

"But I suppose people begin somehow, sir," protested Charles Edward. "You won't give me an engagement until I show you I can act, and I can't show you I can act until you give me an engagement."

The dilemma appeared to make Trevelyan cheerful.

"Very well put, my boy, very well Charles Edward was conscious of the lameness of these explanations, and of their unworthiness of his own inventive genius. He fancied that Trevelyan looked almost suspiciously at him, and for a moment he was tempted to tell the whole story of his afternoon's foolish boastfulness. But his companion went on.

"If you're thinking of it as a career, don't, that's my advice. It's always my advice. You don't know,"—and a note of deeper feeling crept into his

voice—" what a hard, ill-paid, ungrateful profession it is. You envy me, well yes, now that I'm pretty well towards the top it's not so bad. But you don't know what I've been through and you don't know the actors who have been discouraged, beaten, killed by failure." His voice was solemn now, and Charles Edward felt somehow that he had had no right to arouse such memories in the interests of a joke. " I've known them," continued Trevelyan. " They were friends of mine in the old days, and better actors than I shall ever be."

For a moment he seemed in a kind of reverie and then started afresh, briskly enough.

"It's no good, my boy, leave it alone. There's my advice," then with a humorous air of resigned comprehension, " but you won't take it, I suppose."

Charles Edward's spirits rose and he made a characteristic reply.

" Well if I can't take the advice, there's the other thing I wanted."

" Eh ?"

" The engagement in your company."

" Oh ! " said Trevelyan with a chuckle and then suddenly his manner became more formal. " At present there is no vacancy in my company. What you ask me to do is to give notice to one of the young men already with me. Some of them are very good actors; some of them, between you and me, very bad ones. Now you might be better than any of them, or you might be the worst of the lot. To be quite frank with you, a long experience teaches me that the latter is what you'd most probably be. I'm sorry, but there it is. I can't engage you because I've no means of knowing you're a good actor."

" And I've no means of proving it."

" No. You see my point ?"

Now that his young companion did see the point Trevelyan had the air of feeling that the conversation had been brought to a singularly neat and definite end. There was a pause, which Charles Edward gloomily thought was only the beginning of twenty minutes of anti-climax; and then chance sent an interruption.

The door from the platform opened and a man dressed in sailor's costume appeared carrying a bundle and accompanied by a woman. He went to the side of the room, put down the bundle, and, either unabashed by the presence of others, or unaware of it proceeded with a conversation already begun. The voice, manner, and appearance of the pair rendered superfluous the information which their talk afforded, that the danger there had been of missing the Dover train had been caused by delays in the last public house.

" If I 'adn't give you the push," remarked the wife in a superior manner, " you'd a missed your ship altogether, let alone the train."

The superiority grated.

" You're in a bloomin' 'urry to get me on to my ship."

" No, I ain't, Ed," she protested, her voice suddenly softened. " I'm fair sorry to see you go. I am straight."

" Garn," was the retort. " Don't come it over me with your ' fair sorry.' I didn't ought to go away at all. Ought to stay at 'ome and keep an eye on you and your bloomin' lodger."

" Oh, for the Lord's sake, Ed," the woman said drearily, " you ain't ever goin' to begin that again !"

" I ain't rightly touched on the matter at all," growled her husband.

" I dunno what you call ' touched on it ',' she retorted bitterly. "You give me a black eye."

" Well, you've got another I might 'ave blacked, 'ain't you, same as I did the first ?"

The possible victim of this second assault was reduced to tears, through which she protested that the stories a certain Mrs. Mason had told Ed about his own wedded wife and a certain Captain Jackson " was a pack o' dirty lies" —then her spirits rose a little.

" I've always took in lodgers, ain't I ?"

" Yes, but this bloke was all right, 'e was, with 'is snacks of fish and 'is egg to 's tea and what not. And what about the presents 'e give you ?"

"'E only give me a photo frame," she protested.

"Ah!" said her husband with a mixed air of slyness and virtuous indignation. "Were it made of plush or were it not?"

A deprecatory movement on her part confessed the incriminating richness of the gift and her accuser continued:—

"Ah, there you are! And, of course, when 'e twigged I was comin' 'ome 'e slung 'is bloomin' 'ook."

From this point definite facts became for a time less prominent in the discussion and strong feeling and vituperation more so. Yet it appeared that the chief grievance against Captain Jackson was his departure owing two pounds for rent. In vain did his landlady protest that the gentleman "just 'offed it and ain't come back." Her husband suspected her of some complicity and asserted that she had "took a fat lot o' trouble" he should never see "what sort of face 'e 'ad on 'im."

"Where's 'is bloomin' money?" he continued to demand, and "what do I bloomin' well make a 'ome for?"

An outsider might have supposed that one of the reasons was that he might beat his wife in it, for this seemed to suggest itself to the sailor with increasing force as the only possible relief to his present feelings. And the waiting-room seemed on the whole to be as good a place as the home. The woman's shrill and hysterical defiance began to betray her real terror and the scene, which, though sordid, had at first had its humorous side for the two spectators, now inspired in them feelings of revolt. Trevelyan and his companion turned to each other as if by a common instinct and read the same thought in each other's eyes.

"We can't stand this—we can't let this go on," said Trevelyan half rising out of his seat. The other put a restraining hand upon the older man's arm and said quietly:—

"Let me, sir. It's my place."

The sailor had not as yet laid hands on his wife. She stood nervously putting her hands up to her hair. As he lurched heavily towards her she suddenly gave a piercing scream, and even before he touched her cried:—

"Oh, 'e's killing me!"

The drunken man paused a moment.

"Yes, I will," he said, "and who's a-going to stop me?"

From the farther corner of the room Mr. Trevelyan's companion stepped briskly forward.

"I am," he said.

The sailor faced the newcomer.

"Oh, you are, are you?" he growled, "and who the 'ell are you?"

"I," said the young man, "am Captain Jackson."

Trevelyan, who is a connoisseur in such matters, admits the genuine dramatic quality of the moment. It fetched him well out of his corner. The wife-beater paused, dazed, muttering "Gorblimy" under his breath. The woman seemed to grow pale, and stared with big wondering eyes at Charles Edward. Her husband recovered himself and made a vague movement towards the interferer. Then his wife spoke hurriedly.

"That ain't 'im Ed, that ain't Captain Jackson." She put her hand on her husband's arm. "I dunno' who 'e is. Come away dearie."

"Thanks very much," said Charles Edward, "but I'm not afraid of him. I don't want you to try to deceive him as to who I am."

He turned to the sailor with an air of appealing to masculine comprehension. "Don't mind her."

The reply was not exactly in response to this.

"You pay me the money you owe me."

Charles Edward's hand went confidently to his pockets. He was in the habit of always carrying plenty of money, in spite of the fact that it tends to spoil the fit of one's trousers. But to-night he had changed in a hurry after dinner—his face fell for a moment as Trevelyan observed him, and his hand stole tentatively into his waistcoat pocket.

"Two pounds, wasn't it?" he murmured meditatively as he seemed to be trying to make out the total of the sum in the palm of his hand.

"It were a matter of two pounds

ten," growled the sailor, and muttered "shut it" to his wife who had made a movement as if to speak.

Charles Edward seemed for a moment to deliberate whether it were worth while protesting, and then turned to Trevelyan.

"Two pounds ten he says now. Could you let me have a sovereign? I've just barely two pounds and it would take every penny."

"I—I don't understand," said Trevelyan. "Are you actually going to give him the money?"

"A captain in His Majesty's army must pay his debts," was the reply given in rather grandiloquent tones.

"I do not," said the older man dryly, "make it a rule to lend money to total strangers. But, here it is."

Charles Edward took the money and handed it to the sailor, unconscious that Mr. Trevelyan was regarding them both with an enigmatic, if not suspicious look. Then, having thus secured for himself a freer hand he proceeded to give assurance of the injustice of any suspicions against a Chatham landlady. This to tell the truth seemed only to bore the sailor, until he bethought himself afresh that he might avenge his honor in a fight. In spite of his wife's entreaties he got his coat off.

"Don't attempt anything foolish," said Charles Edward, looking rather young and slight in comparison.

"What are you going to do to stop me?"

"I am going to thrash you well first and then call in the policeman from outside the station and give you in charge."

The pacifying effect of this speech was astonishing.

"Call in the police, will you?" remarked the sailor. Then turning to Trevelyan. "I ain't got nothing against you. If the coppers wants you as bad as they wants this 'ere friend of yours the Captain you'd better 'ook out."

There is no dignity in modern life equal to that of the actor-manager. Trevelyan paused in horror at such a mode of address.

"What do you mean?" he asked severely.

"Mean?" said the sailor. "'E knows what I mean," with a twist of his thumb towards Charles Edward.

"What has Captain Jackson done?" pursued Trevelyan.

"Done? Done everybody! Give checks when 'e 'adn't got no money. Got goods on credit because of his being a bloomin' gentleman, then put 'em up the spout. Never paid for nothing. Oh, 'e's well known, 'e is, though 'e ain't always Jackson, nor yet a Captain, but whatever 'e is, 'e's always doing somebody. What name's 'e travelin' under now?"

"How about all this, Mr——Mr. Austin?" inquired Trevelyan.

"Austin?" guffawed the sailor.

Charles Edward frowned a little. His idea would have been that Trevelyan should have pretended to know him merely as Captain Jackson. It really became very complicated if he treated him as Jackson pretending to be Austin—still doubtless dramatic experience made this easy for Trevelyan. An amateur finds improvising his lines a trifle difficult.

"Austin was—well, that was my idea of a stage name I would take instead of Jackson. I should really like to go on the stage—and I am clever at acting."

"Too clever, I should say Captain Jackson."

"Thank you sir, I shall remember that you said that."

This polite conversation bored the sailor. He started for the door.

"I got my eye on you," he said.

"I will see that the man doesn't escape," came from Trevelyan, in his most dignified manner.

"You'd just better," was the sailor's comment.

As chance would have it the station policeman almost at that moment came along the platform. In a moment the sailor had explained. Captain Jackson was wanted, that was evident. The informant beamed. But fate is sometimes unkind, and as if to spoil his enjoyment of the very best of the evening, the train for Dover pulled into the station at that moment. Reluctant and blasphemous he was led away by his

wife, who cast one final, wondering look upon Charles Edward.

This young gentleman threw himself into a chair.

"This is great!" he said, with a laugh. "Really I call this the best ever—"

"Do you?" responded Trevelyan.

There were signs of impatience on the part of the policeman.

"In a moment, constable, in a moment we'll explain the joke," said Charles Edward jauntily. Then turning to Trevelyan, "Of course, just for this once I had a better part than you. But you played splendidly, the way—"

"Look here," began the policeman.

"Sorry you're impatient, constable, for I'm going to do you a great honor. This," with a wave of the hand, "is Mr. Henry Trevelyan. You've heard of him. He is England's greatest comedy actor!"

The result was perhaps a little disappointing.

"Yes, I've heard of him," said the policeman. "But I ain't never seen him. I don't know who this gentleman is. Looks to me like another of your games."

The great actor rose somewhat uneasily.

"But I am Henry Trevelyan."

"So you say. If you are what are you doing here with Captain Jackson? Birds of a feather I say."

"This is intolerable stupidity," cried Charles Edward. "He is Henry Trevelyan, don't you see?"

Trevelyan turned upon the young man a face dark with anger.

"Don't let me depend on your word, sir, to establish my identity. I could explain everything in a moment to anyone of intelligence."

"You come along and explain it at the station," interrupted the policeman a little viciously. "They are intelligent there if I ain't."

"I shall certainly not come," said Trevelyan decisively and with dignity.

"Prove who you are then," said the policeman sullenly.

"Certainly, certainly," said the great actor, a trace of nervousness showing in his manner as he hastily hunted through his waistcoat pockets. He was genuinely irritated when he spoke again. "Confound it, I haven't a card with me."

"I should think not," commented the policeman sarcastically.

Trevelyan turned to his young companion.

"I have to thank you for this, sir. I shall not forget it."

The policeman put his hand on Trevelyan's shoulder. "Come along," he said.

It was an appalling moment, and it is a pleasure for the historian of Charles Edward to record that in a day which was not one of uninterrupted triumph he had at this critical moment an inspiration. The managerial shoulder quivered under the insult laid upon it when "Stop," cried out Charles Edward, while he wildly hauled a magazine out of his pockets and feverishly began running through its pages.

"Here," he said at last, thrusting an open page into the policeman's very face. "You can read, I suppose, and tell a portrait when you see one. Look at this—'Mr. Henry Trevelyan.' Now look there," pointing to Trevelyan. "You can see who it is, can't you?"

"Let him take his hat off so as I can tell," said the officer.

"Nonsense," spluttered Trevelyan.

"Take your hat off," came the sharp command. Meekly the great actor obeyed.

"Now," put in Charles Edward triumphantly.

"Yes," admitted the policeman. "It's him or his twin. Proud to meet you, sir. But," and he turned as if anxious to vent his anger upon somebody, "what does it matter to you if it is him?"

"Don't be impertinent," replied Charles Edward. "It matters that he can explain that I'm not Captain Jackson; that I only pretended to be for a joke, to show that I can act."

"What about this, Mr. Trevelyan, can you go guarantee that this ain't Captain Jackson?"

"No," rapped out Trevelyan, "I

certainly cannot. I know nothing whatever about him."

Charles Edward's face had at first been blank with amazement, then he recovered his assurance.

"Don't keep it up, Mr. Trevelyan. We don't need to, now they've gone, and I hear that English prisons are far from comfortable, even for a night."

"You should doubtless know," replied Trevelyan dryly.

"Surely you can't possibly think—"

"How can I know anything? You seemed as natural to me as Captain Jackson as you were as Mr. Austin, and if you wanted to get out of the way to become a member of my company—the American tour would be—"

"You thought me good, then, as Jackson?"

The London train was called by a porter with a raucous voice.

"I've no time to discuss that, or your interpretation of Austin either," said Trevelyan. "And you've given me a very unpleasant half hour."

Upon this Charles Edward made a speech compact of frankness, of the kind which so often astonished people.

"It was all a bet. I'm really Austin. And I'm awfully disappointed not to get the engagement. If I'd got it I was to be allowed to propose to a girl to-morrow. Now I shall probably end by marrying the gaoler's daughter."

There was no time to lose if Trevelyan was to catch his train.

"Of course," he said, and turned to go, when suddenly he stopped. "If you are Austin perhaps you *could* learn to act. Rehearsal Tuesday, 11, Regent's Theater. If you are not in gaol you might turn up. And as to that girl, why don't you wire?" This ultimately is what Charles Edward did. As the morrow was Sunday there were delays of a tiresome kind over identification and release. So he telegraphed: "Got engagement, so am now looking for another. Hope to be at dinner to-night for your answer."

At dinner Miss Scott took refuge in a quibble. She had said he might propose, but she had not guaranteed an answer. She is still unmarried, so perhaps we must forgive her.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FIFTH STREET CHURCH

How Perkins Boomed a Town

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

With Drawings by F. R. GRUGER

AFTER that Glaubus affair I did not see Perkins for nearly a year. He was spending his money somewhere, but I knew he would turn up when it was gone, and one day he entered my office, hard up but enthusiastic.

"Ah," I said, as soon as I saw the glow in his eyes, "you have another good thing? Am I in it?"

"In it?" he cried. "Of course, you're in it. Does Perkins of Portland ever forget his friend? Never! Sooner will the public forget that 'Pratt's Hats Air the Hair,' as made immortal by Perkins the Great! Sooner will the world forget that 'Dill's Pills Cure All Ills,' as taught by Perkins!"

"Is it a very good thing, this time?" I asked.

"Good thing?" he asked. "Say! Is the soul a good thing? Is a man's right hand a good thing? You know it! Well, then, Perkins has fathomed the soul of the great U. S. A. He has studied the American man. He has watched the American woman. He has discovered the mighty lever that heaves

"What the great American person wants is cheese."

this glorious nation onward in its triumphant course."

"I know," I said, "you are going to start a correspondence school of some sort."

Perkins sniffed contemptuously.

"Wait!" he cried, imperiously. "See the old world crumbling to decay! See the U. S. A. flying to the front in a gold painted horseless band wagon! Why? Why does America triumph? What is the cause and symbol of her success? What is mightier than the sword, than the pen, than the Gatling gun? What is it that is in every hand in America; that opens the good things of the world for rich and poor; for young and old, for one and all?"

"The ballot box?" I ventured.

Perkins took something from his trousers' pocket and waved it in the air. I saw it glitter in the sunlight before he threw it on my desk. I picked it up and examined it. Then I looked at Perkins.

"Perkins," I said, "this is a can-opener."

He stood with folded arms and nodded his head slowly.

"Can-opener, yes!" he said. "Wealth opener; progress-opener." He put one hand behind his ear and glanced at the ceiling. "Listen!" he said. "What do you hear? From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; from the palms of Florida to the pines of Alaska—cans! Tin cans! Tin cans being opened!"

He looked down at me and smiled.

"The backyards of Massachusetts are full of old tin cans," he exclaimed. "The garbage wagons of New York are crowned with old tin cans; the plains of Texas are dotted with old tin cans. The towns and cities of America are full of stores, and the stores are full of cans. The tin can rules America! Take away the tin can and America sinks to the level of Europe! Why has not Europe sunk clear out of sight? Because America sends canned stuff to their hungry hordes!"

He leaned forward and, taking the can-opener from my hand, stood it upright against my inkstand. Then he stood back and waved his hand at it.

"Behold!" he cried. "The emblem of American genius!"

"Well," I said, "what are you going to sell, cans or can-openers?"

He leaned over me and whispered:—

"Neither, my boy. *We* are going to give can-openers away, free gratis!"

"They ought to go well at that price," I suggested.

"One nickel-plated Perkins Can-opener free with every can of our goods. At all grocers," said Perkins, ignoring my remark.

"Well, then," I said, for I caught his idea, "what are we going to put in the cans?"

"What *do* people put in cans now?" asked Perkins.

I thought for a moment.

"Oh!" I said, "tomatoes, and peaches, and corn, sardines, and salmon, and—"

"Yes!" Perkins broke in, "and cod-fish, and cod-liver oil, and kerosene oil, and cotton-seed oil, and axle grease and pie! Everything! But what don't they put in cans?"

I couldn't think of a thing. I told Perkins so. He smiled and made a large circle in the air with his right forefinger.

"Cheese!" he said. "Did you ever see a canned cheese?"

I tried to remember that I had, but I couldn't. I remembered potted cheese, in nice little stone pots, and in pretty little glass pots.

Perkins sneered.

"Yes?" he said; "and how did you open it?"

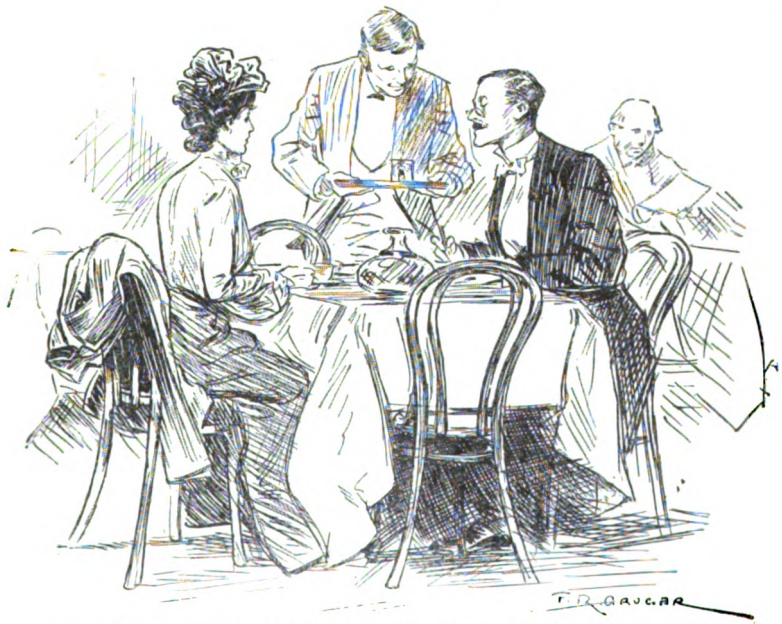
"The lids unscrewed," I said.

Perkins waved away the little stone pots and the little glass pots.

"No good!" he cried. "They don't appeal to the great American person. I see," he said, screwing up one eye—"I see the great American person. It has a nickel-plated, patent Perkins Can-opener in its hand. It goes into its grocer's shop. It asks for cheese. The grocer shows it plain cheese by the slice. No, sir! He shows it potted cheese. No, sir! What the great American person wants is cheese that has to be opened with a can-opener. Good cheese, in patent, germ-proof, air-tight, water-tight, skipper-tight cans, with a label in eight colors. Full cream, full weight, full cans; picture of a nice, clean cow and red-cheeked dairy-maid in short skirts on front of the label and eight recipes for welsh rabbits on the back."

He paused to let this soak into me, and then continued:—

"Individual cheese! Why make cheese the size of a dishpan? Because grandpa did? Why not make



It got to be the fashion to open the cheese in the diner's sight.

them small? Perkins' Reliable Full Cream Cheese, just the right size for family use, twenty-five cents a can, with a nickel-plated Perkins Can-opener free with each can. At all grocers?"

That was the beginning of the Fifth Street Church, as you shall see.

We bought a tract of land well outside of Chicago, and to make it sound well on our labels we named it Cloverdale. This was Perkins' idea. He wanted a name that would harmonize with the clean cow and the rosy milkmaid on our label.

We owned our own cows, and built our own dairy and cheese factory and made first-class cheese. As each cheese was just the right size to fit in a can, and as the rind would protect the cheese anyway, it was not important to have very durable cans, so we used a can that was all cardboard, except the top and bottom. Perkins insisted on having the top and bottom of tin, so that the purchaser could have something to open with a can-opener, and he was right. It appealed to the public.

The Perkins cheese made a hit, or at least the Perkins advertising matter did. We boomed it by all the legitimate means, in magazines, newspapers and street cars and on billboards and kites, and we got out a very small individual can for restaurant and hotel use. It got to be the fashion to have the waiter bring in a can of Perkins' cheese and show the diner that it had not been tampered with, and then open it in the diner's sight.

We ran our sales up to six hundred thousand cases the first year, and equalled that in the first quarter of the next year, and then the cheese trust came along and bought us out for a cool eight hundred thousand, and all they wanted was the good will and trademark. They had a factory in Wisconsin that could make the cheese more economically. So we were left with the Cloverdale land on our hands and Perkins decided to make a suburb of it.

Perkins' idea was to make Cloverdale a refined and aristocratic suburb; something high-toned and exclusive, with Queen Anne villas and no fences; and he was particularly strong on having an ennobling religious atmosphere about it. He said an ennobling religious atmosphere was the best kind of a card to draw to — that the worse a man was, the more anxious he was to get his wife and children settled in the neighborhood of an ennobling religious atmosphere.

So we had a map of Cloverdale drawn, with wide streets running one way and wide avenues crossing the streets at right angles, and our old cheese factory in a big square in the center of the town. It was a beautiful map, but Perkins said it lacked the ennobling religious atmosphere, so the first thing he did was to mark in a few churches. He began at the lower left-hand corner and marked in a church at the corner of First Street and First Avenue, and put another at the corner of Second Street and Second Avenue, and so on right up the map. This made a beautiful diagonal row of churches from the upper right hand corner to the lower left hand corner of the map, and did not miss a street. Perkins pointed out the advertising value of the arrangement— "Cloverdale, the Ideal Home Site. A Church on Every Street. Ennobling Religious Atmosphere. Lots on Easy Payments."

The old cheese factory was to be the Cloverdale club house, and we set to work at once to remodel it. We had the stalls knocked out of the cow shed and made it into a bowling alley, and added a few cupolas and verandas to the factory, and had the latest styles of wall-paper put on the walls, and in a few days we had a first-class club house.

But we did not stop there. Perkins was bound that Cloverdale should be first-class in every respect, and it was a pleasure to see him marking in public institutions. Every few minutes he would think of a new one and jot it down on the map, and every time he jotted down an opera house, or a school house, or a public library, he would raise the price of the lots, until we had the place so exclusive I began to fear I couldn't afford to live there. Then he put in a street car line and a water and gas system, and quit, for he had the

map so full of things that he could not put in another one without making it look mussy.

One thing Perkins insisted on was that there should be no factories. He said it would be a little paradise right in Cook County. He liked the phrase "Paradise Within Twenty Minutes of the Chicago Post Office" so well that he raised the price of the lots another ten dollars all around.

Then we began to advertise. We did not wait to build the churches nor the school house nor any of the public institutions. We did not even wait to have the streets surveyed. What was the use of having twenty or thirty streets and avenues paved when the only inhabitants were Perkins and I and the old lady who took care of the club house? Why should we rush ourselves to death to build a school house when the only person in Cloverdale with children was the said old lady? And she had only one child, and he was forty-eight years old and in the Philippines.

We began to push Cloverdale hard. There wasn't an advertising scheme that Perkins did not know, and he used them all. People would open their morning mail and a circular would tell them that Cloverdale had an ennobling religious atmosphere. Their morning paper thrust a view of the Cloverdale club-house on them. As they rode downtown in the street cars they read that Cloverdale was refined and exclusive. The billboards announced that Cloverdale lots were sold on the easy payment plan. The magazines asked them why they paid rent when Cloverdale land was to be had for little more than the asking. Round trip tickets from Chicago to Cloverdale were furnished any one who wanted to look at the lots. Occasionally we had a free, open-air, vaudeville entertainment.

Our advertising campaign made a big hit. There were a few visitors who kicked because we did not serve beer with the free lunches we gave, but Perkins was unyielding on that point. Cloverdale was to be a temperance town and he held that it would be inconsistent to give free beer. But the trump card was our guarantee that the lost would advance twenty per cent. within twelve months. We could do that well enough, for we made the price ourselves, but it made a fine impression, and the lots began to sell like hot cakes.

There were ten streets in Cloverdale (on paper) and ten avenues (also on paper), and Perkins used to walk up and down them (not on the paper, but between the stakes that showed their future location) and admire the town of of Cloverdale as it was to be. He would stand in front of the plot of weeds that was the site of the opera house and get all enrapt and enthusiastic just thinking how fine that opera house would be some day, and then he would imagine he was on our street-car line going down to the library. But the thing Perkins liked best was to go to church. Whenever he passed one of the corner lots that we had set aside for a church he would take off his hat and look sober, as a man ought when he has suddenly run into an ennobling religious atmosphere.

One day a man came out from Chicago and, after looking over our ground, told us he wanted to take ten lots, but none suited him but the ten facing on First Avenue at the corner of First Street. Perkins tried to argue him into taking some other lots, but he wouldn't. Perkins and I talked it over, and as the man wanted to build ten houses, we decided to sell him the lots. We thought a town ought to have a few houses, and so far Cloverdale had nothing but the club-house. As we had previously sold all the other lots on First Street, we had no place on that street to put the First Street Church, so Perkins rubbed it off the map and marked it at the corner of First Avenne and Fifth Street.

The next day a man came down who wanted a site for a grocery. We were glad to see him, for every-first class town ought to have a grocery, but Perkins balked when he insisted on having the lot at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Sixth Street that we had set aside for the First Methodist Church. Perkins said he would never feel

quite himself again if he had to think that he had been taking off his hat to a grocery every time he passed that lot. It would lower his self-respect. I was afraid we were going to lose the grocer to save Perkins' self-respect. Then we saw we could move the church to the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifth Street.

When we once got those churches on the move there seemed to be no stopping. We doubled the price, but still people wanted those lots, and in the end they got them, and as soon as we sold out a church lot we moved the church up to Fifth Street, and in a bit Perkins got enthusiastic over the idea and moved the rest of the churches there on his own accord. He said it would be a great "ad"—a street of churches; and it would concentrate the ennobling religious atmosphere and make it more powerful.

All this time the lots continued to sell beyond our expectations, and by the end of the year we had advanced the price of lots one hundred per cent. and were considering another advance. We did not think it fair to the sweltering Chicago public to advance the price without giving it a chance to get the advantage of our fresh air and pure water at the old price, so we told them of the contemplated rise. We let them know it by means of billboards and newspapers and circular letters and magazines, and a great many people gladly availed themselves of our thoughtfulness and our guarantee that we would advance the price twenty per cent. on the first day of June.

So many, in fact, bought lots before the advance that we had none left to advance. Perkins came to me one morning, with tears in his eyes, and explained that we had made a promise and could not keep it. We had agreed to advance the lots twenty per cent. and we had nothing to advance.

"Well, Perky," I said, "it is no use crying. What is done is done. Are you sure there are no lots left?"

"William," he said seriously, "we think a great deal of these churches, don't we?

"Yes!" I exclaimed. "We do!

Here was one church that had never quarreled with its pastor.

We think an ennobling religious atmosphere—"

But he cut me short.

"William," he said, "do you know what we are doing? We talk about our ennobling religious atmosphere, but we are standing in the path of progress. A mighty wave of reform is sweeping through Christendom. The new religious atmosphere is wiping out the old religious atmosphere. I can feel it. Brotherly love is knocking out the sects. Shall Cloverdale cling to the old, or shall it stand as the leader in the movement for a reunited church?"

I clasped Perkins' hand.

"A tabernacle!" I cried.

"Right!" exclaimed Perkins. "Why ten conflicting churches? Why not one grand meeting place—all faiths—no creeds! Bring the people closer together—spread an ennobling religious atmosphere that is worth talking about!"

"Perkins," I said, "what you have done for religion will not be forgotten."

He waved my praise away airily.

"I have buyers," he said, "for the nine church lots at the advanced price."

Considering that the land practically cost us nothing, we made one hundred and six thousand dollars on the Cloverdale deal.. Perkins and I were out that way lately and there is still nothing on the land but the club-house, which needs paint and new glass in the windows. When we reached the Fifth Street Church we paused and Perkins took off his hat. It was a noble instinct, for here was one church that never quarreled with its pastor, to which all creeds were welcome, and that had no mortgage.

"Some of these days," said Perkins, "we will build the tabernacle. We will come out and carry on our great work of uniting the sects. We will build a city here, surrounded by an ennobling religious atmosphere—a refined, exclusive city. The time is almost ripe. By the time these lot holders pay another tax assessment they will be sick enough. We can get the lots for almost nothing."

A TRIO OF TRICKSTERS

By F. HARRIS DEEMS

MR. JAMES HARDON was a mild looking young man, with light sandy hair carefully parted down the center of his head. That he looked milder and younger than he really was, may or may not have been his fault—it certainly was not his misfortune.

He had arrived two days previously at the little town of Coleman, to recuperate after a fatiguing winter season.

Quite what his occupation was, very few people knew. He occasionally backed horses—to lose; knew a few card tricks with which he amused strangers; and a good many more which he neither showed to them nor *amused* them with. He was a fairly good pigeon shot; and an exceptionally clever billiard player.

Coleman had been recommended to him by his bosom friend, Samuel Dugger, who was a native of the place. Although Mr. Dugger had informed him there were a good many pigeons there, he had not brought his gun.

On this particular afternoon he was gazing mildly at the "Freemason's Hotel" debating whether he should enter or not. After a few minutes cogitation he sauntered in, and made for the billiard room.

Calling for a scotch and soda, he lit a cigarette, and stood watching a pale faced, lanky individual awkwardly knocking the balls about the table.

"Do you play?" queried that gentleman, catching Mr. Hardon's interested look.

"You can hardly call it playing," he replied hesitatingly. Seeing he made a fairly comfortable living with his billiards, this was perhaps a fact. "Besides I'm awfully out of practice."

"So'm I," confessed the young man; 'I was just knocking the balls about to see if I remembered the game."

"Well I don't mind trying my hand," murmured Mr. Hardon.

"Right!" cried the young man briskly. "What shall it be? Fifty up?"

"Fifty up? Oh, that means we've got to make fifty points doesn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man chalking the tip of his cue industriously; "the man who makes fifty first wins."

"I see! Which ball do I have? I've almost forgotten."

With exemplary patience, the young man explained the game to him, very well for a tyro.

After twenty minutes play, when the game stood 10 to 12, the young man carelessly suggested having a little something up on it.

"Well I'm not a gambler," stated Mr. Hardon, "but I don't mind half a dollar."

"Go ahead then, it's your play."

Now whether it was that he was not used to the table, or that he took pity on the ignorance of his opponent, remains uncertain, but for the next half an hour Mr. Hardon played about as badly as he ever had in his life.

"Playing ping-pong?" inquired a gentleman who had entered whilst the game was in progress, after the two innocents had sent their balls on the floor half a dozen times.

At the end of an hour's play, Mr. Hardon raced out a winner by 50 to 46; and it is doubtful if he would have won then had not the pale-faced young man sent his last two balls on the ground.

"Let's have another game," suggested the loser, paying over his fifty cents.

"Don't forget they close at twelve," offensively remarked the gentleman who had been watching the game.

"I don't mind," answered Mr. Hardon, ignoring this individual. "Same stakes?"

"Let's have a decent bit up on it this time, seeing we're about level. What do you say to ten dollars?"

"Go ahead then," said Mr. Hardon.

"See here," exclaimed the spectator who by his greasy appearance seemed to be a butcher, addressing Mr. Hardon, "you're both pretty bad players, but I rather fancy the other chap is a bit better than you."

"You do, do you?" answered Mr. Hardon blandly.

"Yes! And in spite of your winning the last game I'm ready to back him."

"Let me see," reflected Mr. Hardon, "I won the game on a strange table."

"Then what'll you back him for?" he asked suddenly.

"Same as the stakes. Ten."

"Done with you," said Mr. Hardon, picking up his cue.

The pale young man and his backer exchanged knowing glances.

"Go it," cried the former as his opponent bent over the table.

And Mr. Hardon did "go it" to the extent of making a beautiful little break of twenty-two.

"Well, I'm—" exclaimed the young man as he looked from Mr. Hardon to the nasty position in which the balls were placed.

"Here, what do you call this?" blustered the greasy gentleman.

"Billiards," said Mr. Hardon mildly. "What did *you* think it was? Ping-pong?"

"Shut up, Barker," said the young man irritably, "you put me out."

Gritting his teeth he surveyed the table darkly. The balls were too badly placed for him to make more than ten.

Muttering viciously, he gave place to Mr. Hardon and watched that gentleman while he handled the balls as if they were alive.

Playing with rare skill, he put together an admirable eighteen.

"I seem to be improving, don't I?" he remarked with a childlike smile. "I suppose I'm getting used to the table."

Temper often makes people do things which they afterwards regret, and no doubt the young man subsequently regretted his score of two.

"Never mind," said Mr. Hardon encouragingly, as his opponent marked his score, "you are improving, too, you know. You haven't sent your ball off the table once this game."

The landlord entered the room at this moment and stood watching the game.

"Knows how to play," he observed to the butcher as Mr. Hardon made the winning stroke.

"Knows a little too much for his health," was the irritable reply.

"Knows a little too much for Tom, at any rate," said the landlord, glancing at the scoring board.

Mr. Barker made no reply; he was thinking deeply. In fact so deeply that it required several nudges from Mr. Hardon to bring to his mind the fact that he owed him ten dollars.

Taking a greasy bill from his pocket he handed it over with a scowl.

"I made *that* by the sweat of my brow, not by cheating," he remarked.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hardon surveying the bill amusedly, "very interesting. Now suppose you give me one made by the U. S. A."

Mr. Barker, swallowing with difficulty something in his throat, took the note and exchanged it for another.

"Now are you satisfied?" he growled.

"Quite," said Mr. Hardon blandly.

For a while he stood talking billiards with the landlord, whilst Mr. Barker and the lanky young man discussed affairs in a savage undertone.

"Say," said the lanky youth suddenly addressing Mr. Hardon, "because you whacked me, don't think you can play, you know."

"Great Scott, no!" replied Mr. Hardon scornfully.

"Because," continued the young man, controlling himself with an effort, "we've got much better players here."

"I don't doubt it," said Mr. Hardon cordially.

Pushing his agitated companion into a chair Mr. Barker came forward.

"What d' you say to backing yourself for five hundred dollars with one of our own local men?" he inquired.

"*De*lighted," was the reply.

"Well, then, I'll bet you an even five hundred that we produce a local man the day after to-morrow to smash you."

"Done! He must be a *bonafide* yokel—I beg pardon, I mean local—however."

Being reassured on this point, Mr. Hardon left the room with the firm conviction that, as a holiday resort, Coleman wanted some beating.

At the appointed hour Mr. Hardon entered the crowded billiard room of the "Freemason's Hotel." There was silence as he walked over to the corner where his friends, the butcher and the lanky young man, were. "Two to one on the city cuss," cried a voice.

The jeering laugh which followed this remark warned Mr. Hardon that some deep game was afoot.

"This is our man," said the butcher, waving his hand towards a gentleman sitting near.

Though in his opponent Mr. Hardon saw his bosom friend Mr. Samuel Dugger, he made no sign of recognition.

"Is this gentleman a native of the place?" he inquired.

A chorus of triumphant voices quickly vouched for this.

As soon as it was seen that Mr. Hardon was resolved to play the match out, a tired-looking stranger announced it as his conviction that he would win. Immediately he was surrounded by a throng of excited betting men, who expressed their disbelief in this statement at five to four against.

While the tired looking stranger—waking up slightly—was busy making entries in his notebook, Mr. Hardon, standing by his opponent's side, was seized with the spirit of prophecy.

"I win!" he muttered apparently to himself.

"Halves," sighed Mr. Dugger into his half empty glass.

The ensuing game is remembered by the sporting inhabitants of Coleman to this day.

From the first stroke it was a neck and neck race; and when, the score standing at ninety-six all, Mr. Dugger in a

moment of great excitement missed his stroke, even his backers murmured nothing but words of sympathy.

Mr. Hardon, with a white face, chalked his cue carefully; as, however, with a tricky ball he cannoned and went off the white, a muffled groan went round the room.

"My game I think," he said with a smile.

On leaving the hotel, he met Mr. Dugger outside.

"Hello," was that gentleman's greeting, "thought it was you when they wired me."

"What did they offer you?"

"A hundred for a win, twenty for a lose. I brought Johnnie down to make a book in case it was you."

"Three hundred and twenty-four," said Johnnie, coming up at that moment.

"Add on *your* five hundred—" calculated Mr. Dugger.

"*And* the twenty," put in Mr. Hardon. "Not bad, eh?"

JIMSON OF MANY SERVICES

The Story of a War Correspondent

By WILLIAM LEVINGTON COMFORT

With Drawings by JOHN SLOAN

THREE a. m. at the Press Club and the *Star-Post* gang is gathered together. If old Pete Carhart, who owned the paper, and several other millions, had heard what was passing he would have cut off every head present. That day the "Old Man" had given his son the pet assignment of the year—an assignment that concerned a little war and a big ditch down where the Americas cleave together by a thread.

"Nobody would care if Jimson here hadn't have been on the staff!" exclaimed the mild McKurdy who was doing finance as it had never been done before. "Who did Cuba, land and sea, and made each line of his stuff scream? Jimson here! Who did Luzon and China as it was done nowhere else? Jimson! Who told about Black Jack's son changing his underwear on the march and getting his release up in Vigan from some nigger's Remington slug? Who told about the gray-haired fatalist going over the Novaliches trail one rainy night and falling on a river bank next dawn? Gad, what stuff! 'Member how we read it aloud here nights until beer bottles were corded in the kitchen like all the wood in the world? And 'member Pinar—that little brown fiend, Pinar, who fought like eight dozen wild-cats and bull-pups, with a charred paper—all that was left of his cigarette—stickin' to the grin on his face? Jimson wrote that story, too, about Pinar who wouldn't take the count, and about the White-haired of the Ninth, goin' down near the Tien-tsin Wall! We never did go home the night that Chinese story came. And Jimson wrote 'em with a blur of fever before his eyes! Gad, I'd stand for one eternal fever if I could write like Jimson here!"

"Honest, McKurdy, I was going to buy anyway," Jimson smiled.

Then quavered the voice of McCord who had been city editor for close onto two months, which was almost a record: "And to send that lily-white cub to the Honduragua doings right over Jimson's head! Why, I arise to state that its not only going against the interests of the paper, but it's rubbing dirt into the face of exalted service! There are worse news-getters than young Carhart, but he can't write and he's raw as moonshine."

"He's no newspaper man and never will be," gloomily observed Scissors, the child. "Any man that will let his weekly pay envelopes accumulate in the cashier's draw for two whole months, then draw in an absent-minded way enough money—oh, an inexpressible lot of money!—and then turn up as fresh as a new spoon next day, why such a thing isn't decent, hasn't anything to do with our uplifting and professional career!"

Jimson blinked his large blue eyes and remarked: "I acknowledge that I looked for the Old Man to call me to spot. The man whose line was torrid military correspondence would not have acknowledged it, but McKurdy was right. The "Old Man" had rubbed dirt into the face of exalted service.

In a far country Jimson met young Carhart. Upon the palm-flecked balcony of the *fonda de Santa Theresa*, at the port of Malventura, where all things happen in good time, it came to pass. Jimson was leaning far over the railing, mouthing a dead cigar and absorbing the black and red of bivouac. That day General Arragon had driven Fonseca from the port which commanded

Three a. m. at the Press Club.

the cushion when things began to open up garish down Honduragua way, but unless my wits have absconded, he didn't. Anyway, I'm going, fellows; got a bread-and-butter offer from the opposition by 'phone to-night just before Thirty—and I took 'em up!"

"The *Times-Record?*" they gasped.

Jimson nodded. No one thought of the clock after that. Some went home in the tinted dawning, and others sought the third-floor cots, but every man of them was secure in Jimson's promise that the father and son of wealth would learn to regret. Fathoms below Jimson's smile, there was a sore

the wires to the north and connected with the Pacific cable. To-morrow Arragon would storm the capital, Cervantano, which lay nine miles back in the country, and that would be the last. General Arragon had ambitions, even as a long ago Arragon who chose a wrong casket. He was in great haste because the earthquake season was at hand, and earthquakes do not distinguish. Once possessed of the capital, Cervantano, Arragon could command the future of the big ditch and an horizon full of American dollars which the eternally foolish and prosperous gringoes were willing to pay for the right

of digging the waterway deeper. The fact that the ditch would rob the South Seas of maritime revenues, save the whole world time, dollars and breadstuffs and generally improve the features of all life, did not interest Arragon. He had to pay soldiers.

Jimson called it good to be back in service again. The day had interested him. He was somewhat afraid that the stuff he wired back to the *Times-Record* had run in old channels, that it would appear like a rehash of other services, but he was wrong. Jimson had never done better work than in the last three months of following Arragon.

"Ah, Jimson! Is that you, Jimson? Come over and sit down."

The voice jerked him erect. He turned and perceived the long, thin, bare, upper lip of the Carhart breed. He did not need to see the quick, black, commercial eyes, nor the high, square, impudent forehead.

"Hello, Carhart," he said rising.

"Oh, say," announced the other in the thrilling manner of a youth who is about to relate a feminine conquest, "I am onto an exclusive story in Pamtico which I fancy is worth while."

"Good!" exclaimed Jimson effusively. "I told 'em back in the *Times-Record* that I was up against a veritable devil for news."

Carhart glanced up quickly. He saw nothing on Jimson's face but admiration and serious attention.

"By the way," Carhart said indulgently, "now that we're together and things are centering around here, perhaps we'd better pool our stuff—eh? Help each other out—eh? It'll save labor and all that!"

"It would be a big thing for me," Jimson said in an embarrassed tone. "I'd try to give value received."

Again Carhart peered into the eyes of the other, but he could see only "fair, warmer" signals.

The son of millions rose after a half hour saying that he had an engagement with General Arragon—"regular Indian, you know, but next to the facts."

Jimson went back to his old place, hooked onto the railing and smiled at all the night abroad. He hadn't believed that the volatile American Narrows could contain such a good time as he had unearthed in young Carhart. . . . "Next to the facts," he repeated. "How often, oh, how often, have I heard this child's father use those words! Mighty Hades, isn't the young one cold and mean as acid?"

Soldiers scurried back like rats, crushing one another.

The night sung with insects. The air was heavy with jasmine bloom, but suffocating as a steaming blanket. Jimson sought his mosquito netting, wondering who would own Cervantano in twenty-four hours.

But Arragon did not move his army until the next darkness, and an hour before the march Carhart was handed a telegram. Jimson happened to be standing by and saw the other's face turn yellowish-white. The young man's nostrils seemed to be pinched by internal pain.

They followed Arragon up a weird mountain trail through an orchid-laden moonlight. Carhart spoke no word. He jotted down data in the saddle and tore up the greater part, like one whose confidence is shaken. Occasionally Jimson saw Carhart's face. The expression there was of a man beaten, yet rebellious. And once Jimson caught a direct glance from the other's black eyes. Few white men could look a hate like that. Jimson had seen old Peter Carhart look so upon a freshly discharged reporter who had developed a line of treachery for cash. Jimson lost all good humor.

An hour after midnight Arragon gave a hushed order to descend into the gorge of the Rio Santurce. It was here that a second Arragon chose the wrong casket. Slowly, silently the command crept forward until the moon faded and the cañon grew gray and cool. Arragon halted his men, and presently Jimson saw ahead, like the figure in a fog, the blunt, ancient tower of the cathedral at Cervantano.

The ravine was broad and the stream sunken. The invaders stood upon either margin. Something was wrong. Jimson heard the soft, swift murmur of countless feet on the trails above. He felt the tremble of the underdone soldiery about him, heard them gasping for air. The day blossomed forth visibly like a torrid flower. The thick, gray curtain was lifted and a horde of Fonseca's little brown soldiers appeared ahead between Arragon and the capital. And then, as one man in the rising light, Arragon's two thousand saw that the cliffs above were fringed with rifle

"Take the notes out of my pocket."

barrels. Fonseca had lost the port of Malventura, but he had not slept since, and did not propose to lose Cervantano and the dollars from the North.

In that wild instant a scream arose from the invaders, the most uncanny sound that Jimson ever heard from human throats. Arragon's soldiers scurried back like rats, crushing one another and beating against the rocky walls. The metal fringe above blared down a ragged sheet of killing power and obscured itself in thick white smoke. The morning sky was shut off by the whirling clouds and Fonseca shot his river-force forward like a piston, crushing the enemy back faster, faster and thinning the ranks for yet more speed! The fringe above moved along with Arragon's retreat and kept up its picking, cracking dissipation.

Jimson of many services, of a half-hundred fights, had seen no such proximity as this, no such squandering of life. The comic opera element was lacking here. Jimson was appalled more than afraid. The human deluge with a single thought carried him back. His feet touched the fallen. Each instant gave him impressions the entire horror of which would require years to unravel. He heard the shrill, faltering voice of Arragon, and though he could not see, he knew that the general was sinking beneath with all his ambitions. He saw the face of Carhart. The long bare upper lip was clenched into a smile, and he heard: "God, I can write this. I'll bet I can write this!" There was blood upon Carhart's face and his lower jaw fumbled with the words. Jimson thought of old Carhart, mean, but game.

So Arragon's force was crushed back, and the first and last law of action—care for the wounded—was disobeyed. The gorge grew wider and the living atoms fewer, so that there was more room to retreat. And at last the ammunition of Cervantano's defenders gave out, or their lust, so that the firing was thin and far behind. Arragon was gone. There seemed to be no captains, nor commands. The invaders were whipped, utterly, eternally whipped.

Jimson gave one look back upon the Santurce river-bed. One rainy night on the Tien-tsin road he had seen in a flash of lightning, a battalion of the Ninth asleep on the drenched highway. The memory of the still, scattered figures returned as he glanced up the defile.

Jimson captured a riderless mount and shoved Carhart into the saddle. He found his charge carried three flesh wounds, which he carefully bound. Carhart was on the borderland of coma.

"I forgot to estimate the dead and wounded!" the child sobbed.

"Dead and wounded don't mean anything up north," Jimson said smilingly. "They want to know up there how the niggers look when they're shot at."

"You always talk rot, Jimson," wept the other. "Take the notes out of my pocket! I estimate that there are four hundred killed and wounded—"

Jimson reached Malventura after dark, turned Carhart over to a Spanish doctor and then went to the cable office.

"I'll write my story and then send a bulletin to the *Star-Post*," he thought. Reaching for a pencil in his pocket, the *Times-Record* man encountered Carhart's notes. A yellow sheet had fallen in with the white. No force could have prevailed to cause Jimson to read those words deliberately, but, through error, a glance made the contents known.

"*Wake up, or look to be relieved! The opposition is beating us in every department of your territory!*"

This was the telegram that had generated the look of terrible hate directed at Jimson and drawn the blood from Carhart's face. Old Peter Carhart had signed the message.

Somehow Jimson got started on the *Star-Post* bulletin before his own story. The operator was not busy and dispatched the copy as it was filed. A stimulant was at hand. The bulletin grew into a column and still Jimson

His soul told him that his work was good.

toiled, his face and hands dripping with sweat. His soul told him that his work was good. He turned at last to the operator. The first pages were away up in the States by this time, others were flashing through sleepy Mexico—all headed for the *Star-Post*. Jimson grinned as he wrote the name "Carhart" at the end of the last page before turning it in. Then he patched up a story for the *Times-Record* and fell asleep.

Jimson saw Carhart safely on board the *Dorien* for home and voyaged with him as far as Pamtico, where he disembarked to observe from kindly distance the aftermath of the rebellion.

Three a. m., at the Press Club, six months after Fonseca's rifles fringed the cliffs of the Rio Santurce. Jimson is in the midst of his own.

"There was real pathos in it," the mild McKurdy was saying. "Day after day the *Times-Record* printed your torrid classics while we ran Carhart's dates and numbers and police-court dockets. Ah, those were the 'I-told-you-so' days, and we lived 'em—we lived 'em all! But, Jimson, did you see it? Young Carhart had your brand of fire-seeds in one story! And they say he was wounded when he wrote that Santurce Cañon fight—"

"A man hard hit can think some marvelous things," Jimson drawled, blinking around nervously. "That reminds me of a little war scribe I saw in China. He was all in and died afterwards, but right on the field that boomed with a Cossack charge he wrote—." And so Jimson led his flock away from Malventura and Cervantano and the gorge of dreadful memories that lies between.

THE REAL DISCOVERER OF THE NORTHWEST

By AGNES C. LAUT

Author of "Lords of the North," Etc.

The real discoverer of the Northwest was Pierre Esprit Radisson. Miss Laut's researches have established his claim to that honor beyond a doubt. In this article and a succeeding one the wonderful story of this intrepid pioneer and great explorer will be told accurately and faithfully for the first time.—The Editors.

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL BOYHOOD.

EARLY one morning in the spring of 1652, three young men left the little stockaded fort of Three Rivers on the north banks of the St. Lawrence for a day's hunting in the marshes of Lake St. Peter.

The hunters were very young. Only hunters rash with the courage of untried youth would have left the shelter of the fort walls, when all the world knew that the Iroquois had been lying in ambush round the little settlement of Three Rivers day and night for the preceding year.

One of the young men was barely in his seventeenth year. This was Pierre Esprit Radisson, from Saint Malo, the town of the famous Cartier. Young Radisson had only come to New France the year before, and therefore could not realize the dangers of Indian warfare. One boy skirted the forest on the watch for Iroquois, the others kept to the water on the lookout for game; and about a mile from Three Rivers they encountered a herdsman who warned them to keep out from the foot of the hills. Things that looked like a multitude of heads had risen out of the earth back there, he said, pointing to the forests. That set the young hunters loading their pistols and priming muskets. It must also have chilled their zest; for shooting some ducks, one of the young men presently declared that he had had enough; he was going back. Young Radisson laughed to scorn the sudden change of mind. Thereupon,

the first hunter was joined by the second; and the two went off in high dudgeon. With a laugh Pierre Radisson marched along alone—foreshadowing his after life, a type of every pathfinder facing the dangers of the unknown with dauntless scorn, an immortal type of the world-hero.

Shooting at every pace and hilarious over his luck, Radisson had wandered some nine miles from the fort when he came to a stream too deep to ford and realized that he already had more game

From a rare print

The scalp dance.

than he could possibly carry. Then he noticed that his pistols were water-soaked. Emptying the charges, he at once reloaded, and with characteristic daring crept softly back to reconnoiter the woods. Dodging from tree to tree, he peered up and down the river. Great flocks of ducks were swimming on the water. That reassured him, for the bird is more alert to alarm than man. The fort was almost within call. Radisson determined to have a shot at such easy quarry; but as he crept through the grass toward the game he almost stumbled over what rooted him to the spot with horror. Just as they had fallen, naked and scalped, with bullet and hatchet wounds all over their bodies, lay his comrades of the morning, dead among the rushes. Radisson was too far out to get back to the woods. Stooping, he tried to grope his way to the hiding of the rushes. As he bent half a hundred heads rose from the grasses peering which way he might go. They were behind, before, on all sides—his only hope was a dash for the cane-grown river, where he might hide by diving and wading, till darkness gave a chance for a rush to the fort. Slipping bullet and shot in his musket as he ran, and ramming down the paper, hoping against hope that he had not been seen, he dashed through the brushwood. A score of guns crashed through the forest. Before he realized the penalty that the Iroquois might exact for such an act he had fired back, but they were upon him. He was thrown down and disarmed. When he came giddily to his senses he found himself being drag-

From a rare print.

The sweat bath of purification from which warriors emerged washed from all blood-guilt.

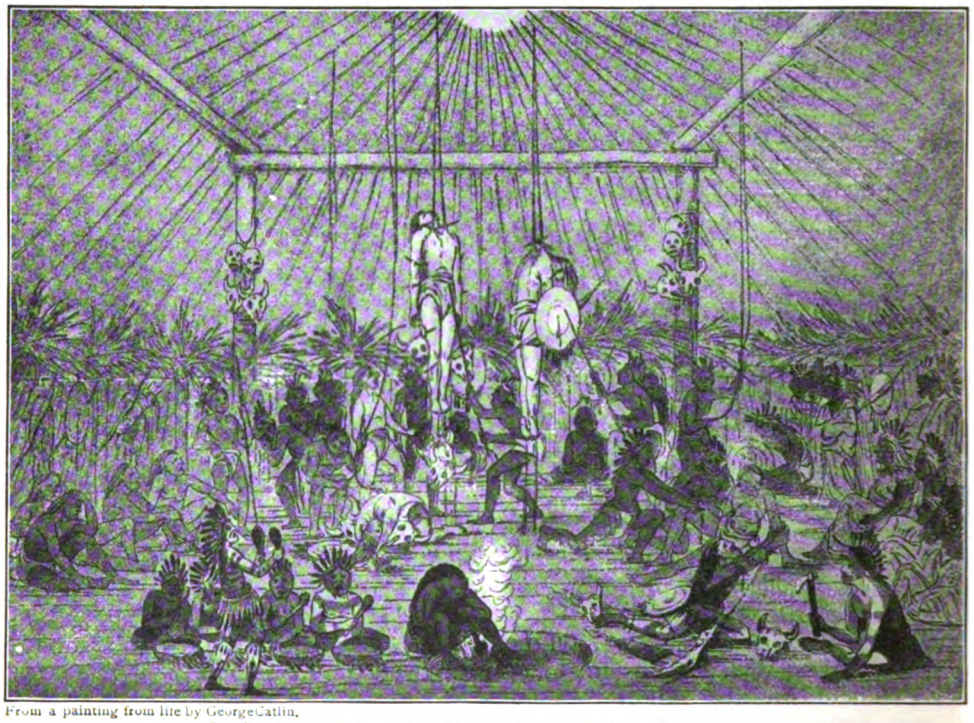
ged back to the woods where the Iroquois flaunted the fresh scalps of his dead friends. Half drawn, half driven, he was taken to the shore. Here a flotilla of canoes lay concealed where he had been hunting wild fowl but a few hours before. Fires were kindled and the crotched sticks driven into the ground to boil the kettle for the evening meal. The young Frenchman was searched, stripped and tied round the waist with a rope, the Indians yelling and howling like so many wolves all the while till a pause was given their jubilation by the alarm of a scout that the French and Algonquins were coming. In a trice the fire was out and covered. A score of young braves set off to reconnoiter. Fifty remained at the boats; but if Radisson hoped for a rescue he was doomed to disappointment. The warriors returned. Seventy Iroquois gathered round a second fire for the night. The one predominating passion of the savage nature is bravery. Lying in ambush, they had heard this French youth laugh at his comrades' fears. In defiance of danger they had seen him go hunting alone. After he had heard an alarm he had daringly come out to shoot at the ducks. And then, boy as he was, when attacked he had instantly fired back at numerous enough enemies to have intimidated a score of grown men. There is not the slightest doubt it was Radisson's bravery that now saved him from the fate of his companions.

His clothes were returned. While the evening meal was boiling young warriors dressed and combed the Frenchman's hair after the manner of braves. They daubed his cheeks with war-paint, and when they saw that their rancid meats turned him faint they boiled meat in clean water and gave him meal browned on burning sand. He did not struggle to escape, so he was now untied. That night he slept between two warriors under a common blanket, through which he counted the stars. For fifty years his home was to be under the stars. It is typically Radisson when he could add: "I slept a sound sleep, for they wakened me upon the breaking of the day." In the morning they embarked in thirty-seven canoes, two Indians in each boat, with Radisson tied to the cross-bar of one, the scalps lying at his feet. Spreading out on the river, they beat their paddles on the gunwales of the canoes, shot off guns and uttered the shrill war-cry, "Ah-oh-ah-oh-ah-oh!" Lest this were not sufficient defiance to the penned-up fort on the river bank, the chief stood up in his canoe, signaled silence, and gave three shouts. At once the whole company answered till the hills rang, and out-swung the fleet of canoes with more shouting and singing and firing of guns, each paddle-stroke sounding the death-knell to the young Frenchman's hopes.

That evening the united bands kindled an enormous camp fire and, with the scalps of the dead flaunting from spear-heads, danced the scalp-dance, re-enacting in pantomime all the episodes of the massacre to the monotonous chant-chant of a recitative relating the foray. At the next camping-ground Radisson's hair was shaved in front and decorated on top with the war-crest of a brave. Having translated the white man into a savage, they brought him one of the tin looking-glasses used by Indians to signal in the sun. "I, viewing myself all in a pickle," relates Rad-

isson, "smeared with red and black, covered with such a top . . . . could not but fall in love with myself, if I had not had better instructions to shun the sin of pride."

Radisson saw that apparent compliance with the Mohawks might win him a chance to escape; so he was the first to arise in the morning, wakening the others and urging them that it was time to break camp. The stolid Indians were not to be moved by an audacious white boy. Watching the young gave him the present of a hunting knife. North of Lake Champlain, the river became so turbulent that they were forced to land and make a *portage*. Instead of lagging as captives frequently did from very fear as they approached nearer and nearer what was almost certain to mean death torture in the Iroquois villages, Radisson hurried over the Rocks, helping the older warriors to carry their packs. At night, he was the first to cut wood for the camp fire.



From a painting from life by GeorgeCatlin.

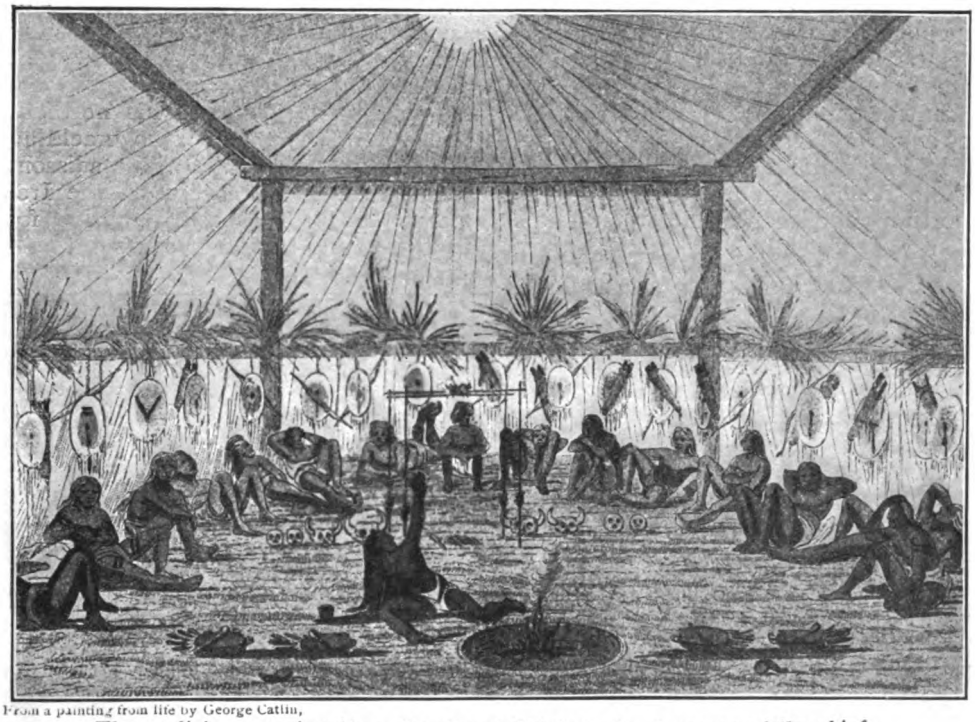
Celebrating a successful raid by torturing the captives.

prisoner, the keepers lay still, feigning sleep. Radisson rose. They made no protest. He wandered casually down to the water side. One can guess that the half-closed eye-lids of his guards opened a trifle; was the mouse trying to get away from the cat? To the Indians' amusement, instead of trying to escape, Radisson picked up a spear and practiced tossing it till a Mohawk became so interested that he jumped up and taught the young Frenchman the proper throws. That day, the Indians

About a week from the time they had left Lake St. Peter, they entered Lake Champlain. On the shores of the former had been enacted the most hideous of all Indian customs—the scalp dance. On the shores of the latter was performed one of the most redeeming rites of Indian warfare. Round a small pool of water, a coppice of branches was interlaced. Into the water were thrown hot stones till the enclosure was steaming. Here each warrior took a sweat-bath of purification to prepare for re-

union with his family. Invoking the spirits as they bathed, the warriors emerged washed—as they thought—of all blood-guilt.

In the night, shots sounded through the heavy silence of the forest, and the Mohawks embarked in alarm, compelling their white prisoner to lie flat in the bottom of the canoe. In the morning when he awakened, he found the entire band hidden among the rushes of the lake. They spent several days on Lake Champlain, then glided past



From a painting from life by George Catlin.

The medicine man invoking the Great Spirit in the presence of the chiefs.

wooded mountains down a calm river to Lake George, where canoes were abandoned and the warriors struck westward through dense forests to the country of the Iroquois. Two days from the lake, slave women met the returning braves, and in Radisson's words —"loaded themselves like mules with baggage." On this woodland march, Radisson won golden opinions for himself by two acts; struck by an insolent young brave, he thrashed the culprit soundly; seeing an old man staggering under too heavy a load, the white youth took the burden on his own shoulders.

The return of the warriors to their villages was always celebrated as a triumph. The tribe marched out to meet them, singing, firing guns, shouting a welcome, dancing as the Israelites danced of old when victors returned from battle. Men, women and children lined up on each side armed with clubs and whips to scourge the captives. Well for Radisson that he had won the warriors' favor; for when the time came for him to run the gauntlet of Iroquois deviltries, instead of being slowly led, with trussed arms and shackled feet, he was stripped free and signalled to run so fast that his tormentors could not hit him. Shrieks of laughter from the women, shouts of applause from the men, always greeted the racer who reached the end of the line unscathed. A captive Huron woman who had been adopted by the tribe, caught the white boy as he dashed free of a single blow

clear through the lines of tormentors. Leading him to her cabin, she fed and clothed him. Presently, a band of braves marched up, demanded the surrender of Radisson and took him to the Council Lodge of the Iroquois for judgment.

Old men sat solemnly round a central fire smoking their calumets in silence. Radisson was ordered to sit down. A coal of fire was put in the bowl of the great Council Pipe and passed reverently round the assemblage. Then, the old Huron woman entered, gesticulating and pleading for the youth's life. The men smoked on silently with deep, gutteral "ho-ho's," meaning "yes—yes, we are pleased." The woman was granted permission to adopt Radisson as a son. Radisson had won his end. Diplomacy and courage had saved his life. It now remained to await an opportunity for escape. Later on Radisson was formally and ceremoniously adopted into the tribe as a new Mohawk.

The forests were now painted in all the glories of autumn. This is the season when the Indian sets out to hunt and fight. Furnished with clothing, food and fire-arms, Radisson left the Mohawk valley with three hunters. One night as they were returning to their wigwam, there came through the leafy darkness the weird sound of a man singing. It was a solitary Algonquin captive, who called out that he had been on the track of a bear since day-break. He probably belonged to some well-known Iroquois, for he was welcomed to the camp fire. The sight of a face from Three Rivers roused the Algonquin's memories of his northern home. In the noise of the crackling fire he succeeded in telling Radisson, without being overheard by the Iroquois, that he had been a captive for two years and longed to escape.

The descendant of the Iroquois lives after the pattern of his forefathers.

"Do you love the French?" the Algonquin asked Radisson.

"Do you love the Algonquin?" returned Radisson, knowing they were watched.

"As I do my own nation." Then leaning across to Radisson—"Brother—white man!—Let us escape! The Three Rivers—it is not far off!—Will you live like a Huron in bondage or have your liberty with the French—?" Then lowering his voice—"Let us kill all three this night when they are asleep."

From such a way of escape, the French youth held back. The Algonquin continued to urge him. By this time, Radisson must have heard from returning Iroquois warriors that they had slain the governor of Three Rivers, Duplessis-Bochart and eleven other Frenchmen, among whom was the husband of Radisson's eldest sister, Marguerite. While Radisson was still hesitating, the suspicious Iroquois demanded what so much whispering was about; but the alert Algonquin promptly quieted their fears by trumping up some hunting story. Wearied from their day's hunt, the three Mohawks slept heavily round the camp fire. They had not the least suspicion of danger; for they had stacked their arms carelessly against the trees of the forest. Terrified lest the Algonquin should attempt to carry out his threat, Radisson pretended to be asleep. Rising noiselessly, the Algonquin sat down by the fire. The Mohawks slept on. The Algonquin gave Radisson a push. The French boy looked up to see the Algonquin studying the postures of the sleeping forms. The dying fire glimmered like a blotch of blood under the trees. Stepping stealthy as a cat over the sleeping men, the Indian took possession of their fire-arms. Drawn by a kind of horror, Radisson had risen. The Algonquin thrust one of the tomahawks into the French lad's hands and pointed without a word at the three sleeping Mohawks. Then the Indian began the black work. The Mohawk nearest the fire never knew that he had been struck and died without a sound. Radisson tried to imitate the relentless Algonquin, but unnerved with horror, he bungled the blow and lost hold of the hatchet just as it struck the Mohawk's head. The Iroquois sprang up with a shout that awakened the third man; but the Algonquin was ready. Radisson's blow proved fatal. The victim reeled back dead; and the third man was already dispatched by the Algonquin.

Radisson was free. It was a black deed that freed him; but not half so black as the deeds perpetrated in civilized wars for less cause; and for that deed Radisson was to pay swift retribution.

Taking the scalps as trophies to attest his word, the Algonquin threw the bodies into the river. He seized all the belongings of the dead men but one gun, then launched out with Radisson on the river. The French youth was conscience-stricken. "I was sorry to have been in such an encounter," he writes, "but it was too late to repent." Under cover of the night mist and shore foliage, they slipped away with the current. At first dawn streak, while the mist still hid them, they landed, carried their canoe to a sequestered spot in the dense forest and lay hidden under the up-turned skiff all that day, tormented by swarms of mosquitoes and flies, but not daring to move from concealment. At nightfall, they again launched down stream, keeping always in the shadows of the shore till mist and darkness shrouded them, then sheering off for mid-current where they paddled for dear life. Where camp fires glimmered on the banks, they glided past with motionless paddles. Down Lake Champlain, down the Richelieu, over long *portages* where every shadow took the shape of an ambushed Iroquois, for fourteen nights they traveled; then at last with many windings and false alarms they swept out on the wide surface of Lake St. Peter in the Saint Lawrence.

Within a day's journey of Three Rivers, they were really in greater danger than they had been in the forests of Lake Champlain. Iroquois had infested that part of the St. Lawrence for more than a year. The forests of the south shore,

the rush-grown marshes, the wooded inlands, all afforded impenetrable hiding. It was four in the morning when they reached Lake St. Peter. Concealing their canoe, they withdrew to the woods, cooked their breakfast, covered the fire, and lay down to sleep. In a couple of hours the Algonquin impatiently weakened Radisson and urged him to cross the lake to the north shore on the Three Rivers side. Radisson warned the Indian that the Iroquois were ever lurking about Three Rivers. The Indian would not wait till sunset. "Let us go," he said. "We are past fear. Let us shake off the yoke of these whelps that have killed so many French and black robes (priests). If you come not now that we are so near, I leave you and will tell the governor you were afraid to come."

Radisson's judgment was overruled by the impatient Indian. They pushed their skiff out from the rushes. The water lay calm as a sea of silver. They paddled directly across to get into the protection of the north shore. Half way across Radisson, who was at the bow, called out that he saw shadows on the water ahead. The Indian stood up and declared that the shadow was the reflection of a flying bird. Barely had they gone a boat length when the shadows multiplied. They were the reflections of Iroquois ambushed among the rushes. Heading the canoe back for the south shore they raced for their lives. The Iroquois pursued in their own boats. About a mile from the shore the strength of the fugitives fagged. Knowing that the Iroquois were gaining fast, Radisson threw out the loathsome scalps that the Algonquin had persisted in carrying. By that strange fatality that seems to follow crime, instead of sinking, the hairy scalps floated on the surface of the water back to the pursuing Iroquois. Shouts of rage broke from the warriors. Radisson's skiff was so near the south shore that he could see the pebbled bottom of the lake; but the water was too deep to wade and too clear for a dive, and there was no driftwood for hiding. Then a crash of musketry from the Iroquois knocked the bottom out of the canoe. The Algonquin fell dead of two bullet wounds in his head, and the canoe gradually filled—settled—sank, with the Frenchman clinging to the cross-bar, mute as a stone. Just as it disappeared under water Radisson was seized, and the dead Algonquin was thrown into the Mohawk boats.

Radisson alone remained to pay the penalty of a double crime, and he might well have prayed for the boat to sink. The victors shouted their triumph. Hurrying ashore they kindled a great fire. They tore the heart from the dead Algonquin, transfixed the head on a pike, and cast the mutilated body into the flames for those cannibal rites by which savages hoped to gain courage by devouring the flesh of their enemies. Radisson was rifled of clothes and arms, trussed at the elbows, roped round the waist and driven with blows back to the canoes. There were other captives among the Mohawks. As the canoes emerged from the islands Radisson counted one hundred and fifty Iroquois warriors, with two French captives, one white woman and seventeen Hurons. Flaunting from the canoe prows were the scalps of eleven Algonquins. The victors fired off their muskets and shouted defiance until the valley rang. As the seventy-five canoes turned up the Richelieu River for the country of the Iroquois, hope died in the captive Hurons, and there mingled with the chant of the Mohawks' war-songs the low, monotonous dirge of the prisoners:—

> "If I die, I die valiant,
> I go without fear
> To that land where brave men
> Have gone long before me—
> If I die, I die valiant."

Twelve miles up the Richelieu the Iroquois landed to camp. The prisoners were pegged out on the sand, trussed elbows and knees, being tied to posts apart the length of a man. In this fashion they lay every night of encampment, tortured by sand flies that they were powerless to drive off. At the entrance to the Mohawk village a yoke was fastened to the captives' necks by placing pairs of saplings, one on each shoulder, down the line of prisoners.

By the rope round the waist of the foremost prisoner they were led slowly between the lines of tormentors. The captives were ordered to sing. If one refused or showed fear a Mohawk struck off a finger with a hatchet or tore the prisoner's nails out, or thrust red-hot irons into the muscles of the bound arms. As Radisson appeared he was recognized with shouts of rage by the friends of the murdered Mohawks. Men, women and children, armed with rods and skull-crackers—leather bags loaded with stones—rushed on the slowly moving file of prisoners.

"They began to cry from both sides," says Radisson, "we, marching one after another, were environed with people come to witness that hideous sight, which seriously may be called the image of Hell in this world."

The prisoners moved mournfully on. The Hurons chanted their death dirge. The Mohawk women uttered screams of mockery. Suddenly there broke from the throng of onlookers the Iroquois family that had adopted Radisson. Pushing through the crew of torturers, the mother caught Radisson by the hair, calling him by the name of her dead son, "Orimha! Orimha!" She cut the thongs that bound him to the poles and, wresting him free, shoved him to her husband, who led Radisson to their own lodge.

"Thou fool," cried the old chief, "thou wast my son! Thou makest thyself an enemy! Thou lovest us not, though we saved thy life! Wouldst kill me too?" Then, with a rough push to a mat on the ground, "Chagon —now be merry! Give him something to eat!"

Trembling with fear, young Radisson put as bold a face on as he could and made a show of eating what the squaws placed before him. He was still relating his adventures, when there came a roar of anger from the Mohawks outside, who had discovered his absence from the line. A moment later the rabble broke into the lodge. Jostling the friendly chief aside, the Mohawk warriors carried Radisson back to the orgies of the torture. The prisoners had been taken out of the stocks and placed on several scaffoldings. One poor Frenchman fell to the ground bruised and unable to rise. The Iroquois tore the scalp from his head and threw him into the fire. That was Radisson's first glimpse of what was in store for him. Then he, too, stood on the scaffolding among the other prisoners, who never ceased singing their death-song. In the midst of these horrors—"diableries" the Jesuits called them—as if the very elements had been moved with pity, there burst over the darkened forest a terrific hurricane of hail and rain. This put out the fires and drove all the tormentors away but a few impish children who stayed to pluck nails from the

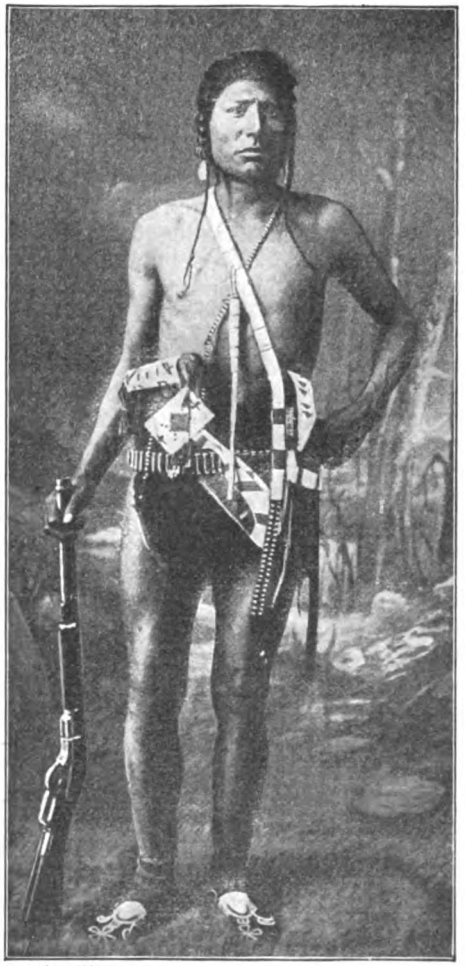


Photo from life.

A Cree brave

Note the wampum collars, signifying courage and success in war.

hands and feet of the captives and shoot arrows with barbed points at the naked bodies. Every iniquity that cruelty could invent these children practiced on the captives. Red-hot spears were brought from the lodge fires and thrust into the prisoners. The mutilated finger ends were ground between stones. Thongs were twisted round wrists and ankles by sticks put through a loop till the flesh was cut to the bone. As the rain ceased falling a woman, who was probably the wife of one of the murdered Mohawks, brought her little boy to cut one of Radisson's fingers with a flint-stone. The child was too young and ran away from the gruesome task.

Gathering darkness fell over the horrible spectacle. The exhausted captives, some in a delirium from pain, others unconscious, were led to separate lodges, or dragged over the ground, and left tied for the night. The next morning, all were returned to the scaffolds; but the first day had glutted the Iroquois' appetite for tortures. The friendly family was permitted to approach Radisson. The mother brought him food and told him that the Council Lodge had decided not to kill him for that day; they wanted the young white warrior for their own ranks; but even as the cheering hope was uttered came a brave with a pipe of live coals in which he thrust and held Radisson's thumb. No sooner had the tormenter left than the woman bound up the burn and oiled Radisson's wounds. He suffered no abuse that day till night, when the soles of both feet were burned. The majority of the captives were flung into a great bonfire. On the third day of torture, he almost lost his life. First came a child to gnaw at his fingers. Then a man appeared armed for the ghastly work of mutilation. Both these, the Iroquois father of Radisson sent away. Once, when none of the friendly family happened to be near, Radisson was seized and bound for burning; but by chance the lighted faggot scorched his executioner. A friendly hand slashed the thongs that bound him and he was drawn back to the scaffold.

Past caring whether he lived or died, and in too great agony from the burns of his feet to realize where he was going, Radisson was conducted to the Great Council. Sixty old men sat on a circle of mats smoking round the central fire. Before them stood seven other captives. Radisson, only, was still bound. A gust of wind from the opening lodge door cleared the smoke for an instant and there entered Radisson's Indian father clad in the regalia of a mighty chief. Tomahawk and calumet and medicine bag were in his hands. He took his place in the circle of councillors. Judgment was to be given on the remaining prisoners. After passing the Council Pipe from hand to hand in solemn silence, the sachems prepared to give their views. One arose, and offering the smoke of incense to the four winds of heaven to invoke witnesses to the justice of the trial, gave his opinion on the matter of life or death. Each of the chiefs in succession spoke. Without any warning whatever, one chief rose and summarily tomahawked three of the captives. That had been the sentence. The rest were driven like sheep to the shambles into life-long slavery.

Radisson was left last. His case was important. He had sanctioned the murder of three Mohawks. Not for a moment since he was recaptured had they dared to untie the hands of so dangerous a prisoner. Amid deathly silence, the Iroquois father stood up. Flinging down medicine bag, fur robe, wampum belts and tomahawk, he pointed to the nineteen scars upon his side, each of which signified an enemy slain by his own hand. Then the old Mohawk broke into one of those impassioned rhapsodies of eloquence which delighted the savage nature, calling back to each of the warriors the recollection of victories for the Iroquois. His eyes took fire from the memory of heroic battle. The councillors shook off their impeturbable gravity and shouted "ho! ho!" Each man of them had a memory of his part in those past glories. And as they applauded, there glided into the lodge the mother singing some battle song of valor, dancing and gesticulating round and round the lodge in dizzy, serpentine

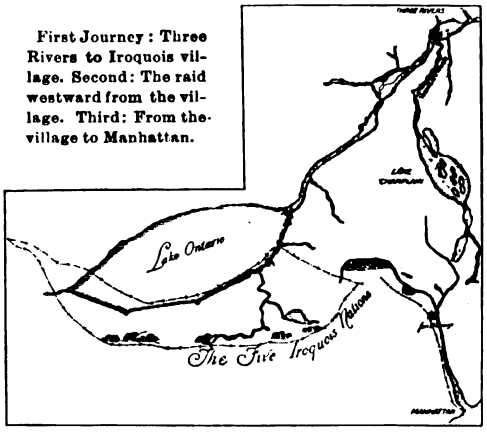
circlings that illustrated in pantomime those battles of long ago. Gliding ghostily from the camp fire to the outer dark, she suddenly stopped, stood erect, advanced a step, and with all her might threw one belt of priceless wampum at the councillors' feet, one necklace over the prisoner's head.

Before the applause could cease or the councillors' ardor cool, the adopted brother sprang up, hatchet in hand, and sang of other victories. Then with a delicacy of etiquette which white pleaders do not always observe, father and son withdrew from the Council Lodge to let the jury deliberate. The old sachems were disturbed. They had been moved more than their wont. Twenty withdrew to confer. Dusk gathered deeper and deeper over the forests of the Mohawk valley. Tawny faces came peering at the doors waiting for the decision. Others tore the skins from the walls of the lodge that they too might witness the memorable trial of the boy prisoner. Sachem after sachem rose and spoke. Tobacco was sacrificed to the fire-god. Would the relatives of the dead Mohawks consider the wampum belts full compensation? Could the Iroquois suffer a youth to live who had joined the murderers of the Mohawks? Could the Mohawks afford to offend the great Iroquois chief who was the French youth's friend? As they deliberated, the other councillors returned, accompanied by all the members of Radisson's friendly family. Again the father sang and spoke. This time when he finished, instead of sitting down, he caught the necklace of wampum from Radisson's neck, threw it at the feet of the oldest sachem, cut the captive's bonds and amid shouts of applause set the white youth free.

The spring of 1653 came with unloosening of the rivers and stirring of the forest sap and fret of the warrior blood. In the hope of coming within reach of Three Rivers, Radisson offered to join the Iroquois in their wars. With his spirit, the Mohawks were delighted; but they feared to lose their young warrior. Accepting his offer, they refused to let him accompany them to Quebec, but assigned him to a band of young braves who were to raid the borderlands between the Huron country of the Upper Lakes and the St. Lawrence.

One day a scout, who had climbed to the top of a tree, espied two strange squaws. They were of a hostile tribe. The Mohawk blood-thirst was up as a wolf's at the sight of lambs. In vain Radisson tried to save the women by warning the Iroquois that if there were women, there must be men, too, who would exact vengeance for the squaws' death. The young braves only laid their plans the more carefully for this warning and massacred the entire encampment. Radisson asked that a woman prisoner be given to him; and he saved her from torture and death on the return to the Mohawks by presenting her as a slave to his Indian mother. All his other share of booty he gave to the friendly family.

The raid was over. He had failed of his main object in joining it. He had not escaped. But he had made one important gain. His valor had re-established the confidence of the Indians so that when they went on a freebooting expedition against the whites of the Dutch settlements at Orange (Albany) Radisson was taken with them. Orange, or Albany, consisted at that time of some fifty thatched log houses surrounded by a settlement of perhaps a hundred and fifty farmers. This raid was bloodless. The Iroquois wanted guns. The Dutch wanted pelts. The whites treated the



The dotted lines indicate Radisson's three journeys.

savages like kings; and the Mohawks marched from house to house feasting of the best. The young Frenchman now saw white men for the first time in almost two years; but the speech that he heard was in a strange tongue. As Radisson went into the fort, he noticed a soldier among the Dutch. At the same instant the soldier recognized him as a Frenchman, and oblivious of the Mohawks' presence blurted out his discovery in the Iroquois dialect, vowing that for all the paint and grease, this youth was a white man below. The fellow's blundering might have cost Radisson's life; but the youth had not been a captive among crafty Mohawks for nothing. Radisson feigned surprise at the accusation. That quieted the Mohawk suspicions and they were presently deep in the beer pots of the Dutch. Again the soldier spoke, this time in French. It was the first time that Radisson had heard his native tongue for months. He answered in French. At that, the soldier emitted shouts of delight; for he, too, was French, and these strangers in an alien land threw their arms about each other like a pair of long lost brothers, with exclamations of joy too great for words.

From that moment, Radisson became the lion of Fort Orange. The women dragged him to their houses and forced dainties on him. The Dutch offered to ransom him at any price, but that would have exposed the Dutch settlement to the resentment of the Mohawks and placed Radisson under heavy obligation to people who were the enemies of New France. Besides, his honor was pledged to return to his Indian parents, and it was a long way home to have to sail to Europe and back again to Quebec. He declined the offer of the Dutch. In two days, he was back among the Mohawks, ten times more a hero than he had ever been. Mother and sisters were his slaves.

But between love of the wilds and love of barbarism is a wide difference. He had not been back for two weeks when that glimpse of crude civilization at Orange recalled torturing memories of the French home in Three Rivers. With Radisson, to think was to act. He determined to escape if it cost him his life.

Taking only a hatchet, as if he were going to cut wood, Radisson left the Indian lodge early one morning in the fall of 1653. Once out of sight from the village, he broke into a run, following the trail through the dense forests of the Mohawk valley towards Fort Orange. On and on he ran, all that day without pause to rest or eat, without backward glance, with eye ever piercing through the long leafy vistas of the forest on the watch for the fresh chipped bark of the trees that guided his course, or the narrow, indurated path over the spongy mould worn by running warriors. And when night filled the forest with the hoot of owls, the far weird cries of wild creatures on the rove, there sped through the aisled columns of star-light and shadow, the ghostly figure of the French boy, slim and lithe as willow, muscles tense as iron-wood, step silent as the mountain-cat. All that night he ran without a single stop. Chill daybreak found him still staggering on, until by four of the afternoon he came to a clearing in the forest where was the cabin of a settler. A man was chopping wood. Radisson ascertained that there were no Iroquois in the cabin, and hiding in it, persuaded the settler to carry a message to Fort Orange, two miles further on. While he waited, Indians passed the cabin singing and shouting. The settler's wife concealed him behind sacks of wheat and put out all lights. Within an hour came a rescue party from Orange, who conducted him safely to the Fort. For three days Radisson hid in Orange, while the Mohawks wandered through the fort calling him by name.

Gifts of money from the Jesuit, Poncet and from a Dutch merchant enabled Radisson to take ship from Orange to New York, and from New York to Europe. Pére Poncet had been captured by the Mohawks the preceding summer, but had escaped to Orange. Embarking on a small sloop, Radisson sailed down the Hudson to New York. After a stay of three weeks, Radisson embarked for Amsterdam, which he reached in January, 1654.

A WAYSIDE SHRINE IN CANADA

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

Oh, Holy Mary, Mother of our Lord,
Who in thine own heart felt the stabbing sword,
Is there no grace thy pity can afford?

Thou who hast suffered, since thou, too, hast borne—
In thine own flesh felt scourge, and nails, and thorn—
Not e'en thy sacred heart like mine was torn!

Jesus, thy son, once carried in thy side—
Didst thou not swoon when He was crucified?
Yet as our blessed sacrifice He died.

But this my son, my François, day by day
Forgets his God, and sins his life away
With Hell beyond—Mother! to thee I pray!

Not his the guilt—it was some fault in me
Drawn from my breast—mine let the judgment be,
Mine all the blame—but let my son go free!

Grant me this prayer I make before thy shrine,
Oh, Holy Mary, Mother most divine—
Grant me my prayer, and be all glory thine!

EARNING A LIVING AT CONEY ISLAND

An Episode in the Life of a New York Working Girl

IT was the middle of June, and almost a month after the "lay-off" at Rosenfeld's artificial flower factory, that I got a job as a "charioteer" at Coney Island. The intervening weeks had been spent, two of them as an "operator" on muslin underwear in a Grand Street establishment, and the remaining ten days as a "shaker" in a large steam laundry in East Forty-third Street. Both of the jobs were, to use a popular workaday characterization, "something fierce." The hours always long, and the tasks always unspeakably hard, were rendered doubly so in the intense heat of the last week, and in a fit of desperation I had turned, as a last resort, to an advertisement calling for respectable girls to sell tickets and take charge of booths at Coney Island.

I had never been to Coney Island, and I knew the place only from what I had read of it, and it was therefore with much misgiving that I scrambled on a trolley car at the Brooklyn Bridge terminal and permitted myself to be jerked and jolted and jounced away to that seaside wonder-town of somewhat equivocal repute. Such a gathering of femininity as that which I found arrived before me in answer to the same advertisement it would be difficult to describe. It is enough to say that it was, for the most part, bleached as to hair, and painted as to cheek, and that it chewed gum vigorously. There were twenty-five or thirty at least when I got there, and they were passing in file before a wicket behind which sat a young man whose shrewd, gray eyes frowned polite disapproval upon nearly every applicant. Occasionally, however, when a quietly-dressed, respectable-looking girl stepped up the shrewd-eyed young man distinguished her by putting a few hurried questions, whereupon she joined a group detained apparently for further interview.

An alluring advertisement.

Attracted by the friendly manners of one of the girls, quite as much as by her jimp little figure and air of general good taste in her dress, I began a whispered conversation with her. She put me at my ease by the assurance that the work I was applying for was considered eminently respectable, and that they employed here none but the most decent women and girls. She related also her own experiences during the past week. She was subject to fainting spells, and was always obliged to get work somewhere out of town in the hot months. Last year she had waited on the table at a boarding-house at Atlantic City, but this year she thought she'd like to stay nearer home, and so had come here day before yesterday and gone to work as a "dummy" for a show on Surf Avenue.

A "dummy," I soon learned, is a decoy patron, usually of the feminine gender. The girl dummy, who must be neatly dressed, saunters past the show. She stops, attracted by the rigmarole of the "barker," listens with an expression of absorbed interest, then, after a moment's hesitation, takes out her purse conspicuously, steps to the ticket seller's window, and passes in. The bystanders, many of whom have been hesitating whether to go in or not, seeing this evidence of popularity, immediately follow suit, and the show prospers. A constant stream of people passes

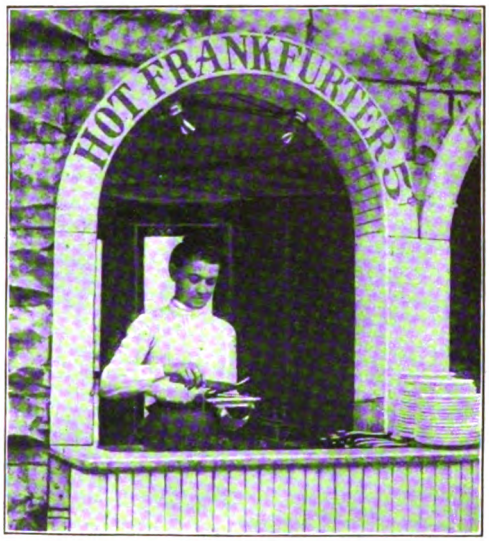
in all day long, and if one stops two minutes and looks closely he will notice how very much alike many of these women are, and if he lingers another two minutes he may see the same identical patron, "the dummy," walk up twenty times and lay down the same coin upon the ticket seller's window. Some of the larger "fake" shows employ as many as a dozen girls to perform this piece of trickery, so my new acquaintance informed me, and in the course of a day of twelve hours each "dummy" will have made the circuit four hundred times. For thus performing the preliminary functions of four hundred spurious patrons the experienced "dummy" receives the munificent wage of three dollars per week.

The young man at the wicket was courteous and business like. He asked me a few questions, and appeared favorably inclined toward employing me the moment he discovered that I had come from the country.

"That's what we are trying to introduce here," he said. "A respectable place of popular amusement with a thoroughly respectable class of attendants."

The result was that I was employed at a salary of $9 per week, and at twelve o'clock mounted to one of the splendid chariots that were drawn up in a row across the main entrance to the park, and the day's work began.

The duties of my new job were as simple as my surroundings were grotesque and altogether unusual in this workaday world. Briefly stated, I was to sit in a classic vehicle of scarlet and gold lacquer, from noon till midnight, and sell admission tickets through a gilded wicket. My chariot was one of five other similar vehicles, each equally splendid as to lacquer, and each steered by a good looking, if earth-born goddess, got up in shockingly up-to-date togs. Through the brass wicket the passing crowd might catch a glimpse of a snowy shirt waist and the movement of well manicured fingers that made change and shoved tickets with amazing rapidity; and if they were curious enough to peer above the wicket, they beheld bright, honest eyes and an



You can find solid nourishment if you wish it.

undulated pompadour that would have put Venus herself to despairing emulation.

It was the noon hour, so the great rush of sightseers had not yet begun, and in the consequent inactivity I soon became the object of certain social amenities, which despite the restrictions of our surroundings, were conducted with a grace which bespoke better birth and breeding than is usually to be met with in the workshop and factory.

"I beg your pardon," drawled a soft voice, "but you are one of the young ladies who came this morning, aren't you?" and turning I saw a pair of clear brown eyes peering at me through the wicket of the chariot next to mine. I replied with the customary conventionalities, and the soft voice went on amiably.

"I hope you will like the work, and I am sure you will. We all do. It isn't a bit hard, and the place is always cool, and you really never grow tired watching the crowds. Of course, on rush days it hurries us to keep up with the crowds, but we make up for it on dull days, and there's been plenty of them so far."

The girl's pleasant voice and tactful kindness put me immediately at my ease, and I began to relax the self-conscious rigidity of muscle which I first

Candy in shapes likely to appeal to the German imagination.

assumed when I found myself alone in that great glaring vehicle. The preceding ten minutes, until the girl spoke, had been the most embarrassing in my life.

"If I knew your name I should be glad to introduce you to Miss McCook," the girl went on, as she made change for an early customer. Miss McCook sat in the next chariot with a look of friendly expectancy in her eyes, patiently waiting our formal introduction. She was a little, plump sort of girl, with fair hair, and long narrow blue eyes, that were merry and quizzical by turns, as they flashed from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. Miss McCook acknowledged the introduction with a generous smile that showed two rows of broad, even white teeth. "And now," she said, "let me present Miss Harley," and my sponsor bowed and laughed at this turning of the tables. As I had no boarding place yet, and as I immediately broached the subject to my new acquaintances, it became an absorbing topic for the next half hour.

"The best thing to do is to room somewhere, and take your meals out," said Miss Harley. "That's the way we do, and we manage to get along nicely on about six dollars a week. Four of us girls have a whole attic to ourselves down at Captain McPherson's house. It's a tumble-down old place, and it's a long walk to get there, but it's lovely and quiet, and you never hear a sound at night except the waves washing up on the shore. If you could get some place like that it would be fine for you."

"Why couldn't she come down there with us?" put in Miss McCook before I had a chance to ask whether Captain McPherson might be induced to take another lodger.

"I was thinking of suggesting that," replied the other girl, "and then I thought you mightn't want to sleep five in a room."

I did not mention the fact that I had for a long time been sleeping in a room with twenty other girls, and an ill-smelling, close one, too, in the hot, baking city. I did, however, express an alacrity to become a pensioner in Captain McPherson's garret, and it was arranged then and there that I should go home with the girls that night, and Miss Harley straightway began to scribble a note to the Captain. At this juncture a clean-shaven, athletic looking

young man, an employee of the park, stopped to pass a word of greeting with Miss McCook, and when he turned to her friend, that diplomatic young lady proffered him the note, with a request that he send one of his men "down the shore" with it.

"Well that's easy enough done," said Miss Harley with a sigh of satisfaction. "I sent word you were coming, and the Captain will have a place fixed for you."

"You are from the South?" I asked Miss Harley, after thanking her for settling my difficulties so satisfactorily.

"Yes," replied Miss Harley, while Miss McCook counted out tickets for a whole orphan asylum that had filed up before her wicket, in charge of two apple-cheeked, elderly women. "Yes, I'm from Tennessee, and Miss McCook is from Kentucky. Almost all the girls you'll meet here are southerners."

"This is their first time at Coney," said Miss Miss McCook, as the orphan asylum children moved away in uniformed ranks, with faces as solemn as though they were going to a funeral instead of to the merry-go-rounds.

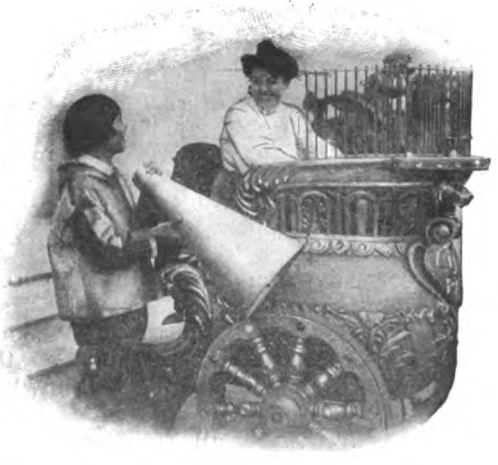
"How many were there?"

"One hundred and twenty-five, and here's another asylum, or something, as sure as you live."

Thus far I had only dealt out tickets in lots of two or three, and those only at rare intervals, and when I saw a clerical looking gentleman approach my chariot and in his wake a delegation of boys and girls, not quite like those who had just passed through the gates, but loud and hoydenish almost to riotousness, I became panic-stricken, and stared helplessly at the smiling face of the man, who shoved a ten dollar bill and a fifty cent piece through and asked for one hundred and five tickets. He tried to calm his boisterous charges who, excited by the music and the tantalizing glimpses of the fairy land on the other side of the gate, now made an onslaught upon the chariots and their helpless charioteers. Almost before I knew it two small gamins with very sticky faces had scaled up the sides of my vehicle, and would certainly have made havoc with everything had not a half dozen park employees and two policemen dashed into the fray and restored some semblance of order.

"I'm sorry my boys and girls misbehave so badly," said the clerical gentleman, when I had collected myself enough to hand him his hundred and five tickets, "but poor things, they simply don't know what to do with themselves when they get off for a holiday," and he passed me his card, which contained the name of a widely known charitable organization. The last we saw of them, the children had made a wild dash up the main promenade, towards the merry-go-rounds, and Mr. Fenton, the manager, afterwards told us that they simply took lawless possession thereof, and held the fort against all persuasions and threats until the police again came to the rescue.

"Watch out for counterfeits," said Miss Harley in an undertone, as I was making change for a twenty-dollar bill for a man who asked for one ticket. I finished counting it out, but before pushing it through the wicket to the waiting customer, I looked again at the long, dirty shred of green paper. It did have a queer look, and I passed it over to the next chariot for inspection. The man saw the operation and frowned. Miss Harley frowned too, and looked about in rather helpless fashion.



Nine dollars a week for selling tickets from a gilded chariot.

"Well, what's the matter with my money?" the man snarled angrily. "Do I get a ticket or don't I? Now, young lady, I'll give you just about thirty seconds to hand me over either that ticket or that bill."

His eyes flashed with the fire of honest indignation, and I should have immediately handed over the bunch of bills and small change I still held in my fist had I not received a look of warning from the brown eyes, as Miss Harley beckoned to one of the managers who happened to be passing at the moment.

"What's the row?" he inquired, lifting his cap with a smile. Miss Harley gave him the greenback without a word, and proceeded to wait on the crowd of people who had meanwhile collected.

"Why, that's all right—certainly. Give the gentleman his ticket."

"No, I don't want it now. Give me back the money," retorted the irate man, and jerking the bill from the manager's hand he stalked off. The manager whistled.

"You'll have to handle those cases with a little more diplomacy, girls, and never let a patron see his money is under suspicion. In this case, though" —his voice dropped to a whisper as he came to my wicket—"you may be up against a game. Watch out all the afternoon for big bills that come in. I think he was a decoy."

The fortune tellers call $100 an afternoon poor business.

The meaning of the warning gradually dawned upon me in the next few minutes, as I dealt out tickets mostly for "even change" to large parties of women and girls and children. In not more than ten minutes, however, and while the blunder was still fresh in the minds of us all, another twenty-dollar bill was shoved under my nose. I looked up hesitatingly at the man who presented it—a gentleman with red side-whiskers—and as I did so I felt the money drawn out of my hand in a mo-

ment and the voice of the manager, who had slipped up behind my chair.

"It's all right," he whispered, and the patron with money and change departed without further altercation. "I'll stay within sight for a half hour or so," said the manager as he walked off.

The Saturday afternoon rush had now begun in earnest, and what with the nervous strain of making change correctly and quickly, and with the necessity of keeping the most alert watch against the threatened counterfeit dealers, there was no more idle chit-chat for the rest of the day. Groups of fives and tens and twenties, and sometimes, indeed, as in the cases of orphan asylums and secret societies out for a holiday, groups of hundreds passed our wickets during the hours between one in the afternoon and eleven-thirty at night. Most of them were good-natured, but all were impatient of any delay.

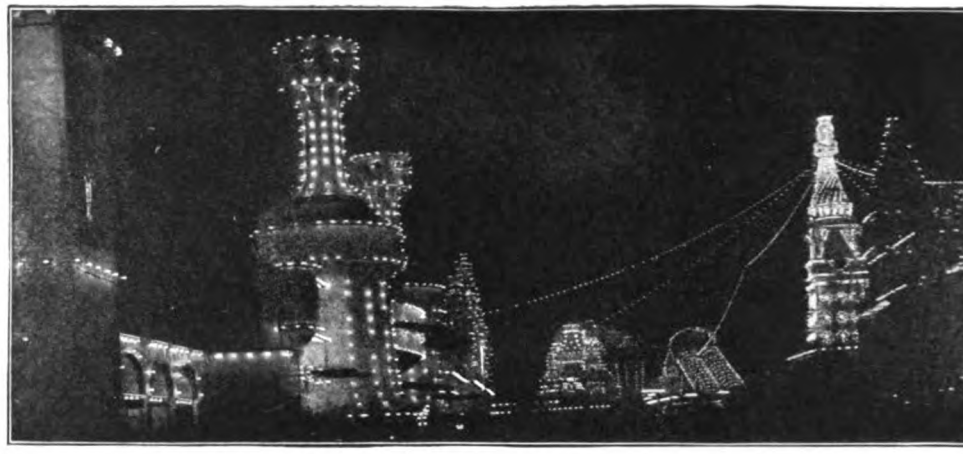
At this juncture the thing happened which we had been looking for all the afternoon. I picked up the twenty-dollar bill mechanically enough, and as I did so glanced to see what manner of customer I had. Something familiar struck me in the man's face as if I had seen it somewhere before, although I could not remember where or when. He saw the look of half-recognition in my face and his glance shifted uneasily. A certain indefinable embarrassment swept over his face, and though it did not last the thousandth part of a second, it betrayed him and saved me. I examined the markings of the bill with more self-possession than I had thought myself capable of, and passed it back to him with all the cold-blooded assurance of an amateur detective who has his first quarry safely in hand.

"What's the matter with it?" he asked in a voice not at all angry.

"It's no good," I declared, proceeding to count out change for a lady with a large family of little boys and girls.

"Seven sisters and brothers two and parents. All here workee at Coney Island."

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY



At night the Island looks like a city in grand opera.

"What's the matter with it?"

"It's a counterfeit," I retorted, aghast at my own daring, "and I think I have sold you several tickets already this afternoon," I added as the recollection now became plain where and when I had seen him before. He moved off without further parley, and when I reported the incident to the manager that night he said the man had in all probability spotted the new cashier, and that he may have passed many times before my wicket with *bona fide* money before he ventured, in what he deemed a propitious moment, to work the counterfeit game.

A few minutes past one o'clock the following morning five tired, sleepy girls made their way across the sand dunes in the direction of Captain McPherson's house, which stood dark and silent in the faint starlight against a horizon of sea and sky. It was too dark to see the ocean, which was near enough for us to taste the salty spindrift and to hear the waves breaking on the shore as we waited for the door to be opened.

Only those people whose rare good fortune it has been at least once in their lives to have spent a "white night" in happy dreams and, waking, found that those dreams were true—only those fortunate few can fully appreciate and sympathize with my sensations when I awoke next morning and found myself, not where I ordinarily ought to have found myself, in the close, ill-smelling dormitory of a New York working girl's home, but in the big, breezy garret of a sailorman's house, lying in a bed of wondrous architecture, and staring out into the wild, wide sea itself.

How account for the great, strange room and for the wondrous bed? As to the one, it might easily have been the attic of Noah's Ark, and as to the other, it certainly had served a long commission as a lifeboat, or a fishing smack, or a schooner. Not being versed in the terminology of sea craft, I could not attempt to say exactly what my bed had been before it became a bed. The oar-locks, tight and staunch, were still there, as I discovered by sliding my hand along the sides, and the mattress was filled with some soft, salt-smelling seaweed. Further investigation showed that my head had been pillowed in the stern and that my feet lay in the sharp-pointed prow. Without doubt it was some sort of a boat.

And the room? Well, just imagine a mammoth, triangular box, of unequal sides, laid horizontally upon the surface of its largest dimension, and you will arrive at some idea of it. One side of the triangle will be the floor, one side a long, straight wall, and one side a ceiling that will slope away gently and reluctantly towards the eaves. In the sailorman's house the long, straight wall was broken by a row of funny little windows that framed, each one of them, a matchless view of the blue ocean beyond; the sloping ceiling was

white-washed and its rafters hung with fishing nets and discarded seamen's clothes, and the broad floor stored with quaint lumber, dark, old, iron chests; cork life-preservers and odds and ends of boat fittings—all pushed aside to make room for the hastily improvised beds, of which mine was one.

Suddenly a voice said "Good morning," and turning I found my sponsor of yesterday, also sitting up in bed. Her bed was also a boat.

In a few minutes the old garret was turned into a lively dressing-room, and the toilets made there were neat and dainty enough to have done credit to a better appointed place. Two hand mirrors, and a wavy piece of broken looking glass were passed back and forth among the five of us, and a quarter or an hour later we gave our faces and hands a hasty splash in the row of wash basins on the porch.

We walked along the shore up to the "village" for breakfast, which we ate in a large pavillion built out to the water's edge. Coffee and hot rolls was the extent of our orders, and by the time we had swallowed a few mouthfuls, we had settled ourselves for a long, nice chat.

I had not been long in my new employment, before I began to see for myself what a wholesale recruiting ground Coney Island, of all places in the world, had become for the fresh, young daughters of the Southern farmers. What Barnum's circus had done for the young women of New England twenty-five years ago, the pleasure parks of Coney Island were now doing for the young working women of the New South. When Mr. Barnum reconstructed his "Greatest Show on Earth" it was with the largely advertised purpose of catering to the tastes and inclinations of the better element of amusement lovers, and his first master stroke was to purge the personnel of the ring and the hippodrome of as much immorality as possible. To this end the worn-out, sterile rocky farms of New England were canvassed for young women and girls who could be trained and coached into circus performers. For years the chariots in the spectacular hippodrome race were driven by young women born and bred in the gray cabins of New England; the features of Puritan maids, of staunch, old New England lineage, were masked by paint and powder into the guises of the goddesses of Greek mythology; so too did the rigid austerity of Puritan New England maids mask behind the seeming voluptuousness of Cleopatra and Poppæa (assisted, perhaps, with a pad here and there), swathed in barbaric draperies,

The restaurants are a blaze of glory.

and jingling with bracelets, and anklets and golden chains. Puritan maids, every one of them, fresh clean maids from the gray cabins of New England, and fresh, clean maids they returned to those gray cabins when their season was over,—none the worse for their experiences, though, perhaps, a little more wordly wise.

That hot June Sunday afternoon one of the largest crowds of the season passed into the Park, while inside of half a dozen chariots as many tired, perspiring girls counted out nickels and dimes and quarters until their eyes grew almost blind with the pain that must necessarily follow long continued scrutiny at short range. Towards four o'clock there was a brief lull in the tide of pleasure-seekers, when somebody spoke for the first time since we had taken our seats after coming from the breakfast in the pavillion. So busy had we been that no one had time to even remark the heat, which was terrific, in spite of the sea breeze.

"Say," said the voice, "say, girls, I never thought of it before, but this is Sunday, and somehow it don't seem a bit awful to be working, either."

"This time four weeks ago I was sitting in the Bible class in our Sunday-school at home," put in another voice.

"You'll never see Sunday-school again," laughed Miss McCook.

"Church and church things don't trouble people much in these big cities," said somebody else. "I wonder if anybody in Coney Island this afternoon went to church this morning."

We listened a moment to the innumerable bands crashing inside the grounds, and we looked at the never-ending procession of swarming humanity passing up and down Surf Avenue, and then everybody laughed at the very absurdity of such a question.

All days are alike in Coney Island, and Sunday is the jolliest and merriest of them all. For the sightseer Sunday meant an extra amount of pleasure for his money; for us it meant an extra amount of work for ours. Monday, however, always brought a reactionary dullness, which gave us abundant opportunities for rest and relaxation. This we managed by taking turns at our work, only half or one-third of the force being on duty at one time. The same system obtained also on rainy days, when there was practically nothing to do. Such a day was my first Monday. In the forenoon the rain fell in torrents, which developed through the afternoon into a steady drizzle that did not let up till five o'clock. Accordingly we were at liberty to take two hours instead of one for dinner, and in tow of Miss McCook and Miss Harley I set out to eat my first full meal since I had come to Coney Island. This was a sort of "progressive" dinner of three courses, and was the popular menu among the "charioteers" and other girl employees.

For the first course, we had waffles, hot and brown and running over with molasses, which we ate at the little stand two at a penny apiece, chatting the while with the white-capped waitress from Texas, who served them as fast as the baker was able to turn them out.

Then we passed on to the roast beef booth, where a white aproned cook turned a sizzling joint on a spit, before a furnace of red coals. We invested in sandwiches here, which we bore away with us in paper bags to the Japanese tea gardens on the other side of the lagoon, stopping on our way to buy a bottle of olives and a pint of sweet pickles. In these gardens were a multitude of canopied pavillions, just large enough to cover a tiny tea table. At one of these we took our seats, three of us, and a tiny almond-eyed Japanese girl, in a flowered robe and gay yobi, stepped up to take our orders. She had only been in America a few months, the girls said, but she replied prettily to our questions in exceedingly up-to-date if somewhat pigeon English.

"Cool day, but Satday somesing fierce," the little beauty remarked amiably, when she returned in a moment with the tiny china cups and the hot, steaming tea pots. I asked her if she were all alone in this strange land, and she shook her head and smiled.

"Seven sisters," she replied, nodding her head towards the other flitting visions of oriental grace, "and brothers two and parents. All here workee at Coney Island."

The hot sandwiches, with our pick-

les and olives, and the delicious tea, made us a palatable dinner, at a net cost to each of fifteen and a fraction cents. As we lingered after our second cup of tea a tall, graceful young woman stopped to chat, and was introduced as Mrs. McGraw. Mrs. McGraw was dressed in the height of prevailing fashion, and reported, in response to the inquiries of my companions, that "business had been bad that day, even for blue Monday," and that she had only taken in one hundred dollars since noon.

"That's the Egyptian palmist," explained Miss McCook as Mrs. McGraw moved away, "and that is her place we passed, where you saw all the mother-of-pearl furniture, and the Hindoos in native dress. She's making money hand over fist."

"But she's not an Egyptian, is she?"

"Dear heart, no!" and they all laughed. "Of course, she's not an Egyptian. She's too clever. She was born in Alabama, and she's never seen Egypt. She's only been in the business two years, since her husband got hurt, and she was left with two little children to support. But she'll tell you all about it herself when we stop in to see her on our way back."

It was, therefore, with a great deal of interest, not to say curiosity, that a little later I followed my comrades into the sorceress's pretty Hindoo temple, before which a dusky Hindoo, in scarlet dress and yellow sash, was stationed in solemn pomp.

The "Egyptian sorceress" entertained us much as any other lady might entertain a party of women friends, showing us the photographs of her babies in Alabama with their grandmother, and of her invalid husband in a Colorado sanitarium.

"Somebody is going to make money out of the palmistry business, and why shouldn't I be that person?" she answered in her even, low voice when I asked her about her work. "I said to myself, 'I'll go into this as a serious business, and I'll go into it the right sort of way. I'll be the executive and I'll hire experienced people to do the rest.' I started with only three hundred dollars, and I've got five thousand dollars worth of fittings alone now. I don't know anything else I could have taken up that I'd have been able to get along so well at. I'm able to pay my people good wages, too, which I couldn't have done if I'd taken up dressmaking or anything else I'd have to employ girls in. I start them in at eight dollars a week and I raise them as high as fifteen dollars when they prove to be quick and clever at reading character.

Sentiment, romance, engagements, weddings? Now I know that in story books such are the natural, the inevitable result of seaside acquaintance and strolls on the beach. But in none of these cases were the sentiment and romance strong enough to interfere with the careers which these Southern girls had planned for themselves in the great city up the bay, and into which they entered when Labor Day at last brought an end to our work at Coney Island.

Even a business life at Coney Island has its alleviations.

Mutshuhito is the first constitutional Emperor of Japan and the one hundred and twenty-second sovereign in direct line from Jimmu, founder of the dynasty in 660 B. C. His reign since 1867 covers the entire evolution of modern Japan.

THE CASE FOR JAPAN

By D. W. STEVENS
Counsellor to his Imperial Japanese Majesty's Legation

The following article is printed under direct authority of the Japanese minister, Hon. Kogoro Takahira, and may be accepted as entirely representative of the Japanese view of the situation.

I TRUST that a word of personal explanation may not be thought out of place by way of preface to what I have to say about the causes which have led to war between Japan and Russia. My opinion may be considered that of a partisan because of my connection with the Japanese Government, and in a certain sense that is true. But I think it is possible to show, even in a brief state-

The Empress of Japan, born in 1850, gave her first audience to foreign ladies in 1873. Throughout her career she has been a leader in movements for the improvement and education of Japanese women, and is the patroness of many charitable institutions.

ment of the case such as this must necessarily be, that the belief of Japan's friends in the justice of her cause rests upon firm foundations.

Predictions of war between Japan and Russia have been of constant occurrence during the past few years, and the consensus of intelligent opinion concerning Eastern affairs has been that such a struggle could not long be averted. There has also been substantial agreement regarding the most probable cause for war, namely, the development of Russian policy in the Far East, as shown by what has been done in Manchuria, and the likelihood, almost certainly, that Corea would in time be brought within its sphere of operation. Many unbiased observers, familiar with the situation, have expressed the belief that a point would be reached in the advance of Russia toward complete control of North Asia when Japan must endeavor to interpose a check, or thereafter be obliged to play only a trivial part in Eastern affairs, or even, at last, to face a struggle for national existence.

Gen. Kouropatkin, Minister of War since 1898. He has served through the Turkish war and in numerous Asiatic campaigns. At present he is in active command of the Russian forces in Manchuria. Among his many decorations is the Order of the Rising Sun of Japan.

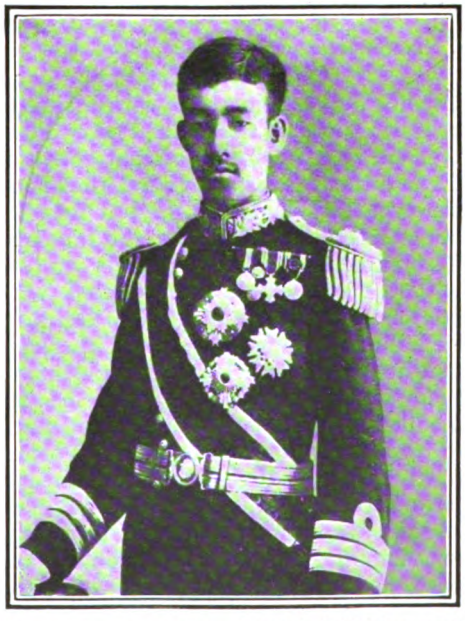
Vice-Admiral Yamamoto, for three years past Chief of the Navy Department, has the reputation of being a highly accomplished officer. The astonishing efficiency of the Japanese navy stands largely to the credit of his bureau in Tokio.

There are, of course, two standpoints from which Russia's motives and actions in the Far East may be judged. Her friends would have us believe that her mission is a beneficent one, and that it will inure to the advantage of all nations having interests in that part of the world. She has constructed railways through fertile regions, hitherto inaccessible; built fine towns, mills and factories where before nothing of the kind existed, and established orderly government where formerly misrule prevailed. In doing these things she has made enormous expenditures, thereby creating important interests which she has now a valid right to protect. Considering the methods by which Russia gained a hold on Manchuria and the means she has taken to strengthen and perpetuate it; considering also, the ulterior object her actions have plainly shown she has all the time had in view, this argument, let me say with all due respect, puts the cart before the horse. It is the same as if, having obtained your permission to erect a building on your land for our joint use and benefit, and having built a far more elaborate structure than was originally planned, I claimed exclusive ownership and control, not only of the building and the land on which it stood, but also of your adjoining property, because I had spent a great deal of money in the enterprise and had succeeded in constructing a very fine building indeed. The justice of such a claim, as between individuals, could hardly be admitted, and yet it differs in no degree

in principle from the claim set up on Russia's behalf in the extension of railway enterprises in Manchuria. The nature and extent of China's original agreement to the introduction of Russian railways in Chinese territory ; the indirect methods by which the scope of that agreement has been extended far beyond its avowed purpose, and, finally, the thinly disguised pretension to ownership where only tenancy was intended, are all disregarded by those who admire or apologize for Russia. There would be good reason for admiration, and none for apology, if Russia's course in developing the resources of Manchuria had been prompted by enlightened self-interest ; primarily, of course, to promote her own commercial and industrial interests, but in no respect to interfere with the development of the rightful interests of others. This is the broad and statesmanlike policy which her Government and her friends insist she has been pursuing. What possible object, they ask, could Russia have had in building such an expensive railway system and then restricting the growth of foreign commerce in Manchuria ? How could she hope to secure anything like an adequate return from her vast outlay by following such a course ? These questions sound plausible, but it is to actions, not words, we must look for the answer. Viewing the matter from this standpoint, there can be no doubt as to the nature of that answer. Since the Russian occupancy of Manchuria no method appears to have been left untried, whether by fair competition or otherwise, to establish a Russian monopoly of all commercial and industrial interests. That seems a strong assertion, but there is abundant proof of its correctness, not least of all in the experience of American merchants. The action of Russia, or of her agents, in this regard was a palpable violation of the principles of the " open door," to the maintenance of which she was pledged, and, if persisted in, would in time have practically closed to other nations one of the richest fields as yet undeveloped for the exploitation of their commerce and industries.

Although this condition of affairs

Sada, Crown Princess of Japan, born in 1884, educated at the School of Peeresses, was married to the Crown Prince at the age of 16. She is the mother of the little princes Michi and Atsu.



Haru, educated at the School of Nobles, and proclaimed by his father's choice Crown Prince of Japan in 1899, is the son of the Emperor by one of his wives. He is a man of advanced ideas but delicate health.

The Czarina, formerly Princess Alexandra Alix, daughter of the Archduke of Hesse, married the Czar in 1894. They have four children, all daughters.

affected Japan's interests as injuriously as it did those of the other Treaty Powers, she took no action on that account. Even after it became evident that Russia regarded Manchuria as a field for her exclusive exploitation, the Japanese Government waited patiently to see what course would be adopted with reference to the withdrawal of the Russian forces brought there for the suppression of disturbances incident to the Boxer episode. It will be remembered that after the withdrawal of the troops of the other Powers from Peking, Russia still retained a large force in Manchuria and gave no definite assurance when it would be withdrawn. It was this action on her part, as much as anything else, that gave especial significance to the correspondence between the Powers relative to the "open door." The prominence thus given to the principle that all the powers were entitled under their treaties to equal rights and equal opportunities in China, and that the alienation of any portion of the latter's territories by one of them would be subversive of the rights of the others, was doubtless one of the strongest influences leading Russia to make a treaty with China whereby she bound herself to withdraw her troops from Manchuria at successive dates terminating in October last. It should not be forgotten that by the terms of this treaty she retained the right to keep in Manchuria a force large enough to protect the railway, and powers in every other way amply sufficient to conserve her interests. All she bound herself to do was to withdraw the troops brought to suppress the Boxer troubles; in a word to relinquish military control of the provinces.

But as the date for the first partial evacuation in last April approached it became apparent that, notwithstanding the unconditional nature of her promise, Russia did not intend to keep it unless China would agree to new conditions. Negotiations were set on foot at Peking by her diplomatic agents and, although an effort was made to keep the matter secret, the purport of the new Russian proposals soon became known. They were nominally intended to safeguard Russia's interests in Manchuria; in reality they gave the provinces and all their resources over to Russian control. They were in palpable violation of the principle of the open door and were clearly a preliminary to formal absorption and final extinction of the last vestige of Chinese sovereignty. China did not accept the new proposals, however, nor did Russia fulfil her promise to withdraw the first detachments of her troops in April.

At this point Japan intervened. She had watched these proceedings with the keenest interest, for they meant more to her than the loss of the markets of Manchuria and the advantages her people might reasonably be expected to gain from the maintenance of the principle of the open door. Her chief concern was regarding Corea. Lying hardly farther than a cannon shot from her nearest shore, Corea has always been intimately associated with her

national policy. Strategically the Corean Empire is of the utmost importance to her protection; from a commercial and economic standpoint the opportunities and advantages it offers to her people are of incalculable value.

Therefore Japan could not but note with deep concern the development of Russian policy regarding Manchuria, for the triumph of that policy, her government and people felt convinced, meant an attempt to bring Corea, also, within the sphere of Russian domination. Indeed it has been evident for several years that such an attempt is already on foot, and that Russian agents in Corea have been neglecting no opportunity to gain a foothold there as a point of vantage from which to repeat what has been done in Manchuria.

Having these considerations in mind, the Japanese Government opened negotiations with the government of Russia last summer, in the hope of obtaining a conventional agreement that would definitely determine the interests and duties of both parties. In doing this Japan was acting clearly within her rights, without a thought of special concessions to herself except in so far as the dictates of self-protection made them necessary, and certainly with no idea of making a bargain with Russia at the expense of China or Corea, or of any of the Powers having interests in those countries. One of the fundamental proposals suggested by her was that Russia and she should mutually agree to "respect the independence and territorial integrity of China and Corea," and another that they should bind themselves "to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in those countries." Japan offered to recognize the validity of the interests acquired by Russia in Manchuria in the way of railway enterprises and Russia's right to protect them, subject to a due regard for China's independence and territorial integrity. In turn, she asked from Russia recognition of her own preponderating interests in Corea and of her right to conserve them without infringing upon the independence or the territorial integrity of Corea. To these reasonable representations Russia's replies were practical negations. The most that she would do was to promise to offer not to impede Japan in the enjoyment of rights and privileges acquired under existing treaties with China, provided that Japan would recognize the province and its littoral as without her sphere of interest, and provided, further, that Japan would consent to the establishment of a neutral zone in Corea comprising all territory north of the thirty-ninth parallel, a condition which Japan would have stultified herself by accepting.

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Hon. Kogoro Takahira is at present Japanese Minister to the United States. He was secretary of legation in Washington in 1881, and has held diplomatic posts in China, Corea, Austria, Italy and Holland.

A noticeable feature of the negotiations was the delay in each of Russia's replies and counter-proposals. Whether due to some ulterior motive or to the discussions which are said to have occurred in the inner circle of the Russian Government between the peace and war parties, is now of no consequence. It

is sufficient to say that after each protracted delay the reply that followed was no more acceptable than its predecessors. At last it could be no longer doubted that Russia did not intend to agree to an equitable settlement of the questions at issue, and consequently nothing remained but to break off negotiations that had proved completely futile. When finally it was plain that there was but one choice, war or irreparable injury to vital national interests, the Government of Japan did not hesitate. I believe the result will prove that it accepted the alternative of war with a full realization of the gravity of the step and with firm determination not only to uphold Japan's rights, but also to maintain the place Japan has striven to gain in the estimation of the world.

That place has been gained by the progress of her people along the lines of Western civilization and by the endeavor of her Government to shape the national policy in accordance with the principles recognized by Western nations. Even at the outset of the struggle, however, the prophecy may be heard that if Japan is victorious she will gain a predominant influence in the affairs of the Far East and will use it to the injury of American and European interests. It is argued that race affiliations with China and Corea will be cemented, and that the Western World will have to face the "Yellow Peril" in an acute and dangerous form. This belief betrays ignorance of Japan's past and present policy, as well as of her actual relations with her neighbors and their most probable development. Japan's past policy was shown by the conclusion of the commercial treaty with China at the close of the war of 1894, whereby the field for the development of commerce in that Empire was opened to the whole world. She entered into the present struggle primarily for self-protection; after that for the maintenance of the principle of "equal opportunity for all nations" in China and Corea. No one pretends in her behalf that she is acting for others, but this fact remains that her success means the triumph of a cause in which other nations are as vitally interested as herself.

Count Lamsdorff Russia's Minister of Foreign Affairs since 1900, has spent his entire career in the Russian Foreign Office. He is a chevalier of every Russian Order with a single exception, and is regarded as a diplomat of the greatest finesse.

Baron Komura, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, received his education at the Boston Law School in 1872-5. He has been Minister to the United States, to Corea, to Russia and to China, where he conducted the intricate negotiations following the Boxer uprising.

THE NUPTIALS OF SCOTTY WILLIAMS

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

"SEE that ranch down there?" queried 'Frisco, pointing with his pipe stem to a cluster of white buildings in a setting of dark green, miles away down the valley.

I nodded.

We were far up on the side of the mountain, and in the clear Colorado sunshine every detail of the view stood out with vivid distinctness.

"That's Scotty Williams' place. Never told you how I helped Scotty to get married, did I?"

The idea of 'Frisco in the rôle of matchmaker was so irresistibly comic that I grinned.

"Fact," said he. "If it hadn't been for me Scotty 'd still be roaming over the earth, foot-loose and gladsome, instead of being a respectable member of society with a pretty wife and two kids.

"It was like this: I was punching steers for the Three X outfit up at the headwaters of Bear River when Scotty drifted in from New Mexico. Our range lay for ten miles along the valley, pretty as a picture. The foreman's name was Kennedy. He was a little man with lots of ginger and no sense of humor. Knew his business all right, but was apt to rear up on his hind legs and scatter death and desolation broadcast when anybody rubbed his fur the wrong way. Had a most uncertain temper and a lightning-like way of pulling a gun.

"Kennedy's daughter kept house for him, he being a widower, and they had a place all to themselves about half a mile from the ranch house. Nita—that was the girl's name—was nearly eighteen then, and just about as pretty and modest as any female that ever walked in shoes. Must have been pretty lonesome for her, not another woman within a hundred miles, and her daddy not being what you'd call a genial and cheerful companion, and only a lot of rough and reckless cow-punchers to meet day after day, but she never let on but what she liked it, always having a smile and a pleasant word for the boys, all of them, of course, being ready to lay down and let her walk on them if she cared to—which she didn't.

"I reckon we were all in love with her—I know I was, good and plenty—but we had to let our passion gnaw in secret, for her daddy didn't have no notion of letting her marry a cow-puncher—not one. Every new man that joined the outfit Kennedy 'd lead one side, serious and confidential, and impress on his mind that there wasn't any love-making included in the contract. Very convincing his arguments were, too, and none of them ever had to have their memory freshened up on that point. Not but what any of them, including me, would have taken chances in a gun-play with the old man if there'd been any encouragement from the girl—which there wasn't.

"When Scotty blew along the old man omitted his usual heart-to-heart talk, not sizing Scotty up for a gay Lothario—he being so calamitously homely that it looked like a woman would go into hiding at sight of him. Right there was where the old man showed his ignorance of female human nature.

"Scotty was all feet, hands and freckles to look at, but his moral qualities stuck out so insistent that when you got to know him his lack of beauty didn't seem so glaring. He was sure white all through, was Scotty, if he

wasn't no chromo, and when I see he was fixing his young and tender affections on Nita I felt plumb sorry for him. The rest of us had had the fever in various stages and was convalescent, except Jacko, who was cook for the outfit, and he didn't count. Jacko was a first rate cook, but he had to get somebody to do his thinking—he having the non compos mentis bad.

"As I said, the rest of us was able to set up and take our liquor regular, but it looked like Scotty was just going to pine away untimely. He sure was going the limit. One night I comes into the bunk house and finds him sitting on the edge of his bunk and sighing pretty frequent.

"'Toothache?' I asked him, thinking to arouse him from his melancholy with gay and festive conversation, but he only looks at me sort of reproachful and sighs some more. Then I says, 'Look a-here, my love-lorn swain, this is getting to be too much like a funeral round here. It's sure a whole lot wearing on the nerves to witness your continual grief. If you'll just say the word I'll get the drop on the old man and hold him up while you talk with him quiet and peaceable. It ain't no ways likely he'll say 'bless you, my children,' I says, 'but if you get it over and know the worst, maybe you'll begin to feel better.'

"'No use,' says Scotty, 'it ain't the old man I'm afraid of—it's the girl.'

"Then I begins to see daylight and goes out and sets on a stump and does a lot of thinking. The next day I hangs around and watches the old man till he rides off to the range, and then I lopes over to see Nita. I was sure rattled, not knowing what to say or how to say it, but after I'd made a few leads she began to see what the game was. Then I had the surprise of my life. When she grasps the fact that Scotty is just fading away gradual for love of her she begins to look sorry and thoughtful, and pretty soon she begins to cry. I wants to kick myself then, hard, but she puts her hand on my arm and says: 'Frisco, you've been awful good to me, and I trusts you a whole lot. I know you wouldn't be saying this to me if Scotty wasn't straight, and if he's got anything to say to me I'll listen.' Then she drops down sudden on her knees by a chair with her head on her arms and cries out 'Mother—Mother, I want you. Why did you leave your little girl?' and I sneaks out the door on tiptoe with a lump in my throat that I has to poke down with my finger to keep from choking, and my eyes smarting like they was full of pepper.

"Then I hunts up Scotty and takes that infant out back of the corral and talks to him mighty serious and confidential. 'It's your play,' I says, 'to go tell Nita you love her, and ask her to marry you. I don't know whether she will or not. If she won't, it's up to you to take your grief-stricken countenance back to New Mexico sudden and simultaneous. If she will, you want to thank the Lord every night and morning for giving you one of the best women He ever made, and if you don't treat her a little better than any woman's got a right to expect I'll shoot you so full of holes that you'll look like a milk strainer.'

"Then Scotty takes off his hat, looking mighty solemn, and grips my hand and says, 'So help me God, I always will.'

"After that Scotty lopes over to see his lady love and learn his fate. In about an hour he comes back, walking on air and effervescing joyfulness like a geyser, and shakes my hand till it aches. 'She's promised to marry me,' he says, swallowing hard and trying to keep both feet on the ground. Then we begins to study how to cut Nita out of the herd without stampeding the whole outfit, for we knows when the old man should find out what was in the wind it was going to be real tempestuous round there for quite a spell.

"My idea was for the three of us to pull out on horseback some morning as soon as the old man had started for the range, and get to town and have the knot tied before he found out what's up. We'd have four or five hours start, and with hard riding, barring accident, I reckoned we'd strike town by midnight. But right there was where

Scotty's moral scruples cropped out strong, and he bucked good and hard. 'I don't play no horse thief game like that,' he says, 'I'm going to marry Nita in her own home, decent and respectable, with her daddy for chief mourner.'

"'Keno,' I says. 'It's your deal—but it's a good gamble that Nita's a widow before she's a bride if the old man gets his gun out first.'

"'I'm not worrying none,' says Scotty.

"Well, we figures it out after a while, and I ties my face up in a handkerchief and asks the old man for three days off to get a tooth pulled. Then I lopes over to town, cuts a minister out of the herd and heads him for the Three X outfit on the run. Coming back I sort of prepares his mind for trouble, and I must say for a parson he had sand. 'So long as the girl is free and willing,' he says, 'I'll do my duty.'

"We strikes the ranch along about dark, and when I've located the minister in the bunk house Scotty sends Jacko over to tell the old man he's wanted at the corral. Then Scotty and I goes to meet him and break the news to him gentle.

"When the old man comes round the corner of the corral I pokes the muzzle of my six-shooter under his nose and requests him quiet and polite to elevate his hands—which he does, sudden. Then Scotty relieves him of his gun to prevent accidents, and begins to speak his little piece.

"When the old man comes to a realizing sense of what Scotty's trying to tell him, his language is something awful. I've heard mule drivers before now that had a wonderful grasp of profanity, but the old man's remarks on that occasion laid a little over anything I've ever heard before or since. I was mighty glad the parson couldn't hear him.

"At last, seeing we are likely to stay there all night if the old man don't lose his breath, I winks to Scotty in the dark and says, sorter casual and careless: 'You take the minister over to the house and me and Mr. Kennedy'll saunter along presently and join in the festivities.'

"When I reckoned Scotty'd had time enough to get pretty near there I puts up my gun and proposes to the old man that we start along too. First off, he allows he isn't going, but after I've reasoned with him for quite a spell, gentle and earnest, he begins to see the error of his ways, and after a while he goes along quiet and peaceful, spitting out broken teeth and talking—still talking.

"When we got to the house there was Nita and Scotty waiting for us, and the minister with his prayer book open ready to conduct the obsequies. The boys are all there, too, trying to look careless and happy, and I escorts the old man to his corner and stands back of him, where I can remind him to make the responses at the proper time. When the minister gets to 'Who gives this woman?' the old man swallows hard, but I nudges him in the spinal column with the muzzle of my gun and he speaks up and says, 'I do,' real brisk and cheerful.

"When the parson gets the diamond hitch made good and solid, Scotty steps up to his father-in-law and sticks out his hand and says: 'Mr. Kennedy, I'm sorry we had to take you by surprise this way, but I'll sure try mighty hard to make Nita a good husband, and I'm hoping you won't hold any hard feelings against us.' I nudges the old man in the back again and he shakes hands with Scotty quite hearty and spontaneous. Then Nita kisses him and asks him to forgive her, and cries a little and kisses me, and I puts up my gun and shakes hands with Scotty and wishes them both joy. Then I hands the minister a bag of dust, and he and Nita and Scotty starts for town on horseback, the boys howling like Piutes and firing off their six-shooters joyful and promiscuous, all except Jacko, who sits on the steps crying because Nita's going away.

"Of course, I expects to part company with the Three X outfit sudden and permanent, but when I saunters up to the old man the next morning and asks for my money, he only looks at me mighty glum for a minute or two, then tells me not to try to be a bigger

fool than I am naturally, and sends me down to No. 2 to brand some calves. He sure did look funny, though, with all his front teeth gone."

'Frisco shook the ashes out of his pipe and proceeded gravely to refill it.

"Did Kennedy ever become reconciled to his son-in-law?" I asked.

"That just goes to show what a queer thing human nature is," he answered. "He swears that Scotty is the smartest, best-looking and honestest man in the State, and plumb worships them two kids."

HOW AMERICANS AMUSE THEMSELVES.

ONE of the commonplaces of travel in Europe is to observe how "the common people" seem to enjoy themselves. As the shop and office close their doors, the holiday spirit seems automatically set free. To Americans, as a people, this carefree spirit is denied. Our forefathers have taught us that work is our greatest blessing. Doubtless it is, or ought to be, but a life of accomplishment, even industrious, energetic and virtuous, is not complete without the capacity for enjoyment. Admirable as is such material for an epitaph, it is less serviceable in other ways.

It is a matter of comment that successful Americans find their amusement in being successful. The years which the late William C. Whitney devoted to the intelligent pursuit of pleasure marked him as far more unique among Americans than the positive achievements of his arduous life. One trouble with us as a people is that instead of a more equitable division, we allot all the pleasure to a very few and all the work to a great many. We shall as soon see Russell Sage spending a morning hour at croquet as the young millionaire of Newport contributing to the stock of human usefulness. When you make a business of pleasure, a business it becomes with a vengeance. It is only by adding pleasure to your business that you learn to live.

Mr. Ford's article in this number seems to us very much to the point.

WORK AS A CURE-ALL.

"Work, and you will succeed." We hear the familiar phrase dinned into our ears with ceaseless repetition. Each graduating class is glibly told: "Young men, be earnest, be industrious, and you must succeed." (Succeeding, of course, being the polished synonym for making money.) Whereas, the truth is, if you want to keep from failure, you must be honest and industrious, but if you want to succeed you had better be intelligent, too. But full of the idea so carefully learned, the young man comes to Chicago or New York full of confidence that work is the one great essential. Be busy if you can; if you cannot, seem to be busy and you will get on.

I know of a young man who came to New York full of the proud ambition to work himself to success in a lawyer's office. After a year or so, black circles came under his eyes, and he began to look interesting. But he never lost heart, until at six o'clock the other day his employer stopped at his desk on his way out.

"Young man," he said, "you look ill."

At length the youth's ambition was coming true. He was to be told that the limit of toil was reached, to take a long vacation on full pay, and to save his precious life for better things.

"Yes," continued his employer, patting him on the shoulder, "you must not—smoke so much. Cut it out, and you will be fit as a fiddle and well up to your work."

THE USEFULNESS OF THE OLD.

America is the young man's country, we are told, because so many of the conspicuous figures amongst us are young men. The thing is said conventionally, as if there were some moral virtue in being young; as if, too, the greatest tragedy in American history was not the death some forty years ago of half a million men in the prime of life, which deprived our generation of its wisest counsellors. Experience is the only school which gives a degree honored of all men, and a man of three-score, with the vigor of life still in him, should be the most useful citizen of a community.

The awful catastrophe at Baltimore furnished a splendid instance. The conflagration had been raging for twelve hours. Chief Horton, of the Fire Department, had been disabled by a live wire. The fighters were without a head. Then William C. McAfee, veteran fire chief, retired for age and accounted an old man, offered his services to the Mayor. They were accepted. Donning his oilskins and grabbing his trumpet the old chief went into action. At once the men knew they had a leader. They needed one. The fire was roaring down to the river bank where were some great rosin works filled with turpentine. And as they went so must go East Baltimore.

"There will be h—l to pay if the fire gets into that rosin," yelled McAfee through his trumpet. "If enough of you men will follow me, we'll go in there and dump the whole outfit into the bay."

They followed the leader and they saved East Baltimore.

THE "SOVEREIGN" PEOPLE.

To the rational American, the convulsions of our Presidential years are a grim kind of parody upon democratic institutions. Every four years we go through a period of anxiety which strains business almost to the breaking point, and when it is over we go home from the polls with the discomforting realization that all each of us has accomplished is to utter his faint Amen to the decision of a few score politicians. How many of the five million Democrats who afterwards voted for Mr. Bryan knew even his name in advance of the Chicago Convention of '96? How many of the Republicans of the second State in the Union will select a candidate who has not received the official O. K. of Senator Quay and the Pennsylvania Railroad. All our discussions, all our reading of newspapers, all our cheering of the nightly spell-binder (with eloquence quoted at $20 a week and expenses) lead simply to our sneezing when our masters take their snuff. If ever there was a melancholy paradox, it is the "sovereign voter" of the U. S. A.

There has recently been republished in this country a little book of letters purporting to have been written by a Chinaman to an Anglo-Saxon, dealing with our Western Civilization as the Oriental sees it. We suspect that the writer is really an Englishman, but none the less what he says is illuminating in the extreme. We quote a passage which bears directly on our subject.

"Our own plan in China of selecting our rulers by competitive examination is regarded by you with a contempt not altogether undeserved. Yet you adopt it yourselves in the choice of your subordinate officials; and it has at least the merit of embodying the rational idea that the highest places in the Government should be open to all, rich or poor, who have given proof of ability and talent, and that they should be open to no others. Compared to the method of election it appears to me to reason itself. For what does election mean? You say that it means representation of the people; but do you not know in your hearts that it means, and can mean, nothing of the kind? What is really represented is interests? And in what are Interests interested? Your reply, I suspect, will be, "In public abuses!" Landlords, brewers, railway directors—is it not these that really rule you? And must it not be so while your society is constituted as it is? There is, I am aware, a party which hopes to bring to bear against these the brute and overwhelming force of the Mass. But such a remedy, even if it were practicable, does not commend itself to my judgment; for the Mass in your society is itself an Interest. When problems of such vast importance have developed upon, and must be assumed by a Government, I cannot but think that some better means might have been devised for interesting in their solution the best talent of the nation. I am confirmed in this view by the reflection that I have met in

your Universities and elsewhere men who have profoundly studied the questions your Legislature is expected to determine, whose intelligence is clear, whose judgment unbiased, whose enthusiasm disinterested and pure, but who can never hope for a chance of putting their wisdom to practical effect, because their temperament, their training, and their habit of life, have unfitted them for the ordeal of popular election."

This is the profoundest practical problem on this earth. Is there a solution?

THE NEWEST SAINT.

At length, after five centuries and more of waiting, it seems that Joan of Arc is to be admitted by the Roman Catholic Church into the blessed company of Saints. Surely if ever on earth there was a beautiful story, it is the story of the Maid of Orleans, and the Devil's Advocate whose duty it is to guard the gates of Sainthood against unworthy intruders, has never had a more ungracious task than in her case. Those who have pleaded her cause long ago persuaded the judges that Joan was gifted with the virtues of faith, hope and charity. Now they have broken through the second barrier by proving her possessed of other cardinal virtues;—of temperance, fortitude, prudence and of justice. The only obstacle which remains is to make it plain that she worked miracles. Surely to be perfectly faithful, hopeful and charitable, to be temperate, brave, prudent and just—that is to work miracles. What greater wonder can man or woman perform?

This is the first time that the Church beatifies a person once held a heretic by her solemn inquisition. The deeper her disgrace the greater honor now to the Maid of Orleans.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By ANNIE PAYSON CALL
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

III. HOW TO SLEEP RESTFULLY

WHEN we are not necessarily overtired but perhaps only a little tired from the day's work, it is not uncommon to be kept awake by a flapping curtain or a swinging door, by unusual noises in the streets, or by people talking. How often we hear it said, "it did seem hard when I went to bed tired last night that I should have been kept awake by a noise like that—and now this morning I am more tired than when I went to bed."

The head nurse in a large hospital said once in distress. "I wish the nurses could be taught to step lightly over my head, so that they would not keep me awake at night." It would have been a surprise to her if she had been told that her head could be taught to yield to the steps of the nurses, so that their walking would not keep her awake.

It is resistance that keeps us awake in all such cases. The curtain flaps, and we resist it; the door swings to over and over again, and we resist it, and keep ourselves awake by wondering why it does not stop; we hear noises in the street that we are unused to, especially if we are accustomed to sleeping in the stillness of the country, and we toss and turn and wish we were in a quiet place. All the trouble comes from our own resistance to the noise, and resistance is nothing but unwillingness to submit to our conditions.

If we are willing that the curtain should go on flapping, the door go on slamming, or the noise in the street continue steadily on, our brains yield to the conditions and so sleep naturally, because the noise goes through us, so to speak, and does not run hard against our unwillingness to hear it.

There are three facts which may help to remove the resistance which naturally arises at any unusual sound when we are tired and want to get rest.

One is that in almost every sound there is a certain rhythm. If we yield to the sound enough to become sensitive to its rhythm, that, in itself, is soothing, and what before was keeping us awake now *helps us to go to sleep*. This pleasant effect of finding the rhythm in sound is especially helpful if one is inclined to lie awake while travel-

ing in sleeping cars. The rhythm of sound and motion in sleeping cars and steamers is, in itself, soothing. If you have the habit of feeling as if you could never get refreshing sleep in a sleeping car, first be sure that you have as much fresh air as possible, and then make up your mind that you will spend the whole night, if necessary, in noticing the rhythm of the motion and sound of the cars. If you keep your mind steadily on it, you will probably be asleep in less than an hour, and, when the car stops, you will wake only enough to settle comfortably into the sense of motion when it starts again. It is pleasant to notice the gentleness with which a good engineer starts his train at night. Of course there is a difference in engineers, and some are much more gentle in starting their engines than others, but the delicacy with which the engine is started by the most expert is delightful to feel, and gives us many a lesson on the use of gentle beginnings, with other things besides locomotive engines, and especially in our dealings with each other.

The second fact with regard to yielding, instead of resisting, in order to get to sleep is that listening alone, apart from rhythm, tends to make one sleepy, and this leads us at once to the third fact, that getting to sleep is nothing but a healthy form of concentration.

If true concentration is dropping everything that interferes with fixing our attention upon some wholesome object, it means merely bringing the brain into a normal state which induces sleep when sleep is needed. First we drop everything that interferes with the one simple subject, and then we drop that, and are unconscious.

Of course it may take some time to make ourselves willing to submit to an unusual noise if we have the habit of feeling that we must necessarily be disturbed by it, and, if we can stop the noise, it is better to stop it than to give ourselves unnecessary tasks in non-resistance.

Then again, if we are overtired, our brains are sometimes so sensitive that the effect of any noise is like that of being struck in a sore spot, and then it is much more difficult to bear it, and we can only make the suffering a little less by yielding and being willing that it should go on. I cannot go to sleep while some one is knocking my lame arm, nor can I go to sleep while a noise is hitting my tired brain; but in such cases we can give up expecting to go to sleep, and get a great deal of rest by using our wills steadily not to resist; and sometimes, even then, sleep will come upon us unexpectedly.

With regard to the use of the will, perhaps the most dangerous pitfall to be avoided is the use of drugs. It is not too much to say that they never should be used at all for cases of pure sleeplessness, for with time their power to bring sleep gradually becomes exhausted, and then the patient finds himself worse off than before, for the reactionary effect of the drugs leaves him with exhausted nerves and a weakened will. All the strengthening, moral effect which can be gained from overcoming sleeplessness in wholesome ways is lost by a recourse to drugs, and character is weakened instead of strengthened.

When one has been in the habit of sleeping in the city, where the noise of the street is incessant, a change to the perfect silence of the country will often keep sleep off quite as persistently as noise. So with a man who has been in the habit of sleeping under other abnormal conditions, the change to normal conditions will sometimes keep him awake until he has adjusted himself to them, and it is not uncommon for people to be so abnormal that they resist rhythm itself, such as is heard in the rolling of the sea, or the rushing of a river.

The re-adjustment from abnormal to normal conditions of sleeping may be made surely if we set about it with a will, for we have all nature on our side. Silence is orderly for the night's rest, and rhythm only emphasizes and enhances the silence, when it is the rhythm of nature.

The habit of resistance cannot be changed in a single day—it must take time; but if the meaning, the help, and the normal power of non-resistance is clearly understood, and the effort to gain it is persistent, not only the power to sleep, but a new sense of freedom may be acquired which is quite beyond the conception of those who are in the daily habit of resistance.

When we lie down at night and become conscious that our arms and our legs and our whole bodies are resting heavily upon the bed, we are letting go all the resistance which has been left stored in our muscles from the activities of the day.

A cat, when she lies down, lets go all resistance at once, because she moves with the least possible effort, but there are very few men who do that, and so men go to their rest with more or less resistance stored in their

bodies, and they must go through a conscious process of dropping it before they can settle to sleep as a normal child does, without having to think about how it is done. The conscious process, however, brings a quiet, conscious joy in the rest, which opens the mind to soothing influences, and brings a more profound refreshment than is given even to the child—and with the refreshment new power for work.

One word more about outside disturbances before we turn to those interior ones, which are by far the most common preventatives of refreshing sleep. The reader will say: "How can I be willing that the noise should go on when I am not willing?" The answer is, "If you can see clearly that, if you were willing, the noises would not interfere with your sleep, then you can find the ability within you to make yourself willing."

It is wonderful to realize the power we gain by compelling and controlling our desires or aversions through the intelligent use of the will, and it is easier to compel ourselves to do right against temptation than to force ourselves to do wrong against a true conviction. Indeed it is most difficult, if not impossible, to force ourselves to do wrong against a strong sense of right. Behind all our desires, aversions and inclinations each one of us possesses a capacity for a higher will, the exercise of which, on the side of order and righteousness, brings into being the greatest power in human life. The power of character is always in harmony with the laws of truth and order, and, although we must sometimes make a great effort of the will to do right against our inclinations, the ease of such effort increases as the power of character increases, and strength of will grows steadily by use, because it receives its life from the eternal will and is finding its way to harmony with that.

It is the lower, selfish will that often keeps us awake by causing interior disturbances.

An actor may have a difficult part to play, and feel that a great deal depends upon his success. He stays awake with anxiety, and this anxiety is nothing but resistance to the possibility of failure. The first thing for him to do is to teach himself to be willing to fail. If he becomes willing to fail, then all his anxiety will go, and he will be able to sleep and get the rest and new life which he needs in order to play the part well. If he is willing to fail, then all the nervous force which before was being wasted in anxiety is set free for use in the exercise of his art.

Looking forward to what is going to happen on the next day, or within a few days, may cause so much anxiety as to keep us awake; but if we have a good, clear sense of the futility of resistance, whether our expected success or failure depends on ourselves or on others, we can compel ourselves to a quiet willingness which will make our brains quiet and receptive to restful sleep, and so enable us to wake with new power for whatever task or pleasure may lie before us.

Of course, we are often kept awake by the sense of having done wrong. In such cases the first thing to do is to make a free acknowledgment to ourselves of the wrong we have done, and then to make up our minds to do the right thing at once. That, if the wrong done is not too serious, will put us to sleep; and, if the next day we go about our work remembering the lesson we have learned, we probably will have little trouble in sleeping.

If Macbeth had had the truth and courage and tell Lady Macbeth that both he and she were wicked plotters and murderers, and that he intended, for his part, to stop being a scoundrel, and if he had persisted in carrying out his good intentions, he would never have "murdered sleep."

The next article will be on further resistances and how to avoid them.

HIS COMING

Although I have no strength to bear
The joy his coming brings to me,
Although I dread and fear the pain
I know this love will be,
I still should welcome, if it came,
Death, so to love allied,
And thank the gracious God that sent
This sword to pierce my side!

ALICE CORBIN

MARGINALIA

THE FATE OF THE BALLOONIST DOG

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER

"THE man who thinks wild animals can't reason because they haven't had a college education is likely in the end to acquire sudden and expensive experience," observed the old guide pensively. "An old wolf may not understand all the principles of chemistry, but he has a knowledge of the world that amounts to the same thing. It was an undue contempt for the intelligence of wild creatures that plucked the laurels from the brow of Bitters, old Jedekiah Williams' famous hunting dog.

"The wolves have been pretty well cleaned out of the North Woods now. A few years ago they were more abundant and considerable of a nuisance. The State paid a bounty, the fur sold for a fair price and Jedekiah was making good money at the wolf hunting game. He used to track the wolves with dogs and then when the wolf was cornered shoot it. But there was one part of the business he looked on with growing distaste, and that was the fact that Jedekiah Williams had to do considerable trudging through the woods to capture each wolf.

"'Dogs being the natural enemies of wolves,' Jedekiah said thoughtfully to me one day, 'it seems as if there ought to be some way in which they could be taught to kill the wolves and bring the bodies back home. In that way the time I spend blithely chasing over hills and dales after big gray wolves might be devoted to the advancement of the human race, or at any rate to the comfort of Jedekiah Williams. And there would be good money in it for me,' he added pensively.

"'You have no call to blame your poor dogs,' I told him. 'They're willing to catch wolves and bring the bodies home. The trouble is that the dogs that can run fast enough to catch a wolf aren't strong enough to kill one, while the fighting dogs that could kill a wolf can't catch one.'

"While Jedekiah and I were discussing the problem, Bitters came strolling up. Bitters was a cross between a bulldog and a wolfhound. When it came to a fight Bitters was in a class all by himself. But he was too heavily built to be much good as a hunting dog, unless a wolf had been cornered so it couldn't run away. Then Bitters would sail in and give an example of how the strenuous life ought to be led. And when he had finished his lesson it was a case of another job for some wolf undertaker. Jedekiah looked at Bitters in a saddened sort of way.

"'That noble creature has the jaws and the disposition to carry out my labor-saving, wolf killing scheme,' said Jedekiah, 'but his body is too heavy for his legs. If Bitters was only a sprinter he could make things interesting for the coyest and most retiring wolf in the North Woods.'

Drawn by F. W. Kemble.

New records in the heavyweight dog sprinting line.

"The next day Jedekiah came over to my house with the joyous, triumphant air of a man who has solved a great problem.

"'If you wanted to soar above the earth,' inquired Jedekiah anxiously, 'what means would you use?'

"I was quite a bit puzzled at his question, never having given the earth-soaring problem much consideration. Finally I said I thought I should use a balloon.

"'To be sure,' replied Jedekiah in relieved tones, 'that's just what I was thinking myself. Now the trouble with Bitters is that he is too heavy. I'm thinking that if he had a few balloons attached to him he would be more efficient as a hunting dog.'

"'And do you mean to send that poor dog up in the air attached to a balloon?' I inquired, puzzled like. 'Looked at as a dog Bitters is a big-jawed success. But he can never make good in the rôle of a soaring bird.'

"'I don't mean to send him clear up in the air,' said Jedekiah, sort of impatiently; 'it's wolves, not humming birds, that I am after. and with the help of a few balloons and training at the hands of your Uncle Jedekiah, Bitters will be able to make life interesting for the most *blasé* of wolves.'

"The next time Jedekiah went to the city he had a couple of small balloons made. They were about the size of ordinary toy balloons, but made in the shape of sausages. When he returned he filled the balloons with gas and put them on Bitters, placing them around his body near the fore and hind legs. At first Bitters didn't take kindly to the game. But after a little he noticed how much lighter they made him and how much easier it was for him to walk and run, and he went tiptoeing around like a dog that has recovered his lost doghood. Then Jedekiah set to work teaching Bitters to run at the top of his speed. It took the dog a little while to get accustomed to the change in his gravity, but after a few days he began to establish new records in the heavyweight dog sprinting line until there wasn't a dog in the county that could outrun him.

"Jedekiah was a pleased and proud man. 'It's intellect, not smokeless powder, that makes a great hunter in this century,' he said complacently.

"As soon as Jedekiah judged Bitters' education was complete he took him to the woods and turned him loose on the trail of a wolf.

"'Go forth,' he said impressively, as if Bitters could understand him, 'to the woods and earn glory for yourself and bounties for your owner by extending the blessings of civilization to benighted wolves. But be sure you bring the bodies back home. For I need the money,' he added feelingly.

"There's no denying Bitters was a success at the wolf hunting game. With the handicap of his weight taken off by the balloons he could outrun any wolf. When he caught up to the wolf Bitters would sail right into him. His bulldog blood stood him in good stead when it came to the fighting part. Ordinarily a wolf is more than a match for a dog. But painful experiences soon convinced the wolves in that part of the district that suicide was their only escape from death at the jaws of Bitters, when once he got started on their trail. Uncle Jedekiah was in a state of perpetual gloat.

"'There isn't a lighter-bodied or lighter-hearted dog in the State than Bitters,' Jedekiah used to say, expanding his chest. 'Regular work, good meals and the reward of an approving conscience! If the Humane Society appreciated what I have done for that dog's happiness they would send me a purse of gold and a bunch of medals. And I can't say that I've lost any money at the game either.'

"After a few months it got so that the wolves in that part of the State appreciated Bitters' abilities and began to make themselves scarce. There was one old wolf, though, who had lived in the woods all his life and plainly hadn't any intention of being driven out, even by a balloon-assisted dog. Bitters having done his duty in clearing out the other wolves, I thought it was about time for Jedekiah to take a hand in the game with his rifle.

"'Bitters and his balloons are wonders in their way,' I told Jedekiah. 'But he is only a dog after all. That wolf means to stay here until he is killed. If you help your noble dog you can soon corner the furry marauder. But if you leave the job to the unassisted intelligence of Bitters you will be mourning the downfall and disgrace of the noble creature.'

"At first Jedekiah was inclined to listen to my words of kindly warning. He got out his rifle and started to accompany Bitters on a hunting expedition after the old wolf. Then he noticed that there had been quite a fall of snow, making the walking bad, and Jedekiah changed his mind.

"'It would hurt the feelings of my esteemed Bitters,' he said decidedly, putting up his rifle and returning to his seat in front of the fire, 'if I should go with him. He would think I was casting reflections on his ability to kill any wolf in the North Woods.'

"So Jedekiah sent Bitters after the wolf. Bitters, having unlimited confidence in his own ability, was perfectly willing to undertake the job.

"But the old wolf had been taking a whirl at the thinking game on his own account. He evidently appreciated that it was the balloons which enabled Bitters to make such speed, and somehow he also appreciated the fact that a little touch of fire would destroy the balloons. And the sly old animal laid his plans accordingly.

"The wolf showed himself as soon as Bitters was clear of the house. Bitters gave chase. The wolf ran up the side of the mountain, heading to where a party of lumbermen had left a camp fire burning. He made a dash over the fire, which was only blazing slightly. Bitters was close behind him and went over the fire, too. Then there was a little puff, a blaze of flame as the little balloons took fire, and Bitters seemed to lose interest in the chase after the wolf. Instead he rolled over on the snow and howled. Then he looked at the charred shreds of what had been the covers of the balloons. He was the most astonished and disgusted dog in the North Woods. And the old wolf set down in the snow a few yards away and you could tell from the expression on his face that he was just laughing at Bitters.

"As soon as Bitters had recovered from his surprise he started after the wolf again. But without his balloons he was just an ordinary, rather heavy dog when it came to running. The wolf simply played tag with the outraged Bitters, until Jedekiah's pet abandoned the hunt in disgust and sadly returned home. As soon as Jedekiah saw the remnants of the balloons he knew what had happened.

"'Never mind, my abused and faithful assistant,' said Jedekiah consolingly, 'I'll get some new balloons for you. In future you will know enough to keep away from flames.'

"But when Jedekiah tried to put two other balloons on Bitters the abused dog backed away, growling and snarling and showing his teeth. Balloons might go with other dogs, but as for Bitters, it was evident that he was through with them. At last Jedekiah gave up the attempt in despair.

"'Talk about a burnt child dreading fire,' said the old man sadly, 'it isn't a circumstance to the way a singed dog will sidestep toy balloons.'"

TO PHYLLIS AND MAY

By E. P. B.

O! fair, sweet Phyllis and sweet, fair May,
Which of you carried my heart away?
Who has my heart? I would like to know
Which was the guilty one of the two,
But I only know it was filched one day
By fair, sweet Phyllis, or sweet, fair May.

THE CHASTISEMENT OF A SQUAW-MAN

By WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK

"THEY'S jest two places in this world whar all folks meet on a level," observed Joe, "one's the cemet'ry and t'other's the circus."

The calliope was just passing us and its strident notes were ricochetting from lava cañons and greasewood hills.

A crowd of circus-starved children was howling in its steamy wake, and trailing after them in a dust of their own making were Hualapai bucks and squaws, struggling papooses, slippered Chinamen, Mexican laborers, cowboys, miners and whites indiscriminate, bound all for the nearby mesa where flapped travel-stained tents.

Joe waited until the sounds filtered away through the distance and continued:—

"When the territory passed that law makin' stock trains stop here in the desert to feed and water, which it's a mighty good law, too, and when the circuses found out the law didn't see 'em no differ'nt 'n a stock train, the few that ever got down in these parts 'cluded sense they had to stop anyway, they might as well give us a show and be done with it.

"I'll never f'git the fust one, them kids thar brung it right back to my mind.

"I were workin' up thar on Plummets Hill, sinkin' a hole when they unloaded. They didn't have much and it were perty darn poor what they did have. But it tickled me wusser'n a kid I guess. I recollec'," he said lugubriously, "shavin' and changin' shirts to go.

"We go early to a doins down here, 'bout 'n hour before time say fer common things, and a half-day ain't nothin' fer a can-can like a circus; stretches it out like, ye know.

"I worked 'long, one eye on the show, till noon, when I got ready to go. Then I locked my shack. I looked over to Emory Lane's to see if he were goin' too.

"Lane's a Mormon hisse'f. I don't know how much wife he left back in Utah, but he come lopin' into Cayuse one day with a 'Pache squaw.

"He scratched 'round up thar 'bout seven year, and finally got a little wad outen a prospec' hole. Then he buys the squaw off and comes down here with a white woman, bringin' his Injun kid with 'im.

"Then the white woman goes for the kid good and hard.

"They's 'bout a dozen times durin' the month they'd been livin' up thar, that I jest nachully laid down my pick and crawled outen the hole. By the time I'd git out I'd think —'well it's a woman's doins, a fam'ly 'fair, and Lane's got sense 'nough to pertect his own kid,' and so on, and after 'while back I'd crawl.

"Hear the kid? No sir. There's too much Injun in her for that, Injuns don't holler much after they're yearlin's. It's the woman I heered and the sound o' the lickins. Lane sided with the woman o' course—human natur' ain't no differ'nt in Mormons from white folks.

"Well, I looked over to Lane's and see the shack shut up 'cept the back door that opened out into a little skinned-cactus corral. The Injun kid were standin' thar with her face shoved out 'tween two cactus stalks, watchin' the tents below. I called to her and ast her were she goin' to the show and she shook her head that she wern't. She weren't sayin' nothin', nor cryin' nuther.

"Now if they's anybody in the world that makes me feel sorry it's a little pusson, kid

The calliope was just passing us.

say, that's got two races o' blood into 'im that's all the time layin' fer each other and tryin' to do each other up. It's like feedin' a pup with dynamite ca'tridges—it ain't the pup's fault but jest the same it don't keep the devil from bein' raised on the inside. I knowed jest what were goin' on in her mind —Mormon blood wantin' to squall out and Injun blood keepin' it back o' her teeth.

"Well, I hot-footed it down the hill, cussin' women in gen'ral and that Lane woman in p'tic'lar. I loafed 'bout the stores till show time and then I got my ticket and mosied in with the rest of 'em. To save my gizzard I couldn't keep my mind offen that Injun kid up thar on the hill peepin' through the corral.

"After I were thar a while I see Lane and his woman movin' out towards the circus part. Then the next thing I see, thar's Abe Runnel and the gang from Big Sandy. They must have been a dozen families, and they'd drive the hundred mile like it weren't nothin'. Their kids were jest nachully given a war-dance 'round everything they see.

"That settled it. When I see all the kids in town and a hundred mile 'round thar 'n that tent I didn't pull no brake on my mind nor my laigs nuther. I hiked outen thar on the fly and streaked it up through town for the hill.

"I found her jest whar I left her, and 'fore she knowed what I's doin' I had her on my shoulder hot-footin' it down hill agin. She never squeaked a word nor sound all the way down; but say, ye orter seen her when I tuk her into that first tent! It sure were worth ten shows to me. I were lookin' for the boys to guy me, but they didn't. There weren't nothin' she didn't see, ye can jest bet on that, and when I picked her up to take her into the next tent she'd et so much her big, black eyes were jest nachully poppin' outen her head.

"I knowed, ten chances to one, when I toted her into that circus tent that thar'd be somethin' to pay if that Lane woman seen me. Sure 'nough, in 'bout ten minutes, here come Emory Lane up the seats towards me and the kid.

"I'd tuk 'er up thar on the top seat whar Billy Ware set with all o' his kids so 's to be more children like, ye know. I don't think she ever see her daddy, she's so inte'sted in things. I winked to Billy and he pulled her 'round t'other side o' him. Lane reached over towards her and says to me:—

"'What the devil d'ye mean by interferin' in my fam'ly 'fairs?'

"I see we'sin fer it, so I grabbed his ankles and shoved 'm down 'tween the seats and the canvas and follered 'im.

"They'd jest started the Grand Entry when I drapped on 'im. The band tooted, the Injuns yelled and the whites clapped and

Drawn by Julian Ollendorff.

A crowd of circus-starved children was howling in its steamy wake.

stomped. It's the fust and only time I ever fit to music. I always did like it powerful much, and they played a quick and devilish tune. Lane were a big man, but I hung on, and when it were all over I kicked 'im out under the canvas, and clumb up and see the show plum through.

"Wha'd he do? Nothin', till next day, when he had me 'rested fer 'sault and battery. And if I do say it mys'ef, he surely did show somethin' or other had happened to 'im.

"But ye'd orter heerd ole Jedge Collins tryin' the case. They do say the jedge kicks outen the law traces 'casionally, but he's a sure sticker fer jestice all right. He's got 'bout fifteen kids hisself, and cl'ar down to the baby they muss 'im 'round to suit theirse'ves.

"He heered it all through, and then he started in kind o' soft like, tellin' 'bout a man's juties towards 'is kids, 'bout the beauties of a circus that only comes once in 'bout five year, and how it were wusser'n hoss stealin' to keep a kid 'way from a parade, sayin' nothin' 'bout the circus. He went on, gittin' louder 'n hotter, till at last he says:—

"'Cactus—I mean Mr. Dodge,' says he, 'I'm goin' to fine ye a five-dollar bill. It ain't a fine fer thumpin' this yere coyote; it's more a fine fer leavin' any life in 'im. And it's a fine,' says he, 'which it 'll be remitted. Now,' says he, turnin' to Lane, 'you jest let me hear o' you er your wife 'busin' o' that kid up thar and thar'll be trouble fer ye. And if at any time which yer livin' in the jurisdiction o' this court, and I'm the court, and you keep a kid from a circus with malice 'fore-

"There weren't nothing she didn't see."

thought, I'll send ye down to Yuma fer ten year at hard labor,' says he. 'so he'p me God.'"

Joe rose and glanced restlessly in the direction of the tents.

"I guess it's human nater to squander yer money," he said, and he wandered off toward the canvas-dotted mesa.

MERELY NITRO-GLYCERINE

AN enthusiastic hunter, having lost his way, wandered helplessly about in an apparently endless cedar swamp until dark, when a distant light attracted him to a log cabin near a new mining location. The cabin's sole occupant proved to be a stolid but hospitable Swede, who obligingly consented to share his supper and his bed with the tired and hungry stranger.

After a hearty meal the men sat quietly smoking their pipes beside the fire. Suddenly they were startled by the sound of stealthy footsteps, followed by sharp, scratching noises, which seemed to proceed from the lean-to shed at the rear of the cabin.

Cautiously opening the door, the Swede held his candle aloft; and the hunter, who had hastily seized his gun and loaded for bear, peered eagerly over his shoulder. The flickering beams disclosed a fat porcupine, sharply outlined against a background of square pine boxes, in the act of helping himself to the Swede's potatoes.

"Guess I'll shoot him," whispered the hunter, swinging his rifle to his shoulder. "But say, Ole, is there anything in that stack of boxes that a cartridge would be likely to damage?"

"No," replied Ole, imperturbably, as he steadied his candle to aid the hunter's aim. "There's yoost notting at all in dem boxes but dynamite."

CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

THE only king who ever made a voyage round the world while he was upon the throne was Kalakaua I., King of the Hawaiian Islands. Three white men went with him as advisers and counsellors, and one of them, William N. Armstrong, brother to the distinguished founder of the Hampton Institute, has just published the story of this unique royal tour in a book called "Around the World With a King." It was in 1881 that Kalakaua took this trip, during which he visited most of the nations of the earth. He was royally entertained and decorated with the highest orders; armies were paraded before him, and banquets held in his honor. He returned these courtesies by decorating his fellow sovereigns with the order of Kamehameha, and by presenting the lesser functionaries with a supplementary order of lower rank, which he invented one day to enliven the monotony of a tedious railway journey. Kalakaua was a tall, fine-looking man, with much force and dignity of bearing and apparently with nothing more barbarian about him than a tendency to go to sleep at State banquets. The party started out with the Hawaiian royal insignia of a gorgeous feather cloak, the royal standard and a high Regal hat. But a valet they took with them, who was more than once overcome by the hospitality he received, lost the cloak, paraded the banner in a disgraceful manner and finally sat down on the silk hat.

Kalakaua I., of Hawaii.

The King was very proud of his own degree of civilization, so much so that he was in the habit of remarking on festal occasions, "I am drunk, but still I am civilized." Occasionally mistakes were made by the King's hosts. In Egypt, when the party arrived for lunch during the course of the royal progress at one of the railway stations, they found the lunch room empty except for a huge pile of sandwiches on a table. The scared attendant explained that he had understood the official telegram to read: "Lunch for the King. Sandwiches."

The king's advisers were obliged to use a good deal of diplomacy to prevent him from going to capitals where he was not wanted, and from being imposed upon by adventurers. But by reading him false reports of revolutions from the papers, and in other ways playing upon the royal fears, they managed him satisfactorily, although he escaped them once in Naples for a few nervous hours.

One striking incident occurred while the King was being entertained by the Khedive of Egypt at Alexandria. The royal party, during the reception, were brought out on the balcony of the palace to see the harbor. And while they were standing there, an attaché pointed out to King Kalakaua an old hulk used for receiving coal. The hulk was all that was left of the *Resolution*, the ship in which Captain Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands. The King called for champagne and drank to the *Resolution*, the ship that had opened his Kingdom to the world, and whose captain had been killed by a spear in the hand of the King's father.

At the end of his trip Kalakaua declared that he had found nothing in the civilized world of which his nation stood in need with

the exception of some well bred horses and sheep. He said that he found his own subjects to be better off than the majority of the nations he had visited. They had enough to eat and wear and were certainly happier than any people he had seen.

The book is thoroughly readable and not quite like any other story of travel.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"The Maids of Paradise," by Robert W. Chambers.

A rapid, restless story of adventure in the Franco-Prussian War; an American secret service agent for hero; a French countess for heroine, and a traveling circus, a battle and plots innumerable for background. The rush of the story lands the reader breathless at the end before he has had time to realize the unreality and the lightness of the tale. A good book for a railway journey.

"The Fortunes of Fifi," by Molly Elliot Seawell.

The Emperor Napoleon I. and the Pope Pius VII. are handled by Miss Seawell as lightly and carelessly as they are by Fifi, the gay little actress who throws away fortune and position to marry her lover. Light, harmless and amusing in its way, there is nothing serious in this small book, nor can there be in the criticism of it.

"The Wings of the Morning," by Louis Tracy.

Two on an island inhabited by murderous Dyaks: he, a British officer cashiered through the machinations of a cabal, is disguised as a ship's steward; she is a professional heroine with more than the requisite piquancy. His courage, proved against hunger, thirst and the poisonous shafts of the savages, is helpless before the bright beams of the lady's eyes. A book for schoolgirls and others similarly inclined.

"Uther and Igraine," by Warwick Deeping.

A prose epic is a dangerous thing, but Mr. Deeping undertakes the task as if it were a labor of love. His romance deals with the Britain still tinged with the radiance of the Round Table. It is a book of vast adventures, much passion and some poetry. We recommend it to lovers and to poets.

"A Little Garrison," By Lieut. Bilse, formerly of the German service. Translated by Wolf von Schierbrand.

This book, a firebrand in Germany, is an impressive picture of the price which a nation pays for military supremacy. Ostensibly a poor novel, the book is really a naked picture of the mean jealousies, the low favoritism, the drunkenness, the salacious gossip, and the worse intrigue which go to make the life of a garrison town. The arrogant military spirit, the same in every conquering nation from Rome to Germany, is arraigned with stern justice. By legal court martial, Lieutenant Bilse has paid the price of his patriotic service, but his book has stirred the German army from private to Kaiser.

"The Long Night," Stanley J. Weyman.

A thoroughly conventional historical novel, but good of its kind. The struggle between the town of Geneva and the Dukes of Savoy furnish the history, and a love story with a chemist for villain and a mesmerized girl for heroine make the fiction. In spite of the technical skill of the author the story seems to belong with the fashions of three years ago.

"The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.

A novel of the tobacco country of Virginia at the present time. There is enough plot to fill comfortably the five hundred pages of the book with tragedy, comedy and melodrama, carried out against a background of decayed gentility struggling with pathetic courage against poverty. The tragedy is wholesome in the main and the love story reasonably passionate, although the chief scene is a too daring an adaptation from "Paola and Francesca." It is a good story, at times it is even an excellent one, but there is too much of it.

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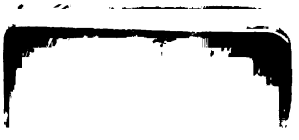
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